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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

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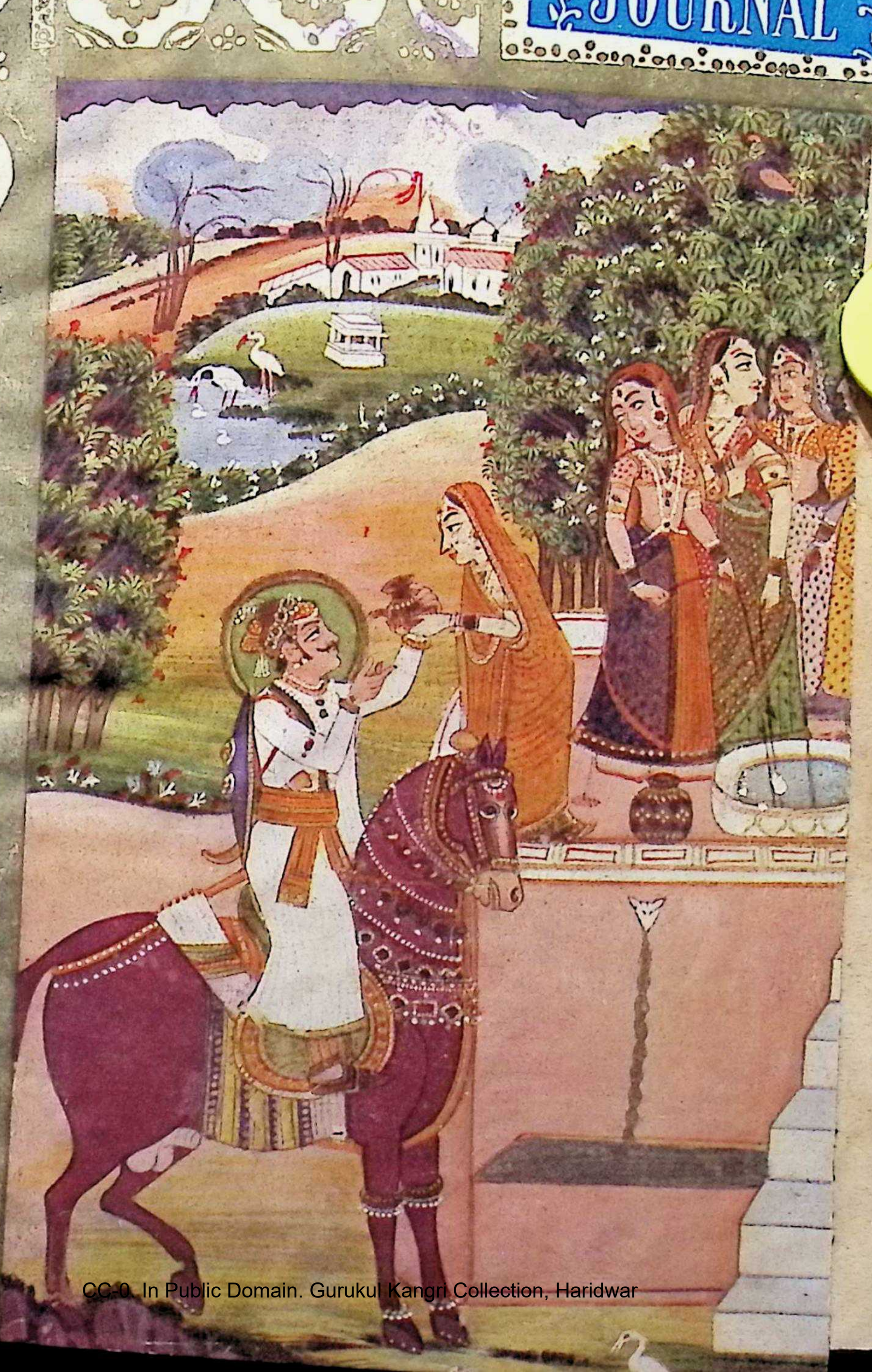

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Vol. XI No. 12
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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

FORTNIGHTLY

Devoted to Life, Literature and Culture

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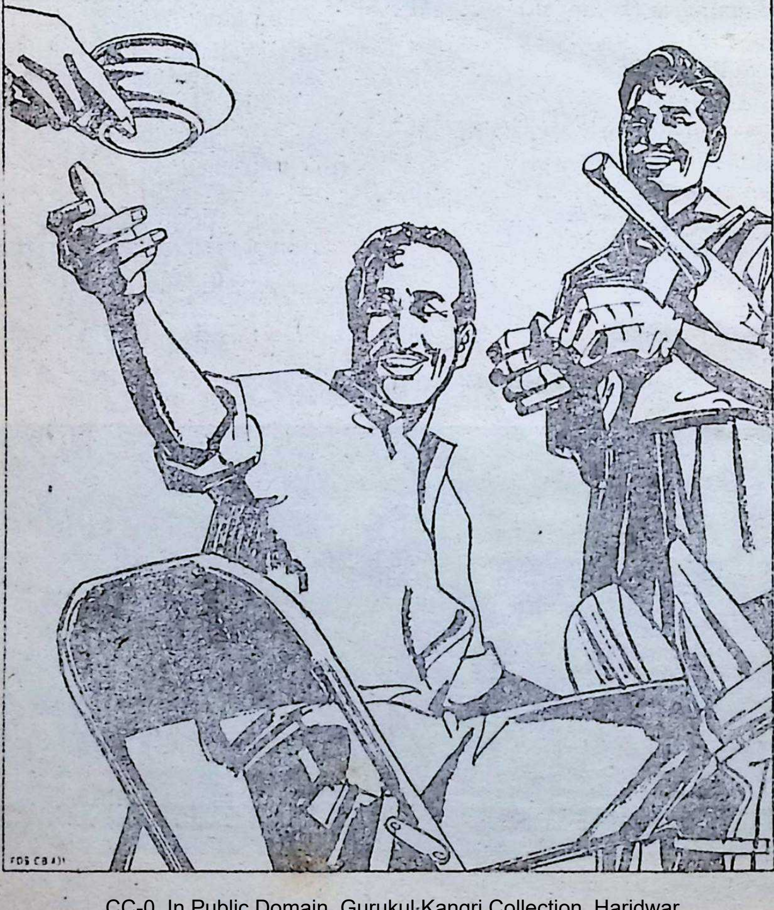

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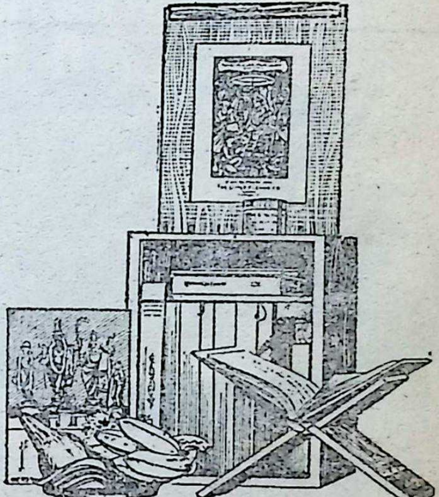

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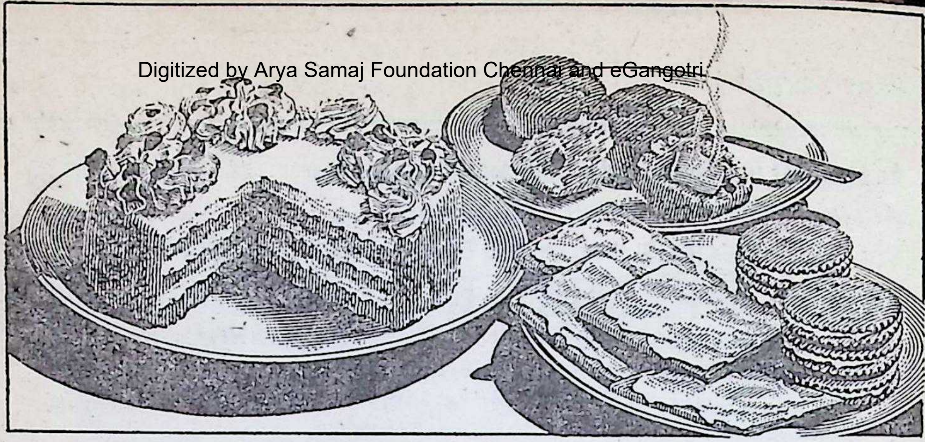

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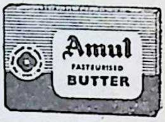

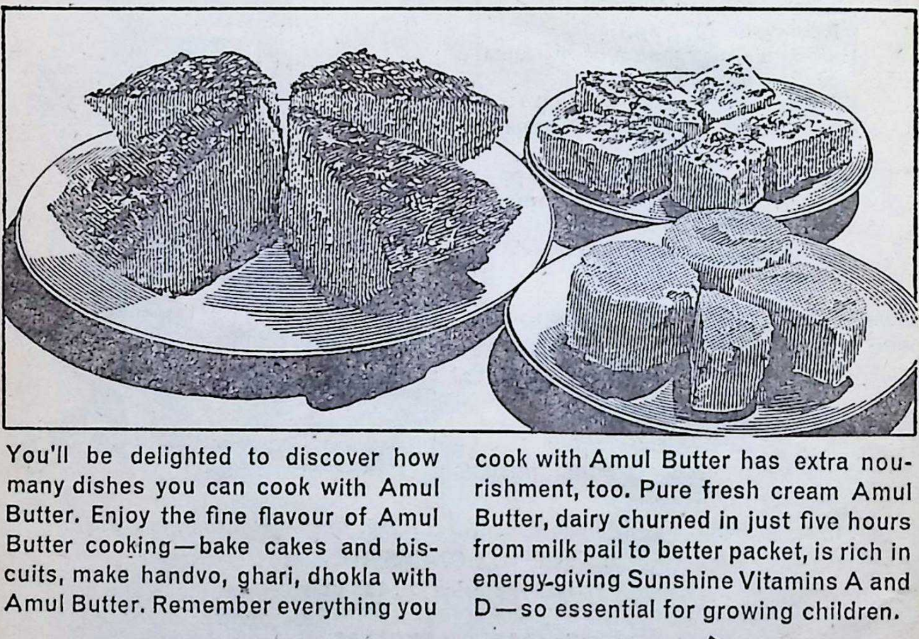

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः ।
Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
—Rigveda, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

THE ONE DIVINE EXISTENCE

इन्द्रं मित्रं वरुणं अग्निं आहुर्-
अथो दिव्यः स सुपर्णो गरुत्मान् ।
एकं सद् विप्रा बहुधा वदन्ति
अग्निं यमं मातरिश्वानं आहुः ॥

They speak of Indra, Mitra, Varuna, Agni; and there is the Divine, fine-winged Garutmat.

The One Existence the wise call by many names as Agni, Yama, Matariswan.

—*Rigveda* I. 164-46.

Vol XI, No. 12

No. 326

KULAPATI'S LETTER

on Life, Literature & Culture

● THE RIGHTEOUS WAY OF LIVING ● THE REBUILDING OF INDIA

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.

JANUARY 3, 1965.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

INDIA has been a "Dharma Bhoomi"; its economic, social and political outlook has been related to Dharma and the righteous way of living. Even our sciences were correlated to it. Kautilya, the master of hard-headed real politique, has insisted on *Trividya* being the object of politics. According to Indian sentiments, a ruler has to be a *Dharmagopta;* if the people are unhappy it is because the ruler is unrighteous.

When we talk of religion as a force in a people's life, it should not be understood as meaning merely sectarianism, nor restricted to doctrine, creed or dogma of any particular religion. No doubt, these are necessary to induce religious consciousness or to maintain it in strength. However, three essentials—and only these—lead to a religious attitude in life: Faith in God, acceptance of moral values and an unwavering search of self-fulfilment through a dedicated life.

An overwhelming majority of our ordinary people live a religious and moral life in their daily affairs and in their relationship with their neighbours. They are the real social foundations of the righteous way of living. Unfortunately, though they live a life based on faith and morals in their personal life, the ordinary man is afraid to speak out on account of the blatant irreligiosity which prevails among a section of the successful men.

In India, during the last century, Swami Vivekananda, Sri Aurobindo and Gandhiji, to mention only three of the great architects of Indian renaissance, taught us never to segregate religion from other spheres of life. Under their influence, many public men in the country declined to divorce religious attitude from political activity.

In recent times, other religious and moral leaders, besides Gandhiji, Vinobaji, L'Abbee Pierre and Albert Schweitzer, for instance, have been an influential force both in politics as well as in other spheres. Their influence came directly from the supreme energy released by faith and unselfish love, which they expressed in their thoughts, words and deeds. That is why their activities found a ready response in the hearts of the people.

There was a time when society, particularly in India, honoured men who, in austere poverty, led a dedicated life in search of epic faith, unlimited selflessness and total sacrifice. They contributed the undying elements to our culture.

However, in our times, 'successful' men dominate politics and business. They have taught us that success in securing power or material comforts, regardless of how it has been achieved, was the supreme title to public esteem. This is true of most countries in the world.

The cult of the 'successful' has created a modern illusion that we can have a dedicated life and all that it involves—sincerity, faith, selflessness, sacrifice and love—without faith in God and in disregard of morals. The experience of mankind during the centuries, however, has established that without religion we may have 'successful' men but never dedicated men who alone could give the creative stimulus to the culture in order to save people from disintegration.

Take away religion from our life and what would be left? Only power lust, sex-obsession, the greed for money and fear of death. Without it, we may lead the life of hogs wallowing in filth, but never a life of truth, love and beauty.

Prof. Pitirim A. Sorokin of the Harvard University, one of the most eminent sociologists of our times, in association with Prof. Walter A. Lunden, in their work *Power and Morality*, have conducted an exhaustive survey of the facts of history and modern life to lay bare the morality and mentality of rulers and business executives throughout the world. They have come to some startling and irresistible conclusions:

"(3) The moral behaviour of ruling groups tends to be more criminal and sub-moral than that of the ruled strata of the same society."

"(4) The greater, more absolute, and coercive the power of rulers, political leaders, and big executives of business, labour and other organizations, and the less freely this power is approved by the ruled popu-

TO READERS

The next issue of the JOURNAL will be Lala Lajpat Rai *cum* Republic Day Number. It will carry special articles on the late Lala Lajpat Rai whose Centenary falls on the 28th. The issue will also carry a full report of Bhavan's 27th Foundation Day Celebrations which are in progress at the moment.

—*Ed.*

> lation, the more corrupt and criminal such ruling groups and executives tend to be."

The greatest danger to the righteous way of life is from the 'successful' politicians and businessmen who have a double standard—one for themselves and another for the conduct of others. Some of them may be religious for personal ends, but most of them shed their religious outlook no sooner they enter the field of politics.

The fault is not with them, but with religious men. Their moral influence over Governments and the public at large is not effective because they lack the courage to take a bold stand, unafraid and unashamed, on the importance of religion. Instead of translating moral and spiritual values in their lives, they strive increasingly for the same values which successful men covet—power, wealth, material comforts, hedonistic pleasures, fame and popularity.

In order to exercise a decisive influence on politics, business and humanity, leaders who have faith in the religious attitude of life, have to become living examples of heroic morality and unabashed faith in God. Others will follow by a free imitation of their magnificent example. Then only will the political bosses become guardians of men's welfare and businessmen will become the trustees of the wealth they possess.

Yours sincerely,

BHAVAN'S SAMSKRITIK VIKAS YATRA—4

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Date of Return to Bombay. 12th March 1965

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(IYYAPPAN)

आशानुरूपफलदं चरणारविन्द-
भाजामपारकरुणार्णवपूर्ण चन्द्रम् ।
नाशाय सर्वविपदामपि नौमि नित्यं
ईशानकेशवभुवं भुवनैकनाथम् ॥

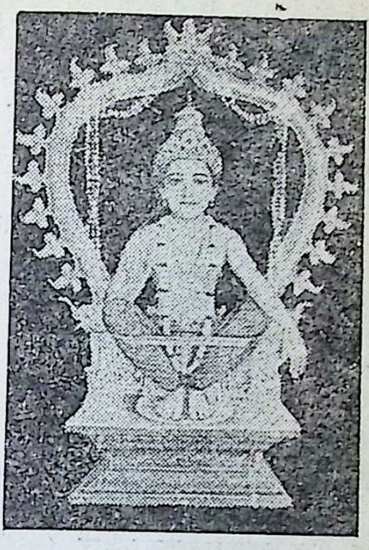
Adorations ever unto Hari-Hara-Putra, the unquestioned Lord of the Universe, Who bestows on those devoted to His lotus feet all that they desire; who is the moon unto the seamless ocean of mercy (overflows with mercy) and who destroys all misfortunes.

पिञ्छावलीवलयिताकलितप्रसून-
सञ्जातकान्तिभरभासुरकेशपाशम् ।
शिञ्जानमञ्जुमणिभूषणरञ्जिताङ्गं
चन्द्रावतंसहरिनन्दनमाश्रयामि ॥

I seek the refuge of Vishnu's child (Sasta) whose hair is made beautiful with peacock feathers and tied up with fresh flowers; who wears on his body lovely bracelets and other ornaments with chiming beads; and sports the moon on his head.

आलोलनीलललितालकहाररम्यं
आकम्रनासमरुणाधरमायताक्षम् ।
आलम्बनं त्रिजगतां प्रमथाधिनाथं
आनम्रलोकहरिनन्दनमाश्रयामि ॥

I seek the refuge of Vishnu's child who has dark, lovely curls of flowing hair; shapely nose; scarlet lips; large eyes; who is the support for all the three worlds; who is the Supremo of Pramatha-Ganas and whose devotees are legion.



कर्णावलम्बिमणिकुण्डलभासमान-
कण्ठस्थलं समुदिताननपुण्डरीकम् ।
अर्णोजनाभहरयोरिव मूर्तिमन्तं
पुण्यातिरेकमिव भूतपतिं नमामि ॥

Adorations unto the Lord of Bhutas whose neck shines by the brilliant ear-rings and whose face is like a full-blown lotus and who is like the embodiment of the overflowing virtues Hari and Hara.

उद्दण्डचारुभुजदण्डयुगाग्रसंस्थ-
कोदण्डबाणमहितान्तमतान्तवीर्यम् ।
उद्यत्प्रभापटलदीप्रमदभ्रसारं
नित्यं प्रभापतिमहं प्रणतो भवामि ॥

I am ever worshipful of that Lord of Splendour whose formidable, beautiful hands hold the bow; who is death unto enemies, whose prowess never fades and who is enveloped in splendour emanating from his own body and whose prowess is enormous.

मालेयपङ्कसमलंकृतभासमान-
दोरन्तरालतरलामलहारजालम् ।
नीलातिनिर्मलदुकूलधरं मुकुन्द-
कालान्तकप्रतिनिधिं प्रणतोऽस्मि नित्यम् ।

Obeisance ever unto the Representative of Lords Hari and Hara whose chest shines beautifully with a coating of sandal-paste and lovely garlands and who wears spotless blue vesture.

यत्पादपङ्कजयुगं मुनयोऽप्यजस्रं
भक्त्या भजन्ति भवरोगनिवारणाय ।
पुत्रं पुरान्तकमुरान्तकयोरुदारं
नित्यं नमाम्यहममित्रकुलान्तकं तम् ॥

I pray always unto the Destroyer of all enemies at whose lotus feet great sages pray with great devotion for emancipation from the disease known as birth and death and who is the son of Hari and Hara and is majestic.

कान्तं कलापकुसुमद्युतिलोभनीयं
कान्तिप्रवाहविलसत्कमनीयरूपम् ।
कान्तातपत्रसहितं निखिलामयौघ-
शान्तिप्रदं प्रमथनाथमहं भजामि ॥

I adore the Lord of Pramatha-Ganas who is refulgent, whose skin is lovely like the Kalapa flower and from whose body flows effulgence in torrents; above whom is held the beautiful umbrella and who is the curer of the whole gamut of diseases.

भूतेश भूरिकरुणामृतपूरपूर्ण-
वारांनिधे ! वरद ! भक्तजनैकबन्धो ! ।
पायात्भवान् प्रणतमेनमपारघोर-
संसारभीतमिह मामखिलामयेभ्यः ॥

O, Lord of Bhutas! O ocean of mercy! O bestower of boons! The sole refuge of devotees! May you be pleased to save me, who am frightened by the immense and fearful *samsara* and now bowing before You, from all the diseases.

हे भुतनाथ ! भगवन् ! भवदीयचारु-
पादाम्बुजे भवतु भक्तिरचञ्चला मे ।
नाथाय सर्वजगतां भजतां भवाब्धि-
पोताय नित्यमहिलाङ्गभुवे नमस्ते ॥

O Lord of Bhutas! O God! May I be vouchsafed unchanging *bhakti* at your beautiful lotus feet. Adorations ever unto the Lord of the Universe; unto Son of the Eternal Woman (Vishnu) who is the boat to ferry all devotees across the ocean of *samsara*.

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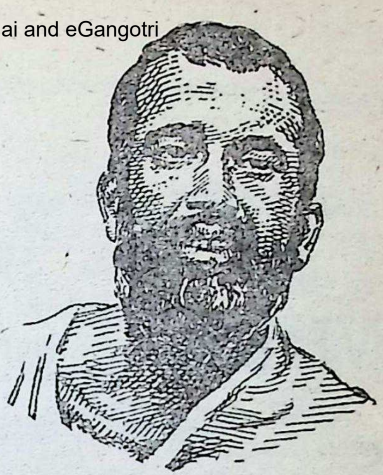


GOD is like the wish-yielding tree of the celestial world (Kalpataru), which gives whatever one asks of it. So one should be careful to give up all worldly desires when one's mind has been purified by religious exercises.

Just hear a story.

A certain traveller came to a large plain in the course of his travels. As he had been walking in the sun for many hours, he was thoroughly exhausted and heavily perspiring; so he sat down in the shade of a tree to rest a little.

Presently he began to think what a comfort it would be if he could but get a soft bed there to sleep on. He was not aware that he was sitting under the celestial tree. As soon as the above thought rose in his mind, he found a nice bed by his side. He felt much astonished, but all the same stretched himself on it.

Now he thought to himself how pleasant it would be were a young damsel to come there and gently stroke his legs. No sooner did the thought arise in his mind than he found a young damsel sitting at his feet and stroking his legs. The traveller felt supremely happy.

Presently he felt hungry and thought: "I have got whatever I have wished for; could I not then get some food? Instantly he found various kinds of delicious food spread before him. He at once fell to eating, and having helped himself to his heart's content, stretched himself again on his bed.

He now began to revolve in his mind the events of the day. While thus occupied, he thought, "If a tiger should attack me all of a sudden!" In an instant a large tiger jumped upon him and broke his neck and began to drink his blood! In this way the traveller lost his life.

Such is the fate of men in general.

If during your meditation you pray for men or money or worldly honours, your desires will no doubt be satisfied to some extent; but, mind you, there is the dread of the tiger behind the gifts you get. Those tigers—disease, bereavements, loss of honour and wealth, etc.,—are a thousand times more terrible than the live tiger.

● ● ●

(Courtesy: *Advaita Ashrama*)

WHAT IS LIBERATION?

Bhagawan Ramana Maharshi

ALL scriptures without any exception proclaim that for attaining Salvation, the mind should be subdued; and once one knows that control of the mind is their final aim, it is futile to make an interminable study of them. What is required for such control is actual enquiry into oneself by self-interrogation, 'Who am I?'.

How can this enquiry in quest of the Self be made merely by means of a study of the scriptures?

One should realize the Self by the Eye of Wisdom. Does Rama need a mirror to recognize himself as Rama?

That to which the 'I' refers is within the five sheaths, whereas the scriptures are outside them. Therefore, it is futile to seek by means of the study of scriptures the Self that has to be realized by summarily rejecting even the five sheaths.

To enquire 'Who am I that am in bondage?' and to know one's real nature is alone Liberation.

To keep the mind constantly turned within and to abide thus in the Self, is alone *Atma-vichara* (Self-enquiry), whereas *dhyana* (meditation) consists in fervent contemplation of the Self as *Sat-Chit-Ananda* (Being-Consciousness-Bliss). Indeed, at some time, one will have to forget everything that has been learnt.

Just as it is futile to examine the rubbish that has to be swept up only to be thrown away, so it is futile for him who seeks to know the Self to set to work enumerating the *tattvas* that envelop the Self and examining them instead of casting them away.

He should consider the phenomenal world with reference to himself as merely a dream.

Except that the wakeful state is long and the dream state is short, there is no difference between the two. All the activities of the dream state appear, for the time being, just as real as the activities of the wakeful state seem to be while awake. Only, during the dream state, the mind assumes another form or a different bodily sheath. For thoughts on the one hand and name and form on the other occur simultaneously during both the wakeful and dream states.

There are not two minds, one good and the other evil. It is only the *vasanas* or tendencies of the mind that are of two kinds, good and favourable, evil and unfavourable. When the mind is associated with the former it is called good; and when associated with the latter it is called evil.

However evil-minded other people may appear to you, it is not proper to hate or despise them. Likes and dislikes, love and hatred are equally to be eschewed.

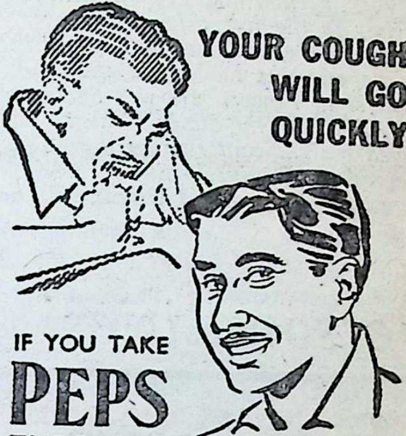
It is also not proper to let the mind often rest on objects or affairs of mundane life. As far as possible one should not interfere in the affairs of others. Everything offered to others is really an offering to oneself; and if only this truth were realized, who is there that would refuse anything to others?

If the ego rises, all else will also rise; if it subsides, all else will also subside.

The deeper the humility with which we conduct ourselves, the better it is for us:

If only the mind is kept under control, what matters it where one may happen to be?

[Courtesy: *Sri Ramanashram*]



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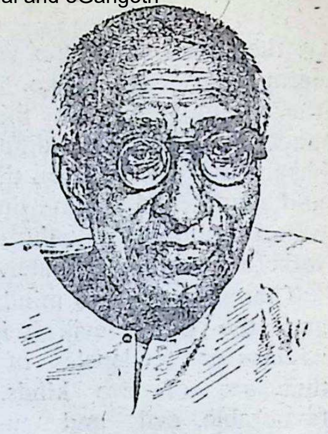


Rajaji

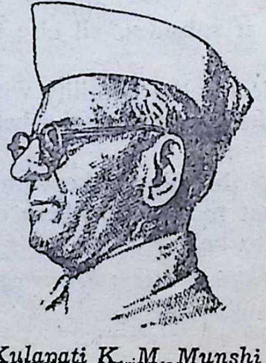
Personalities

I have known

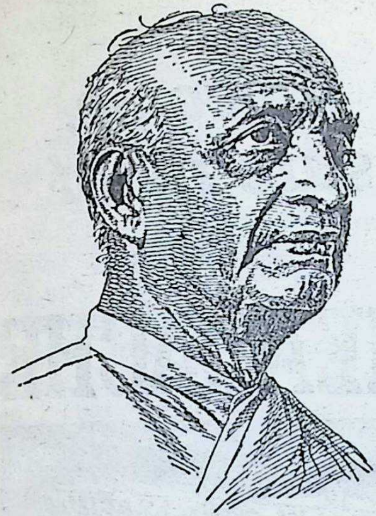
V. P. MENON

IT has been my good fortune to come into contact with a large number of distinguished people, many of whom are happily still with us. I could write about Rajaji's long and fruitful life, and if I did so, I should emphasise his opposition to the policy the Congress followed during the Second World War. At an early stage he began to think that non-co-operation with the war effort and mere blank rejection of the Muslim League's demand for partition would be disastrous, and he gradually became more outspoken until, in 1942, he had to resign from the Congress. No doubt some people still feel he was wrong politically, but nobody can deny that what he did showed remarkable courage of conviction. If more of us had such courage, our national affairs might be in a healthier state today.

Again, I could write about Sri K. M. Munshi and his great work for the nation culminating in the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan. If I did so, I should place the stress on an incident which happened fifteen years ago and has never been made public. When the newly rebuilt Temple at Somnath was to be consecrated, the Chairman of the Committee, the Jamsaheb of Nawanagar, wrote to our Ambassadors all over the world asking them to



Kulapati K. M. Munshi

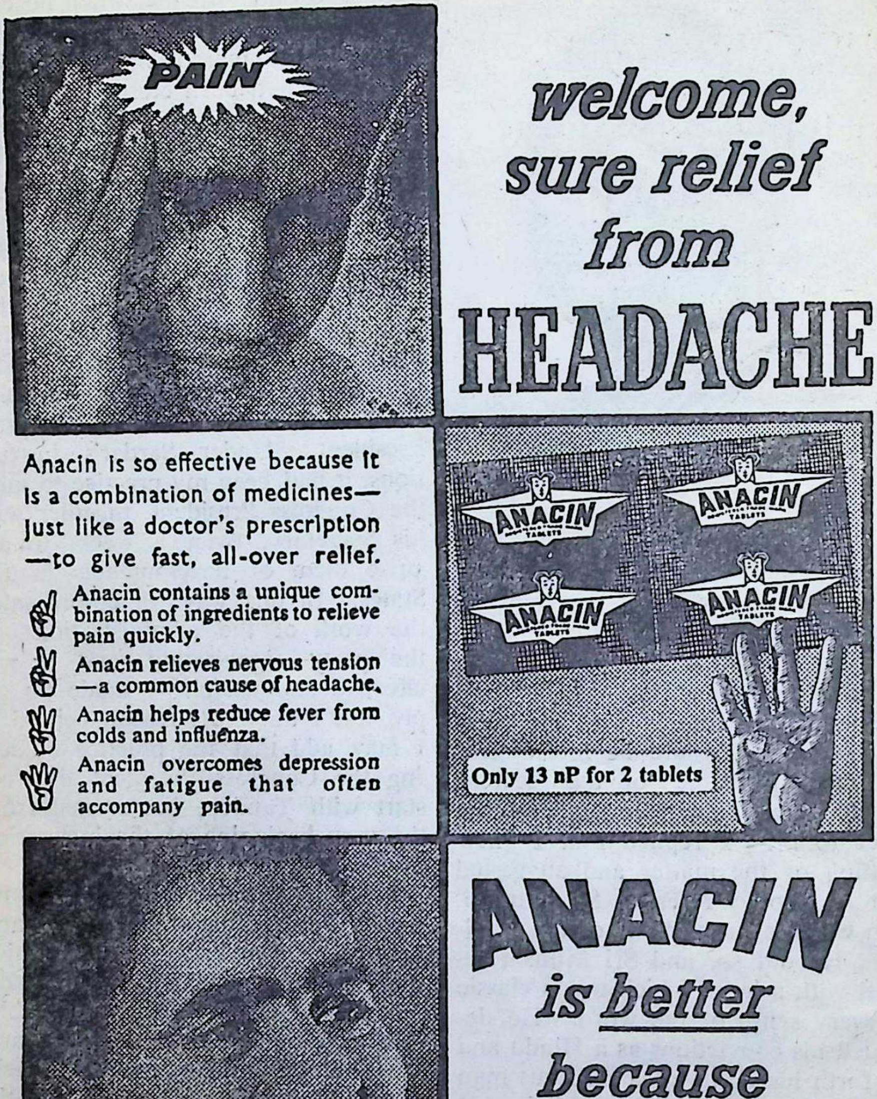


Sardar Patel

send a small quantity of earth and water for the ceremony to symbolise the Universality of Lord Siva. All did so, except Sardar K.M. Panikkar, who wrote to the late Prime Minister protesting that to comply with the Jamsaheb's request would be inconsistent with the principle of the secular State! The Prime Minister sent the letter to me; I replied that I knew nothing of the matter and suggested that he should refer to Sri Munshi, who was then a member of the Cabinet. He did so, and Sri Munshi replied with a letter which was a classic in every sense of the word. He defended his convictions as a Hindu and set forth his rights as a religious man in a secular State. Sri Munshi showed the draft to me and I was so impressed with it that I replied to him that I was prepared to stand by every word of it and if necessary to die by it.

Or I might write about Sardar Patel, for I still think that justice has been denied to him. In fact when he died a deliberate campaign was set on foot to efface his memory. I know this, because I had been closely associated with him, and in a way I was also a victim. The States Ministry was abolished with undue haste, although it would have been very useful in building up the backward economy of the former States' areas. I could tell which way the wind was blowing from one incident. Immediately after Sardar died, the late Prime Minister told me that I should not see Purushothamdas Tandon, the Congress President. Under Sardar's instructions, it had been my practice to meet the Congress President, together with his Secretary, twice a week, to apprise them of developments in the States. In this way we co-ordinated the work of the administration and the party organisation, and it was effective and useful. I made no reply, but I knew the reason behind it. I may add that the practice of seeing the Congress President did not start with Tandon, but started from the very beginning of the integration of the States.

I well remember the letter I received from Sardar's daughter, Maniben, about five years ago, in which she told me that there was no portrait of her father in the Lok Sabha hall—I was unaware of it, as I rarely visited Delhi. I at once approached the Maharaja of Mysore and the late Maharaja of Gwalior, and each of them authorised me to have a portrait painted and put up at his own expense. The Maharaja of Gwalior was most anxious that he should present the portrait, and



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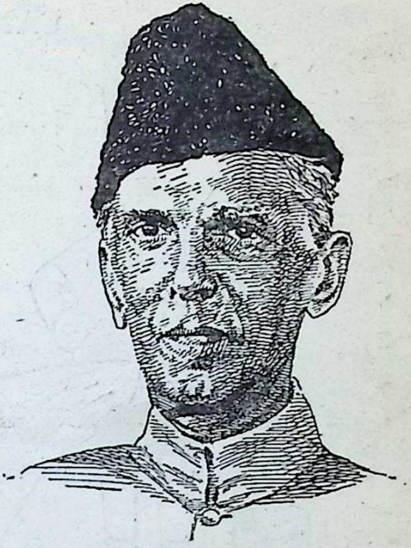
in deference to his wishes the Maharaja of Mysore withdrew. I then wrote to the Speaker of the Lok Sabha, and he told me that Sri S.K. Patil wanted to present a portrait of Sardar on behalf of the citizens of Bombay. I told the Speaker and Sri Patil that the citizens of Bombay had forgotten Sardar till then, and that it was only right that the offer of the Maharaja of Gwalior should be accepted. I must acknowledge that Sri Patil was kind enough to stand down. That is how it came about that after all that time a portrait of Sardar was put up in the Lok Sabha hall.

But I am glad to say that recently there has been some change. This year (1964) Sardar Patel's 90th Birth Anniversary was celebrated in the Red Fort. There were many eminent speakers, and the President of the Union himself presided. Dr. C.D. Deshmukh regretted that a function of this sort should have been held for the first time 14 years after Sardar's death; we ought to have had it right from 1950. I agree with Dr. Deshmukh. Sardar's contribution to building up the Congress was in itself a great work, but India remembers him as the consolidator of the country. For these twin achievements any country except India would always have treated him as a national hero.

In this article I have not attempted to pay a proper tribute to him. I have preferred to deal with men whose names no longer stir up controversy. It is a more pleasant task to recall men who were well known years ago, who in their time did important work, but are now fading from the public memory. Of those whom I knew in years gone by I prefer to write about men who made a deep impression on me. I also like best to talk about men who, when one got to know them well, showed a personality very different from the image that they have impressed on the public mind. And of all the men I have known, none presented a greater contrast between the public and the private character than Mohammed Ali Jinnah.



Sri M. A. Jinnah

●●●

In his later years, Jinnah acquired the reputation of an arrogant, humourless fanatic, but when I first came into contact with him it was his human touch which impressed me. Though he was many years senior to me and already an important public man, he treated me as an equal and a friend.

My first contact with him was in

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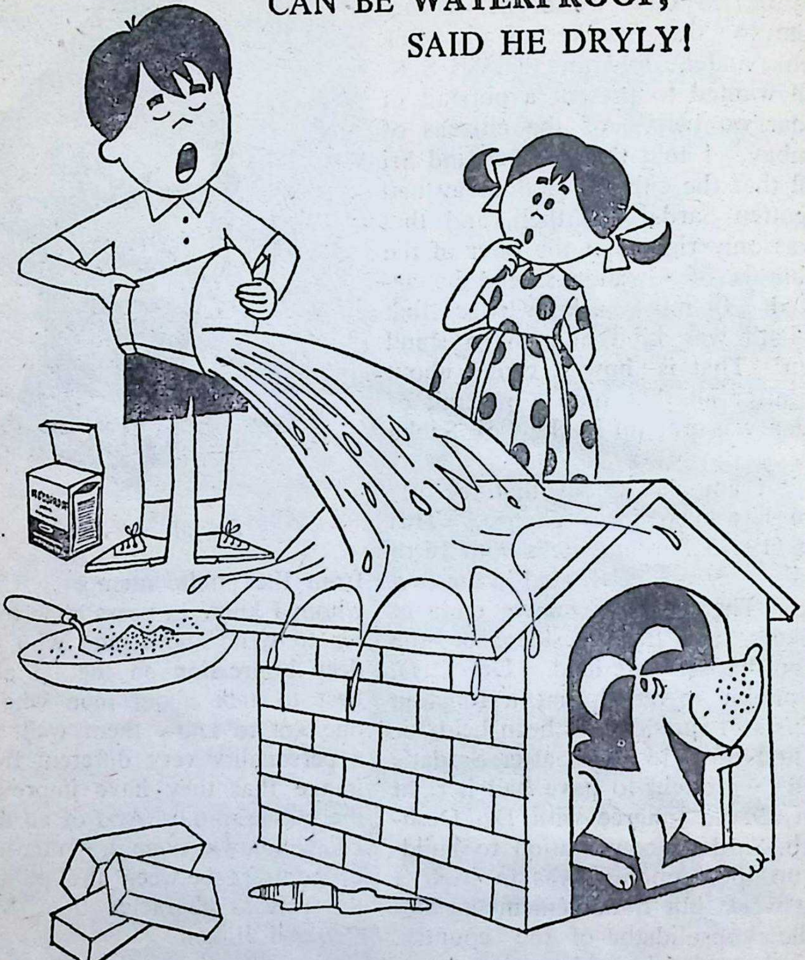

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1925, when he was a member of the Central Assembly, and he was appointed a member of the Reforms Enquiry Committee, of which Sir Alexander Muddiman, the then Home Member, was the Chairman. I was at that time a humble Assistant in the Secretariat, helping the Secretary of the Committee. In the previous year Pandit Motilal Nehru had moved and carried in the Central Assembly a resolution that a Round Table Conference be called to draw up a scheme of full responsible government, to come into force immediately. The Government opposed it, but in response to it, in the following year, they set up a Committee to inquire into the working of the Montagu-Chelmsford constitution, which was then in force. The non-official Indian members were Sir T.B. Sapru, Sir P. S. Sivaswami Iyer, Sir R. P. Paranjpye, Sri M. A. Jinnah and the Maharaja of Burdwan. The Committee examined witnesses and finally produced a majority and minority report.

Jinnah never studied his papers. He would wait until the other members had asked their questions, and that provided enough material for him. His questions were devastating, and in at least two instances he forced witnesses who had begun by supporting the constitution to admit the weakness of their position.

After the morning session one day, in the presence of the other members of the Committee, he came up to me and asked me where I was going for lunch. I said I should go to the office and have a snack there. 'Why?' said he. 'Come with me' and he carried me off to the Cecil Hotel. It was the first time I ever entered that favourite haunt of the Simla V.I.P.s, and many were the astonished stares, not to say glares, that greeted me. But Jinnah was quite unconcerned, and he continued to take me there for lunch for ten or twelve days until the Committee's work was over.

We remained on friendly terms for several years after that, and I had quite a large number of letters from him. Unfortunately I did not realise what a great historical figure he was going to be, and once when I was clearing out old papers I destroyed his letters. Needless to say I much regret it now.

The next time I came into close contact with him was on the boat to England when we went there for the First Round Table Conference in 1930. The P. & O. Company arranged a sight-seeing trip for the delegates: we disembarked at Suez and were taken overland *via* Cairo to Port Said, where we got on the boat again. When we landed at Suez, Jinnah took me in his car, and I remember how enthralled I was by his conversation. He knew a great deal about Egypt, ancient and modern. He talked of the excavations which have unearthed the mummy of Tutankhamen, which had caused a great sensation shortly before. He told me about Zaghlul Pasha, the great leader of the Wafd, the Egyptian nationalist party, whom he knew and admired. Jinnah liked good food, and at Cairo he gave me the finest lunch I have ever had. That was the first time I ate fresh ripe dates.

Though he had left the Congress

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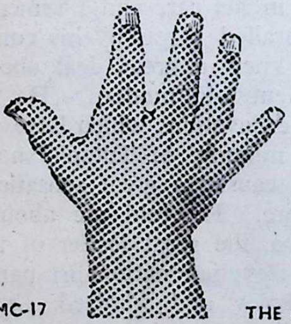

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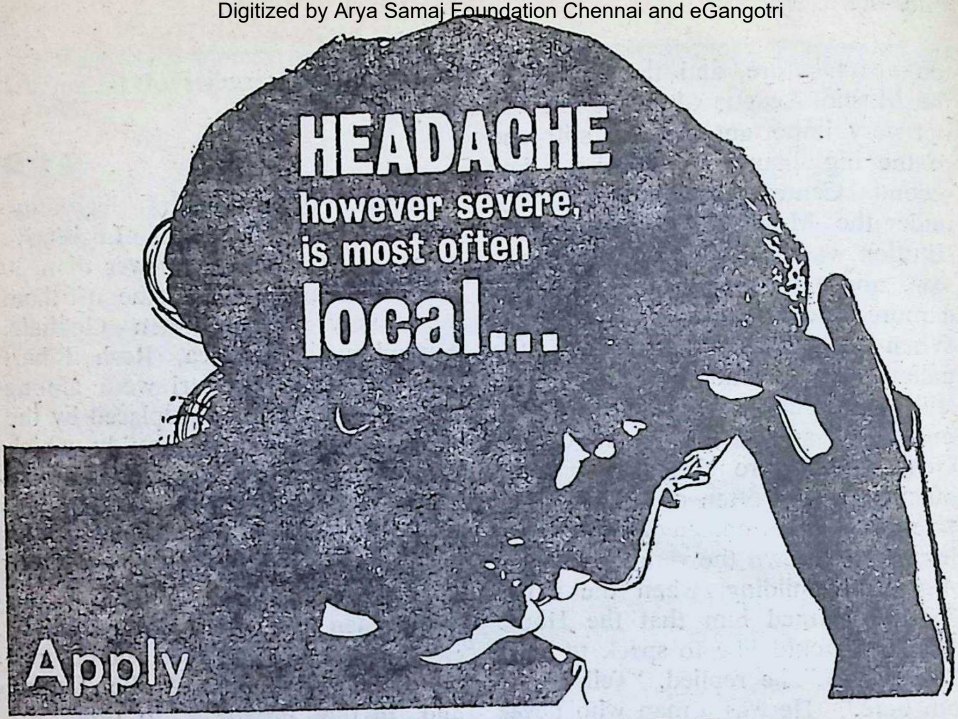
ten years before, and the section of the Muslim League which he led was not very important, he was still one of the big figures in politics. The second Central Assembly formed under the Montagu-Chelmsford constitution was the most brilliant I ever saw, and none of its members was a more forceful debater than Jinnah. When he made a big speech the galleries were always full. He was still a nationalist, without any communalism, and his criticisms of the Government were slashing. To the officials he was often downright rude. I remember that one day he was walking up and down the verandah of the Assembly building, when the Chief Whip informed him that the Home Member would like to speak to him. "Very well," he replied. "Tell him I am here." He was a man who never bowed to anybody. The British helped greatly to build up his position as the supreme leader of the Muslims and their most powerful ally against the Congress, but they were always well aware that he kept his independence.

It was sixteen years before I came into personal contact with him again, and now he was a different man altogether. After the Great Calcutta Killing in August, 1946, Lord Wavell was very anxious to get him into the Interim Government, and sent me to sound him. I was with him for an hour, and I hardly got in a word. His talk was one long tirade against the Congress. After that interview I never had any doubt that partition must come. I will not attempt to explain it, but the change in that man's mind between 1930 and 1946 was one of the great tragedies of Indian history.

●●●

Until 1920 the central legislature was called the Imperial Legislative Council. It contained fewer than 30 elected members, but some of them were very brilliant men—Gokhale, Surendranath Banerjea, Rash Bihari Ghosh, Srinivasa Sastri were among them. In 1921 it was replaced by the much larger Central Assembly, which continued to be elected down to 1937 and remained in being till 1947. Of all the Central Assemblies, it was generally agreed, the one elected in 1924 was the ablest. That was the year when the Swarajists contested elections for the first time and entered the Legislatures both at the Centre and in the Provinces, in order to wreck the constitution from within. Then came into the Central Assembly 45 strong, headed by Pandit Motilal and S. Srinivasa Iyengar, while the other parties also contributed some fine speakers.

Against them the Government was represented by officials and nominated non-officials. Few of these non-officials ever made much of a mark, and the officials, though some of them were able men, could seldom hold their own in debate against the top-ranking lawyers and practised politicians who made up the opposition. But there was one exception: Sir Malcolm Hailey. As Home Member, he was the leader of the House. He had already won a high reputation as an administrator, but it was a surprise that as a parliamentarian too he proved quite a match for his brilliant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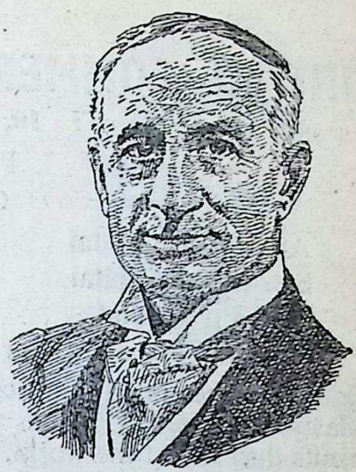
opponents. I had the good fortune to be his Personal Assistant at that time, and so it was my duty to sit in the official gallery ready to supply him with the papers and information he required. Thus I had a close-up view of some of the most thrilling encounters the Indian legislature has seen. Although he had had no training for it, Hailey showed wit, repartee, eloquence, a mastery of facts and accuracy of detail which would have earned him a name in any parliament. It is said that whatever the provocation may have been, he never lost his temper or transcended the limits of parliamentary decorum.

On one occasion he was reading out some extracts from speeches by Vithalbhai Patel which caused their author some embarrassment. Patel interrupted to ask where the reports came from, implying that the Home Department must have fabricated them. Hailey replied, "No doubt the Home Department may have committed many sins, but it does not produce the *Bombay Chronicle*". Everyone, including the Swarajists, laughed at the neat retort. After some time he was made a Governor, and none of the men who filled his place in the Assembly ever came up to his level.

He also made a great name as an administrator. He is quoted as an authority to this day. The Home Department reached its zenith in his time. He had earlier been Chief Commissioner of Delhi, and proved an ideal man for the job. He was later Governor of the Punjab and then of the U.P. There was something of Lord Curzon's drive and all-embracing enthusiasm in his administrative work.



Sir Malcolm Hailey

But there was nothing of Curzon about his political opinions. He was aware that the day was approaching when Britain would have to remit power to Indian hands, and that was not true of many men of his position at that time. Nor did he resemble Curzon in his behaviour to his subordinates. He was kind and considerate, as I knew from my experience of working closely with him.

When he was Home Member, the Secretariat employees asked permission to form an association, and despite the opposition of all the other heads of departments, he granted it. When we had formed the association, I requested him to address us, and he readily agreed. He came to a meeting and spoke to us, and I remember he said that the reputation he would most value is that which a man establishes in the minds of the people who work under him. We asked him for

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an increase of pay, and he replied that he would consider it, and in due course he allowed it.

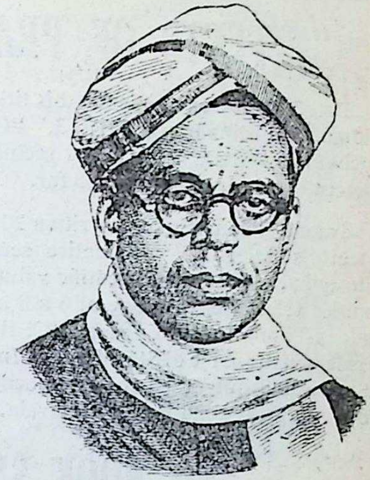
Unlike most Anglo-Indian officials, after retirement he began another career. He travelled extensively in Africa and became one of the recognised experts on the African colonies. He was later raised to the peerage.

It is pleasant to recall that one has worked at close quarters with a man so humane and so brilliant.

● ● ●

When he came to the Central Assembly, Satyamurthi had already made a great name in the election campaign which drove the Justice Party out and gave the Congress a majority in the Madras legislature. Though still a junior, he soon asserted himself, and was acknowledged one of the brightest stars of the brilliant Swarajist group. He was a fine speaker, with a gift for crushing retorts. He made a special reputation for his work at question time: his supplementary questions were a terror to the officials. Above all, he worked hard at his papers. He always knew the facts of the matter under discussion better than anybody else, and I have often seen official members fumbling with their papers, and unable to reply as he pointed out their ignorance of their own brief.

On one occasion the senior member of the party who was to have led the opposition to an important official Bill dropped out at the last minute, and Satyamurthi was asked to take his place. The subject was new to him, and he had barely a day in which to prepare. He spoke for three hours, and he tore the Government case to shreds. The Bill was withdrawn and later replaced by a new draft.


Sri S. Satyamurthi

I first came into personal contact with him when I gave evidence before some Committee of the House of which he was a member. Some money had been drawn but had not been paid out, and since it could not be sent back to the bank it had been locked away in the Secretariat; there somebody had stolen it. Satyamurthi accused the official of negligence, but I defended him, saying that he had obeyed the rules, and in his place I should have done the same. Satyamurthi liked my defence, and after the sitting he took me aside and spoke to me. We became very friendly and thereafter when he was in Delhi or Simla we would meet frequently for a meal and a talk. Behind the formidable aggressive exterior there was an eminently human personality, and it was my good fortune that he revealed it to me. I remember especially his reminiscences of his political

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and jail life. There was never any rancour in his talk, but it was always clear that for him his duty to the country came first. Though he was ambitious, there was no guile about him. He was simple and straightforward.

Satyamurthi was one of our ablest men. He was very well informed and could quickly make himself a master of any subject. He was a brilliant parliamentarian, a fine popular speaker and a good organiser. I have always thought it a tragedy that he died before the country could get the full benefit of his talents, and before his great ambition to be the Chief Minister of his Province, Madras, could be realised. I fear it is our habit to praise a good man when he is dead, but to neglect him when he is alive.

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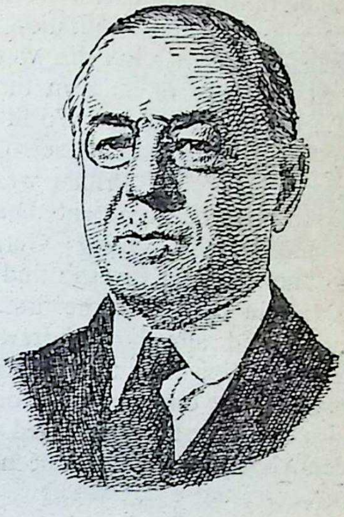
Of all the Englishmen who occupied important positions in connection with India, L.S. Amery must be the most misunderstood. His association with Indian affairs was quite brief—it lasted only five years—but it came at a critical time, and events shaped themselves in such a way that he has left behind a reputation which badly misrepresents the real man.

I met him at the India Office in 1945 and had long conversations with him. I found him the easiest to talk to of all the officials there. He realised clearly that it would be beyond Britain's power to keep control of India after the war. He was anxious to establish good relations with India, and I felt that he really wished us well. I learnt later that the suggestion of a dateline for parting with power, which was first made public in Attlee's statement of the 20th February 1947, was originally made by Amery.

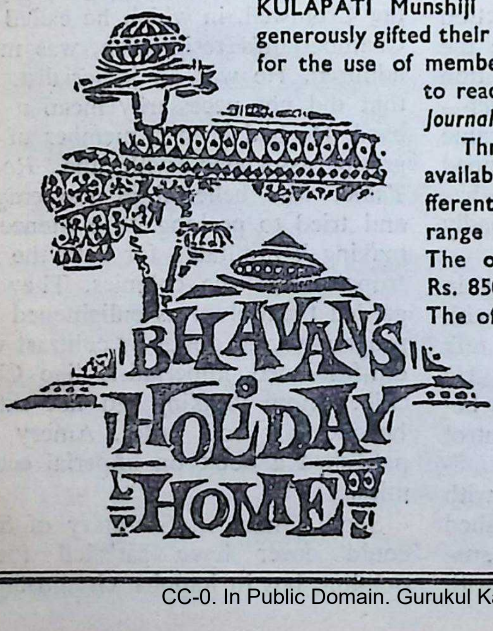

L. S. Amery

He was a man of some importance in British public life. His speech, quoting Cromwell, in which he called for Chamberlain's resignation, was much admired. He was an imperialist, but that did not necessarily mean a diehard. He had been a member of the group associated with the *Round Table,* who believed in the empire, and tried to prolong its existence by making it profitable for both the metropolis and the colonies. They regarded themselves as enlightened and progressive, no doubt by contrast with old-fashioned imperialists like Churchill, whose thinking did not extend beyond law and order. Amery had published a book on imperial economics.

Such a man as Secretary of State could never have satisfied Indian opinion, but in happier circumstances he might have done useful work and left behind a better reputation than he actually enjoys. But he was appointed Secretary of State in the first great crisis of the Second World War, when the Nazis were overrunning Western Europe and Britain was just about to lose her army at Dunkirk and find herself facing Germany alone. Inevitably, in British minds, the need to win the war came first. The Congress had already withdrawn its Provincial Ministries, and offered to support the war only on condition that India should first be declared independent. Even Amery had been willing to bargain on that basis, Churchill of course would never have tolerated it. Thus there was little that Amery could do except hold tight until, four years later, victory could be seen ahead. As he said to me towards the end of that period, "If Congress makes things difficult, what can I do?" I had always thought that the Congress policy of non-co-operation during the war was a fatal mistake, and I felt some sympathy with him. He was not a diehard, but a comparatively progressive man, and it is a pity that circumstances prevented the Indian public from recognising his true character.

Were it offered to my choice, I should have no objection to a repetition of the same life from its beginning, only asking the advantages authors have in a second edition to correct some faults of the first.

—Benjamin Franklin



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THE BOOK OF BHEEMA

CHAPTER 10

Bhanumati in Distress

BHANUMATI, the Princess of Kashi and the wife of Duryodhana, lay on a bed on the terrace of her mansion. Advanced as she was in motherhood, she lay relaxed, her feet apart, dressed in a simple skirt, a thin scarf covering her bust.

This was the one day in the week when she devoted to washing her hair and applying paste made of henna-leaf on the palms of her hands and the soles of her feet, to keep them painted red like red lotuses. Her abundant hair, just washed, was spread on the pillow in the manner of the feathers of a dancing peacock.

A maid-servant held a sun-shade to protect her from sun-burns.

Her old nurse, Rekhaa, a constant companion, who had brought her up and who had accompanied her to Hastinapur after her marriage, sat by the bed, her faded eyes fixed on Bhanumati with maternal fondness.

A pet peacock stood by on restless feet. Her favourite parrot, from a cage nearby, continued to repeat monotonously: 'Bhanumati, get up. Bhanumati, get up.' Bhanumati was a small woman, with a blooming face. Her dark eyes, which were lovelier because of the collyrium applied to them, reflected innocence.

Her husband's failure at Kampilya had caused her no disappointment. In fact, no worry ever clouded her sunny temperament for any length of time.

She had many reasons to be happy. Her husband's failure to win Draupadi was a boon from the Gods. She was thankful to them for this kindness and also to her adopted brother, Krishna Vaasudeva, who had carried out his promise that her husband

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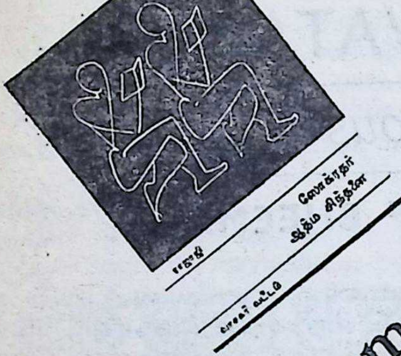

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would never win Drupad's daughter. She escaped the misfortune of having a co-wife who, though technically junior to her, would have taken precedence over her on account of the superior rank of her father.

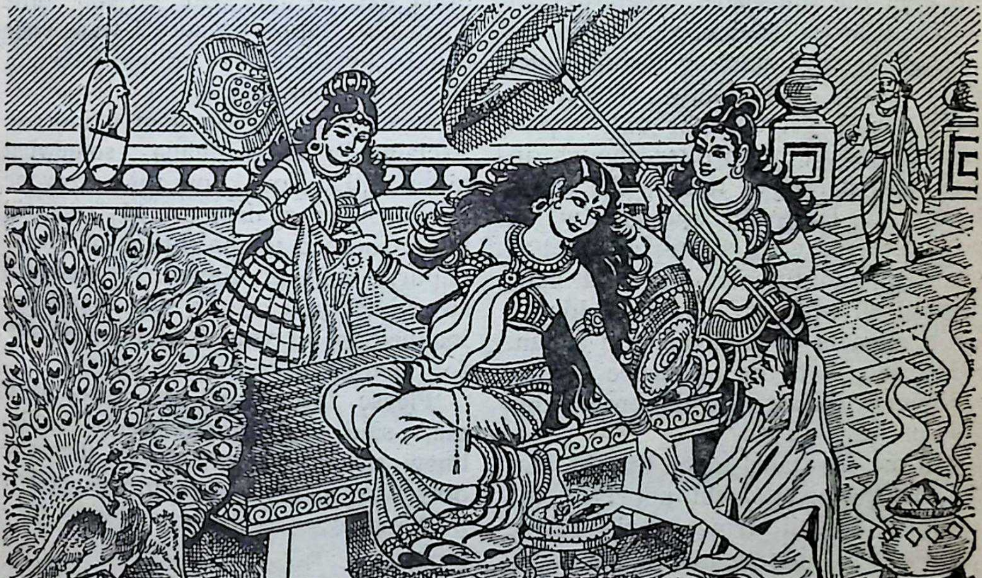
She did not mind Draupadi having been married to the Five Brothers even though she would have to yield precedence to her as the wife of Yudhishthira, the eldest of the Kuru princes. These changes in a royal family were common enough. She had only one interest—to make her husband happy; she looked forward only to one great event with joyful expectation—to be the mother of the hero, who, when born, would be the eldest in the Kuru family in his generation.

During the last few days, her happy mood was charged with high expectation of meeting her adopted brother, Krishna V*aa*sudeva, again. He was coming, her 'Govind,' the beloved of the *gopis* of Vrindavan.

In her childhood, she had been deeply moved by the ballads of the *gopis* sung by the bards coming from Mathura. Often on a full-moon night, she would walk up and down the terrace of her father's palace at Kashi, singing the ballads which she knew by heart by herself. At such moments, her imagination would run riot; she would feel that she was playing *raas* with Govind on the banks of the Yamuna.

Even after she was married to Duryodhana and came to live in Hastinapur, this habit of hers had not left her. When Krishna met her and

She had many reasons to be happy.



miraculously saved her from an ignominious death, she had felt that the Gods had given her the greatest gift of her life—the affection of Govind.

Even at this moment, with half-closed eyes, she was looking forward to meeting Krishna again, to talk to him, to receive some present which, as an affectionate brother, he was sure to give her. What a joy!

Her day-dream came to an abrupt end as a maid-servant came running up the stairs in excitement. 'The lord is coming,' she said.

There was a flutter among the maid-servants. Everyone of them left the work that she was doing, adjusted her clothes and got ready to leave no sooner the Prince came.

When Duryodhana came, the maids put their scarves over their faces and left the terrace, leaving old Rekhaa to hold the sun-shade.

The peacock, frightened, flew to the top of the roof, uttering a shrill note. The parrot impatiently screeched: 'Bhanumati, get up'—the only words that it knew how to utter, though, in the very nature of things, she could not do so. Her palms and soles which were covered with henna-paste had to be kept undisturbed. Her wet hair, spread all over the pillow, could not in a moment be gathered into a bun. However, with the assistance of the old nurse, she sat up with considerable discomfort.

In the frustrated mood that he was in, Duryodhana could not bear the sight of his wife lying happily in the midst of chattering maids. He wanted someone to vent his frustration on and he knew that at such moments his wife was the only person who could suffer in silence without hitting back.

'What are you doing, Kaashyaa?* Enjoying yourself when the three worlds are crashing over my head?' he said in exasperation.

Bhanumati, with her wet palms held up, smiled happily and replied: 'What is the matter, lord? Why are the three worlds crashing?'

Her innocent enquiry irritated Duryodhana all the more.

'You are the most heartless woman I have ever seen,' he said bitterly. 'I am passing my days in utter wretchedness, while here you are, spending your time making yourself beautiful, getting ready to welcome my enemy.'

Bhanumati turned pale. With some effort, she smiled again. 'Lord, I am trying to look beautiful because your wife must always look beautiful. You don't like an ugly wife, do you, lord? I am also happy because I want your son to be the image of his father, a very fine young man.'

'A very fine young man indeed!' exclaimed Duryodhana somewhat bitterly. 'Do you know that everyone is conspiring against us? My son will never succeed to the throne of Hastinapur,' he continued. 'Kaashyaa, sometimes you are so silly that I am inclined to hit you. You do not care for anyone except your child.'

'Please, lord, don't get angry with me,' said Bhanumati humbly. She knew from past experience that the only way to meet such moods of her husband was to be completely submissive.

'I have come to tell you something

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* The Princess of Kashi.

very important,' said Duryodhana. 'I went to see Father this morning. He has promised to see that I am not forced to leave Hastinapur. But I don't know whether the old man will listen to Father.'

Bhanumati persuasively said: 'Everyone says that the Eldest is a very righteous man. He will never drive you out of Hastinapur, I am sure.'

'You are more sure of my enemies than of my friends,' said Duryodhana, exasperated at his wife's innocent way of looking at things.

'If you did not win Draupadi, it was because of evil planets. Otherwise, you would have won the contest, I am sure,' said Bhanumati.

Duryodhana made a wry face. The memory of that moment when he failed in the contest, obsessed him day and night. But he had a ready target to obtain relief by an explosion. 'You, wretched woman,' he shouted angrily. 'Even you twit me with having failed in the contest.'

Instinctively Bhanumati was going to join her palms in the usual gesture of seeking forgiveness, but Rekhaa held her hands apart. If she had not done so, the paste would have fallen off her palms, spoiling her clothes.

She looked at her husband appealingly. 'Don't be angry with me, lord. It does not matter if you frighten me. But you are frightening your Crown Prince.'

Duryodhana placed his hand over his brow in despair; it was impossible to disturb the happy mood of his wife. At the same time he could not help dissolving into a smile at the suggestion that he was frightening the Crown Prince-to-be. 'Nothing seems to disturb you, it seems,' he remarked.

'Why should I be disturbed when I have a husband like you?' she said with conviction.

'Don't you feel mortified at having to welcome Drupad's daughter? She should have been my queen but now she will rule over Hastinapur as the wife of the Five Brothers,' said Duryodhana.

'It must have been so ordained by the planets,' said Bhanumati quietly. 'Why should I feel mortified? She is the wife of the Eldest and so entitled to respect.'

'Oh, Great God, what a silly woman you are! You can never understand things. Yudhishthira will rule over Hastinapur. I will be sent to rule over Suvarnaprastha or Paniprastha. I would only be the dependent of the Five Brothers, with that big idiot, Bheema, making fun of me every day of my life. Do you understand what it means?'

'Why do you feel so upset over this?' asked Bhanumati, waving her hands, palms uppermost, as if in a gesture of sympathy. 'We must make friends with the Five Brothers,' she added.

'Never, never, never,' shouted Duryodhana, clenching his fist. 'Not in this life, nor in any other. They have stolen my empire from me.'

'Let us not quarrel with our fate,' said Bhanumati, struggling hopelessly to keep her arms and feet in a position so as not to disturb the paste which had been applied to them. 'I am sure you will become the King. The Gods will favour you some day.'

She said it with such pathetic sincerity that Duryodhana warmed towards her.

'I hope they do. But for the moment my fate is in the balance and I do not know what I can do about it. I see no way,' he said.

'I will show you a way,' said Bhanumati and smiled.

'Where is the way? The old man is determined to install Yudhishthira as King; he is unshakable as the Himalayas,' said Duryodhana.

'But will you adopt the course I suggest?' asked Bhanumati timidly, assuming a solemn air.

'What is the way you suggest?' asked Duryodhana. 'Something foolish, I am sure,' he added with a sigh.

She lowered her voice and whispered: 'Seek the help of Govind.'

'What?' shouted Duryodhana in irritation. 'Seek the help of Govind! No, never. He is my bitterest enemy. He is worse than Bheema.'

'If he gives a promise, he will keep it,' said Bhanumati hesitatingly.

Duryodhana lost his temper. Always Govind, Govind, Govind! You are mad after him. Why don't you go and live with him?'

Bhanumati was cut to the quick at the foul suggestion. Tears welled up in her eyes and ran down her cheeks. Rekhaa placed her protective arm on her back.

'I suggested the way because you asked for it,' Bhanumati said in a choking voice, and sobbed piteously.

The pathetic sight of his wife crying helplessly moved Duryodhana for a moment. 'Kaashyaa,' he said, 'you will fall ill. But you don't know what I am passing through. Grandfather and the Venerable Mother are my enemies. Father is too feeble. Karna and Aswatthaama are leaving me. Dushaasana and others have decided to withdraw to Gaandhara. I am helpless. The whole world is against me.'

'I know, I know, lord,' said Bhanumati, her tears unchecked, choking her voice. 'But what can I do? I am a helpless woman. Forgive me, lord, if I have offended you. I am willing to do whatever you wish.'

'But what can we do?,' he said. 'Yudhishthira is going to be installed in Hastinapur. I would sooner die than accept an inferior position of Yuvaraj under him.' He paused for a while and then continued: 'It is all the doings of your Govind. He brought the Five Brothers back from the Land of the Manes, our departed ancestors. He contrived that Arjuna should marry Draupadi and, because of him, Yudhishthira's arrival in Hastinapur has assumed the prestige of a conquering army.'

Bhanumati looked on without saying a word. She had not yet recovered from the shock which she received when her husband made the graceless remark about her living with Govind and she was afraid lest, by some innocent word, she should make him angry again. She contented herself by smiling as sweetly as she could.

The warning given by Dushaasana came to his mind. This wife of his was loved by Dronaacharya as a daughter and as a sister by Krishna

Vaasudeva. It is likely that she might meddle in his affairs and make him the victim of Vaasudeva's intrigues once again.

'Kaashyaa, I came here to tell you that you should not meddle in my affairs.'

'Have I ever meddled in your affairs?' Bhanumati asked piteously. 'Why do you distrust me?'

'You are too simple and frank. You shall *not* meet Vaasudeva. You shall not send him any message, nor receive any message from him. Do you understand?'

'Yes,' Bhanumati said, overwhelmed by the severe tone of her husband. She bit her lips to prevent herself from crying.

'If you do, I shall kill you,' Duryodhana said, pressing his hands on the shoulders of Bhanumati.

[*To be continued*]

I have often tried to set down the strategic truths I have comprehended in the form of simple anecdotes and they rank this way in my mind. One of them is the celebrated tale of the man who gave the powder to the bear. He mixed the powder with the greatest care, making sure that not only the ingredients but the proportions were absolutely correct. He rolled it up in a large paper spill, and was about to blow it down the bear's throat. But the bear blew first.

—Winston Churchill

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This is a penetrating analysis of the crucial role of the Himalayan states in the strategic plans of the Chinese; Mr. Patterson finds that Sikkim and Bhutan are particularly important in this context. He also suggests that a proposed Confederation of Himalayan States has much to recommend it, and that "India, by an imaginative use of the Confederation concept, could begin to build a viable buffer unit of friendly states on her strategic northern border." Mr. Patterson is a well-known authority on this area and the author of many books. In view of the recent internal shake-up in Bhutan this article is of topical importance.—*Ed.*

The "Five Fingers" of China

George Patterson

FROM 1958 to 1961 the Chinese claim, stated emphatically and at length over the Peking and Lhasa radio systems, was that Ladakh, Nepal, Sikkim, Bhutan and the North East Frontier Agency were "the fingers of the hand of China".

But at that time the Chinese hectoring attitude to these Himalayan territories was illustrated by another significant metaphor: that the then political situation obtaining made them "lice in the clothing of China", but they were soon due to be "rid of these dirty imperialist and reactionary elements" and returned to the great motherland of China, properly cleansed. Since then there have been a number of developments which have caused the Chinese leaders to alter their language at least, and, to some extent, their tactics if not their intentions.

The greatest of these developments, of course, were the revolt in Tibet, the 1960-61 Chinese border "incursions" which took 50,000 square miles of Indian territory, and the October, 1962, invasion of NEFA. These three events have resulted in an agonising reappraisal of policies not only in India but also in the Himalayan territories most directly concerned. It is generally accepted that India's relations with China can never be the same again, but what is often overlooked is that an agonising reappraisal has also been forced on the people of the Himalayan border states and that their relations with both the neighbouring major powers can never be the same again, either.

Little time need be spent on the problem of Ladakh. What the Chinese have there they hold, and they are unlikely to let go—short of a major war in Asia, of course. The suggestion made in some circles that the

Chinese invasion of NEFA was in order to trade this territory for the Aksai Chin in Ladakh is based on a complete misunderstanding of the Chinese situation in Tibet and a complete misinterpretation of Chinese strategy in the Himalayan regions. The NEFA incident was a clever, off-the-cuff Chinese exploitation of a political and military miscalculation by India; and the subsequent withdrawal a subtle political manoeuvre in China's chessboard battle with India for control of the Himalayas.

If Ladakh is the little finger by China's reckoning, both in position and relative importance, then Nepal is the fourth finger. This might seem surprising in view of Nepal's eight million population, international importance and present position of influence in the Himalayas. But, strictly speaking, while Nepal is useful to China, it is not necessary in any of China's larger ambitions in Asia. Certainly, Mao Tse-tung has gone on record as saying that Nepal must return to China as part of her former territories annexed by the imperialists; and he has also said that Nepal and China must work together to liberate their "oppressed brothers in India". But in China's long-term plan it is Sikkim, the middle finger, and NEFA, the thumb, which will play the key pressure parts in China's larger ambitions in these areas.

In the meantime China is having remarkable political success with her present policies and can afford to wait for Nepal to fall further under her influence. From 1956, when the first Treaty was signed permitting exchange of diplomatic representatives and an offer of six crores (£5,000,000) in aid, China has steadily extended her influence in the country. Since then China's economic stake has been extended to 23 crores, plus the carry-over, building a vitally strategic road from Lhasa to Khatmandu, and a possible network of roads in an area to the north and east that is also of active interest to the Nepal Communist Party. The Nepal Communist Party has only about 10,000 members, but is closely knit and well-organised. This was proved when, at the time of the King's takeover in 1960, all the top political leaders of all the other parties were arrested and imprisoned, and the police were only able to arrest three of the 17 Politburo members. Further, Nepal's Communist leaders remained in the country and did not go over to India as did several of the other political escapees.

Nepal's sensitivity to Indian interest in her internal affairs is very acute. Even friendly statements by Mr. Nehru such as his promise of military aid in the event of an attack on Nepal from the "outside", or his mild rebuke at the time of the King's takeover, evoked a storm of protest inside Nepal. One very interesting outcome following on the latter statement was the press reaction in Khatmandu at the time; the four Khatmandu newspapers all warned Sikkim and Bhutan of "Indian designs", asked them to free themselves from Indian interference and called for a federation of Nepal, Sikkim and Bhutan—with Nepal taking the lead. This was the first public indication of a Chinese proposal which had been locally canvassed for some time, and it was doubly interesting in view of the fact that it emanated from the King-controlled press. At that time neither Sikkim nor Bhutan responded, primarily because they feared the domination of Nepal in such a proposed federation. However, it has remained a persistent talking-point and I will return to its importance later. Meanwhile, President Radhakrishnan's visit to Nepal, closely following upon King Mahendra's to India, is a sign of warmer relations. Although Nepal has settled her outstanding border dispute with China, the northern frontier remains a highly explosive area since there were a reputed 10-20,000 Tibetans there up until a few months ago, using Nepal as a base from which to harass the Chinese occupation forces in Tibet.

Sikkim, the middle finger, to change the metaphor, was formerly described as a "dagger pointed at the heart of India" by the British Political Officer. Modern military strategists in the Indian Army agree with this and calculate that in the event of a major Chinese assault on India it would be down the Teesta Valley from Sikkim to strike at the industrial heartland of Bengal and Bihar, and the port of Calcutta, only 400 miles away. Sikkim itself is only 18,000 square miles in area, with a population of 165,000, three-quarters of whom are of Nepali extraction. This mixture of population, the heavy Indian personnel commitment, and the proximity of the Chinese Army less than 50 miles from the capital, has created tensions in this tiny border state which might well explode in some major crisis. Since the Sino-Indian clash in 1962 China has ominously protested several times about the movement of Indian troops on Sikkim's northern and eastern borders.

But it is Bhutan, the first finger, that could possibly pull the trigger on a first Sino-Indian war. The most feasible explanation for the Chinese withdrawal from NEFA lies in China's confidence, oft-declared, that politically her claims to Bhutan are much stronger even than in NEFA, and, militarily, the occupation of Bhutan presents fewer problems. Further, by occupying Bhutan, China will not only dominate NEFA anyway, but also the whole of Assam, and even have a stranglehold on the economy of India by controlling the trade of tea, oil and jute from Assam. The only links between India and Assam are one road and one railway which run through a narrow 30-mile wide corridor between West Bhutan and East Pakistan. Such a move would also give Sikkim to China, and bring her into direct contact with the pro-Chinese wing of the Indian Communist Party and in a position to help create and supply a "Yenan-type" revolutionary Communist Party in India which she has always favoured. Meantime, in Bhutan, Chinese agents move about disguised as Tibetan refugees, creating unrest among the population against the present regime of the Maharajah and Prime Minister with their pro-Indian policies but which they say did not produce military aid at the time of the dangerously close border war last year.

If the foregoing analysis is correct then NEFA, the thumb, will be simply a political problem and/or an important supply route from China to Assam. Already a trouble-spot for India because of the many intensely independent and warlike tribes it will become increasingly more intransigent as more of them are educated and want to work for their own people. This is seen in the case of the Nagas, with their large numbers of missionary-educated converts now spearheading the demand for independence. Here, too, the Chinese recently have been holding out the promise of association in a Confederation of Himalayan States which is finding a favourable response.

This move forward from a tentative proposal of federation of a few to a confederation of several Himalayan states could have repercussions possibly not expected by the Chinese. When China first put forward the "Confederation" suggestion just over a year ago, as an advance on the federation mentioned earlier, it evoked a favourable reaction in Nepal and a mixed reaction in Sikkim and Bhutan from different parties and communities. Since then the idea has taken a new turn because of two unexpected developments; one is the response of the Nagas and the Tibetans, and the other the possibility that Russia might be interested in sponsoring such a Confederation. The former development, it is argued, would make it possible for both the Chinese and Indian armies to withdraw beyond the boundaries of the proposed Confederation, so allowing the Dalai Lama to return and thus making Tibet a counterweight to the influence of Nepal. The second development—which is founded on hints in at least three of the countries concerned that Russia has been making soundings, and has been suggested as the reason for the Nepalese Foreign Minister's recent sudden visit to Russia—would certainly give the Confederation a greater chance of success, and, of course, would be in Russia's own interests in Asia.

India, by an imaginative use of the Confederation concept, could begin to build a viable buffer unit of friendly states on her strategic northern border, and rebuild the prestige she has lost in these territories over the past 10 years. In addition, she would be relieved of the embarassing commitment of having to supply troops for the defence of Sikkim, Bhutan, NEFA and Nagaland while knowing that these territories are militarily indefensible anyway in the event of a major conflict.

But how is China likely to view this surprising turn of events? Strangely enough, it might well be in her interests, too—from a temporary point of view. Her occupation Army in Tibet is in a vulnerable position in the event of a war with India, especially if India gives military aid to the many thousands of Tibetan guerrillas still in the mountains of south and east Tibet; and, in any case, China always has the better alternative of a route across North Burma.

In politics as on the sickbed, people toss from one side to the other, thinking they will be more comfortable.

—Goethe

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Picasso's Confession and its Aftermath

Prof. Manoj Das

IT may be appropriate today to recollect an event that took place a few years ago in a continental capital, which got due publicity then.

A brave man claiming himself to be a musician with a difference, sang songs in *silence* before gatherings of intelligent people, many of whom were braver indeed to declare that they enjoyed the demonstration perfectly!

God grant that there be some among the enchanted souls who in reality required only an occasion to link their consciousness with the inaudible vibrations of the super-ethereal realm, thus genuinely enjoying that music.

But to say that most of them were not merely repeating the wise courtiers of the king that walked naked once upon a time, may amount to sycophantic politeness.

The shock was great, though limited to a few hundred, when on the eve of his departure from the city, the so-called silent singer confessed that he was only playing fraud! But Pablo Picasso's statement that he had merely contented the rich and the idlers with all the many bizarre things that have come into his brain, will naturally mean a quake in the earth of the contemporary standard of artistic evaluation.

It is true that his words form a very shocking epilogue to a stupendous career of artistic vivacity. They are bound to create as much confusion as his first Cubist productions had created. Much has been discussed in favour of his art, much against the same, from the point of technical justification as well as from wider visions of sensibility. His 'confession' cannot conclude all such debates. It is sufficient to say here that while on the one hand he has been acclaimed as the "conscience of the tortured world", on the other hand

Pablo Picasso, 83-year-old Spanish-born father-figure of the modernist cult in art, has now made a sensational 'confession' that he was simply amusing himself at the expense of his intellectual admirers with his bizarre creations. Says he:

"The people no longer seek consolation or inspiration in art. But the refined people, the rich, the idlers, seek the new, the extraordinary, the original, the extravagant, the scandalous. And myself, since the epoch of Cubism, have contented these people with all the many bizarre things that have come into my head. And the less they understood it the more they admired it.

"By amusing myself with all these games, all this nonsense, all these picture puzzles and arabesques, I became famous, and very rapidly. And celebrity, for a painter, means sales, profits, a fortune. To-day, as you know I am famous and very rich.

"But when I am alone with myself I have not the courage to consider myself as an artist in the great sense of the word, as in the days of Giotto, Titian, Rembrandt and Goya. I am only a public entertainer who has understood his time."

In this article Prof. Manoj Das examines the situation arising out of this confession; for it takes the issue beyond art to the realm of ethics and morality.

—Ed.

his later career has been observed as 'decadent.'

It is however curious to note here that long before Picasso made the present confession, Ozenfant observed: "Picasso as a painter, is eloquent: indeed, that quality preponderates over everything else. But it is the sort of eloquence that mistakes a 'bull' for wit,....and confounds the beautiful with the agreeable, and the bizarre with originality....Picasso has always sought to surprise. But astonishment only works once. The sparrows soon get used to the scarecrow. Great paintings are those to which we always come back, because they do not depend on the element of surprise. In any case, the wish to surprise implies a concession to the public, as does a desire to please: for how can one surprise oneself? Surprise is only an element in art, it should not be its aim. Too frequently nowadays the means is taken for the end."

Is it now unjustified to conclude that Picasso should not have made his so-called admirers entirely responsible, without bearing the heavier part of it legitimately due to him?

People perhaps get the artist they deserve; but it is a living truth that artists do not get the people they deserve. Those who know it, it is natural for them, poor aspirants for understanding art, to grow an innocent faith in the vision and consciousness of the artist. No doubt to a considerable extent this attitude has made many to look with an awe and a feeling of inferiority (for not being able to profusely appreciate) to the products of great artists.

How far a true artist can afford to betray this faith, constitutes a very serious question, a question on the fundamental duty, the *dharma* of the artist.

Picasso's confession will serve a mighty purpose, if the artists of our time are awakened to this question.

Now leaving their duty to them, we the aspirants to understand, if not to enjoy, the art, must reconsider our position in light of this bolt from the blue. (Indeed, the first period of Picasso's productions is known as the blue period!) Our puzzles can be reduced to a few simple questions. Did Picasso mean what he said? Is he not then a great artist? Is not the entire world of modern art a vast scope for pretension?

Whether Picasso really meant what he said or not is destined to stimulate a prolonged debate. His followers have to desperately defend for the sake of their own dear selves, what the master has done, against what he does say now. Those who had professed their unqualified belief in Picasso, will now pronounce their disbelief in his statement with greater vehemence. One more addition to the calendar of ironies we are intimate with!

Of course, there is scope for genuine questions such as: can't it be that Picasso the rational is unconscious of the truth of his creative moments? Unconscious he may be, but there is never an evidence of guilt-consciousness, sense of pretension going together with greatness in creative genius.

Whether Picasso himself is a great artist or not will not be easy to decide any more. Great in the sense of greatness of Giotto, Titian, Rembrandt and Goya he is not, as he confesses himself, though in this regard he cannot be his own supreme judge. Instances are not lacking in literature and art to show that underestimation of one's own works is as frequent a manifestation as overestimation of the same. Great or less than great, it is an acknowledged fact that after Cezanne he has been the greatest single influence in the world of art. The historic aspect of his influence is the emergence of a daring spirit of quest in many of his contemporaries and the younger generation, who required a hero to lead them beyond the boundary of convention after which they could disperse in various directions according to individual potentiality and aspiration. Every age of art contains some urge of rebellion against the parentage. Picasso, pioneering the Cubist movement along with Georges Braque, represents at least the same urge of his age as Courbet and Manet represented leading the Naturalists and Claude Monet represented leading the Impressionists.

There is the overwhelming urge today, in the sphere of art and beyond it, to look at life and everything from new angles, from all the angles possible and even impossible. Such urge needs surpass the established forms, needs freedom in various directions including 'freedom from the object'. (A wonderful etching of Picasso of 1930, 'Artist and his Model' shows, while the artist's eyes are 'fixed on the model, he translates what he sees into the abstract lines in the canvas.')

Cubism in its intrinsic truth is nothing if not an expression of this urge to recognise existence anew.

Every dynamic artist is carried beyond his own school. So was Picasso. But along with bold followers, he left a generation of imitators, who, to quote Ozenfant again, "are a nightmare. Picasso very opportunely made war on imitative art, but his followers have exalted imitation into a sacrament. Religiously they imitate Picasso." It was Picasso who said "People who try to explain pictures are usually barking up the wrong tree," and this is a plain truth. But needless to explain how hereby he also provided shield to his false followers.

When we have to measure Picasso, we have to take into our view his entire career, which is picturesque and divided into several periods. His disputed productions apart, he has been considered remarkable even with his works which are understandable with a normal approach. It will be grave injustice to merely accept his confessions and turn our eyes from his works, without investigating into the factors which caused such a tragedy in his life. If he stooped merely to satisfy the rich and the idlers, then he has harmed the cause of art. If he has done the 'bizarre things' as a conscious mission to expose the hypocrisy which goes as the way of the intellectuals today, then he should be given the honour of a martyr.

Whatever be the final verdict of time, it is evident that the productions of art influenced by Picasso and other modernists of different schools do not any more speak for themselves. Picasso once said, "Whenever I had something to say, I have said it in the manner in which I have felt it ought to be said." Unfortunately his 'manner' could not say what was really in his mind and hence he had to add to it a confession. If he does not represent his time with his art only, his confession added to it, he certainly represents his time, at least the time that we live in the surface of our existence.

And indeed, most of the movements in art, for quite sometime past, Fauvism, Cubism, Surrealism etc. have 'based on intellectual speculations.' The inspiration, the inevitable in art, has not been waited for, and hence:

> We have learned to whittle the Eden tree
> To the shape of a surplice peg,
> We have learned to bottle our parents twain
> In the yelk of an addled egg.
> We know that the tail must wag the dog,
> For the horse is drawn by the cart,
> But the devil whoops as he whooped old;
> It's clever, but is it art?
>
> —*Kipling.*

Never measure the height of a mountain until you have reached the top. Then you will see how low it was.

—Dag Hammarskjold.
In his Autobiography "Markings"

Question Box

ANSWERS BY

K. M. MUNSHI

1164

Sri P. S. Bhagat, Bombay.

Q: *What will happen to us if countries like U.S.A. decline to supply us with large quantities of wheat?*

A: They won't decline. The statesmen of the world fully realise that if the developing countries are neglected, the peace of the world would be in danger.

1165

Sri A. Parthasarathy, Secunderabad.

Q: *Is it true that those who are happy now (in the present life) will be unhappy in the future and* vice-versa?

A: Whoever told you so was wrong. There is only one way to be happy: to lead a righteous life with faith in God. How can such a happy man become unhappy in the next one?

1166

Sri Kanailal Bose, Darbhanga.

Q: *What is your suggestion to a man getting very little time to devote towards God, but willing to remain religious?*

A: Even five minutes spent in prayer will be enough. But if you have time for gossip, for study, for office hours, for sleep and cinemas, why can't you find fifteen minutes a day for *swadhyaya*, reading one Canto of *Bhagavad Gita* and pray to God?

1167

Sri N. N. Sastri, Bombay-29.

Q: *When Hindus perform religious functions, they sometimes mention the name of the Buddha as a part of the ritual. Now which Buddha is referred to here?*

A: Buddha was given a place in the Hindu Pantheon as an Avatar of Vishnu, when Indian Buddhism was absorbed in Hinduism.

1168

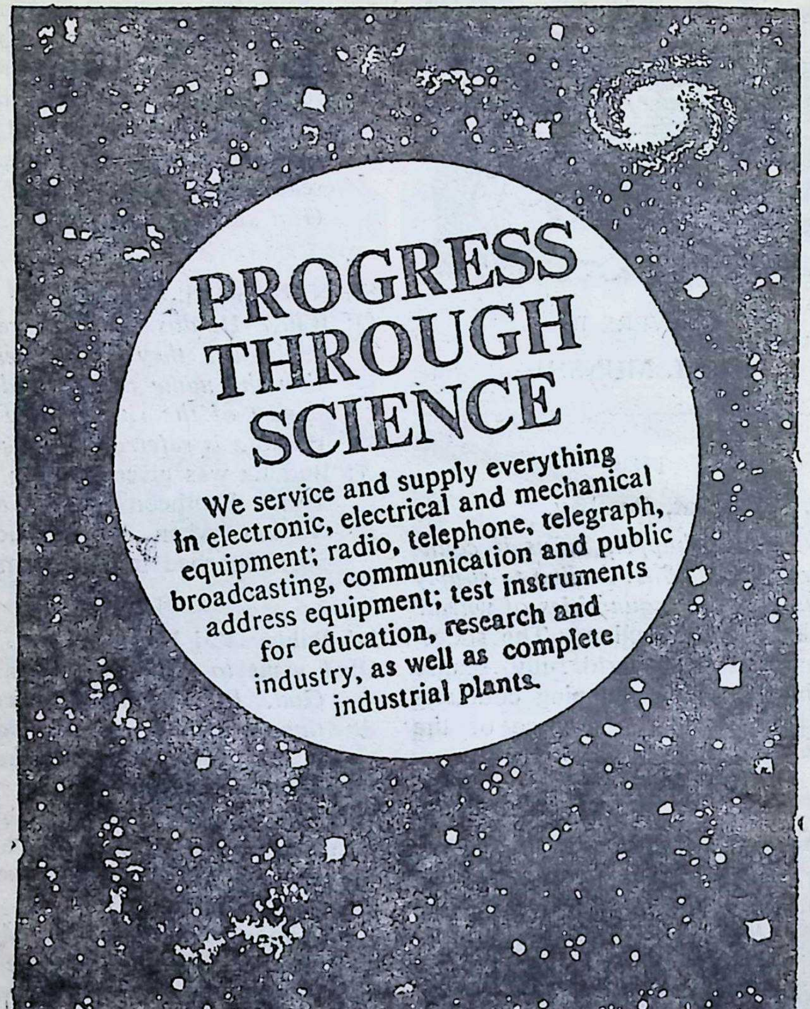
Sri Baldev Raj Varma, Gaya.

Q: *I want to know the truth about God. But I come across conflicting opinions on the subject. Kindly guide me along the right path.*

A: If you want to know the truth about God, you will have to undergo a course in prayer and self-discipline. The best spirits in the world like Christ, Mohammed, Gandhiji, Tagore and Vivekananda lived and worked in the faith that there is God.

Those who deny God have no patience to acquire the self-discipline which puts one in contact with God.

I firmly believe in God and in my own humble way have acquired the faith that men can have no higher destiny than being an instrument of God.



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Our Fortnightly Profile—192

The Cherians

C. V. R.

DR. P. V. CHERIAN who has succeeded Smt. Vijayalakshmi Pandit as the fourth Governor of Maharashtra is a well-known figure in the political landscape of the country.

The first two Governors of Maharashtra we had were widowers and the third one Smt. Vijayalakshmi Pandit had lost her husband Sri R. S. Pandit several years ago. Dr. P .V. Cherian is a happily married man. His wife Smt. Tara is a well-known figure in the social, civic and cultural life of the Madras city.

Naturally Bombay's Raj Bhavan will now assume a new look.

Stemming from a well-known Syrian Christian family of Alleppey in Kerala State, Dr. Cherian had his early education at Trivandrum and then went to Madras where he joined the Medical College, more by accident than design. He had a brilliant scholastic career, capped by an M. B. B. S. degree.

The first job that came his way was that of an Assistant Surgeon in the Government Hospital for Women and Children at Egmore, Madras. But within three weeks of his appointment, he was granted a temporary commission in the Indian Medical Service and was posted initially to Bangalore.

He opted for service in Mesopotamia where he served in different places like Basra, Baghdad, Mosul, and Ba'quba.

He returned to India in 1922 and was posted to Jhansi. From there he went to Mhow. On being released from the army, he took up a job as Assistant Professor of Biology and Medical Jurisprudence.

After a spell in the General Hospital at Madras, Dr. Cherian went to England where he specialised in ear, nose and throat diseases. He worked in some London hospitals. He went to Glasgow and Edinburgh. At the latter place, he passed the F.R. C.S.

A trip to Vienna brought him in touch with some eminent surgeons.

He got back to Madras in 1927 and took charge as surgeon in the ENT department of the Madras Medical College. On retirement in 1948, he entered politics and became the Mayor of Madras city. He was elected to the Madras Legislative Council by the Indian Christian community. In 1942, he was elected Chairman of the Council. In 1958, he was re-elected to the Council and continued in his post as Chairman.

Since then he has continued in that post.

With a tall, commanding personality, Cherian is a good mixer. He has been lucky in his wife Tara Cherian who is a noted figure in the social and cultural life of Madras city. They have worked together in many spheres of activity.

Dr. Cherian is widely travelled. He has been to the United States and the United Kingdom more than once.

He is actively interested in education and had been a member of the Madras University Syndicate. He was also Vice-Chancellor of Madras and Annamalai Universities.

There can be no doubt that he will make his impact on the public life of Bombay. His wide experience as a legislator would stand him in good stead in his relationship with the Ministers of the State.

In Tara Cherian, his life-partner, he has an able companion and housewife. A daughter of the late Sri D.J. Jesudasan, Postmaster-General of Madras, Tara Cherian was born in May 1913 in Madras city and educated at the Madras Women's Christian College. She graduated from that institution.

She married Dr. Cherian in 1935.

Tara Cherian's activities are not confined to her family and household only.

Her talents and abilities have been canalised for the promotion of social, cultural and educational activities in a variety of spheres.

She has filled several honorary offices with distinction.

Her finest hour was when she was elected an Alderman of the Madras Corporation. Subsequently, in 1957, she was elected Mayor of the Corporation. She was the first woman Mayor of India.

She conducted the proceedings of the Corporation with exemplary skill.

She made an impact in bettering the life of the poor and the downtrodden. She cleared many slums, provided midday meals for school children and launched many playgrounds.

She also served as a member of the Madras University Senate for two terms.

She had been a member of the Advisory Board of the Teachers' Training College at Saidapet and the Lady Willingdon Training College, Madras.

She was also Chairman of the Madras University Centenary Entertainment Committee.

In the field of service to the sick, the diseased and the disabled, Smt. Cherian played a notable part.

She was President of the Advisory Board for the Hospital for Women and Children for over 20 years and was a also a member of the Advisory Board of the Government Ophthalmic Hospital, Madras.

She sponsored and raised funds for the creation of a "Mother and Baby Block" in the Hospital for Women and Children, Madras, with 48 beds for poor patients, free of cost.

She was intimately connected with the School for the Blind at Poonamalle.

During her visit along with her husband to the United Kingdom, Northern Ireland, and Southern Ireland and Europe in May-June 1957, at the invitation of the British Council, she made special study of the problems and methods of rehabilitation of physically handicapped persons, and on her return to Madras, she has put them into practice.

She was Vice-President of the Indian Conference of Social work and All-India Women's Food Council.

She was responsible for the establishment of a Hostel for Harijan children in Chingleput district.

She is also connected with the School for Social Work in Madras. She is a member of the Regional Tourist Advisory Committee, Madras.

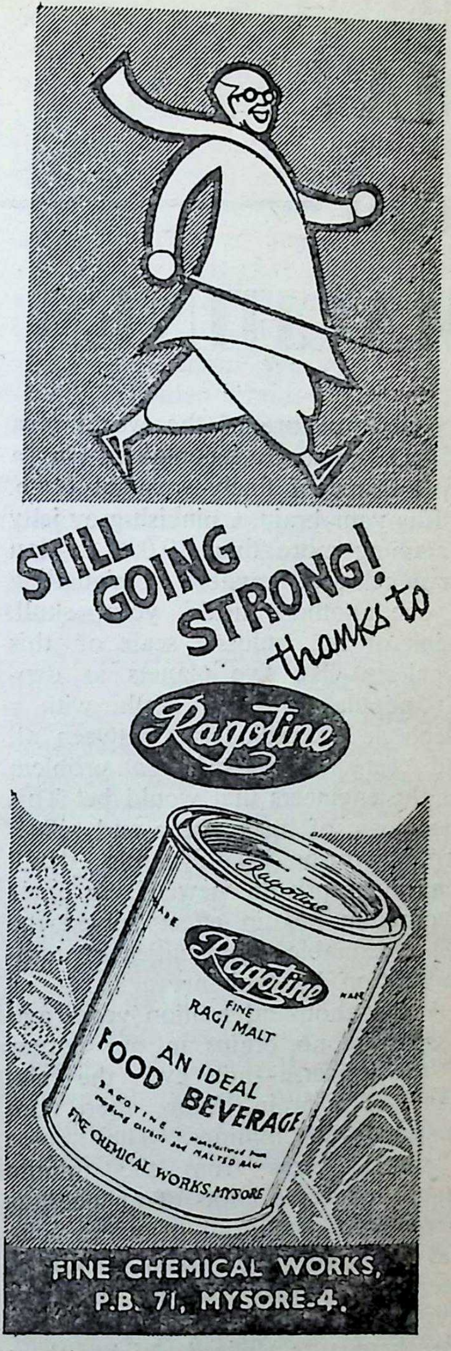
She is also a Director of the Indian Airlines Corporation and a member of the Programme Committee of the All-India Radio.

She recently visited West Germany on invitation.

With such a colourful background, Smt. Cherian is bound to ginger up the life of this city in many spheres.

The Cherians have two sons and three daughters.

The Bhavan has pleasure in welcoming them to this great city.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MIND, MATTER and MACHINES

Dr. Grey Walter

YOUR picture of the world is a 3D miniature, contained in a small frame of finely wrought bone. This is your brain, a pinkish-grey jelly containing more than 10,000 million nerve cells, all capable of signalling to one another inside your skull. Think of the colossal scale of this signalling—like five planets as densely populated as our earth, with a telephone or radio link between all and every person—what a problem for the engineers that would be! This microcosm of imagination and reflection, mirroring in dynamic detail your inner private view of the outer macrocosm has in effect solved the still indefinable complexities of communication by evolving.

A few thousand million years ago there were no brains in our corner of the universe—not even the elements of a brain. Now there are thousands of millions. They come in several sizes from the minute ganglia or nerve knots of an octopus to our own head full of nerve soup and the even bigger mass of convoluted grey matter of the charming dolphin. In the remote Genesis of life there was indeed Light—there was energy, and there were the chemical elements and simple compounds that constitute our flesh. By the interaction between light-energy and these elemental substances there arose, by means we are only beginning to guess at, the self-sustaining organic molecules that were the tenuous but pertinacious ancestors of us all—and of all our pictures of all possible worlds.

Unless we are very cold or hungry, we tend to forget that the light-energy that spawned us in the primordial soup is still essential to our existence. Our bodies regulate themselves, and our societies so protect our bodies, that when we consider our brains we think first of thinking—of the mind. But a brain is greedy, as well as pensive. In fact, thinking or vacant, waking or sleeping, a human brain uses about one-third of all the energy of the body it governs. In electrical terms it consumes about 25 watts of power, and it gets this from the slow burning of about one teaspoonful of sugar every hour. This energy is used up in the extremely involved and delicately balanced chemical reactions within the brain cells; these keep the cell batteries charged, so to say, and in every transaction between brain cells there is an incessant electrochemical discharge and recharge process.

The electric component is of special practical importance not only because it forms an essential part of the signalling process in the brain, but also because, fortunately for us who experiment on the brain, some of the electric signals can be picked up from the surface of the scalp. These stray brain signals are very small indeed, only a few millionths of a volt, but with modern techniques they can be amplified and analysed in enough detail to help the diagnosis of some types of brain disease and mental disturbance. This is of great value in the clinic, but we cannot yet claim to have broken the code the brain uses, but we know enough about it to be able to guess whether the messages passing from one part of the brain to another are routine, or news flashes or distress signals.

This is really very tantalising, like hearing a foreign language in which one can recognise something of the mood but nothing of the matter. There are plenty of surprises too—the most disturbing one was when Hans Berger in Germany discovered about thirty-five years ago that the more functionally active a brain is, the less regular and prominent are the electric signals that can be picked up on the scalp.

This is particularly true of what Berger called the 'alpha rhythm', regular electric oscillations at about ten waves per second, that are largest and most rhythmic at the back of the head when the eyes are shut and the mind is blank. In most people opening the eyes or thinking hard, particularly in visual images, stops the alpha rhythm. But in some people the waves persist even with the eyes open and in others again there never seem to be any alpha waves at all, even with the eyes shut. These differences suggested to us some years ago that alpha responsiveness might reflect something in the nature of a mental language or accent, as it were. We must suppose that all human brains work on the same basic principles, but there is enormous scope for variation in the way in which these principles are applied, just as the mechanism of human voice production permits the development of hundreds of different languages.

We are not sure how deep these differences in brain personality go, or how they are related to mental personalities, but we suspect that some of the important differences between brains are based on slight inborn traits which are constantly and cumulatively amplified by culture and experience, as a child born slightly right-handed will become more and more literally dexterous, and completely right-handed.

The odd discrepancy between regularity of electrical rhythm and functional activity in the brain, whatever its relation to human character, is still lacking a full explanation. One possibility is that the electric rhythms represent a process of signal sorting and searching in the vast labyrinth of cerebral archives—the memory. We must remember that the amount of information reaching the brain from the

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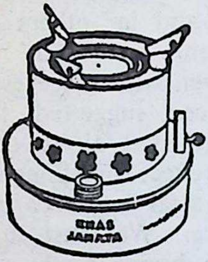

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senses is really overwhelming—you cannot attend to everything all the time—and the incoming messages are meaningless unless they are related to one another and to previous messages stored in some memory register. The selection of significant associations must be very orderly and systematic or we should be even crazier than we are, and the regular ten-per-second sweep of the alpha rhythms over the brain looks rather like the monotonous scanning of a great dictionary page by page and line by line for some particular word or meaning.

We can see why the rhythms stop or break into sub-rhythms when the attention is engaged—this is just what you do when you find a word you are looking for in a dictionary: you stop looking for it. If this is the sort of mechanism that goes on in the brain then I suppose people with no alpha rhythms are always finding something of interest and are never just turning the pages idly. This makes sense for me because I have no alpha rhythms myself and I am certainly quite feverishly fascinated by all the exciting things going on around me, while my colleagues with abundant alpha rhythms look at things more soberly and are quite suspicious of my width of enthusiasm —and I am sometimes a little impatient at their sobriety. Knowing these differences helps us to get along, though.

As well in the alpha rhythms, there are many other sorts of brain rhythms associated not so much with vision and imagination as with feelings and frustration: there are also very slow rhythms found in sleep and in young children. Study of these rhythms is helping us to understand how people grow up and grow old.

Most of the basic truths about brain mechanisms still just elude us, but I think we shall have a pretty firm grasp of them before the end of the century. Even before then, partly because of our growing understanding of living brains and partly because of the vast progress in electronic techniques since the second world war, we shall be seeing spectacular advances in the imitation and amplification of brain function. There are already several species of artificial animal that mimic the behaviour of very simple living creatures. I built the first one myself about fifteen years ago, and there are already many progeny in various countries. (They are used for teaching and experiment.) And, of course, there are electronic computers that solve intricate numerical and logical problems with great speed and accuracy.

The rate of progress in the mechanisation of intelligence has not been quite as fast as was expected because human brain labour is still pretty cheap and versatile. Machines with anything approaching human intelligence—in the sense including initiative, creativity, discrimination, learning and inspired guesswork as well as formal problem-solving—would be very expensive indeed.

The nearest we have come to intelligent machines are those designed for automatic translation, but these are making heavy going just now. One American machine for translating Russian kept introducing allusions to a 'water-goat' into engineering texts. No one could think how such an improbable animal as a water-goat could fit into the rest of the machinery until the original text was scrutinised. The reference was to a 'hydraulic ram'. This is no worse than many human translations, and the rate of conversion and speed of translation is already very high, but we must beware of water-goats in this unexplored frontier between the domains of flesh and metal. The exciting part of this development is that brain-like machines are already helping us to study real living brains and to analyse the complex electric rhythms I was referring to earlier—a task that no human being could perform unaided.

No sketch of the contemporary world of brain research would be complete without a hue of mystery because this is what catches the mind's eye. For me there are two great obscurities in our picture: memory and sleep. We cannot yet conceive how the brain can store the enormous amount of information it must have to govern our mental lives and at the same time receive impressions, control movements and all the rest. Nor do we understand how or why we sleep or need to sleep ; neither of these phenomena has a precise satisfactory mechanical analogue though both are reasonably accessible to experiment and study. Perhaps, as the psycho-analysts imply, the solution may be found in the interaction between these mysteries, the dreams that console the frustrated, terrify the anxious and seem to warn the superstitious sleeper.

Certainly our picture of the dark, private world within our heads is not a static one. It is a world of change, where even in apparent torpor of sleep, fantasy, invention and exploration mirror and generate the extension and adventure of human action.

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K. M. MUNSHI

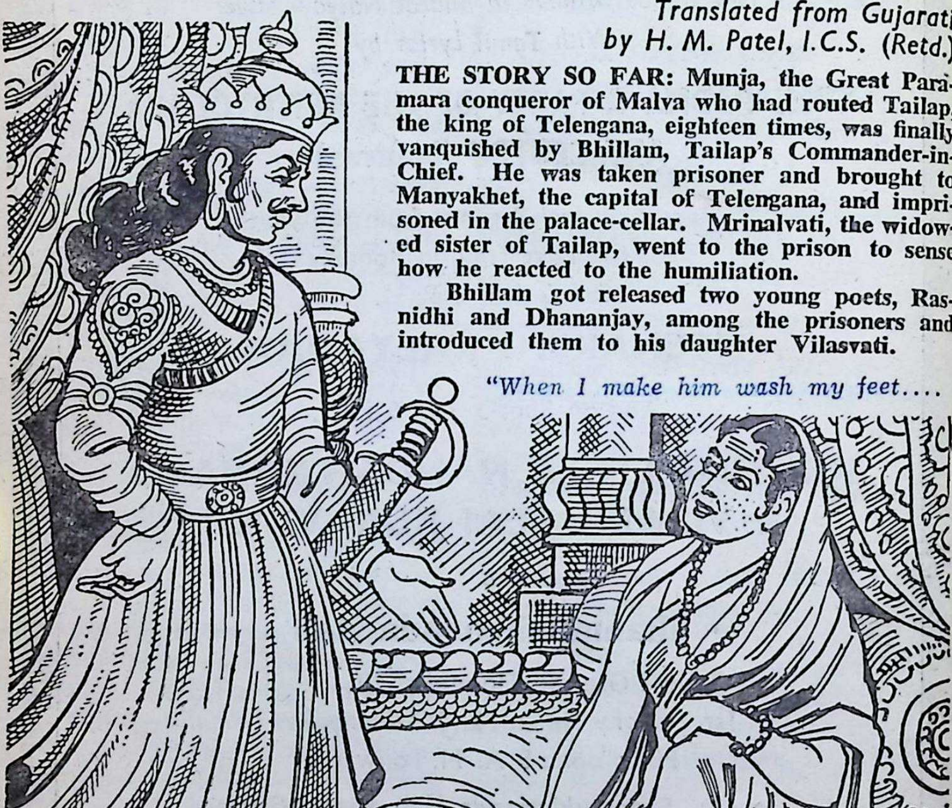
Prithvi-Vallabh

THE BELOVED OF THE EARTH

Translated from Gujarati
by H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

THE STORY SO FAR: Munja, the Great Paramara conqueror of Malva who had routed Tailap, the king of Telengana, eighteen times, was finally vanquished by Bhillam, Tailap's Commander-in-Chief. He was taken prisoner and brought to Manyakhet, the capital of Telengana, and imprisoned in the palace-cellar. Mrinalvati, the widowed sister of Tailap, went to the prison to sense how he reacted to the humiliation.

Bhillam got released two young poets, Rasnidhi and Dhananjay, among the prisoners and introduced them to his daughter Vilasvati.



"When I make him wash my feet....

CHAPTER 16

MRINALVATI MAKES ANOTHER ATTEMPT

MRINALVATI'S anger was unbounded. She tried her best to overcome it with prayers and meditation, but nothing helped. Prithvi Vallabh's triumphant laughter haunted her. It was a rippling laughter which established sovereignty over the heart of everybody, like the waves of the sea overrunning the flat, dry surface of the desert.

She wanted to make Prithvi Vallabh feel the taste of humiliation; instead, she herself had been humbled. A doubt arose in her mind: who had won—she or Prithvi Vallabh? Never had she thought of Munj as Prithvi Vallabh, yet now the name seemed appropriate. The realisation only added to her anger.

An indistinct idea sprang up in her mind that this man was indeed wonderful and incomparable. The next moment, she succeeded in arguing herself out of such a thought. He was after all just like any other ordinary human being. She made herself repeat this loudly several times. Yet her subconscious mind echoed the question: Was he really an ordinary mortal?

That afternoon the blazing sun had driven everybody into their homes. The streets were deserted. Over the town had spread the silence of the dead. In the solitude of her room she strove to find her way out of the maze of strange thoughts. Her powerful mind tried to get over her feeling of irritation and to look for new ways of triumphing over Munj. Her search proved futile.

She opened the window. The road outside was deserted. A hot wind was blowing. Thanks to the power she had cultivated of ignoring physical discomfort, the heat was of no account to her. But there was uneasiness in her heart, not unlike the stirring among the leaves before a forest fire becomes a blazing, roaring, devouring monster.

Some distance away a woman was spreading out clothes to dry. In the quiet of the hot afternoon she could hear the woman singing the song Munj had taught his tormentors.

This infuriated Mrinal. She trembled with the intensity of her anger and felt like ordering the woman to be killed. But she checked herself on realising how foolish such an action would be. The real culprit was Munj. Why should she take it out on the poor woman?

She began to think of fresh ways of breaking Munj's spirit.

The wooden cage had been transformed into a throne to establish Munj's greatness! The people of Telengana were proving disloyal by repeating that sacrilegious song.

By her order the soldiers had surrounded the cage, but that seemed to have made no difference. Munj stood erect, in spite of the heat. He was talking with two or three soldiers, cheerful as ever. There was no lessening of his dignified bearing, no change in his impressive personality.

Munj looked up at the sound of the opening window. His eyes fell upon Mrinal, and he greeted her with a loud laugh. His laughter pierced her heart as if it was an arrow flung from his arched lips. She stamped her foot and banged the window shut.

"Is there anyone about?" she called out angrily.

A maid came running.

"Where is Ranmal Nayak?"

"I will see, Mother," answered the maid.

Mrinal paced the room from one end to the other until Ranmal arrived.

"Ran, is this how your men do guard the prisoner?"

The officer folded his hands, thoroughly frightened by her angry voice.

She took Ranmal to the window and pointed to the cage. "Do you see how your soldiers are doing their duty? Are they there to answer his questions? Tell them that whoever is found talking to Munj will lose his head tomorrow."

"As the Mother commands," said Ranmal and went out immediately to carry out her orders.

Time passed slowly. Towards evening, as the day grew cooler, her anger subsided. She realised that it was foolish to be angry. Munj was a sinner, no doubt, and for that reason deserved to be pitied. She felt it was wrong of her to show anger towards the defeated and the lowly. Surely, he could not be incurably bad? In every man's nature there must be some element of goodness, and if on that element his character could be re-built, he might be redeemed. Mrinal repented of her mistake. If she had let Munj go on talking further, she might have discovered where lay that grain of goodness in him. This trend of thought made her realise her own imperfection: her confidence in herself was shaken.

Late in the evening when she met Tailapraj, he asked her why she had not been seen throughout the day. For the first time in her life Mrinal found herself at a loss for a reply.

"I was thinking of your glory," she said lamely.

"What more is to be thought about my glory?"

"So long as Munj is not humbled, your glory cannot be complete."

Tailap's small eyes grew red with anger. "Yes, I have heard that he is as impudent as ever."

"I am thinking of some other way of breaking his pride."

"Why trouble? Tomorrow I shall call him in full court. I shall see that his pride disappears."

"Do not worry. I shall see that before then he repents of his misdeeds."

"I have complete confidence in your ability," replied Tailap. "And tomorrow when I make him wash my feet in the presence of the full court, he will cease to give himself airs."

"My dear brother, be careful. He is not like other kings. To bend him to your will is no easy task."

"With your blessings and advice, that should not be difficult."

"I propose to go and see him at once."

"Why?"

"I wish to make him realise the error of his ways. Has he not done his best to besmirch my name? How many poems and dramas has he not written or got written by his poets with me as the central theme? I wish to settle my account with him."

"Then shall we put off his execution for the present?"

"Just to take his life is easy. It will be far better to torture him mentally, to humble him. Only then will your glory be triumphant. Not everyone is destined to bring to heel an enemy such as this."

"Very well, you go and see him today. Tomorrow let us see how he behaves. Have you posted guards all round the cage?"

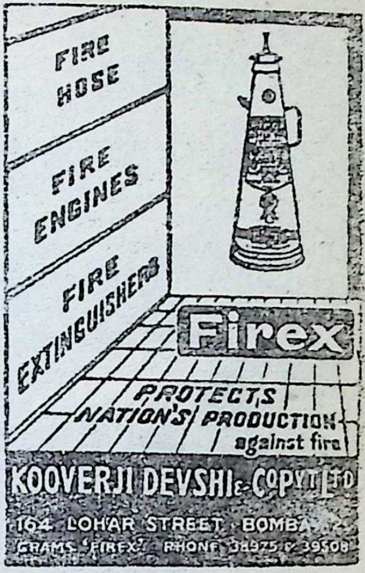
"Yes. Did you not observe that he was getting the citizens to mock you?"

"Yes, the queen told me about it. My first reaction was to have his tongue pulled out. But without your consent, I would take no such step. If there is any fresh development tonight, let me know."

With this, Tailap folded his hands before Mrinal, who blessed him.

Mrinal's conscience was troubled. Why did she not tell Tailap all that she had thought and felt? Why had she tried to suppress her own troubled thoughts by talking of other matters?

But her conversation with her brother served to confirm her in her own strength and power and of her brother's. She had been impressed by Munj. She had felt herself checkmated by his lofty attitude. How foolish of her! Her thoughts turned into a different direction. She felt she was a mistress of herself and ready to meet Munj.



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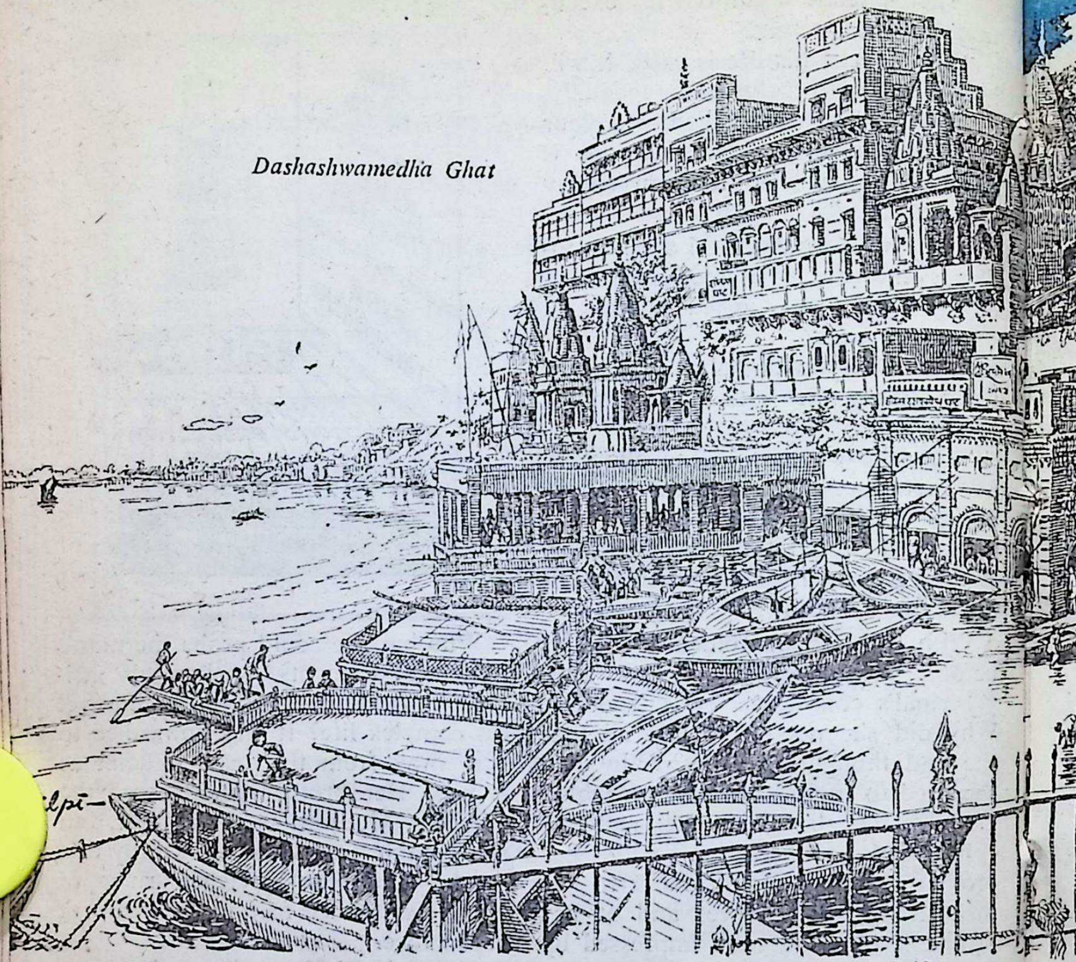
Who but she could probe the man's innermost thoughts, analyse his attitude towards life and duty, unravel his complex life? It was cowardice to run away from this task, difficult as it was. Her brother could force the defeated Munj to wash his feet, but she, by the strength of her saintly life, would make the wretched ruler of Avanti wash her feet in the tears of repentance.

She ordered Ranmal to take Munj from the cage back to his cell. When he returned to report that it had been done, she asked him to accompany her to the cell.

[*To be continued*]

Mr. Khrushchev was once speaking about Communist successors when an American correspondent shook his head in disapproval.

Seeing him Khrushchev remarked sardonically: "I am glad to see that my Bulgarian friend agrees," referring to the Bulgarian and Greek habit of shaking the head instead of nodding to denote agreement!



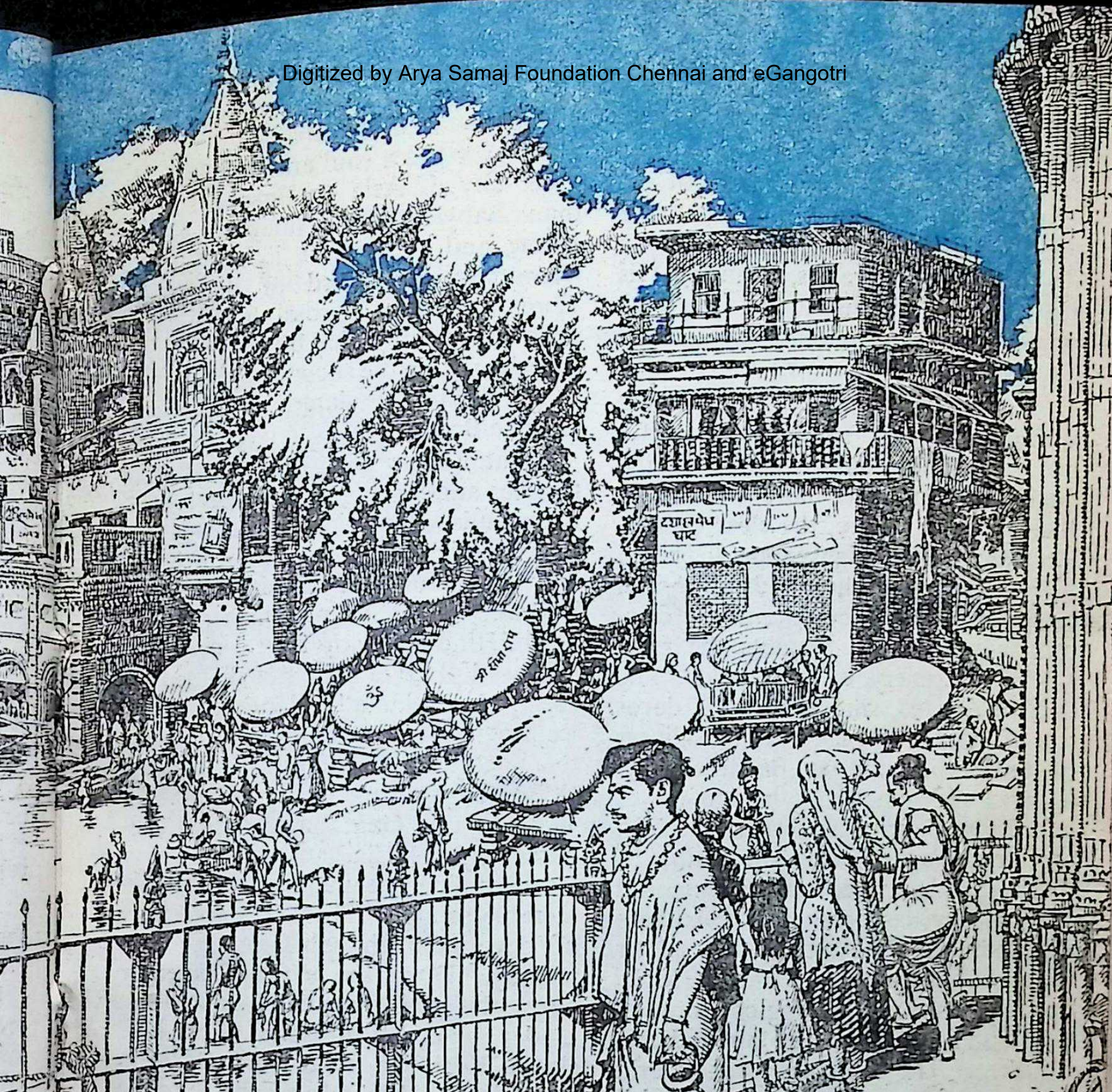
Dashashwamedha Ghat

KASI—1

Hail to Thee, Kasi! Lovely city on the holy Ganga! Hail to Thee, ancient city of rosy dawns and sapphire skies! Hail to Thee, the city of the Lord of all worlds, of bliss and beatitude, sacred home of Sakshi Vinayak, Bindhu-Madhava, Visalakshi, Annapurni, Durga, Kalabhairava and Lord Visweshvara!

How many, many temples and gilded towers glisten everywhere. The air is sweet with voices of little bells chiming "Bhum Mahadeva"—all roads and lanes lead to the temple of Manikarnika.

Kissed by the crystal waters of the Ganga, blessed by the gods that descend and ascend in Thy hallowed spot, ah city of the soul—realm of immortality.



The Golden Sun smiles over thy gleaming lands, celestial light falls on every living thing. Birds rejoice at the break of morn. Heavenly music fills the ambient air.

Home of the ethereal, the transcendental, the Supreme. Thy shores are Ganges-washed, thy fields are golden-hued.

Long ago the Rishis saw the splendour of Siva here. They beheld the gods sitting in ecstasy on the Manikarnika bank, singing the song of songs, 'Soham, Soham, Soham,' and mortal beings joining the immortal spirits, till heaven and earth became one in Kasi on the Ganga. Home of Aum, abode of the Primeval Being, resort of the pious, the truthful and the brave! What melody fills Thy sweet-scented air! What perfection holds Thy incomparable form?

Ah! Vast is this world, wondrous is Thy universe, all are made of Siva, by

Siva, for Siva. Sacred is every spot in this beauteous globe of ours. But thrice sacred is Kasi, the centre of the world. Here in the presence of the great God, Mahadeva, floating in joy on the magnetic waters, chanting His Holy name, listening to the pilgrims' prayers, the mind becomes a heaven of Shanti ; *Shivam Sundaram* ; *Aum Tat Sat*

* * *

There are ever so many beautiful spots along the sunny banks of the Ganga, but none is more enchanting than Banaras. Here, the clear crystalline waters of the mighty snow-fed river, after a course of hundreds of miles, takes an exquisite curve and the crescent-shaped Ganga, presents the most charming scenery in the world. The ancient Aryans, who were great devotees of Art, were struck by the loveliness of the scene, and at Banaras, they lingered under the shady mango groves and sang their song-celestial to the creator of the universe. The rapture of their hymns has made Banaras immortal and the city has become famous since the landing of the Aryan pilgrims, four thousand years ago. Banaras looks proudly, through the long corridors of time and its face is ever-fair and resplendent. Travellers across the world in quest of Beauty, never fail to visit this sun-kissed oriental city,—with its golden temples and gorgeous palaces adorning the river-front. Asiatics and Europeans vie with one another in describing the pageant on the banks of the holy stream. The scene at the break of morn is something superb and its beauty is indescribable.

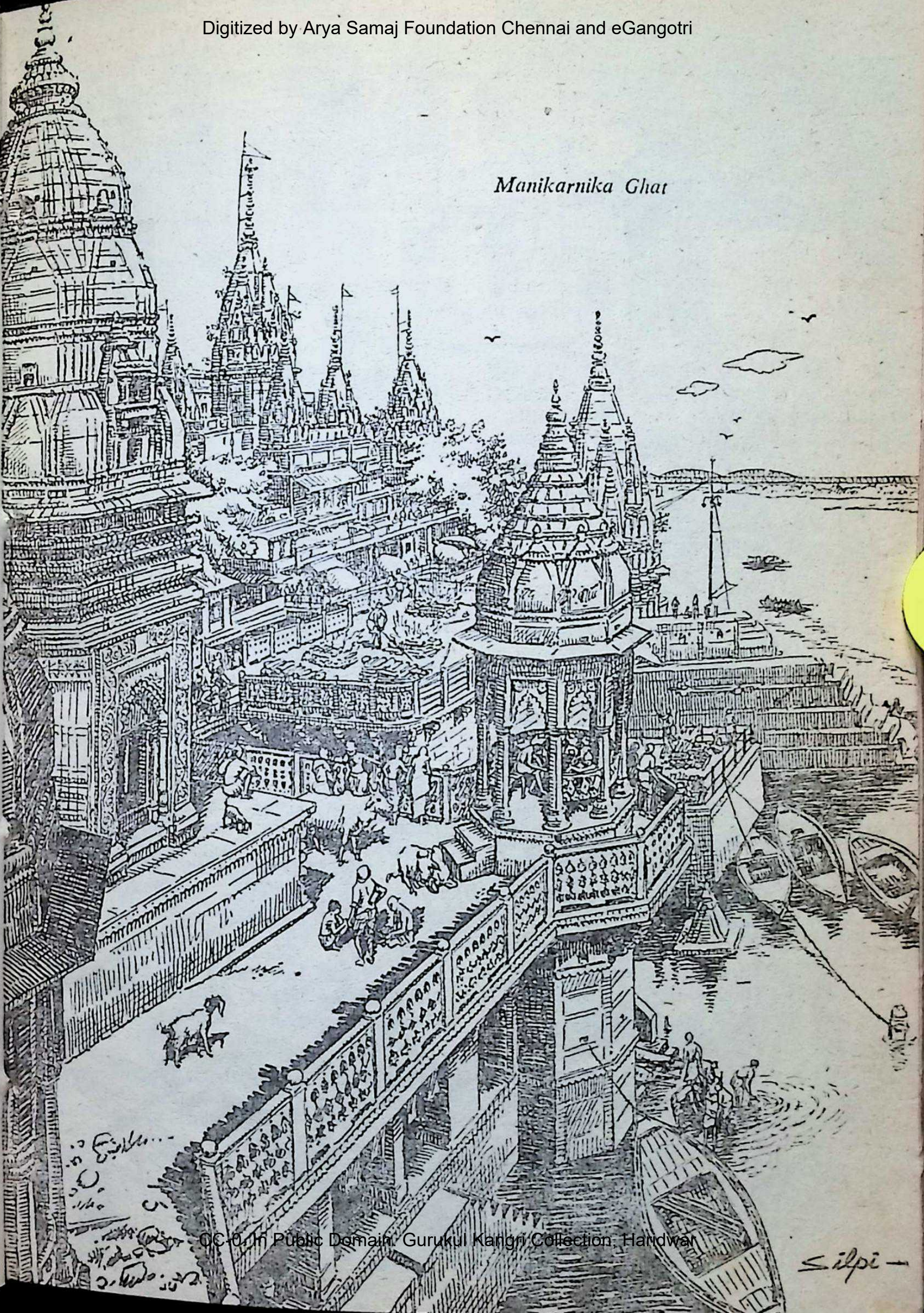
Banaras has a soul and is unlike any other city of Asia or Europe. Older than Babylon and Nineveh, ancient Rome and Athens, it is the city of Viswanath, the Lord of the world. Here one comes across thousands of devotees walking side by side, with the speechless, gentle cows, through the long labyrinthine lanes to adore the Cosmic Being.

What a dear old, old city, full of temples and ringing of joy-bells ! This metropolis of marigold blossoms and sweet-singing birds, has been the happy home of culture and learning from time immemorial. How many, many millions of Hindu pilgrims have come to this hallowed place of Siva and chanted His Holy, Holy Name ! Here, in Banaras we seem to hear the ancient voices of the poet-prophets of our motherland. What fragrant memories we have of Veda Vyasa, Gautama Buddha, Sankaracharya, Chaitanya, Tulasidas, Ramakrishna Paramahamsa and innumerable saints ! There is a continuity of devotional thought—an unbroken melody. Down the aeons of time one hears the paean of the human soul. Under the lavish sun-shine of the blue sky in Kasi, the mind bends down in adoration to Mahadeva—the Supreme Being. The heart leaps up in seeing the holy Ganga in Varanasi. This eternal city has been the retreat of the world's immortals. Blessed are those who come here to breathe the air of Peace and hear the voice of Love.

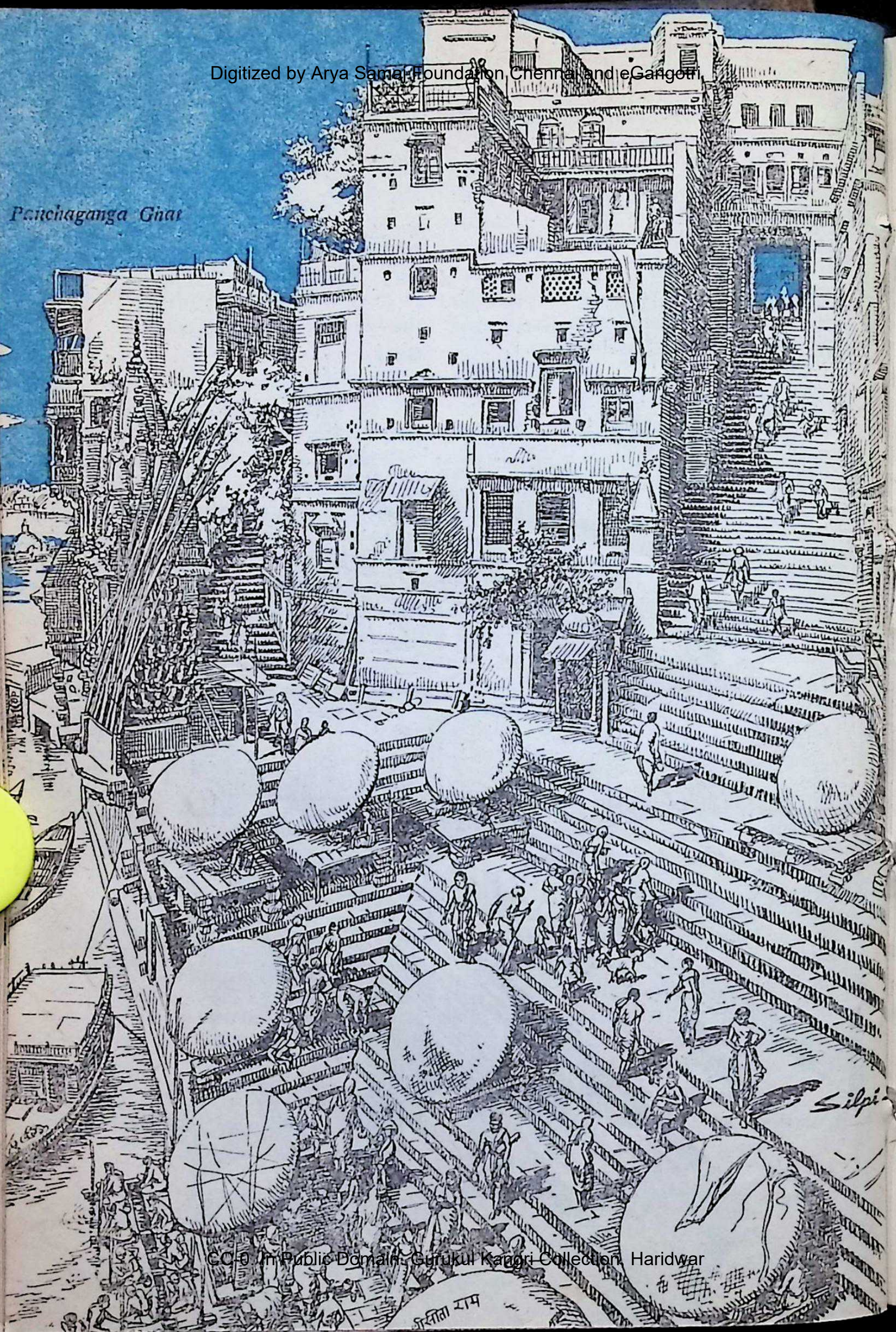
[*To be continued*]

Religion is the vaccine of the imagination; she preserves it from all dangerous and absurd beliefs.

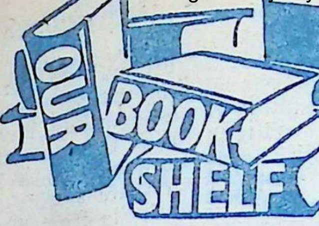
—Napoleon I



Manikarnika Ghat



Panchaganga Ghat



THE TWO CULTURES: AND A SECOND LOOK. By **C. P. Snow.** Published by Cambridge University Press. Price: 10s. 6d.

IT is good news that Sir Charles Snow now holds a key position in Harold Wilson's Government. How one wishes that someone like him were in Lal Bahadur's administration as well!

Sir Charles's Rede Lecture (1959) on 'The Two Cultures' set people thinking and talking about the widening divide between the old humanistic culture and the new scientific (or rather technological) culture. The main challenges of our time, according to Sir Charles, are nuclear war, population-explosion, and the gap between the rich and the poor nations. The backward nations should industrialise themselves, with ready help from the Western nations; but if the democratic West fails to rise to the occasion, Russia might take the lead and win the global battle for Communism. Apart from some questionable assumptions and some controversial asides or obiter dicta, Sir Charles's central thesis that only modern technology can assure jam today (or at least tomorrow) was sound enough. 'The Two Cultures' came to fresh prominence when Dr. F. R. Leavis launched his ill-tempered attack in his Richmond Lecture (1962); and presently the Snowmen and the Leavisites shouted at one another, throwing all decorum to the winds. But Sir Charles himself took it all with commendable restraint, and in the present reprint of the Rede Lecture he has added a substantial section, 'The Two Lectures: A Second Look', partly reiterating his earlier points and partly softening the edges of the old argument or making important qualifications. He pleads for some re-thinking about our educational ends and means, and advances the sober view that we *can* "educate a large proportion of our better minds so that they are not ignorant of imaginative experience...nor ignorant either of the endowments of applied science, of the remediable suffering of most of their fellow humans, and of the responsibilities which, once they are seen, cannot be denied". There is nothing Utopian in this hope. On the contrary, either education achieves these ends, or civilisation is doomed.

—*Dr. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar*

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—*M. P. Pandit*

THE SAINTS OF INDIA. By Swami Tattwananda. Published by N. B. Sen Gupta, 49G, Russa Road, Calcutta-33. Pp. 288 + viii. Price: Rs. 10.50.

SPIRITUAL SUPERMEN OF SACRED INDIA. By Haridas Chatterji. Copies can be had of Pustak Pratisthan, College Street Market, Block-A, Calcutta-12. 156 pages. Price: Rs. 1.75.

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that subject in Marathi and Sanskrit are no longer available. At the same time biographies of later saints have had to be written. From these points of view, both the above books are welcome. The first contains life-stories of 40 saints from all over India from Tirthankar and Guru Nanak to Ramana Maharshi. The narration is direct and instructive, but it could do with a little more care in editing and vigilant proof correction. The second book contains life-stories of 10 saints some of whom are well-known. The writing is more breezy. These two books will be welcomed by all who love spiritual literature.

—*Krishnananda*

SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY (with special reference to Indian Conditions). By S. P. Adinarayan. Published by Allied Publishers, Bombay. Price: Rs. 15.50.

AS the subtitle indicates, this book aims at being a text-book of Social Psychology with special reference to Indian conditions. Wherever appropriate, the author has mentioned the studies that were carried out in India. In fact this is the first book of its kind to attempt to present the socio-psychological problems in India. And as far as this aspect is concerned this book will definitely prove useful. In the past, the students who were compelled to study books by Western authors did not have much information about problems in our country; and they were compelled to admit that their knowledge in this area was incomplete. This gap in our knowledge has been filled in by this book.

But obviously there are many shortcomings in this book. Whenever a text-book is written, the author is expected to have a fresh point of view. He should attempt to justify the need for a new text-book. The present author has no new point of view to contribute, except to supplement the available information by studies in India on different topics. The author has freely borrowed (and of course acknowledged) the material from many standard text-books of Social Psychology. Hence one gets the impression that the book is more of a guide to students than a text-book.

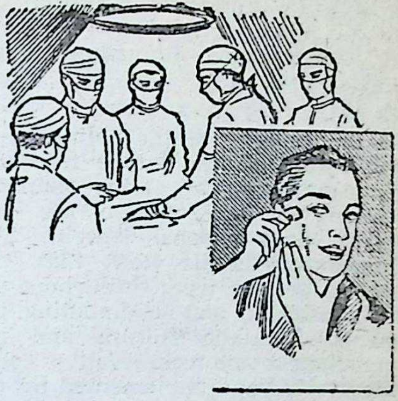
Secondly, the book lacks proper organisation. It should have been divided into different sections. This has not been done and hence the book lacks continuity from chapter to chapter. The chapter on 'Language' should have logically appeared after the chapter on 'Perception, Motivation and Learning'. Incidentally, this latter chapter is extremely inadequate. In fact these topics should have been discussed in greater details.

Thirdly, the author surprisingly discussess some of the out-of-date topics like 'Group Mind', 'Gregarious Instincts' and so on. In the chapter on 'Methods of Social Psychology', no mention has been made of the experimental method in Social Psychology. Today this is one of the most important methods increasingly utilised in the field of Social Psychology.

Fourthly, while devoting a chapter each for problems like social change, women in India and social pathology, the author has ignored the important problem of 'National Integration'. In fact, a book dealing with this problem was published earlier (Nirod Mukerji, *Standing at the Cross-roads,* Bombay, Allied Publishers, 1963). In his enthusiasm to include all the work that is being done in India, the author has also included the studies on 'Oxygen Deprivation' in the chapter on 'War, Military Psychology'. This study obviously has no place in a text-book of Social Psychology. In fact, strictly speaking such aspects of Military Psychology do not properly belong to the field of Social Psychology.

In spite of the above-mentioned shortcomings the book is a welcome addition to the text books of Social Psychology. And especially the students of Psychology at the undergraduate level will find it extremely helpful.

—*Prof. K. G. Desai*



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POLITICAL AND SOCIAL MOVEMENTS IN ANCIENT PANJAB. By Buddha Prakash. Published by Motilal Banarsidass, Bungalow Road, Delhi. 1964. Pp. 276+VII. Price: Rs. 15/-

THIS is a survey of the political and social history of the Panjab from the Vedic Age to the fall of the Mauryas, envisaging the tendencies of the subsequent Saka-Yavana epoch. The author expounds his view that the people of the area were throughout the period imbibing and assimilating the elements of Asiatic Culture and reacting against the conservative codes of life evolved and implemented by the people of Aryavarta. In short "the Panjab is an epitome of Asia. Its history is a synthesis of the various trends of the life of the Asiatic people. Its culture is a crucible of diverse strands of the development of the Asiatic countries" (p. 261). Such an amalgamation of cultures is not surprising in a region witnessing many invasions and settlements. The author discusses the Aryan invasions and the fusion of Indian and foreign tribes in the Vedic Age. He looks into the genesis of the *Mahabharata* and regards it as a saga of the Sakas (pp. 133-4). He deals with the Achaemenian invasion and quotes authorities against the view that the Persian sway in the Indus valley lasted upto 330 B.C. But Dr. Tarn is not mentioned. There is a detailed consideration of the Persian influences on Kautilya (pp. 178 to 199). He regards the Arthasastra as reflecting the conditions and tendencies of Pre-Maurya Panjab (p. 199). He describes the social revolution in the Panjab in the sixth and last chapter; every aspect of life and culture was revolutionised. The Kushan empire is discussed; it was "a melting-pot of Chinese, Iranian, Roman and Indian cultures" (p. 236). With reference to Saka influence, a debasement of the moral currency is emphasised (pp. 224-5). But Vatsyayana is not mentioned at all. A few of the misprints are found on pages 67, 151, 202, 231, 236 and 244. The volume is provided with an index. We hear-

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—*Prof. R. Sathianathaier*

SIDDHAR'S SCIENCE OF LONGEVITY AND KALPA MEDICINE IN INDIA. By Dr. A. Shanmuga Velan. Published by Sakti Nilayam, 8, Umayal St., Alagappa Nagar, Madras-10. 216 pages. Price: Rs. 15.

TAMILNAD has a rich tradition of the Siddha system of medicine, which, like the Ayurveda is an indigenous system. Called after the different saints who perfected them, the present treatise deals with the Tirumular school. Longevity is what concerned the Siddhas and consequently they had evolved quite a number of recipes for it which lie hidden in moth-eaten palmyra leaves or hide-bound tradition. Naturally, medicine of this variety is closely linked with religion and morality. The author comes from a family practising Siddha system of medicine and has had the advantage of modern education. The work is divided into three parts. The first introduces the reader to the system. The second deals with the theory of longevity according to the Siddha science and the third and most important is concerned with the Kalpa system. Several medicinal herbs and drugs are described with their therapeutic effects and formulas for incurable diseases like cancer are given. The book is a welcome addition to the medical literature of our country.

—*T. S. Vaidya*

HOW NASSER DID IT. By R. K. Karanjia. Published by Jaico Publishing House, 125, Mahatma Gandhi Road, Bombay-1. 1964. 146 pages. Price: Rs. 6.

THIS is an admirably lucid and sympathetic assessment of the Nasser Revolution of 1952 which destroyed the oppressive feudalism that had been demoralising the Arab nation for centuries. The author's intimate knowledge of the events that led to the Nasser Revolution and his personal contacts with Nasser and the other leaders of the Revolution give to his narrative a reality and vividness which would have been otherwise difficult to achieve. He analyses carefully and perceptively the background of the Revolution, the personal dynamism of Nasser which imparted a sense of purpose to the new regime, the objectives of the Revolution and the practical steps the revolutionary Council took and is still taking to make the young Republic a truly socialistic State. The three aims of the Revolution were, first, to free the country from foreign influences, secondly, to integrate the Arabs into a nation, and thirdly, to evolve a social and economic order which would raise the standard of life of the masses. More than the economic improvement of the people which resulted from the policies of the new leadership, the revolution gave to the common citizen a new sense of personal dignity and individual freedom. Sri Karanjia's analysis of what he calls Arab Socialism is refreshingly penetrating. He highlights the construction of the Aswan Dam and the New Valley scheme of reclamation of thousands of acres of the desert as two monumental symbols of the new spirit pervading the republic. The author has given an absorbing account of the various steps taken by the Nasser government to make the republic a real welfare State at the same time avoiding the dangers of orthodox Communism. There are, of course, places where the author's admiration for everything that Nasser has done almost borders on extravagance. But it is a fault easily forgiven in a story written with zest, perception and sympathetic understanding of a revolution which has, within a decade, not only transformed the lives of the Arabs, but given them a deep and unshakable faith in their own high destiny. A man who could do this must certainly deserve the praise which the author liberally showers on Nasser.

—*Prof. H. Sunder Rao*

SANSKRIT

CĀṆAKYA-NĪTI-TEXT-TRADITION. Vol. I, Part I. Edited by Ludwik

Sternbach, LL.D. Published by Vishveshvaranand Vedic Research Institute, Hoshiarpur. 1963. pp. ccvii+392 (Vishveshvaranand Indological Series, No. 27). Price: Rs. 30.

CĀṆAKYA-RĀJA-NĪTI. Edited by Ludwik Sternbach, LL.D. Published by the Adyar Library and Research Centre, Madras. 1963. pp. xxx+181 (The Adyar Library Series, Vol. 92).

THE collection that passed under the authorship of Chanakya was too dynamic both on account of its delightful content and renowned authorship. At the hand of almost every able Pundit it grew; on a variety of ethical and religious topics stanzas were added from diverse sources; as a result, not less than seventeen versions of Chanakya's compendia were traced by Oscar Kressler in 1907 under different titles like *Chanakya Niti*, *Chanakya Shataka*, *Chanakya Niti Darpana*, *Vriddha Chanakya* and *Laghu Chanakya*. The genuine and the spurious mingled almost miraculously and the different versions differed considerably in their content from one another, thus making the nucleus hardly detectable.

Invaluable service has been rendered to Indology by Dr. Ludwik Sternbach by his critical studies of the different available texts attributed to Chanakya. Having thoroughly—and patiently—examined not less than 159 printed editions and 74 manuscripts of Chanakya's work, Dr. Sternbach concludes that not more than six Versional Ur-texts of Chanakya can be convincingly reconstructed. These texts are (1) *The Vriddha Chanakya, Textus Ornatior Version* (2) *The Vriddha Chanakya, Textus Simplicior Version* (3) *The Chanakya-Niti-Shastra Version* (4) *The Chanakya-Sara-Samgraha Version* (5) *The Laghu Chanakya Version*, and (6) *The Chanakya-Raja-Niti-Shastra Version*. Of these the first four texts are printed in part 1 of the vol. I of the Chanakya Niti Text Tradition. The content of the four published texts is vivaciously varied; it includes astute observations on the behaviour of men, nature of things, ways of polity, practical morality and popular philosophy.

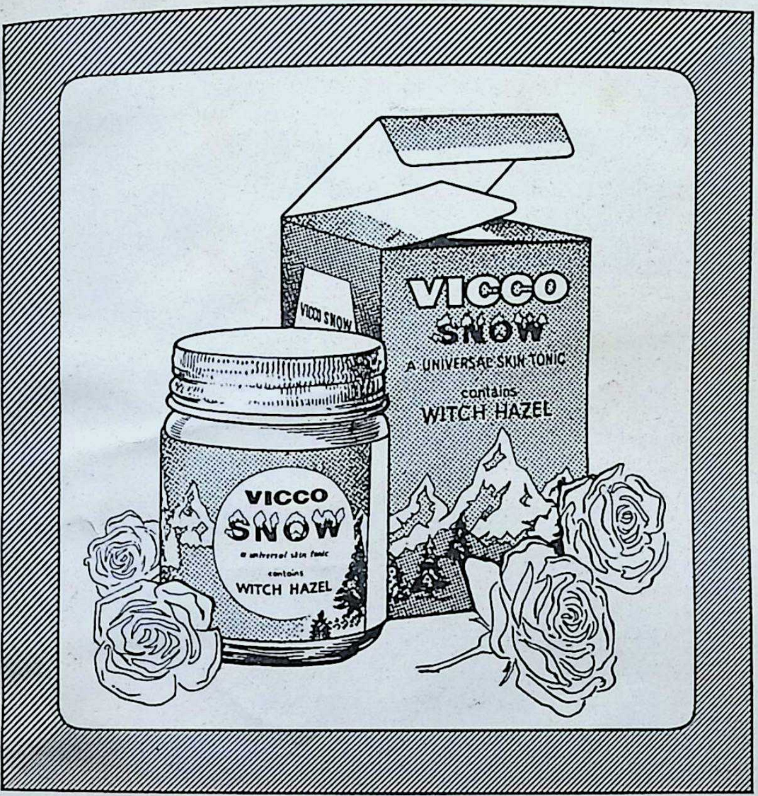
Chanakya-Raja-Niti is a collectio of 276 maxims and aphorisms dealing with *Raja Niti*. It embraces topics like king's duties and qualities, king's friends and enemies, war, peace, alliances, stratagem to be used by the king, king's officials and king's subjects.

These maxims reveal not unknown facts but the essential facts of life expressed in sagacious style sometimes with befitting antithesis, metaphors and similes. Often a deliberate attempt is made at clever rhetoric; sometimes the main word is repeated in a series of definitions; the device of numerical enumeration is employed for both homogeneous and disparate things to aid the process of memorising and unsparingly sparkling examples are cited to illuminate the context leaving permanent impressions on our mind. What appeals to the readers is not the "matter" which is almost pedestrian but the "manner" in which the crystallised rich experience of life is expressed with shrewdness in perspicuous language and epigrammatic style

Dr. Sternbach richly deserves our congratulations for presenting, for the first time, the critical editions of the different versions of the Chanaky text. The various tables comparing the content of different versions reveal his untiring energy, careful analysis of the text-material, judicious treatment and critical acumen. We eagerly look forward to the publication of the other two versional texts and the *magnu opus*—the Ur-text of Chanakya. The publishers too have duly earned our compliments for making available the Chanakya-texts—the most rich and fine collections of gnomic stanzas in Sanskrit literature.

—*Prof. S. A. Upadhyay*

Edited by S. Ramakrishnan and printed and published by him for the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Chowpatty Road, Bombay 7 at Associated Advertisers & Printers, 505, Tardeo Arthur Road, Bombay-34
Managing Editor : J. H. Dave; Associate Editor: V. A. K. Ayer.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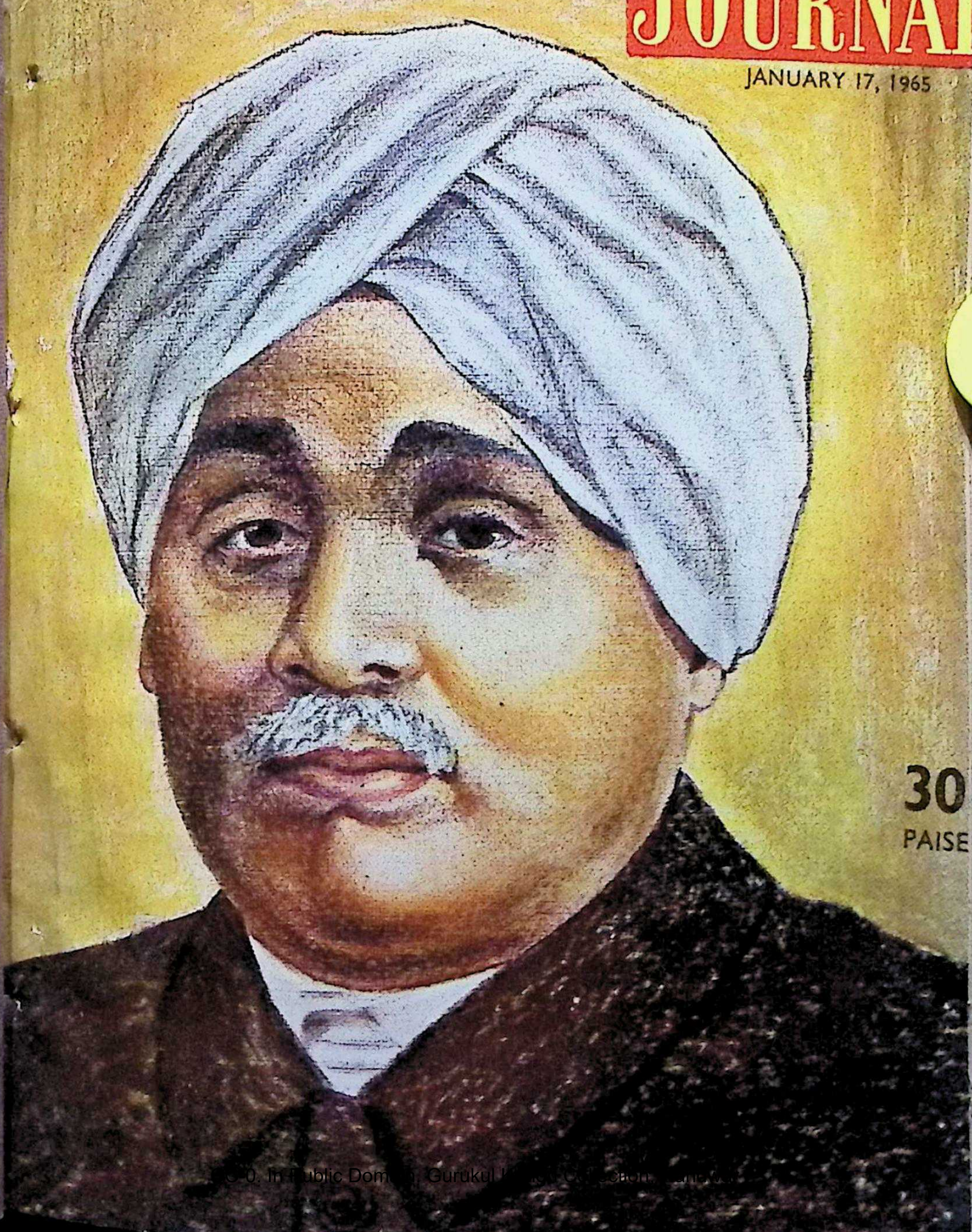

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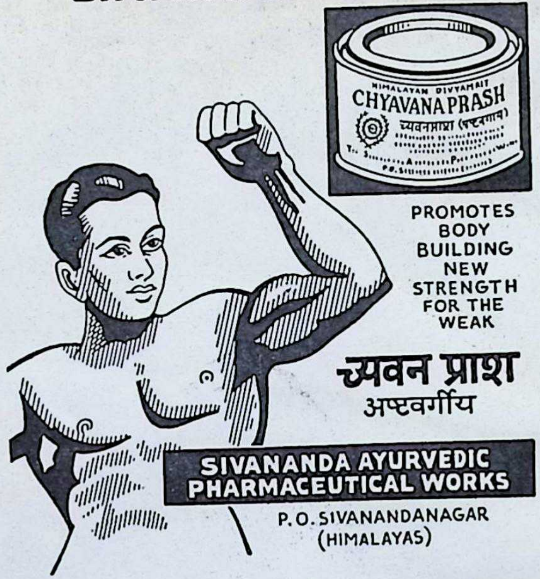
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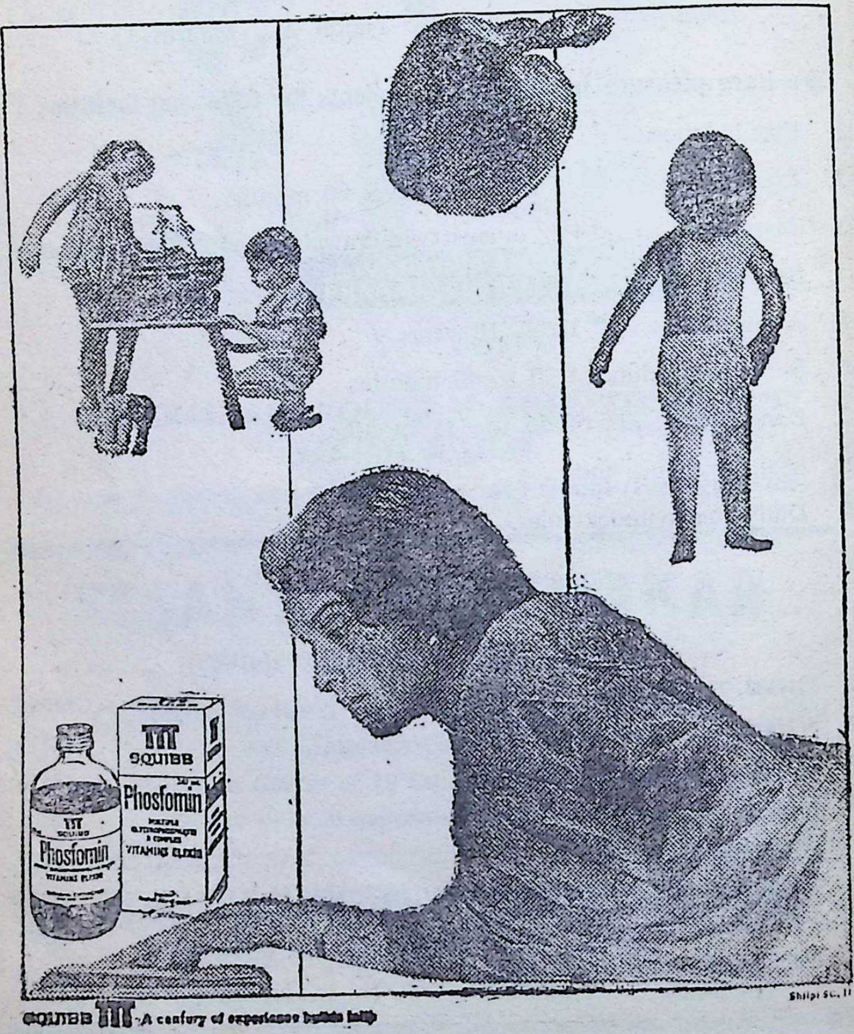
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Devoted to Life, Literature and Culture

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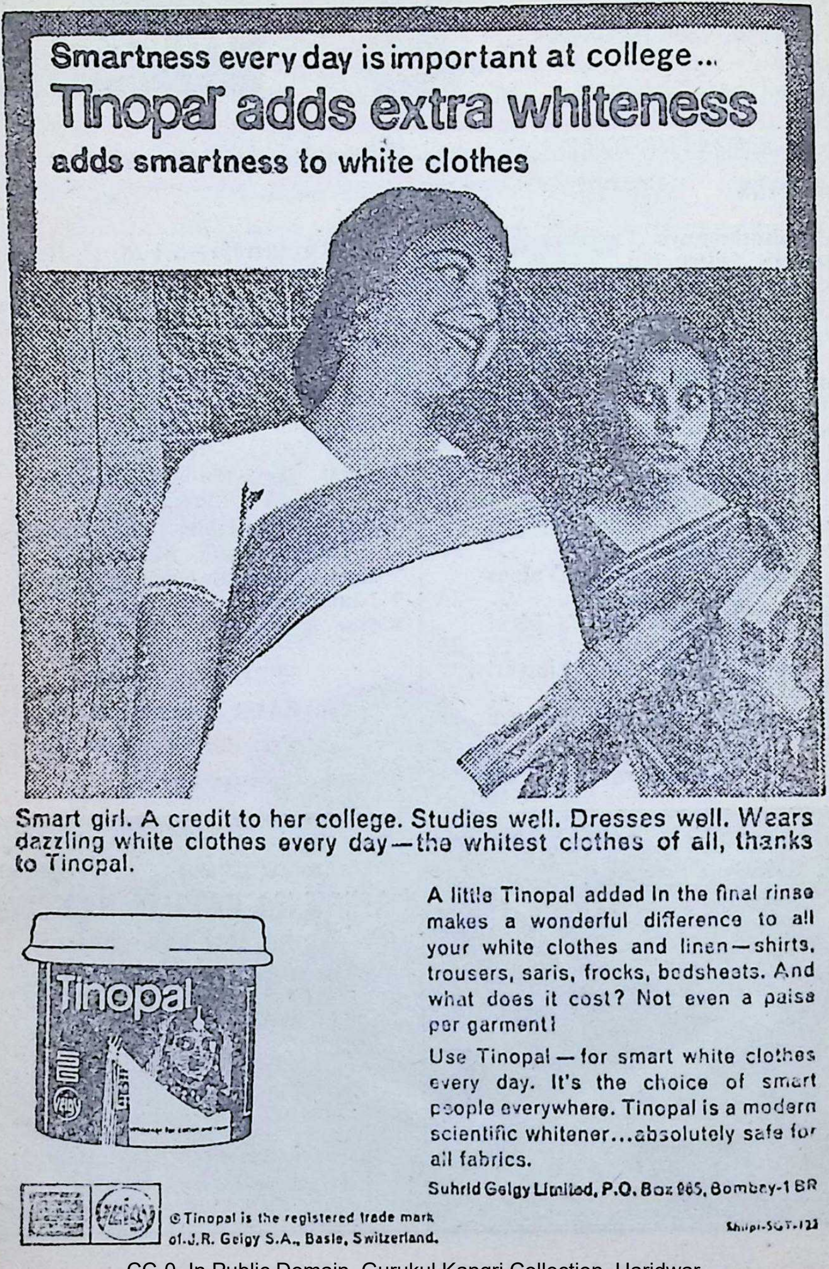

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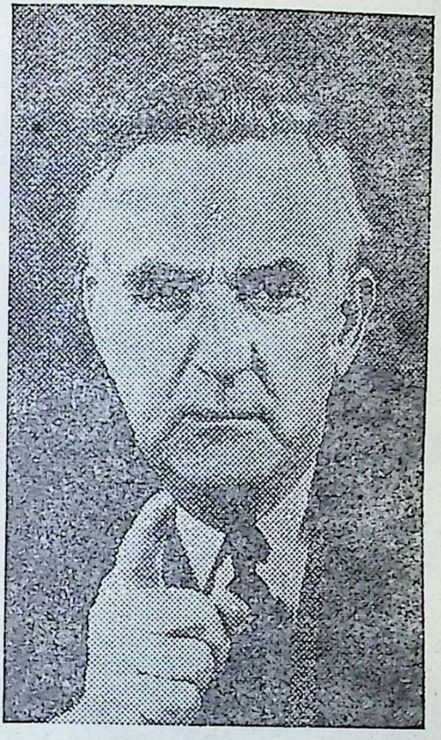

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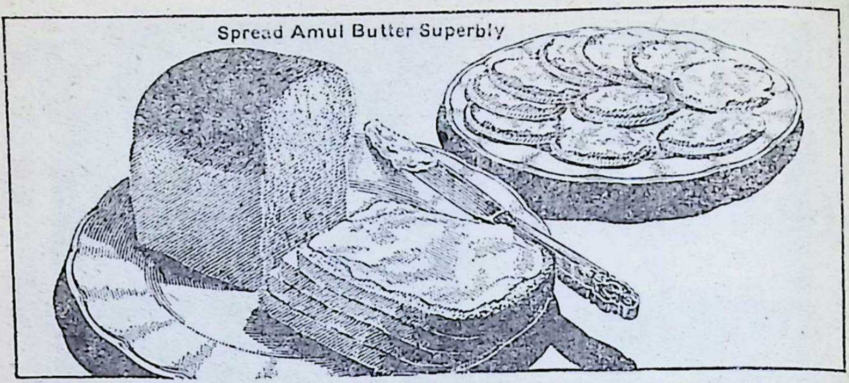
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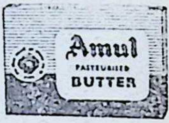
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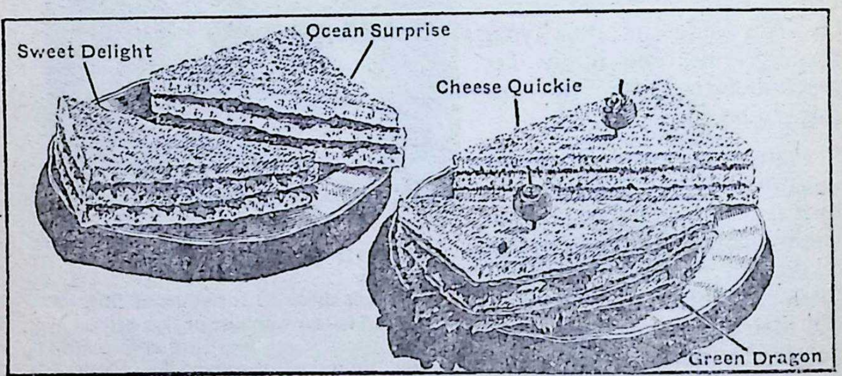
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Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
—Rigveda, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

LORD SUBRAHMANYA

इहायाहि वत्सेति हस्तान्प्रसार्याः
ह्वयत्यादरात्शङ्करे मातुरङ्कात् ।
समुत्पद्य तातं श्रयन्तं कुमारं
हराश्लिष्टगात्रं भजे बालमूर्तिम् ॥

Adorations unto the child Subrahmanya who, when called by Sankara with open arms "Won't you come here!" rose from his mother's lap and fell into His arms, when Sankara embraced him fondly.

—*Bhagavatpada*

Vol XI, No. 13

No. 327

KULAPATI'S LETTER

on Life, Literature & Culture

☆ OF NOVELS, GOOD, BAD AND INDIFFERENT

Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan,
Bombay.

January 17, 1965.

My Young Friend,

I HAVE been reading novels from my early boyhood. My initiation began, if I remember right, with *The Arabian Nights, Don Quixote* and *Baron Munchausen* in illustrated Gujarati editions. Then I took to Bankim's *Durgesha Nandini* and *Ananda Math* in Gujarati summaries.

At the age of ten, I entered the magic world of Scott, Dumas and Mrs. Henry Wood. I cannot swear that I understood all that I read. I skipped over whatever I could not understand and filled the gaps with my imagination. Since then I have been reading novels, including those of many foreign authors, of course in their English translations, wherever they were written in other European languages. Scarcely a day passes without my reading a few pages of a novel before I go to sleep.

At one time I read novels because I loved to dwell in the world of the author's imagination. Now I keep on reading them to fertilise my own imagination.

In 1901, at the matriculation examination, one of the questions was: "What is your favourite sport?" I did not play any game well. I had tried to play cricket but this had brought about a serious illness. So, I wrote an essay on 'Reading Novels'. And I am sure the examiner must have been aghast at a fourteen-year boy writing about *Quentin Durward, Three Musketeers* and *East Lynne* with gushing enthusiasm.

I have been guilty of writing several novels, historical romances and plays, without having studied the technique of novel writing. I have been equally guilty of writing some criticism purely as an impressionist. I, therefore, scarcely feel competent to air my views on novel-writing. It is like a grocer being invited to write a scientific treatise on the wares he sells. But the demand to do so has been insistent. I have, therefore, jotted down a few thoughts, knowing well that I was risking the wrath of professional critics.

Some people are of the view that the cinema or television will one day replace the novel. I doubt it. Unless these media undergo a revolutionary change, neither of them can become as effective a medium of entertainment and inspiration as the novel.

Not even an autobiography—a form which is becoming very popular—can be a substitute for the novel as a medium of self-portrayal. In the former, the author, consciously or unconsciously, poses for a portrait of himself by himself, re-touching ugly spots; in a novel, he can re-create his self-experience in its nakedness.

In search of what is called 'objectivity', history is becoming more and more an art of condensing dry-as-dust research monographs devoid of human interest. Naturally, therefore, its instructive and inspiring role has been taken over by the historical romance. Irving Stone's *Agony and Ecstasy*, for instance, gives a more vivid and impressive portrayal of the life and times of Michael Angelo than many other works on the period.

* * *

During the last two hundred years, in every generation, experiments have been made to improve the technique of novel-writing. Its basic element, however, has remained the same—an absorbing story. We love to read a novel, above everything else for its entertainment value which primarily springs from the human interest unfolded in the story. Any novel, the story of which is thin, feeble or unnatural, is a torture.

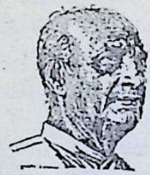
An essay, discourse or disquisition, suspended on the peg of a story is not a novel. For instance, it is difficult to call *Saraswatichandra,* Volumes III and IV, which form the bulk of Govardhanram Tripathi's masterpiece in Gujarati, as parts of a novel. They are dissertations woven into the framework of a feeble story, the plot of which often goes underground for scores of pages.

Homer's *Odyssey,* though an epic, has all the elements of a perfect novel, its archaic atmosphere notwithstanding.

The Three Musketeers has an inimitable story; one can read it a hundred times without losing interest. In it, the art of Alexandre Dumas, that prince of story-tellers, is at its best. Through it, the France of Cardinal Richlieu and the Europe of his times live for ever in the characteristic adventures of D'Artagnan.

Among the social novels—and they are numberless now—perhaps the best that I can think of is *David Copperfield* by Charles Dickens. It is woven round a human story of unfailing interest.

In a living story, as I conceive it, things must happen to the characters through events which affect the little world in which they live. They should not happen merely in their conscious-



Having been associated with the Sardar for a number of years, what has amazed me most was the clarity of his aims, the swiftness of his actions, the effectiveness of his policies, and his uncanny judgment of men and situations.

When his life work as a whole is judged, every dispassionate observer would be struck by the miraculous achievements of this Man of Iron. But for him, the Bardoli Satyagraha would not have been the success which it was. But for him, during the years 1937-39 and 1945-50, the different ministries would not have worked as a team, inspired, controlled and guided by one policy. But for him, the post-partition troubles would not have been controlled so easily. But for him, the Indian States, rulers of some of which wanted to get away from the Union of India, would not have been integrated. But for him, Hyderabad would have remained, to use his own words: "a cancer in the belly of India". But for him, in the early days of freedom, the Union Government would never have developed the plenary powers, that it did.

Napoleon is reported to have said: "Let words pass; let deeds answer". That was the secret of Sardar's success.

—*K. M. Munshi*
presiding over the Sardar Patel Memorial Lectures, Dec. 1964.

ness or through a series of self-introspective pictures, nor, for the matter of that, in their internal life of sensations.

In the present century, writers like James Joyce and Virginia Woolf have to their credit what have been called "stream of consciousness" novels. In these novels, the interest lies not so much in the incidents of the story as in the mind's response to events, jejune though they may often be.

Such novels have been highly lauded by literary critics. I bow to their superior knowledge, but I prefer my own opinion to theirs. They are not novels. They may be works on descriptive psychology woven round the minor incidents of life. I would not go to them to keep me in love with life.

●●●

The other essential element of a novel is its ability to body forth characters vividly; its characters must impress the reader as human as well as vivid. Their individuality must live in the reader's imagination as clearly defined as those of persons whom he knows intimately in life. Many novels which have a good story to tell fail in vivid characterisation.

The crime stories, I would not call novels. Not a single one of the very popular Perry Mason crime stories has a character which can live in one's memory after the story is read and the book thrown into the waste-paper basket. The stories are interesting because they give the reader the vicarious thrill of being a crook, a clever lawyer or a glamour girl.

Some characters created by the great masters of fiction have lived and will live in the heart of men for all time. Hugo's *Jean Veljean* and Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina*, for instance, live as if in flesh and blood and are more real even today than some of the men and women whom we meet in everyday life.

Most of the novels which are turned out at present lack this essential quality. Men and women, around whom the story is woven, are moulded in a common pattern. We are told by the author how alive they are, but we do not feel them so. In a novel which deserves to be called one, the characters come to life by their own words and actions.

It is difficult to invest every character who participates in the development of the story with the throb of life. But therein lies the genius of the true creative artist. If the author is not able to impart this 'livingness' to his characters, it only shows that they have not lived in his imagination with such intensity as to become 'living' for him, much less for the reader.

In my own experience only those characters in my novels who have lived for long and intensively in my imagination have found a place in the reader's heart.

I shall deal with the other aspects of the novel in my next Letter.

Yours sincerely,

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Q: Why religion?
A: It is a necessary aid for eliminating sorrow and leading us to permanent Ananda.
Q: Which is the greatest religion?
A: All religions are equal.
Q: What is special about Hinduism?
A: It is Sanatana Dharma, the right way of life lived for ages in Aryavarta.
Q: What are its chief tenets?
A: Faith in God, truth, non-violence, non-stealing, *tapas* or character and control of senses, etc. Hinduism or Sanatana Dharma is the parent of all religions. It existed before, exists now and will live eternally in future.
Q: What are the accredited texts of Hinduism?
A: The Vedas, Smritis, Puranas, *itihasas,* hymns of saints, etc.
Q: What should man acquire?
A: The means of leading a righteous life by overcoming all obstacles to it.
Q: Who is blind although possessing eyes?
A: The educated who indulge in prohibited acts.
Q: Who is really deaf?
A: He who denies himself a chance to hear the praise of God and the good.
Q: Who is really dumb?
A: He who refuses to utter the praise of God ; and sweet and true words at the appropriate mome
Q: How can life be made purposeful?
A: By striving for the good of others.
Q: What befuddles human intellect
A: Covetousness.
Q: Who is man's mortal enemy?
A: Laziness.
Q: Who is the real hero?
A: He who overcomes temptations,
Q: Which do you call the mo exalted form of life?
A: A blameless life.
Q: What will lead us to ruin?
A: Ego.
Q: Which is hell?
A: Dependence on others.
Q: Which is worse than death?
A: Ignorance.
Q: Who is clever?
A: He who gifts away everything.
Q: Which is of inestimable value?
A: A timely gift.
Q: What will torture man till h death?
A: A secret crime.
Q: Which wins the world?
A: Truth and patience.
Q: Who is the true friend?
A: He who bravely stops one fro doing evil.
Q: Who has no danger to fear from
A: He who listens to the advice elders and is humble.
Q: Who is your greatest foe?
A: Desire.
Q: Who is the universal mother?
A: The cow.
Q: Where is poison?

A: In the wicked.

Q: What is fearsome?

A: Wealth.

Q: Whom does God love most?

A: Him who does not think of evil to himself and to others.

Q: Who will prosper?

A: He who behaves well.

Q: Who will lose?

A: The greedy.

Q: Who is unreliable?

A: The liar.

Q: Who is richly endowed?

A: He who has good sons.

Q: Which is the most difficult task?

A: Control of mind.

Q: Who has no sorrows?

A: He who has overcome anger and desire.

Q: What characterises God?

A: He is the supreme solace of humanity.

Q: What are the qualities of God?

A: He is an ocean of grace; a forest-fire for sins and a moon for gladdening our hearts.

Q: What is the object of temple-worship?

A: To make people realise that we owe everything to God's bounty; emphasise the need for sacrifice by dedicating a part of our earnings to Him as a token.

Q: What should we avoid doing?

A: That which is not liked by others.

Q: Why there is suffering in this world?

A: The fruit of our past actions.

Q: Why is God worshipped in different forms?

A: To satisfy the needs or level of mental growth of individuals.

Q: What is Swa-dharma?

A: The observance of the practices of one's own ancestors in their proper spirit if not in details.

Q: What is the fruit of education?

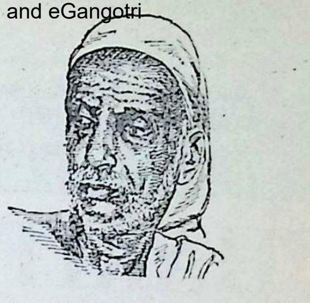
A: Humility, discernment and faith in God.

Q: How can wealth best be utilised?

A: In helping the needy to the extent possible.

Q: How can strength be deployed best?

A: Helping the needy where there is need for it.



ON MAKARA SANKRANTI DAY

It is the desire of H.H. Sri Jagadguru Sankaracharya, Kamakoti Peeta, Kancheepuram Mutt, that all Hindus should on the Makara Sankranti Day (January 14), after taking bath in a nearby tank or river, take their seat in a place from which the outer gateway or *sikhara* of any temple is in sight.

They should then meditate on Sri Dakshinamurti and pray to Him that He may grace them with initiation of Sivamantra or Ramamantra according to their respective family traditions. From that day onwards they should meditate and perform the above *Japa* every day 108 times throughout their lives.

[NALADIAR is an ancient Tamil classic of the 6th century A.D. It consists of 400 quatrains. It is a collation and 400 grateful Jain monks are said to have contributed to it. The work is almost on a par with *Tirukkural* and thematically its counterpart. We serialise some select thoughts from it.—*Ed.*]

CHARITY

THAT quality of cheerfully giving even when one is not in particularly affluent circumstances goes by the name charity. The gods keep the doors of heaven always open to those endowed with that quality.

* * * *

Knowing for certain that death, old age and illness are ever in wait for us, how foolish of us to hold fast to our earnings and hectically trying to multiply it without extending its benefits to the needy and afflicted.

* * * *

While the tide of fortune lasts, no amount of charity will impoverish a man; even so, no amount of tightfistedness will help to save money when the tide is adverse. Knowing this how foolish of us not to extend charity to the poor and the needy at all times!

* * * *

Daily acts of charity in howsoever small a quantity become doubly necessary when we remember that those who are benefited by them now are the same who failed to act up to this maxim in their heyday!

* * * *

An act of charity involves a double function: one of asking and the other of giving. Both should have their lessons in the context of a good life here and hereafter. While giving becomes necessary, asking would appear to be feasible only under duress.

* * * *

A man of charity is like a tall palm laden with fruits in the midst of a village. A moneyed man without that quality is like a barren palm in a crematory.

* * * *

If the world can survive without rains, it can also survive without men of charity.

* * * *

To extend an act of charity to one who, if not now, at least soon will repay it, is really an act of barter. Only that help extended to one without any such hope can be called an act of charity.

* * * *

One need not be ashamed of an act of charity if it is of small dimension. Like the coins in a beggar's bowl, they will rapidly accumulate.

* * *

The beat of a drum is audible up to a furlong; the thunder is audible up to a few miles. But the praise of charity is heard in all the three worlds.

BHARATA VARSHA

[From **Padma Purana**]

आ दाक्षिणात्यादम्बोधेराशैलाच्च हिमालयात् ।
देशोऽयं भारतं वर्ष शूरषां कर्मिणां नृणाम् ॥

That land from the southern sea (the Indian Ocean) upto and including the Himalaya Mountain is Bharata Varsha. This is the birth-place of all men who perform virtuous actions.

योजनानां सहस्राणि विस्तारोऽस्य कथ्यते ।
स्वर्गापवर्गफलदं कर्म कार्यं नृणामिह ॥

It is said to be thousands of *yojanas* wide. All actions capable of bestowing Swarga and Moksha to humans are to be performed here.

सह्यो महेन्द्रो मलयः शुक्तिमानृक्षनामवान् ।
विन्ध्यश्च पारियात्रश्च सप्तैते कुलपर्वताः ॥

Herein are the seven Kulaparvatas (chains of mountains): Sahya, Mahendra, Malaya, Suktiman, Riksha, Vindhya and Pari-yatra.

इहैव चातुराश्रम्यं चातुर्वर्ण्यं व्यवस्थितम् ।
कृतादि युगभेदानां चतुर्णामिह सम्भवः ॥

The four-fold order of life and the four-fold division of work were established here. The four-fold *yuga* starting with Krita had its birth here.

दानं यज्ञस्तपो मर्त्या परलोकपरार्थिनः ।
इह कुर्वन्ति यज्ञेशं यजन्ते पुरुषोत्तमम् ॥

Humans wishing *moksha* perform *dana, yagna* and *tapas* here. Here too people perform *yagas* directed to Lord Vishnu, the Lord of Yagas.

श्रेष्ठं तद्भारतं वर्षं सर्ववर्षेषु सम्मितम् ।
फलार्थिनः कामयन्ते कर्मचेह जनिं बुधाः ॥

Bharata Varsha (India), such as it is, is the best of all the (nine) divisions of the earth; it is equivalent in merit to all the other eight Varshas put together. Enlightened souls who desire fruitful lives seek to be born here.

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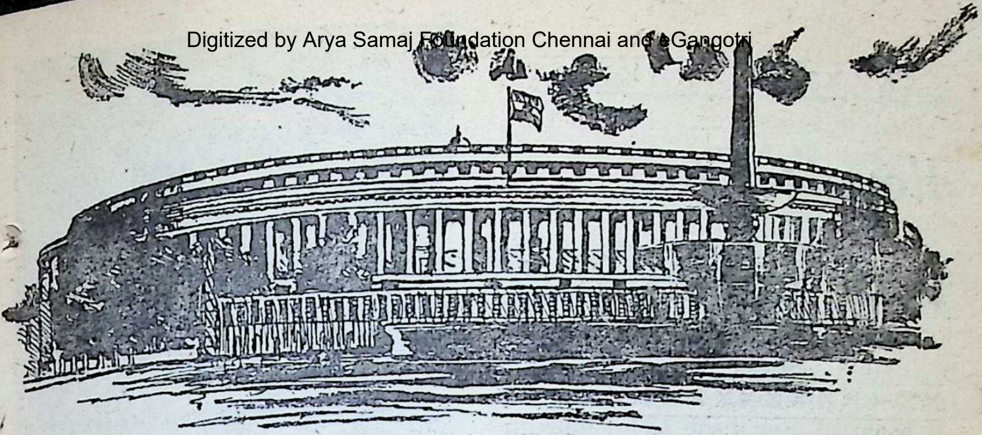

Republic Day

Jawaharlal Nehru

[This year's Republic Day is the first since 1950 to be celebrated without Jawaharlal Nehru. It is therefore appropriate to recall Sri Nehru's first Republic Day (Jan. 26, 1950) message here.—Ed.]

EVENTS crowd in upon us and because of their quick succession we are apt to miss their significance. Some of us give messages on every occasion exhorting people to great endeavour and even these messages become stale for repetition.

Yet, undoubtedly, January 26, 1950, is a day of high significance for India and the Indian people. It does mean the consummation of one important phase of our national struggle. That journey is over, to give place to another and perhaps more arduous journey. A pledge is fulfilled and the fulfilment of every pledge gives satisfaction and strength for future endeavour.

There is a peculiar appropriateness about this January 26, for this day links up the past with the present and this present is seen to grow out of that past. Twenty years ago we took the first pledge of independence. During these twenty years we have known struggle and conflict and failure and achievement. The man who led us through apparent failure to achievement is no more with us but the fruit of his labours is ours. What we do with this fruit depends upon many factors, the basic factors being those on which Gandhiji laid stress throughout his career—high character, integrity of mind and purpose, a spirit of tolerance and co-operation and hard work. I can only suggest to our people that we should found our republican freedom on these basic characteristics and shed fear and hatred from our minds and think always of the betterment of the millions of our people.

We are fortunate to witness the emergence of the Republic of India and our successors may well envy us this day; but fortune is a hostage which has to be zealously guarded by our own good work and which has a tendency to slip away if we slacken in our efforts or if we look in wrong directions.

Homage To Lala Lajpat Rai

The Lion of Punjab: Lalaji's birth Centenary falls on Jan. 28, 1965.

MAHATMA GANDHI

"LALA LAJPAT RAI" is dead; long live LALAJI.

Men like the Lala cannot die so long as the sun shines in the Indian sky.

Lalaji means an institution.

From his youth he made of his country's service religion, and his patriotism was no narrow creed. He loved his country because he loved the world. His nationalism was internationalism. Hence his hold on European mind. He claimed a large circle of friends in Europe and America. They loved him because they knew him.

His activities were multifarious. He was an ardent social and religious reformer. Like many of us he became a politician because his zeal for social and religious reform demanded participation in politics.

He observed at an early stage of his public career that not much reform of the type he wanted was possible until the country was freed from foreign domination.

It appeared to him as to most of us as a poison corrupting every department of life.

It is impossible to think of a single public movement in which LALAJI was not to be found. His love of service was insatiable.

He founded educational institutions.

He befriended the suppressed classes. Poverty, where found, claimed his attention. He surrounded young men with extraordinary affection. No young man appealed to him in vain for help.

In the political field he was indispensable.

He was fearless in the expression of his views. He suffered for it when suffering has not become customary or fashionable.

His life was an open book. His extreme frankness often embarrassed his friends, it also confounded his critics. But he was incorrigible.

●●●

PT. MADANMOHAN MALAVIYA

LALA LAJPAT RAI was a patriot, statesman, educationist and journalist of calibre.

It is a misfortune to the country that a publicist so widely honoured, whose aim in life was to serve the country and the community of which he was an ornament in the best possible way should have died just at a time when the need of his wise and sober guidance was the greatest. LALA LAJPAT RAI loved his country intensely and worked for it incessantly and unselfishly.

His pure patriotism, his robust independence, fearlessness, sincerity and earnestness, easily won for him the respect which he so widely enjoyed.

It is difficult to exaggerate the value of his services. It was needed and present to voice sound national public opinion and to guide the country into the right path of national self-government. While his passing away inflicts a heavy loss upon the country as a whole, it inflicts a special loss upon the Hindu community, the interest of which he had so much at heart and which he tried to protect without letting it stand in the way of the growth of sound nation spirit, which was the very foundation upon which a national system of free government can be built up.

* * *

DR. ANNIE BESANT

A grand merit he (Lalaji) possessed was that when he led people into a position of danger, he shielded them and went himself along to take the brunt of the attack. He certainly carried out Charles Bradlaugh's words, "When you advise an attack, do not say go, but come." At this special moment his loss is particularly great although a few of his juniors have his courage. We have not yet his experience and confidence. The circumstances of his death are peculiarly tragic, for he died taking part in the boycott of the Simon Commission. His death will, if possible, stiffen the boycott and resentment to the Commission. His death was hastened by the injuries received at Lahore. The pain of these prevented him from attending the meeting at Delhi, which he asked me to address instead. He had hoped the worst of the shock was over, but he was evidently unable to rally from it. He is not the first, but I hope he will not be the last to die in struggling against foreign oppression. But there are a few who live the protest they make in words. Our younger men may well take an example from his unflinching action, his contempt of empty proclamations, and his proud outspokenness. The Punjab will miss terribly his decisive and well-considered leadership.

* * *

DR. PATTABHI SITARAMAYYA

To die in the battle-field is the longing of every hero. The Punjab is undoubtedly the most martial of Indian provinces. Of such a province LALA LAJPAT RAI was the unchallenged leader and had been so, for the past quarter of a century. This patriot, this hero, this martyr, fell in the battle with the British bureaucracy carried on for over two decades on the economic, political, moral and finally the physical plane.

* * *

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Co-operation For Peace

Lal Bahadur Shastri

THREE years ago, our late Prime Minister, Sri Jawaharlal Nehru, had, in a memorable address to the United Nations General Assembly, on November 10, 1961, appealed for emphasising the elements of co-operation. rather than of conflict, between the nations and peoples of the world.

Sri Jawaharlal Nehru's suggestion that the Assembly might consider devoting a year to international co-operation aroused enthusiastic response and culminated in the adoption of a resolution by the General Assembly designating 1965, the 20th year of the United Nations, as the International Co-operation Year.

The United Nations has undoubtedly become the symbol and embodiment of the hopes and aspirations of the peoples of the world for peace, justice and progress. The lofty principles enshrined in the U.N. Charter constitute a testament of faith in the future of mankind. This faith can be maintained and strengthened only by the united effort of all to rid the world of the ancient ills of hunger, ignorance and disease, and of the new terror of a nuclear holocaust.

There was a time when Man, for lack of knowledge of the physical world, was helpless in meeting the stark forces of nature. Today, he has acquired the means to improve his condition, through unprecedented growth of science and technology, which have uncovered many of Nature's secrets and hidden treasures. What is holding him back is selfishness and greed, which hinder the full exploitation and equitable sharing of the world's resources; and mutual fear and prejudice, which divert precious resources into the wasteful production of mighty war machines. Not only wasteful, but incredibly dangerous and terrifying, in this age of nuclear weapons and other means of mass destruction.

The Year of International Co-operation serves to remind us all that it is only through practical acts of co-operation, whether in raising the standards of millions in the poor countries or in restoring freedom and equality to the oppressed nations and races, or even in the conduct of our daily lives, that peace can be strengthened and the well-being of humanity secured.

□ □ □

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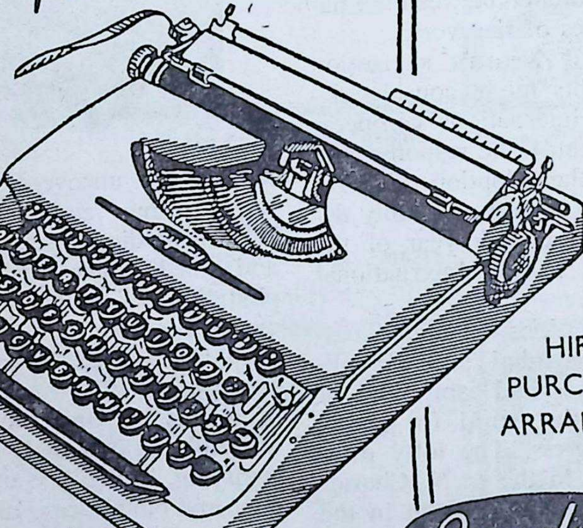

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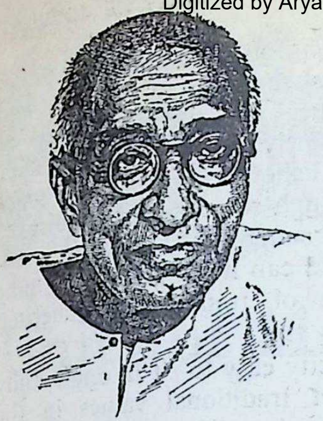

It is pretty easy to sit in one's study and indict traditional values in the light of modern life, and reason and derive therefrom intellectual satisfaction and a sense of conquest.

The Value of Traditional Values

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI

I AM a superstitious person in the etymological sense of the term, a revivalist, everything un-intellectual. I believe in some things not related to reason and rationality. I believe reason and rationality cannot cover all things and some of them are too important to be ignored. My irrationality is fairly well known now and therefore will not unduly disturb readers.

If one does not believe in a soul, individual or cosmic, one must wander in deep darkness. The world for such a one will be sun-less.

asurya naama te lokaa
andhena tamasaavrtaa
taanste pretyaabhigachchanti
ye ke cha aatmahanojanaah

—ISA UPANISHAD

Those who (in their minds) do away with the soul die their deaths (by that denial) and go about wandering in sunless worlds, dense darkness overhanging.

If man has only a body and no surviving soul, there can be no values—only pleasure and pleasure-producing objects remain. Shall we hang on to life for these? Then remains the question why should we not work for the good of humanity, that is, for future generations? Why must one do anything for them? What binds one to do it? And why should even humanity or future generations live and struggle if there is no soul but only body? Indeed, if there is no soul, all values disappear for each one of us and for all of us.

Let me get out of my superstitions for a moment. Let me talk the language of evolution, taking for granted that man came after millions of years through countless accidental mutations of the genes during that period and that, through natural selection, he became man as he is today. Values such as honesty, fellow-feeling, respect for life, respect for contracts, the co-operative spirit, compassion, gratitude, etc., grew up and fixed themselves in man's mental make-up, because they had all great survival value. If we reject them, it would be like the lion and the tiger discarding their reckless ferocity, or like the birds throwing away their wings, or the bull its horns or man himself casting away his brains and his upright posture. The values men so greatly cherish are evolutionary products and it is well we stick to them. They are all-important for man's survival and progress.

What go by the name of 'traditional values' are values prevailing all the world over but differing in degree from nation to nation. Where secular forces and institutions have come to cover the same values, the traditional character of some of them may have got blurred or forgotten.

If destructive scepticism develops over these traditional values and a movement to discard them should succeed, man would go back to the condition he emerged from by the grace of accidents; and he will be but a poor and feeble wild beast, and probably disappear from the face of the earth. What I have said must have been said by some people long ago, although I have not read it. I guess Herbert Spencer must have said it and must have said it much better.

But as could be guessed from what I have confessed at the outset, I do not accept the theory of blind blundering evolution. I believe there is design in it of some inscrutable kind and these values are therefore part of man's divinely designed being. They will not, I believe, be given up by mankind although some men may discard them and suffer for it. Secularly enforced laws can never adequately take the place of traditionally inherited values.

It is pretty easy to sit in one's study and indict traditional values in the light of modern life, and reason and derive therefrom intellectual satisfaction and a sense of conquest. We are safe as long as the mass of our people are loyal to these values, the criticism of intellectuals notwithstanding. The civilization and culture from which we derive whatever happiness we get in life is one knitted fabric. And what a sorry state a knitting is reduced to, when the yarn that runs through and holds all the loops comes out in one of the corners; to that same state will our civilization and culture be reduced and disappear if our traditional values are discarded by the mass of our people.

[*Courtesy:* Swarajya]

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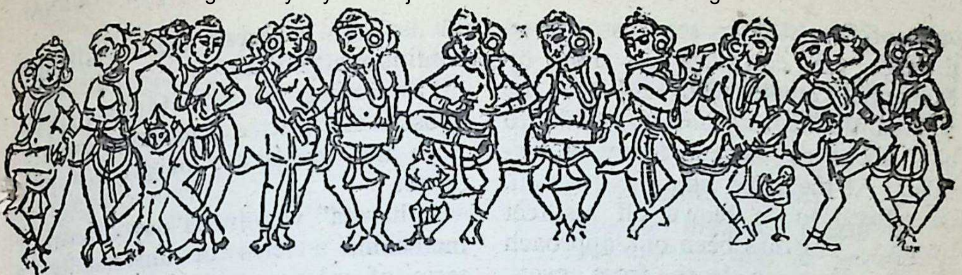

Unity of Mankind: India's Ideal

Dr. P. V. Cherian

Governor of Maharashtra

THE Bhavan today stands as a symbol of what one man's vision can do in the face of immense difficulties and even frustrations. It was a matter of particular pleasure to me and to my wife when the Bhavan's new centre in Madras was recently opened by our revered President, Dr. Radhakrishnan.

There have been many occasions in the past when the South came to the rescue of the North in preserving and extending our heritage. The North has also been of similar service to the South. The dedication of the Madras centre was one such milestone in the dialogue between the two regions of our country.

I believe this process of cultural exchange and emotional integration needs to be strengthened by all forces of goodwill at this moment. This is a theme which has been reiterated by almost all the important personalities of our country. It is a theme which so closely concerns our very existence, physically as well as culturally, that every occasion should be made use of to drive this lesson home. The message may have been held constantly before our eyes. Still, we have to be realistic and concede that the response has not been satisfactory. We go on persisting in our little ways and keep our vision confined. We pin our faith in slogans and we believe that the magic of words may release us from our pusillanimity. None of us apparently is ready for that personal and deeply emotional effort to break the shell of our limited existence and see ourselves as part of a larger unity striving towards progress.

We have defined knowledge as something that will release us from bondage. This bondage can be the result of ignorance, fear or prejudice. All these factors can cloud our vision or colour, our action. Whatever helps us to get rid of these forces constitutes *Vidya* or knowledge. There can, therefore, be no exclusiveness in terms of acquiring such a knowledge. The motto of the Bhavan has been "Let good thoughts flow to us from all quarters of the universe." This

From his address at the 18th convocation of the Bhavan.

call of the Vedic seer is echoed through the corridors of time by Mahatma Gandhi who said that he wanted the cultures of all lands to blow about his house as freely as possible. At the same time, he asserted, he refused to be blown off his feet by any. This has been our approach all the time—to learn from every source anything that was worth learning and to make it a part and parcel of our own way of life. This quest for truth has never been given up and cannot be given up. This will go on so long as there are human beings left on this earth and it can only make them better than they are. This open-mindedness, this receptivity to all things that are good, all things that are true, all things that are beautiful, is a precious heritage which we will forsake only at our peril. Even during the darkest moments of our history, we have not done so. I hope we will persist in this and that our country will be greater for this attitude of open-mindedness.

The Bhavan has made this search for knowledge its aim in life. The greatest service that the Bhavan, to my mind, has been making to contemporary society is its effort to bring back that outward-looking vision, that abounding faith in unity of culture and the sense of mission towards all sections of humanity which inspired our forbears in centuries past. The Bhavan seeks to bring about "the re-integration of Bharatiya Vidya through a study of forces, movements, motives, ideas, forms and art of creative life energy through which it has expressed itself in different ages as a single continuous process."

"Bharatiya Vidya" is a happily chosen term to express this culture. Both the words are of great importance.

"Bharata" was in its day a term of inclusion, a term of universality, a term of release from petty confines. The idea of one *chakravarti* and one umbrella under which the whole continent would flourish was an inspiring theme in that age. True to our tradition, we never thought in terms of physical conquest, wiping out of dynasties and kingdoms and the imposition of one dull uniformity. We always believed that it was to the good of this country that differences in social and cultural matters should exist and they should not be wiped out because such a process would lead to unnecessary strain. We believed rather in loyalty to a universal concept and an including vision in which it would be possible to sustain and encourage diversity. It is this tradition which had led to different cultures—different in detail but common in their allegiance to larger ideals—that today forms the pattern of our way of living.

Whether in the field of religion, philosophy or culture, we have never tried to build on exclusiveness. The whole world is one family, we said, and no part can prosper at the expense of another. Our great men always tried to preserve the richness which is the result of diversity. Poetic images come crowding on their vision when they praise this diversity and its underlying unity. Many are the rivers, they have said, but they all run into the same ocean. Many are the paths that go up the hill, but they meet on the peak. Many are the ways by which men approach Me, the Lord said, but I go forth to meet everyone of them.

The word "Bharatiya" has a geographical connotation in the sense that it relates to something that may be taken to have occurred within the confines of what is called *Bharatavarsha.* From the Himavan to Setu —has been one definition of the term *Bharatavarsha.* I would like to put forward two points for your consideration in this context. The term "Bharata" should be viewed against the background in which it gained currency. It was used in the heroic age of India to project the vision of one big subcontinent where one culture held sway. It was an age when this area was divided into many principalities, big and small. It was an age when transport and communications were difficult between even adjacent regions. It was an age when exchange of ideas was limited to a few and could not even be thought of in terms of the many. It was then absolutely necessary to hold vision of one big subcontinent before the eyes of the people. It was viewed as a half-way house between a way of life based on what has been called a face-to-face community and a vision of all humanity as one family. We can only admire boldness of such a vision in the context of conditions prevailing then. In the face of stupendous obstacles imposed by transport, language and other difficulties, our seers could still stress the underlying unity of culture which held together the different regions of this subcontinent. The image of India which they held before our eyes was not the exact counterpart of what we visualise as India in geographical terms today. The image they projected was the image of humanity as such, though expressed in terms of a limited area.

सह नाववतु। सह नौ भुनक्तु।
सहवीर्य करवावहै। तेजस्विनामधीतमस्तु।
मा विद्विषावहै। ओं
शान्तिः शान्तिः शान्तिः।।

May He (Brahman) protect us both together; may He nourish us both together; may we work conjointly with great energy; may our study be vigorous and effective; may we not dispute (or hate any). Let there be peace, and peace, and peace.

—*Taittiriya Upanishad.*

Science and technology have since then brought about vast changes in the way of life of all mankind. It will not be appropriate today to treat this term "Bharatiya" as in any way exclusive or regional. It is one thing to interpret it as indicating a field of specialisation. But it should not be used as a means of keeping out ideas and opinions on the ground that they arose in what may be geographically outside the confines of our country. Rather, it is the universality of the term which inspired our thinkers in the past that should continue to guide us.

This brings me to my second point. I would interpret the term "Bharatiya" as qualifying our culture not in the sense of regional exclusiveness, but in the sense of a definite approach to life and its problems. The many-sidedness of truth and tolerance, nay, genuine regard, for different visions of truth have been our guiding force all along. This approach which will not for a moment think of excluding anything on the basis of its origin or development and which will hold in respect all sincere attempts to grasp truth and reality in all its manifestations is what may be called the "Bharatiya" approach or the Indian approach. I would, therefore, interpret the term "Bharatiya Vidya" as an approach to master all forms of knowledge in all their variety and thereby arrive at a vision of universality. The Indian seer took all creation from the humblest living creature, and even inanimate things, to the highest forms of evolution as one manifestation of the Divine. He would not be frustrated in his search for the truth behind reality by any clouded or restricted vision. It is all the more necessary in the present age, when the world has shrunk visibly before our eyes, not to yield to forces of parochialism, to counsels of prejudice.

The Vidya Bhavan has stood foursquare against all attempts at bigotry or exclusiveness based on regional, linguistic or racial grounds. It is appropriate that it should stress the value of Sanskrit and Sanskritic culture as the greatest cementing force in our way of life. At the same time, it has provided for the study of Arabic and Russian. It is necessary that we should unravel many a tangled skein in our past history. All credit to the Vidya Bhavan that it is engaged on this work. Yet, it has thought it necessary to start a first-class institution for the teaching of engineering along with its work in Indology. This is the approach that should guide our actions—to preserve all that is best in our past, to bring to light all the forces that have shaped our culture and at the same time to prepare our people for a life of prosperity in the technological age that is opening before us.

Man's mastery over the secrets of nature has now reached a point when it is possible to wipe out want and needless suffering from the face of the earth and enable all men to live happily. Such power, undreamt of even a few years ago, carries with it certain elements of danger. It has pleased Providence all through human history to leave the power of choice in man's hands. Whether in the moral or the physical sphere, any advancement in man's power has always been matched or even been threatened by his growing power to destroy himself and all that makes for a good life. It is, therefore, nothing new that at the moment when man has unleashed the power of the atom and can harness it in his service, he is threatened with annihilation through the self-same power. This holds a lesson for us. The search for material progress should go hand in hand with a striving for spiritual values of life. Otherwise, we create an imbalance. An acquisitive society will ever lack equilibrium. It has to be anchored by social responsibility and moral rectitude. We cannot gain anything by robbing our neighbour. We cannot hold anything when someone else has a greater moral claim to it.

The validity of these statements may be generally admitted. But how many of us are living up to them? Anti-social elements are found everywhere who would exploit any type of shortage, whether of grain or of cloth or something else. States fight States over the allocation or exploitation of natural resources. When they go on quarrelling, the resources either go to waste or remain in the ground. Whom are we hurting in the process? Is it not our own people, flesh of our flesh, blood of our blood? This country became free and remains united because of the sacrifices of countless martyrs. Are we to undermine that legacy by our petty squabbles and futile wranglings? Is it to be the verdict of history that a people who fought united for their freedom failed to advance further because of internecine feuds? We dare not fail now, when human progress demands that we should look even beyond our own frontiers and bring in "One World."

Our culture teaches us that the unity of mankind has always been our ideal. This age of science and technology, this century of the common man, has brought this well within our grasp. The dream of ages can now be realised. Institutions like the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan serve to remind us of our destiny and help to take us nearer the goal. I pray that the Bhavan will flourish in the years to come and that its students will go forth determined to serve all humanity to the best of their ability.

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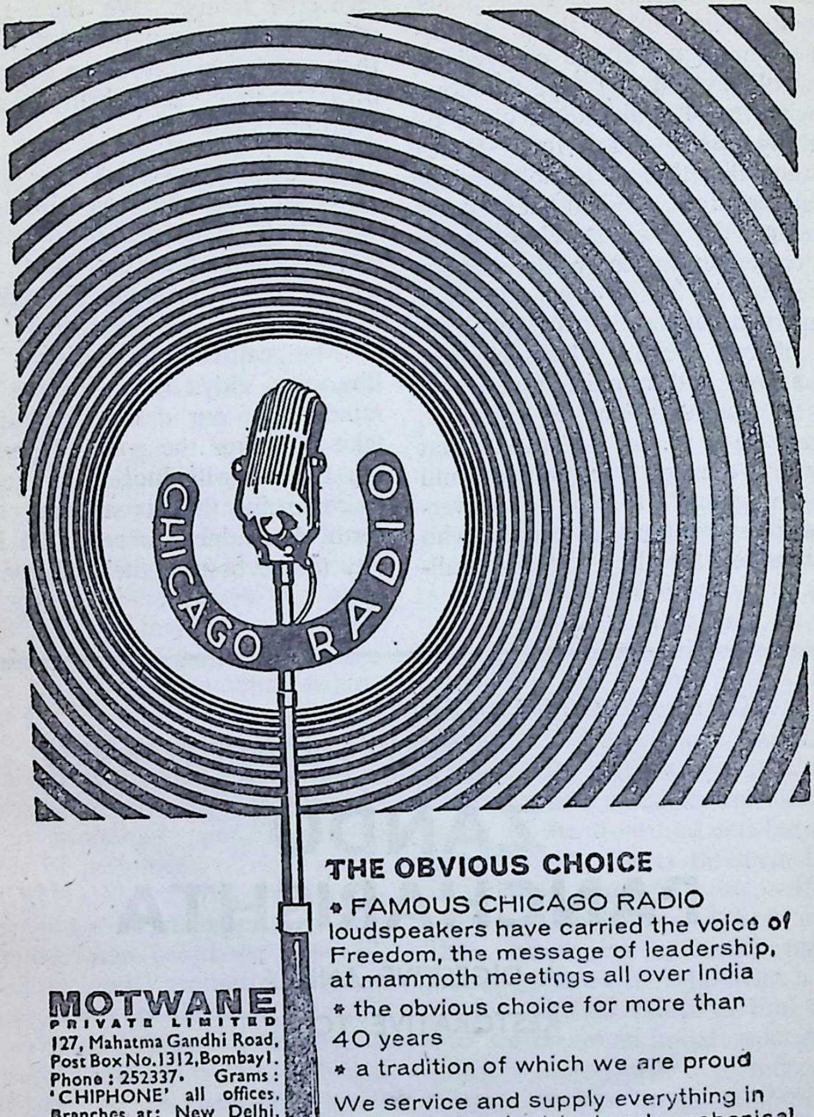

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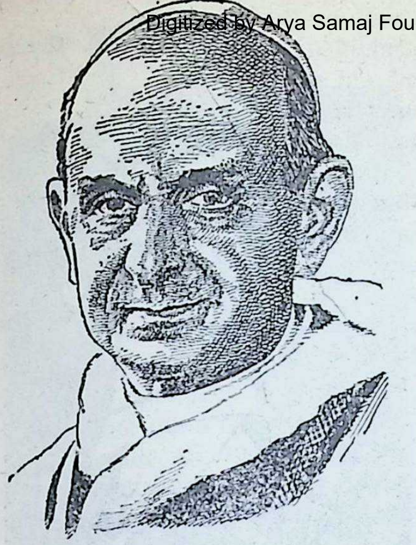


The Pope's Visit

Smt. Lilavati Munshi

Question I: How would you estimate the impact of the Pope's visit to Bombay?

Answer: I think the impact of the Pope's visit to Bombay was very good. The preparation for the event was very well done and the plans also were not only well thought out, but executed well. The success of the Eucharistic Congress is a triumph of organisation as well as it is due to the devotion and dedication of the workers to the cause. An atmosphere of discipline and enthusiasm among the whole population was very much in evidence. The sustained enthusiasm as well as orderliness for the mammoth meetings held for so many days is a feat to be admired at. Cardinal Gracias has emerged as a great organiser who could evoke co-operation not only of Christians, but non-Christians as well. Besides, don't you think India through Bombay proved that Indian people and the Government are non-communal in outlook and tolerant of all religions? Probably more so than any other country in the world. For instance, could you think of any other non-Hindu country which could have allowed a Hindu religious congregation of this type with so much help from the State as well as the people?

Question: II. Would you think that this visit would deepen the understanding and appreciation of each other's values?

Answer: Certainly yes. For the last so many years talking about God was considered out of fashion. It is for the first time that understanding and respect for all religions were pronouncedly proclaimed by the Pope, and non-Christians responded to it very well. In these days if a person talks about God, he is considered to be orthodox or non-progressive or reactionary. Those who hold religious congregations are considered to be out of date—anti-diluvian, forgetting the fact that it is not the laws alone, but the religion which holds majority of the people on the straight path. The Pope's coming has broken the spell of godlessness. A wrong idea prevails that a secular State means a non-religious or godless State. It is not so. It means that every religion

Broadcast over Vatican Radio.

is to be respected. God by whatever name you call Him is part of every religion.

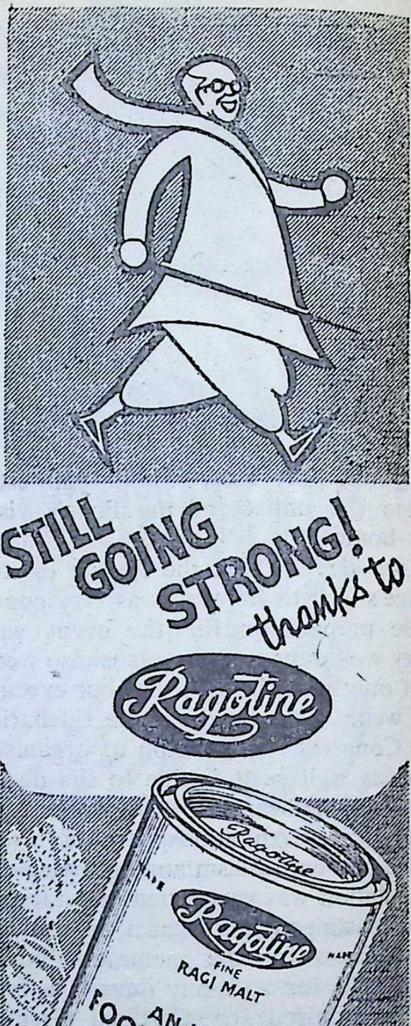
Question: III. Would the visit promote the spirit of dialogue?

Answer: Again certainly yes. As all the rivers go to the sea, all true religions have an ultimate goal to reach God. The fundamentals of all the religions are the same. Not to kill, not to steal, not to covet another man's wife or wealth, to speak the truth, to love others as oneself—all these are the fundamental tenets of every religion. The rituals may be different, but fundamentals are the same. I am glad the Pope has brought out and stressed this universal aspect of religion. Shall I quote Pope himself here?

The Pope says:

> "This type of relationship indicates a proposal of courteous esteem, of understanding, and of goodness on the part of the one who inaugurates the dialogue. In the dialogue one discovers how different are the ways that lead to the light of faith, and how it is possible to make them converge on the same goal.
>
> "But we, do, nevertheless, recognise and respect the moral and spiritual values of the various non-Christian religions, and we desire to join with them in promoting and defending common ideals of religious liberty, human brotherhood, good culture, social welfare and civil order."

I think in these sentences Pope has brought out the idea of dialogue beautifully.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NEHRU and The Scientific Temper

Dr. H. J. Bhabha

IF one reads through the numerous writings of Jawaharlal Nehru, reads the records of the speeches he gave, usually extemporaneously, on numerous occasions, two dominant impressions are left in one's mind. One is his enormous vitality and zest for life, his sense of enthusiasm and participation in anything worthwhile that was going on. The second is his approach to all problems with an open mind in what he himself would describe as the temper of science.

He had a profound belief in science and the scientific method and realised that "without science and technology we cannot progress." But science for him was something much more. To quote a passage from the *Discovery of India,* "The applications of science are inevitable and unavoidable for all countries and peoples today. But something more than its application is necessary. It is the scientific approach, the adventurous and yet critical temper of science, the search for truth and new knowledge, the refusal to accept anything without testing and trial, the capacity to change previous conclusions in the face of new evidence, the reliance on observed fact and not on preconceived theory, the hard discipline of the mind—all this is necessary, not merely for the application of science but for life itself and the solution of its many problems....The scientific approach and temper are, or should be, a way of life, a process of thinking, a method of acting and associating with our fellow men." He had this approach to life and its problems in full measure and wanted others to have it. For, he continued, "That not only gives us a greater understanding of the world as it is, but creates ultimately a temper, an objective temper, a dispassionate scientific temper, which should help us in dealing with other problems. All the problems that come up in Parliament or elsewhere, or whatever they may be,

could be dealt with better if we approach them in a scientific frame of mind."

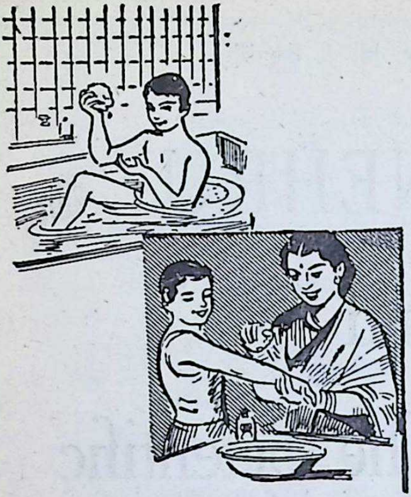
Much is said today about "the two cultures", the scientific culture and the humanistic culture, the latter being considered to include appreciation of human and aesthetic values, of beauty in whatever form.

Much is also said of the need to fuse these in some sort of higher synthesis. What is not realized is that these two cultures, so-called, are merely two different approaches to the world around us—approaches which are not antithetical but complementary in the sense in which this word is used in physics.

A physicist knows that the position of a particle and its velocity—I shall not use the more correct scientific expression 'momentum'—are complementary attributes of a particle, and the more precisely he determines either one of these the less precise in principle becomes his determination of the other.

Similarly, the scientific method can be applied to the study of all phenomena which confront us, but to the extent that one is engaged in this activity and acquiring this knowledge, the activity of emotional response to the phenomena, which is what is involved in the perception of beauty, must become less intense. And conversely, there is nothing to stop anyone from approaching a phenomenon in both these ways, but he cannot do so simultaneously.

Jawaharlal realised this position intuitively. He wrote in the *Discovery of India*, "Science deals with the domain of positive knowledge but the



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temper which it should produce goes beyond that domain. The ultimate purposes of man may be said to be to gain knowledge, to realize truth, to appreciate goodness and beauty. The scientific method of objective inquiry is not applicable to all these, and much that is vital in life seems to lie beyond its scope—its sensitiveness to art and poetry, the emotion that beauty produces, the inner recognition of goodness. The botanist and zoologist may never experience the charm and beauty of nature; the sociologist may be wholly lacking in love for humanity. But even when we go to the regions beyond the reach of the scientific method and visit the moutain tops where philosophy dwells and high emotions fill us, or gaze at the immensity beyond, that approach and temper are still necessary."

The astronomer or astro-physicist who spends his time calculating the distances of remote stellar objects, distances so large that they are only measured in many powers of ten, or in studying the processes of cosmic evolution, is certainly not prevented from sharing with the non-scientist the emotion of wonder at the beauty of the heavens. Indeed, he may experience another aesthetic emotion which someone ignorant of the discoveries of astronomy or astro-physics cannot, wonder at the astonishing size of the universe and the processes of cosmic evolution.

It is almost certainly true that there are more scientists in the world with at least some appreciation of the arts than there are artists with appreciation of science and the scientific method. As Nehru said in one of

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his speeches, "There is no particular reason why the scientist should be an uncultured person; it may well be that the scientist is more cultured and more integrated than a person who has read, let us say, only literature".

These aesthetic experiences, however, have to be differentiated from superstition. As Jawaharlal wrote: "As knowledge advances, the domain of religion, in the narrow sense of the word, shrinks. The more we understand life and nature, the less we look for supernatural causes. Whatever we can understand and control ceases to be a mystery. The processes of agriculture, the food we eat, the clothes we wear, our social relations, were all at one time under the domain of religion and its high priests. Gradually they have passed out of its control and become subjects for scientific study. Yet much of this is still powerfully affected by religious beliefs and the superstitions that accompany them. The final mysteries still remain beyond the reach of the human mind and are likely to continue to remain so."

Science, unlike philosophy, has advanced immensely because it has been content to tackle and solve individual problems, even small ones, at a time, without waiting to solve the entire problem of the universe.

Nehru's practical and scientific approach caused him to write the comment, 'But so many of life's mysteries are capable of and await solution, that an obsession with the final mystery seems hardly necessary or justified. Life still offers not only the loveliness of the world but also the exciting adventure of fresh and never ceasing discoveries, of new panoramas opening out and new ways of living, adding to its fullness and ever making it richer and more complete." He continued, "It is, therefore, with the temper and approach of science, allied to philosophy, and with reverence for all that lies beyond, that we must face life. Thus we may develop an integral vision of life which embraces in its wide scope the past and the present with all their heights and depths, and look with serenity towards the future".

Later, reverting to the same subject in the *Discovery of India,* he wrote, "We have to function in line with the highest ideals of the age we live in, though we may add to them or seek to mould them in accordance with our national genius. Those ideals may be classed under two heads—humanism and the scientific spirit. Between these two there has been an apparent conflict but the great upheaval of thought today, with the questioning of all values, is removing the old boundaries between these two approaches, as well as between the external world of science and the internal world of introspection. There is a growing synthesis between humanism and the scientific spirit, resulting in a kind of scientific humanism." The synthesis is in fact the recognition that humanism and the scientific spirit are two complementary approaches, both valuable, both of which can be appreciated by the same individual and add to the richness of his life.

His internationalism was indeed a result of his open mind and his scientific approach. "In every matter," he said, "be it education, science, culture or anything else, I dislike nothing so much as the narrowly nationalistic approach which makes us think that we have attained the summit of wisdom and that we need not learn anything more. This kind of attitude denotes a static condition. And anything that is static becomes stagnant and gradually leads to death. I am all for opening our minds to every kind of knowledge or information that can be obtained. I am all for free intercourse with the rest of the world; I am all for inviting people from other countries to come here to learn from us and to teach us; I want no barriers."

While he had the most profound appreciation of the great cultural heritage of India, he had no use for the inferior repetition of artistic pastiches and cliches from the past, the sort of thing that is often inflicted on distinguished foreign visitors as "cultural shows".

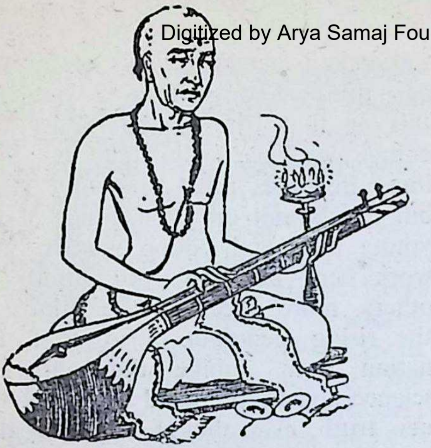
Referring to the forces which "under the guise of what people call culture narrow our minds and outlook," he said, "These forces are essentially a restriction and denial of any real kind of culture. Culture is the widening of the mind and of the spirit. It is never a narrowing of the mind or a restriction of the human spirit or of the country's spirit. Therefore, if we look at science in the real way and if we think of these research institutes and laboratories in a fundamental sense, then they are something more than just little ways of improving things and of finding out how this or that should be done. Of course, we have to do that, too. But these institutes must gradually affect our minds, not only the minds of the young men and young women who work here but also the minds of others, more specially the minds of the rising generation, so that the nation may imbibe the spirit of science and be prepared to accept the new truth, even though it has to discard something of the old. Only then will this approach to science bear true fruit."

Jawaharlal Nehru had a fearless and questing mind, one which was thrilled with the adventure of the discovery of new truths, with new glimpses into the mysteries of nature. He wrote in his book on *World History*, "Human thought is ever advancing, ever grappling with and trying to understand the problems of nature and the universe, and what I tell you today may be wholly insufficient and out-of-date tomorrow. To me there is a great fascination in this challenge of the human mind, and how it soars up to the uttermost corners of the universe and tries to fathom its mysteries, and dares to grasp and measure what appear to be the infinitely big as well as the infinitely small."

It is for all of us, and particularly the young men and women of India to follow him in approaching all problems of life in the temper of science and in his fearless quest for truth.

If you want enemies, excel your friends; but if you want friends, let your friends excel you.

—Rochefoucauld



[Sri Thyagaraja's Aradhana day falls on 21st of this month.]

Sri Thyagaraja

M. D. Ramanathan

IT is well-nigh impossible to delineate in full measure the magnificent personality of Sri Thyagaraja who rightly predominates the firmament of Sastreeya Karnataka Sangeeta and who is worshipped as a divine incarnation of the Adi Kavi Sri Valmiki. Along with his illustrious contemporaries, Sri Dikshitar and Sri Shyma Sastri, he inaugurated a new era in the glorious history of Karnatak music by enriching it with his inspired compositions born out of his unconditional Rama-Bhakti.

Sri Thyagaraja belonged to the Dasakootas, headed by the great Purandaradasa, the Karnataka Sangeetapitamaha. No wonder therefore that his compositions continue to occupy an outstanding place and are enjoyed both by the classes and the masses of our country.

Sri Thyagaraja is not a composer in the usual sense of the term; he is a multi-faceted gem, emitting lustrous rays of variegated colours and shades of great intensity. Besides being a staunch Rama-Bhakta, he had been a philosopher, social reformer, a prolific composer, prophet, musicologist and *nadopasaka*—all rolled into one.

He envisioned his Ishta-Devata in all the different attitudes of the ninefold *bhakti*, prescribed in the *Bhakti Sutras* of Sage Narada and other devotional literature. He contemplated Sri Rama in the capacity of a mother, father, guru, brother, father-in-law and so on, as may be seen from his *Divya-Nama-kriti 'Sri Rama Jaya Rama'* in Yadukula Kambhoji. In his *kriti*, *'Tava Dasoham,'* in Asaveri, he identifies himself with Anjaneya, the model and ideal of 'Dasa Bhava' and to whom the entire universe meant nothing but for his Rama.

Again, in his *Prahlada Bhakti Vijaya*, Sri Thyagaraja has given us the most touching *kriti, Nannu Vidichi*, in Ritigoula where Prahlada, the ace among devoties himself, seems to express his innermost soul through the saint. The *Anupallavi, 'Ninnu Basi Ara Nimisha Morvanura'* and the succeeding Charana *'Abdilo Munigi Swasa Bhandhamu Batti'* contain such sentiments as would melt even the stony-hearted intellect.

Incidentally one might note that man's intellectual attainments will be of no consequence, and in fact might even prove destructive to humanity, unless humanised and divinised by emotion that ennobled oneself and others as well. The great saint develops his sense of Bhakti to such an extent as to virtually compete with Mother Seeta Herself in his absolute love to his Lord!

In his Varali *Kriti, 'Marakata Mani Varna,'* towards the close of the *charana,* Sri Thyagaraja prays, nay entreats, Sri Rama to bless him with the *Prema Rasa* that is usually and unconditionally given to Mother Seeta.

In the *Todi kriti, 'Arakimbave,'* in the *anupallavi,* the great saint indirectly implies the erotic love of a beloved, when he offers milk as *nivedana* to his Ista-Devata, Sri Rama.

In another popular *kriti, 'Raghuvara Nannu,'* in Kamavardhani, Sri Thyagaraja questions Rama about his propriety in neglecting him, who practically accepted Rama as the legal husband, 'Pati', like a Pativrata, as seen in the *charana, 'Talli tandrulanna tammulu'*....

It must, however, be borne in mind that the great saint developed the emotional facet not to the detriment of other facets. In fact, his personality is one of perfect balance, maintained between intellect and emotion, along with a shrewd sense of discrimination and close observation of things around him.

It might be that the composer practically immersed himself in Rama-Bhakti with a full compliment of *svara, raga* and *laya.* It might be that the meditative and imaginative Thyagaraja did not care much to the reaction of his surroundings; and whenever disturbed, he approached his Ishta-Devata in a fitting mood and mould of mind that has blessed us with a multitude of *kritis.* Yet the compassionate inner soul has attempted in its own way to elevate humanity at large. To this unquestionable fact, his 'Oh! Manasa' *kritis* bear ample testimony.

These *kritis* are really addressed to the man as a whole, who is nothing, but for his mind.

Needless to say that the method of social reformation and transformation attempted by the great composer is direct and effective, though suggestive and spontaneous, and is applicable to one and all, without distinction of caste, creed or colour and for all times to come.

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CHAPTER 11

The Sisters

BHANUMATI broke down. She sobbed, her heart in suppressed agony.

Rekhaa, the old nurse, transferred the sunshade to her left hand and threw her right arm around the Princess. Her eyes were also full of tears at her mistress being treated so cruelly.

Her younger sister, Jalandhar*aa,* who was living with her, ran up the steps, saw her sister sobbing and, pushing Rekhaa aside, threw both her arms around her in a protective gesture.

'What are you doing, Prince? Have you no regard for her health?' she asked angrily and turned to her sister: 'Bhanu, don't cry.'

For a moment Duryodhana stared at her fiercely and moved a step as if he was going to slap his sister-in-law. Then he stopped abruptly, lost in admiration at her beauteous face glowing in anger, her dark eyes flashing.

Jalandhar*aa* returned his stare boldly and said: 'If you dare to touch me, I will bite off your fingers.'

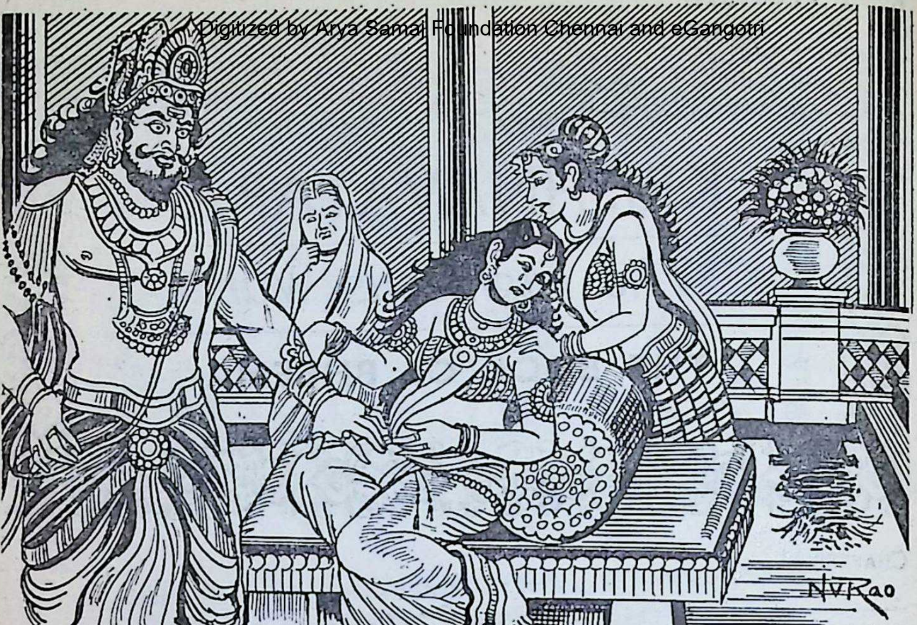
Duryodhana, unable to control himself, left. Bhanumati was trembling all over.

'What is the matter, Bhanu?' asked Jalandhar*aa*, continuing to hold the sobbing Bhanumati in her arms. 'You will fall ill if you cry. Have courage.'

'Oh Jal*aa,* it was very wrong of you to threaten Aryaputra.'

'You have spoiled your husband. If I were you, I would keep him on his best behaviour.'

The parrot persistently cried: 'Bhanu, get up.' The pet peacock fluttered down from the roof and strutted towards its mistress.



*'What are you doing, Prince? Have you no regard for her health?' asked Jalandhar*aa.

'Jal*aa,* I am an unfortunate woman,' confessed Bhanumati piteously. 'I have spent years—I have done everything—to make Aryaputra happy; but I have failed, failed miserably.'

'Your Aryaputra is a wicked man—making you miserable when you are in this condition.'

'You don't know how good he is, Jal*aa.* But he is heart-broken since he failed to win Draupadi. All the elders in Hastinapur are against him. I am the only person upon whom he can vent his suppressed anger.'

'You are always finding fault with yourself. That is why Duryodhana treats you like a slave. But what was the cause for this outburst?' asked Jalandhar*aa.*

'Now that the Five Brothers have come, Aryaputra fears that he will be driven out of Hastinapur. You don't know how miserable his lot is, and for no fault of his. I can understand his moods; but what can I do to help him?'

'That is an old story. What made him so angry just now?' Jalandhar*aa* asked again.

'He asked me for a way out of his difficulties. I told him what I felt: to seek the help of Govind. That is why he got very angry. He abused me as if I was a harlot. And now he has asked me not to meet Govind when he comes here.' She broke down again.

'Why should you not? Brother Susharma told me that Krishna regards you as his younger sister,' said

'Why do you want his permission to meet V*aa*sudeva? Everyone meets him so freely. I saw it in Dhaumya's *ashram*.' Jalandhar*aa*.

'I was dying to meet him when he came to Hastinapur,' continued Bhanumati in a choking voice. 'I told you how he saved me once from what would have been a living death. He holds me in such affection.' She could not speak for a few moments. Jalandhar*aa* wiped her tears with the fringe of her own scarf.

Bhanumati continued: 'If it had been only a matter of my not seeing him, I would not have minded. But now I want to see him for the sake of Aryaputra himself. You know that Govind can work miracles. He brought the Five Brothers to life. He alone can save Aryaputra, but he does not want to be saved.'

Suddenly giddiness came over Bhanumati. She closed her eyes and leaned against her sister. 'As things are, Aryaputra will not rule in Hastinapur, nor my son will ever become the emperor of the Kurus.' She broke into sobs again. Her voice was that of a little girl in pain as she cried: 'Oh, Great God, have some mercy on me. I am so miserable. I would like to die, but how can I kill my innocent baby?'

For a brief moment, Jalandhar*aa* hesitated, but the pathetic sight of her sister crying in utter wretchedness was too much for her. She whispered into the ears of her sister: 'Don't worry, Bhanu. You let me know what you want to be conveyed to V*aa*sudeva. I will do it somehow.'

Bhanumati looked at Jalandhar*aa*, her beautiful face stained with tears

'Oh, if Aryaputra comes to know of it, he would kill me.'

'He won't come to know of it,' assured Jalandhar*aa*. 'Take heart. I would contrive to meet V*aa*sudeva somehow. If you like, I will arrange for you to meet him secretly.'

'No, no, no,' protested Bhanumati. 'I will not act contrary to Aryaputra's commands. But he has to be saved in spite of himself.'

'Don't you worry. I will do everything. But don't cry, please don't cry,' pleaded Jalandhar*aa*.

'Jalandhar*aa*, meet Govind when he is by himself and tell him: "Your little sister is thinking of you every moment of her life".' Her voice broke again. ' "She would have come to pay respects herself, but her lord has forbidden it". Beg of Govind to forgive Aryaputra for not allowing me to meet him.'

'I am sure V*aa*sudeva will understand your difficulty,' said Jalandhar*aa*. 'I have not talked to him, but Susharma says he has scarcely met so generous a man.'

'Oh, he is wonderful!' exclaimed Bhanumati, her eyes full of devotion. 'Jal*aa*, please meet him and tell him: "Govind, you have conferred favour after favour on your unfortunate sister. She hesitates to ask one more favour from you; this will be the last time she will ever ask you to grant one: let Aryaputra rule in Hastinapur and my son, when his time comes, sit on the throne of the Kurus".'

Jalandhar*aa*, blissfully unaware of the intrigues which were going on in the palace at Hastinapur, asked: 'But why should anyone prevent him from ruling over Hastinapur?'

'You don't understand, Jal*aa*,' said Bhanumati. 'Strange things happen in Hastinapur. Govind alone can help him and no one else.'

'I don't care to understand these things. Life is too precious to be wasted in intrigues. I hate them,' said Jalandhar*aa*, again wiping the tears of Bhanumati with the fringe of her scarf. 'However, I shall do what you tell me to.'

'Swear to me by our venerable father that you will convey this message to Govind when he comes.'

'By our father, I swear,' replied Jalandhar*aa*.

In view of Bhanumati's condition, she was sharing a bedroom between them, Rekhaa sleeping on the ground near the door.

In order to cheer her sister, she talked of their parents and friends, of the happenings at Kampilya and the adventure she had at Utkochaka till it was time to retire.

After Bhanumati went to sleep, Jalandhar*aa* thought of the strange situation in which she found herself.

On the impulse of the moment, she had promised her sister to convey her message to Krishna without anyone knowing it. But how was that to be accomplished? How could she, a young, unmarried princess, who had never talked to Krishna, venture to meet him alone and talk to him confidentially? If it was discovered that she had gone by herself to meet Krishna V*aa*sudeva secretly, it would mean a scandal which would rock the whole of Aryavarta. The suspicious Duryodhana, if he came to know of it, would not spare Bhanumati for going against his wishes.

Jalandhar*aa* did not understand the full implications of the message conveyed by her sister. She lived in a joyous world of her own, endowed as she was with a sunny temperament and an unbounded zest for life. All the intrigues which were going on in the royal palace of Hastinapur had passed her by. She could not understand why Duryodhana was so unhappy. She only felt that it was very cruel of Duryodhana to ask Bhanumati not to meet Krishna V*aa*sudeva whom everybody, from the highest to the lowest, met freely. However, she was determined to find a way to meet V*aa*sudeva alone and give him her sister's message.

She spent the whole night thinking about what to do. She was in a strange house, surrounded by servants who would not be loyal to her —all except Rekhaa, the foster-mother of Bhanumati, who had come with her from Kashi. She could not take her brother, Susharma, into confidence; he would prohibit her meeting Krishna; he stood in fear of Duryodhana.

She thought of approaching Krishna through Draupadi; but though she might help her to meet Krishna, she would not be able to keep it a secret from her husbands or mother-in-law and that would create difficulties for Bhanumati.

She thought and thought of what to do till her head began to ache. What about going to meet Krishna openly, as so many people did every day? But, even if she did so, there would be no possibility of meeting him alone.

Again and again she prayed to the

Divine Mother Parvati, the Spouse of the God of gods, to come to her help.

In the early hours of the morning, as she prayed, she fell asleep........

She dreamt of King Vrikodara....

He was carrying her in his arms. He was taking her far away where there was no Duryodhana and no intrigues ....She whispered in his ears: 'You sank the boats to meet me....to carry me to Dhaumya's *ashram*......'

She was trying to bite his ear.... Suddenly Vrikodara dropped her on ground and disappeared. All that she heard was the echoes of her own cheerful laughter.

She woke up with a start, her body glowing with the warmth of the dream. In a flash she found the solution. Her difficulties in the way of meeting Krishna had disappeared. King Vrikodara would help her to meet Krishna V*aa*sudeva secretly.

Then she shuddered. How could she meet King Vrikodara secretly? He was going to stay with his brothers, mother and Draupadi.

'Mother Mine, what would he think of me if I meet him by myself?' she asked herself. 'He would perhaps think that I am a shameless wanton, come to woo him. Anyhow, there is no point in looking too far ahead. How shall I meet him?'

She was puzzled. Then an idea struck her. 'Yes, that is the way to meet King Vrikodara,' she muttered to herself.

The prospect of meeting Bheema once again sent a thrill in her body. She got up from her bed, danced a step or two in the darkness to express her joy.

Bhanumati opened her eyes and asked: 'Jal*aa*, what are you doing?'

'Dancing.'

'Dancing in the dark?'

'Yes, I always dance in the dark,' said Jalandhar*aa*, laughing. 'Now go to sleep. Don't worry about me'.

'You are a mad girl,' said Bhanumati and turned her face to the wall and went to sleep.

Jalandhar*aa* lay down on her bed. The next moment she was asleep, a happy smile on her lips.

[*To be continued*]

I have seen and believe that God never appears to you in person, but in action which can only account for your deliverance in your darkest hour.

—Mahatma Gandhi

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BHAVAN'S
27TH FOUNDATION DAY CELEBRATIONS

(*By A Staff Reporter*)

EVERY year as the month of December approaches, the *elite* of Bombay with high expectation and enthusiasm look forward to the oncoming Foundation Day Celebrations of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan. For these celebrations every year present to them an unusual fare of intellectual delight and pure and pleasing entertainment.

This year too, starting from December 16, the celebrations held the stage in Bombay for 19 days with stimulating discussions and exquisite and joyful cultural performances.

This year too, several eminent persons of India's public life—all distinguished in their own spheres of work —came to the Bhavan to participate in this significant and popular annual event in the life of the city of Bombay.

The highlight of these celebrations was the Eighteenth Convocation of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, which was held on December 24—the Christmas eve—at the Bhavan's auditorium. Maharashtra's popular Governor H. E. Dr. P. V. Cherian, who is also one of the most reputed ENT surgeons of our country, delivered the Convocation Address.

On his arrival at the Bhavan, Dr. Cherian was received by Kulapati Munshi who introduced to the esteemed guest the Trustees and the members of the Executive Committee of the Bhavan. The Governor then went in ceremonial procession to the elegantly decorated dais of the Bhavan's Kanji Khetsey Auditorium.

The students of the Bhavan's Sangit Shikshapith offered prayers and song "Jaya Jaya Vidya Bhavan Hamara"—the Sanga Gaan; after which Acharya T.A.V. Dikshitar offered Vedic Benediction in lucid Sanskrit.

Kulapati Munshi's Welcome Address

In his welcome address, Kulapati Munshi said:

I AM happy to welcome you all on this occasion of the 18th Convocation of the Bhavan which has now entered into its 27th year. I am particularly indebted to Your Excellency and Smt. Cherian for accepting our invitation. You are no strangers to us. You have been associated with the Madras Kendra of the Bhavan so far, and I am sure I echo the sentiments of all of you that we are glad to welcome you here in our midst.

It has been the good fortune of the Bhavan that, like you, all your predecessors in office had encouraged us with their friendship.

During this year we have lost two friends of the Bhavan. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, whose death we all deeply mourn, took a keen interest in the affairs of the Bhavan since its inception. I can never forget the occasion when, in spite of ill-health, he came to inaugurate the Bhavan's Sardar Patel College of Engineering.

The other friend whom we have lost, Sri S. Anantharamakrishnan, a leading industrialist of Madras, whom Your Excellency knew well, had been one of the main pillars of the Bhavan. He had completely identified himself with the moral and spiritual values which the Bhavan seeks to represent. His premature death has been an irreparable loss to the Bhavan.

Since we last met, the Bhavan has undergone a rapid expansion. By next June, we would have added two more colleges to the four colleges which the Bhavan is running at present. Our Campus at Andheri is becoming more beautiful day after day —looks like a modern *Ashram*. When the sports course, now under construction, is completed, it will acquire a further attraction.

The College at Dakor is functioning very well. The Gujarat Kendra is setting up a College of Arts and Science and a home for the Bhavan at Ahmedabad on a prominent plot granted by the Government of Gujarat. The Bhavan has now acquired a home at Madras; as you know, the President was good enough to come to Madras to lay the foundation-stone of its new building. In Bangalore, the Government of Mysore has been pleased to grant a very attractive piece of lad for the Bhavan's Kendra there. The U.P. Government has promised to expedite the grant of land at Kanpur, already sanctioned, for constructing a home for the Bhavan there. Friends have been moving in Srinagar, Indore, Coimbatore, Hyderabad, Mauritius and other places to organize Kendras there. It has been decided to set up a department called the "Bhavan International" to consolidate our contacts abroad.

The Bhavan has now access to an increasing number of people in India and abroad. Our journals, the *Bhavan's Journal* in English, *Bharati* in Hindi, *Samarpan* in Gujarati, and *Samvid* in Sanskrit are making headway. The total circulation at its best has already touched the 75,000 mark. The Book University, the two-and-a-half rupee as well as one-rupee series, between them, have reached a sale of 1.25 lakhs copies during the year.

Ours are not merely magazines; through them every subscriber in a sense has become a member of the Bhavan's family, sharing the values for which it stands. To bring the friends of the Bhavan together, it has been decided to organize a category of "Bhavan's Associates".

45,000 students from all over the country appeared for our Sanskrit examination. About 1,000 students took part in the 91 one-Act plays in twelve languages during the Inter-Collegiate Dramatic Olympics.

The most satisfying feature of our activities has been that on Bhavan's platform have met outstanding men from all parts of India, regardless of their political, religious or any other affiliations.

You all know about the Bhavan, how it has grown, how it has been attracting loyal workers, how it has been gathering enthusiastic public support. Sometimes credit is given to me and to my colleagues and co-workers for its success, but I know the Truth: its success has been solely due to the Grace of God. In the words of Jaiminiya Upanishad, we can honestly say: "Thou art the doer thereof".

During the last twenty-six years, the Bhavan has striven to stand for Indian Culture in its fundamental aspects; for the supremacy of spiritual values; for universal Moral Order which yields not to hedonism; for Truth which is accord between mind, word and deed; for *tapas* which is purity of body and mind. Above all, it has striven—in a small measure—to restore confidence in faith, selflessness and sacrifice, without which life has neither meaning nor beauty.

Preaching these values is one thing; reading about them is another. What is really wanted is the translation of these values in actual life, maybe in an insignificant manner.

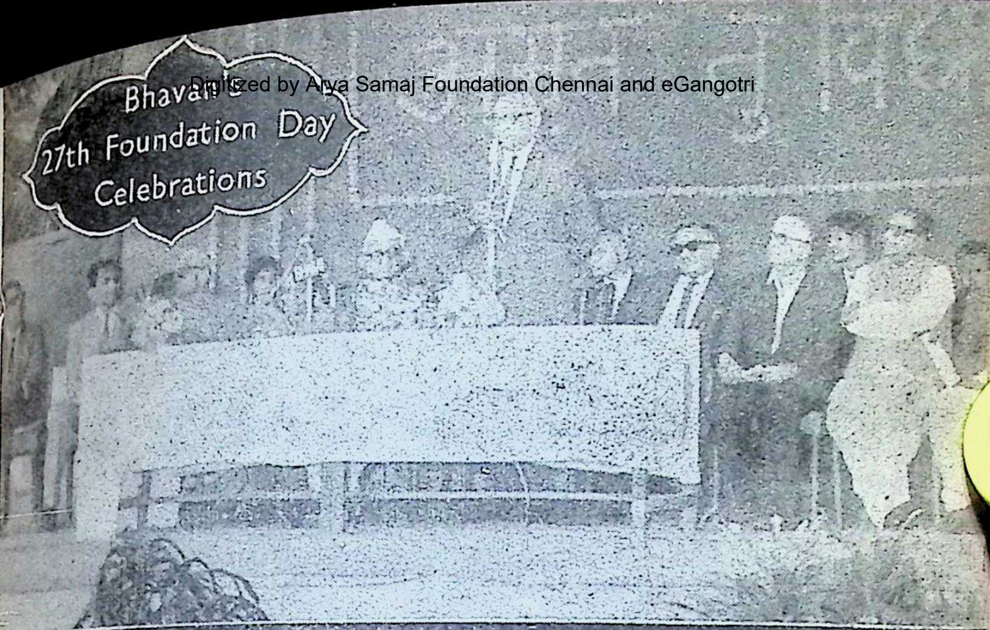
Curiously enough, religion in most countries is confined to reading, reciting or listening to Scriptures or performing rituals. However, it becomes a spiritual force only when their message is lived upto.

We must have clear idea as to what we are fighting against. We are fighting the moral anarchy wherever it is, in whatever shape it exists; for, it has engendered wars and revolutions, criminality and sexual irresponsibility. It has atomised the family, corrupted men and society and regimented thought and conduct.

This anarchy can only be fought if we can work for a modest spiritual revival which can only come through faith in God, acceptance of moral values as absolute and a life dedicated to higher purpose. It will mean the re-birth of the individual through prayer and love and the moral ennoblement of social and religious forms. To this end we must try—everyone of us—to practise the purge of the ego through the sanctity of the family life and the inviolability of the marriage tie on which the spiritual vitality of the individual and the society rests because of the creative power of unselfish love. This is what the *Bhagavad Gita* calls—कुलधर्मश्च शाश्वता: *kuladharmascha sasvatah.* Towards this end we should work, never forgetting the promise which the Lord has given: नमे भक्त: प्रणश्यति। *Those devoted to Me shall not fail.*

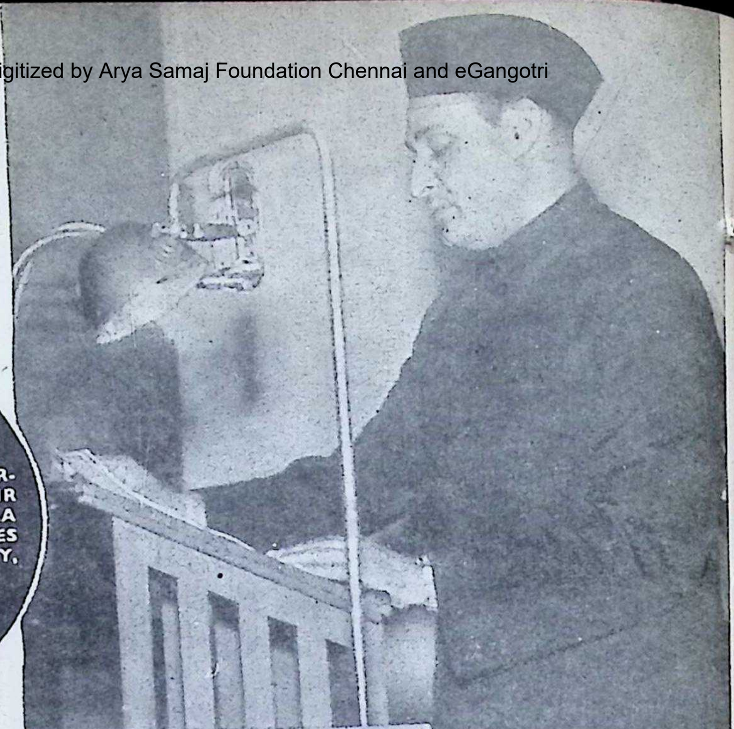
I take this opportunity to thank all the colleagues and friends of the Bhavan, whose help and work alone has made its existence possible.

Bhavan's 27th Foundation Day Celebrations



SRI H. M. PATEL, I.C.S. (RETD), WHO PRESIDED OVER THE ANNUAL DAY CELEBRATIONS OF BHAVAN'S ARTS AND SCIENCE COLLEGE IS SEEN ADDRESSING THE GATHERING.

KULAPATI MUNSHIJI SPEAKING AT THE ANNUAL DAY CELEBRATIONS OF THE BHAVAN'S SARDAR PATEL COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING. SRI LALCHAND HIRACHAND, CHAIRMAN, PREMIER AUTOMOBILES LTD, WAS THE CHIEF GUEST



R. KARAN SINGH, SADAR-
IYASAT, KASHMIR
LIVERED THE BIRLA
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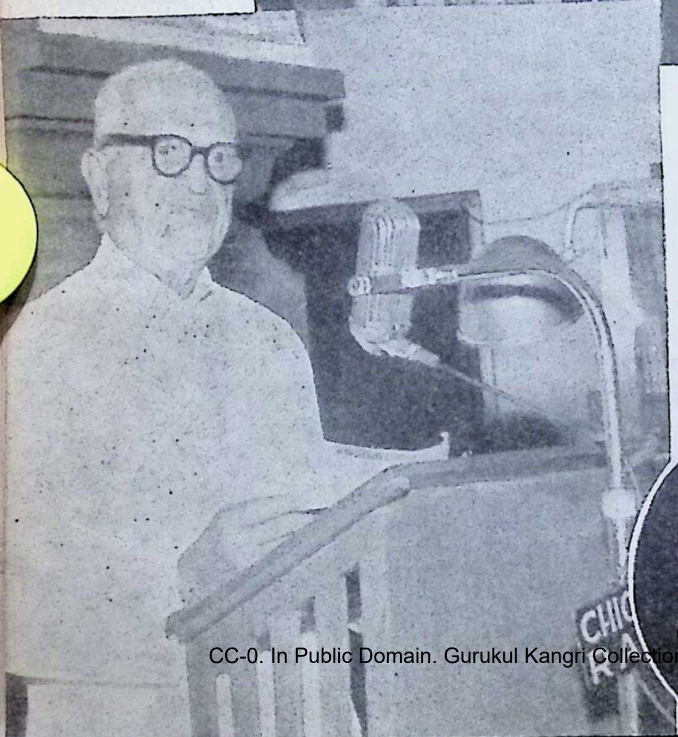
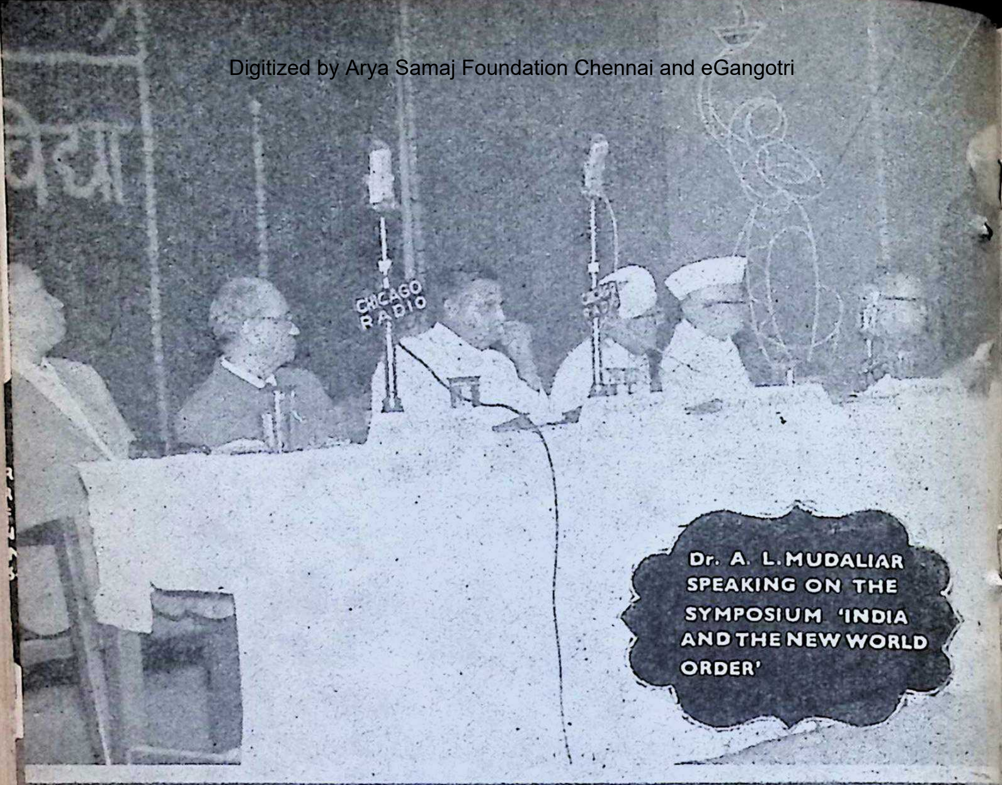
N INDIAN HISTORY,
64 SERIES.



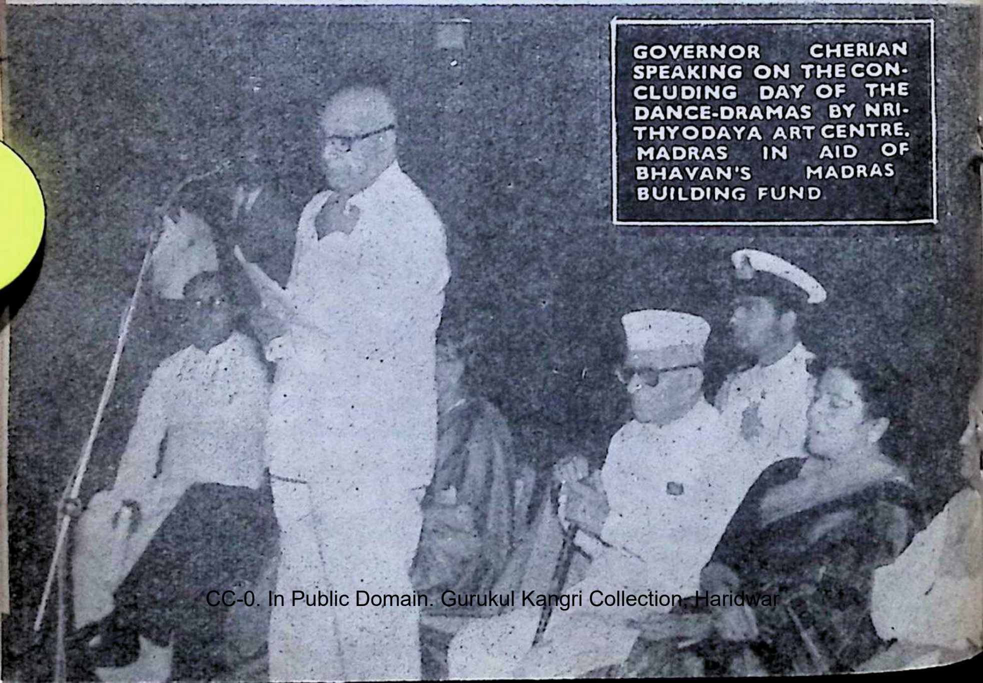
SRI M. C. SETALVAD, FORMER ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF INDIA, DELIVERED THE MUNSHI ENDOWMENT LECTURES ON INDIAN CULTURE, 1964 SERIES.

AT THE BHAVAN'S CONVOCATION, A BLIND STUDENT RECEIVING A DIPLOMA IN SHASTRIYA SANSKRIT EXAMINATIONS FROM THE GOVERNOR.

SMT. LAKSHMI PADMANABHAN, WHO STOOD FIRST IN THE JOURNALISM DIPLOMA EXAMINATIONS 1964, RECEIVING CERTIFICATE FROM DR. A. LAKSHMANASWAMI MUDALIAR



Dr. A. L. MUDALIAR SPEAKING ON THE SYMPOSIUM 'INDIA AND THE NEW WORLD ORDER'



GOVERNOR CHERIAN SPEAKING ON THE CONCLUDING DAY OF THE DANCE-DRAMAS BY NRITHYODAYA ART CENTRE, MADRAS IN AID OF BHAVAN'S MADRAS BUILDING FUND

ANNUAL REPORT

Sri S. G. Nevatia, Hon. Secretary of the Bhavan, then read the Bhavan's Report for the year which briefly recounted the progress of the Bhavan during the year. Here are the highlights of the Bhavan's activities during the year as presented by the Report:

- Foundation-stone laying ceremony by Rashtrapati Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, President of India, of the new building for Bhavan's Madras Kendra.
- Allotment by the Government of Gujarat of a plot of land admeasuring 5,083 sq. yards in a prominent locality in Ahmedabad and Khat Muhurt performed by Sri Morarji Desai of Bhavan's Patel Jethalal Amratlal Sabhagriha at Ahmedabad.
- Allotment by the Government of Mysore of a plot of land admeasuring 2,000 sq. yards in a prominent locality in Bangalore for putting up a building for Bhavan's Bangalore Kendra.
- Allotment by the Government of Uttar Pradesh of a plot of land admeasuring 8,700 sq. yards for putting up a building for Bhavan's Kanpur Kendra.
- Offer of a donation in the shape of a building by Sri Navnitlal Ranchhodlal, Ahmedabad, for starting of the 15-lakh scheme of an Arts & Science College at Ahmedabad from June 1965.
- Offer of a donation of Rs. 4 lakhs by Sri G. D. Somani, Bombay, for starting of the 15-lakh scheme of an Arts & Science College at Chowpatty, from June 1965.
- Donation of Rs. 2 lakhs by Sri Girdharilal Mehta, Calcutta, in addition to his earlier donation of Rs. 5 lakhs for extension of the Bhavan's activities.
- Donations to the Bhavan's Library of collections of books and periodicals numbering about 1500 by two donors —Sri Shantilal Hiralal Shah and Sri C. B. Motiwala.
- Starting of the Bhavan's International Department to maintain and develop Bhavan's contacts in different parts of the world.
- Award to the Bhavan's Department of Printing (Associated Advertisers & Printers) of the First Prize by the Government of India under the Ninth State Awards for Excellence in Printing and Designing for periodicals in Indian languages.
- Starting of a new periodical in Sanskrit entitled "Samvid".
- Arrangements for starting of a Bhavan's Kendra in Kashmir.
- Arrangements for starting of a Bhavan's Kendra in Mauritius (Africa).
- Starting of Samskritik Vikas Yatra Department to foster a sense of unity and national integration among people by generating in the minds of the participants love for India's ancient traditions and appreciation of contemporary efforts towards development and progress.
- Inauguration of the "Samskriti Vichara Samiti"—a discussion group of persons interested in the study and promotion of the higher values of life.
- Inauguration of the Rifle Range in the Bhavan's College Campus at Andheri.
- Organising of a Flower Arrangement Show and a Garden-*cum*-Flower Show in collaboration with the Bom-

bay Agri-Horticultural Society.

- Starting of "Balbodh" Examinations in Sanskrit for children and publication of necessary text books thereof.
- Institution of Sri Pruthvish Narayạndas Killawala Prize to be awarded to three best students in Electrical Engineering.
- Instituting of a new class of Bhavan's Associate Membership with a view to broadbasing the work of the Bhavan on a country-wide scale.

The Report also mentioned the swift advances made by the Bhavan in its existing fields of activities.

The Governor then gave away diplomas, medals and prizes to the students of various colleges and academies of the Bhavan, and he released the following books:

GENERAL SERIES:

Tapaswini or The Lure of Power (a novel in English) by K. M. Munshi.

BOOK UNIVERSITY SERIES:

Our Human Heritage by S. R. Sharma.

ONE RUPEE SERIES:

The Pathless Path by Swami Ramdas.

Tukaram's Teachings by S. R. Sharma.

Pageant of Great Lives. Series I, II, and III by several contributors.

Acharya T. A. Venkateswara Dikshitar, Principal, Bhavan's Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya, then conducted Upanishadic Exhortations.

The Governor amidst all-round applause, rose to deliver his Convocation Address which clearly revealed his depth of learning, his firm grasp over the burning problems of the day and his profound concern and solicitude to find effective answers to meet those challenges. (The full text of Dr. Cherian's Convocation Address is published elsewhere in this issue as an article.)

Dr. Karan Singh's Lectures

Earlier on December 18, Kulapati Munshi inaugurated the series of three lectures on "The Post-Independence Generation: Challenge and Response" under the Bhavan's annual Birla Endowment Lectures on Indian History which were delivered this year by Dr. Karan Singh, Sadar-i-Riyasat of Kashmir. It was a pleasure to hear the youthful statesman-scholar expound his thesis in an eloquent manner.

In his first lecture on "The Inheritance" presided over by Kulapati Munshi, Dr. Karan Singh recounted the varied strands of the great legacy inherited by the post-Independence generation of India from the Freedom Movement, culminating in Gandhiji's concept of Satyagraha to Nehru's passionate commitment of democracy, secularism and planning.

Dr. Karan Singh recalled the legacy left by the zeal and dedication of Hindu Reformers, the constitutionalism and legalism of the moderates, the spiritual nationalism and extreme ideology of the radical which hastened freedom, and the deep, abiding and many-faceted British impact through administrative centralisation and political unification. He paid glowing tributes to the galaxy of national and spiritual leaders who helped accelerate the move towards independence.

He also recalled the great trauma of partition which "vivisected the subcontinent, caused the death and ruin of millions of our countrymen and left wounds in our national consciousness so deep that their effects continue to be felt even today." He concluded: "Thus the post-independence generation inherited a situation which was at once forbidding and hopeful, fraught with difficulty and yet pulsating with opportunity."

Dr. Karan Singh's second lecture was on "The Challenge" facing the post-Independence generation. Sri S. K. Patil, Union Minister for Railways presided.

In his lecture, Dr. Karan Singh referred to the fundamental issues—political integration, economic prosperity, social progress and spiritual dynamism—facing the people in building up a free and democratic India. Stating that ours was a comprehensive, written Constitution based firmly upon respect for individual freedom and deep commitment to democratic practice, Dr. Karan Singh added: "But it can never be stressed too much that we cannot take a democracy for granted merely because it is enshrined in our Constitution. Democracy is still a delicate sapling that has constantly to be nurtured and strengthened if it is to take firm roots and grow into a towering tree giving shade and sustenance to our vast millions."

Asking young men and women to be on guard against the fissiparous tendencies which were an unhealthy feature of the long history of this country, the Sadar-i-Riyasat said: "If our democracy is to survive we must forge a national unity strong enough to override all smaller considerations and lesser loyalties."

He also presented a lucid exposition of the challenges in economic, social and spiritual spheres that face the post-Independence generation.

In his presidential remarks, Sri Patil referred to the lack of "understanding by the leadership at the centre and the states of the mood of the present generation."

On December 20, Dr. Karan Singh delivered his third and last lecture "The Response" in which he presented his own views about how best the post-Independence generation could meet the challenges it faced. And as this (young) writer sat listening to the words of wisdom coming out from the gifted tongue of this young scholar he could not help being overwhelmed by the feeling that here was one who was setting forth most explicitly almost all the ideals and principles for which the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan stood!

What kind of ideology India's young generation should have? It could only be "a spiritually based ideology"—firmly rooted in the nation's past wisdom and at the same time progressive, adventurous and forward-looking, said Dr. Karan Singh. He maintained that the young generation could ill-afford to reject our cultural roots and our spiritual heritage or, give up these eternal principles that had come down to them from the very dawn of this

[*Continued on p. 54*]

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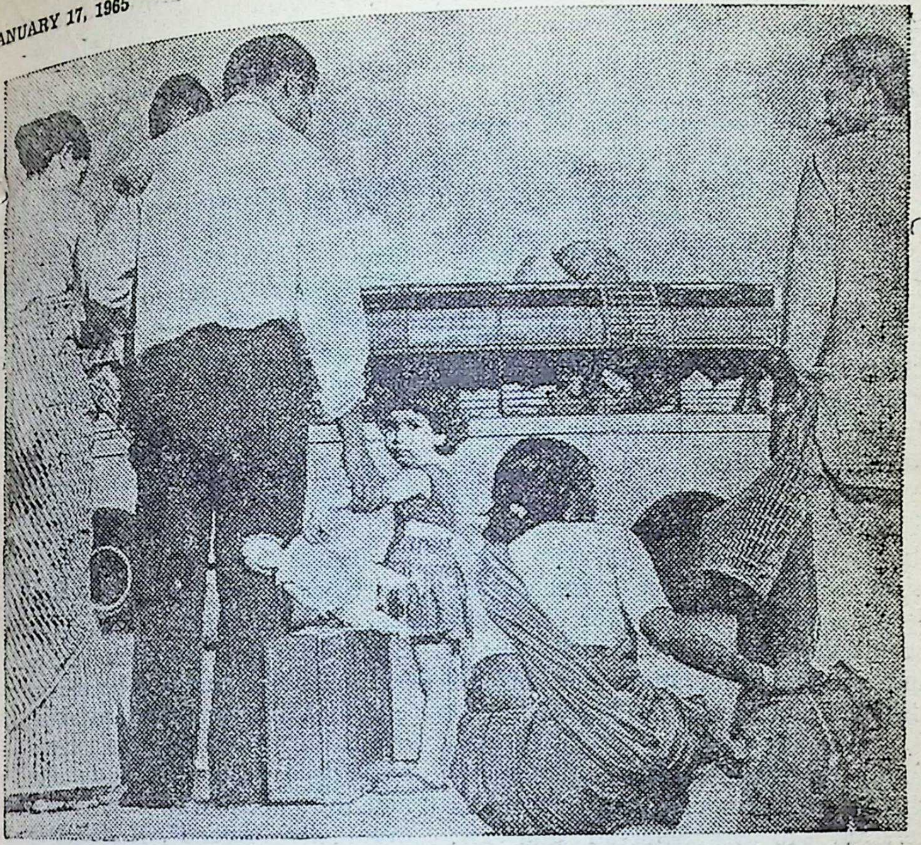

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civilisation. "If we do so, we will drift rudderless in a miasma of doubt and change, with no compass to point out to us the direction in which we should proceed," he said.

Sri U.N. Dhebar, Chairman, Khadi and Village Industries Commission, presided over the last lecture.

Sri M. C. Setalvad's Lectures

On December 21, 22 and 23, Sri M. C. Setalvad, former Attorney-General of India, who in the words of Dr. Munshi "is the legal conscience of India", delivered three lectures on "The Inter-Relation of Culture and Law", "Law and Culture in Ancient India" and "Law and Culture in Modern India" under the annual Munshi Endowment Lectures on Indian Culture. Pregnant with great significance and telling message, the lectures were marked by the profound scholarship, rare rationality, sharp intellect and solid attainment of the distinguished speaker.

This series was inaugurated by Dr. P. V. Cherian, Governor of Maharashtra, who in his presidential remarks referred to Sri Setalvad and Dr. Munshi as "two of the very great sons of India" and said that these endowment lectures were an important occasion in the cultural and academic life of this country.

Sri Setalvad in his first lecture stressed the need to maintain "a delicate and continuously adjusted equilibrium" between law and cultural values of society. Although law had a definite place as an agent of social evolution, Sri Setalvad said, it could play only a limited part in reshaping society. It might not always follow society like an obedient servant, but it could neither act like its master.

The main functions of law in a society, said Sri Setalvad, were to preserve stability and to ensure society against disorder. In fulfilling these tasks, law must always be prepared to "pay heed to social change and match with it."

Describing culture as "the totality of the basic impulses of the social conscience", the learned speaker said that law in relation to society could be described as the "bundle of rules and regulations laid down for the functioning of the society."

Sri Setalvad asked legislators of countries like India to be the conscience of the "changed patterns and norms of social life creating an increasing gap between the facts of life and the law to which the latter must eventually respond", if democracy is to prosper.

In his second lecture over which Kulapati Munshi presided, Sri Setalvad said that Ancient India could not have reached her grandeur and made spectacular advances in art, literature and philosophy but for the vision and learning of the great Indian law-givers who were also the builders of society.

He stressed the part played by the great *smritikar* sages and learned commentators in adapting the law to the changing needs. The changes they made were often in advance of social views and were helpful in building new traditions and practices in the community.

In his third and last lecture, he said that the Indian Constitution was itself a fundamental law, "the law which provides the manner of making ordinary laws and the purposes of which they may be made." Its impact, he said, on the lives and habits of the nation had been far-reaching and deep-rooted.

Sri Setalvad said that the Federal Constitution given to the country had an orienting effect for better or worse on vast masses of population. The Indian Provinces under the Government of India Act, 1935 were never self-governing or sovereign units. They were in no sense independent states. In this connection, Sri Setalvad gave a solemn warning against the fissiparous tendencies slowly coming up the surface. He said: "The citizens of this unit have begun to think of the language, the development and the industries of these units not infrequently in a manner opposed to the growth, homogeneity and the stability of the nation. So far as this process advanced that some citizens of these units have begun to think of seceding from the generation itself."

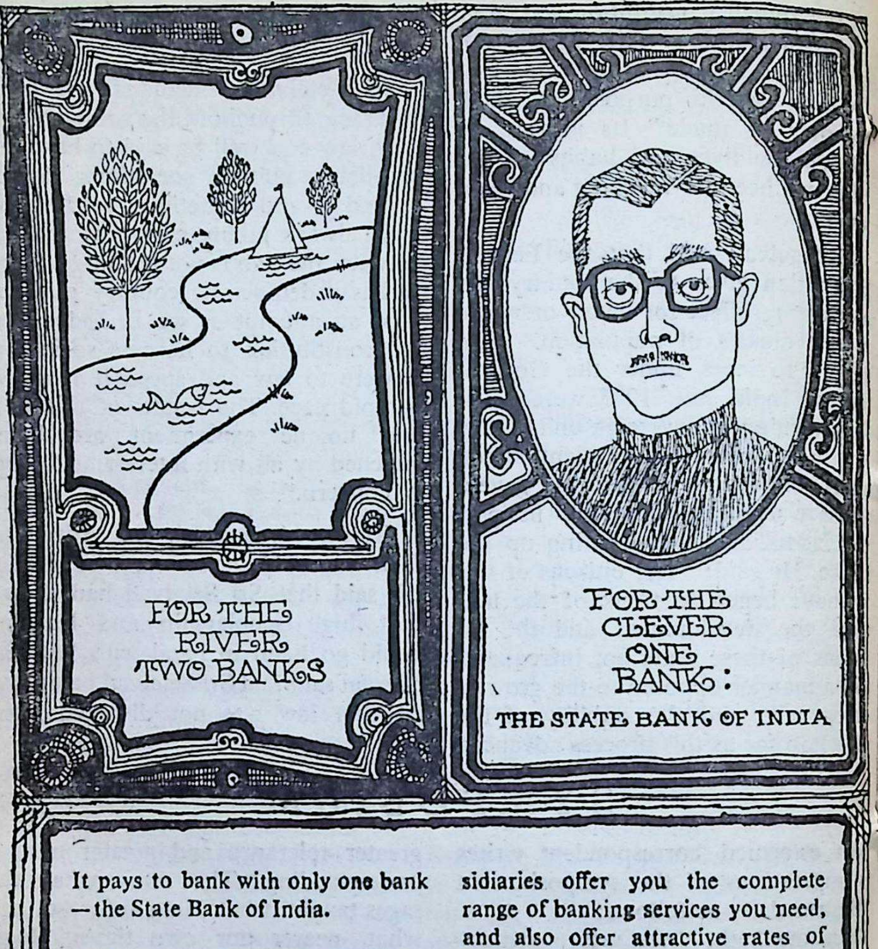
Sri Setalvad concluded: "Broadly speaking, throughout the course of history, law can well be said to have run parallel to culture, sometimes lagging behind it and sometimes leading the way, always taking care that the gap between the two is not too large. Rarely has a democratic country made so bold an attempt as we in India after the constitution to harness society as it were to law and speed it along at a rapid pace. The results of this bold and unique experiment are being watched by all with interest and deeply concern."

Sri H. M. Seervai, the Advocate-General of Maharashtra, who presided, said that Sri Setalvad had shown that high scholarship and learning could go hand in hand with law. Sri Seervai said that Sri Setalvad had proved that law was not divorced from life.

SYMPOSIUM

An esteemed correspondent writes his impressions of the symposium in a Madras daily as follows:

"On the 26th, there was a symposium on 'India and the New World Order.' Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar "bounced the ball" and did it expertly. He set the tone of the proceedings. He is an unabashed believer in the ancient wisdom of India, on which he always draws copiously to support his theses. Like the rest of the speakers, he was alive to the malady which afflicts the world and pleaded for greater tolerance and greater mutual understanding. That was what the sages taught, what Plato enforced, and what, nearer our own times, Hegel stood for, Hegel who has been wrongly regarded as the father of Marxism. Democracy, by itself, cannot do the trick, it did not in ancient Greece, where it was built on a basis of slavery, nor could it, he implied, at the present day, where it was bedevilled by other forces. He gave his thesis a modern slant by invoking Tennyson, who foresaw what the future held and



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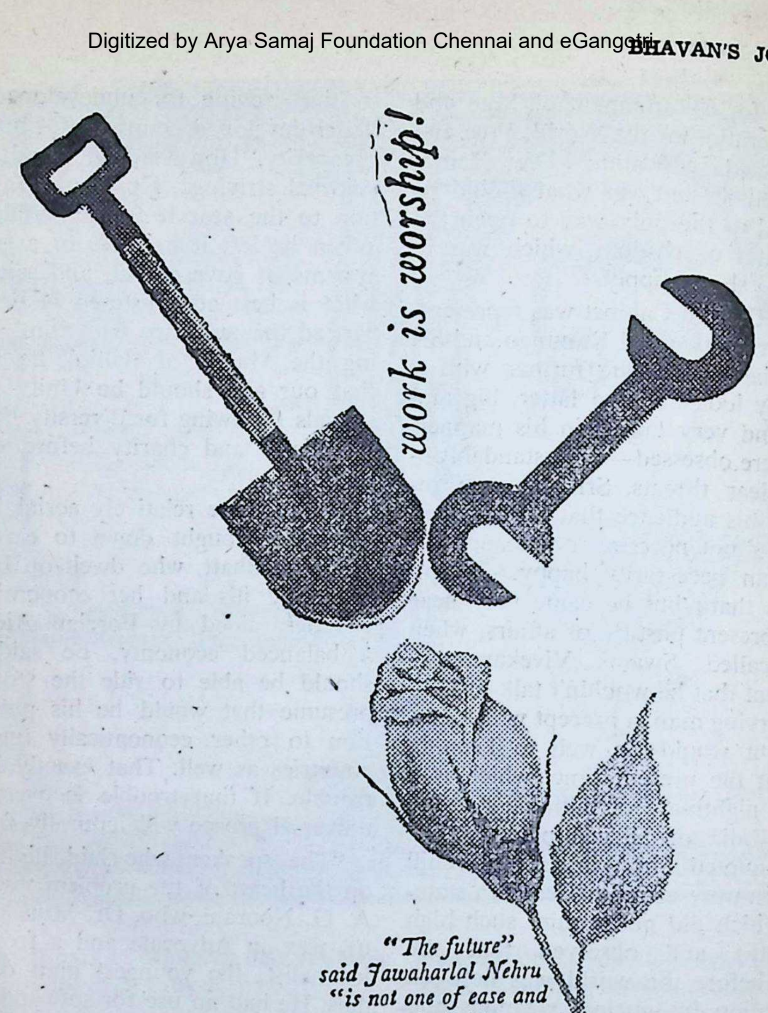
pleaded for a Parliament of Man and the Federation of the World. Free and unrestricted education Dr. Ramaswami Aiyar said was what should be provided as the only way to open the flood-gates of wisdom, which was in woefully short supply.

"The Central Cabinet was represented by Sri Nityanand Kanungo and Sri Jaisukhlal Hathi, the former with a far-away look and the latter, big and burly and very taking in his manner. Both were obsessed—understandably—by nuclear threats. Sri Kanungo reminded his audience that an educated man was not necessarily wise nor the rich man necessarily happy. Pretty obvious that; but he came very near to the present posture of affairs, when he recalled Swami Vivekananda's statement that he wouldn't talk of God to a starving man, a precept which Government would do well to keep in mind at the present time, which is a regular nightmare of millions starving in an India of alleged plenty. Mr. Hathi quoted Sir Winston Churchill that men were afraid of death (a statement which did not require such high authority) and observed that the choice before the world was between annihilation by nuclear weapons and a concerted endeavour for peace. He pressed into service the Upanishadic prayer, by teacher and pupil jointly that they should co-operate to acquire knowledge and to avoid mutual hatred, to enforce his point that all the world should strive jointly for peace and tolerance.

Dr. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar conveyed the greetings of the Madras *kendra* to the Bhavan and diagnosed our current ills as being largely due to the craving for undeveloped and under-developed countries for material prosperity. However, he pleaded for spiritual strivings, I presume, in addition to the search for material gain. When he left it to fools to argue on systems of government, and said that what is best administered is best, he carried the audience with him. Quoting the Master of Balliol, he added that our aim should be Unity in essentials (allowing for diversity in non-essentials) and charity before everything.

"From these relatively aerial flights we were brought down to earth by Sri R. S. Bhatt, who dwelt on India's economic ills and her economic recoveries, aided by Foreign Aid. By a balanced economy, he said, we should be able to ride the storm. I presume that would be his prescription to other economically unstable countries as well. That exactly is the trouble. If that trouble is overcome, universal preace will naturally follow.

"The speaker who laid his finger on the heart of the problem was Mr. A. G. Noorani, who, Dr. Munshi told us, was an Advocate and a freelance journalist, the youngest man on the dais. He had no use for soft and comforting phrases, they lead nowhere. If India were to play a vital *role* in the New Order, she should be an India which has the respect of the world. That, unfortunately, is not the position she occupies at the moment. We extend the hand of friendship to Africa, it is not taken. We have to recover lost ground, and that we can do only if we are powerful. We should be powerful all along the line. Our armed forces should be strong and no


work is worship!
"The future"
said Jawaharlal Nehru
"is not one of ease and
resting but of incessant
striving". Let us, then, pay homage to his great soul by
dedicating ourselves to work and produce more for the nation's
prosperity.
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efforts should be spared to make them strong. His speech, downright and plain-spoken, recalled to my mind Pallas Athene's promise of the gift of Power, to Paris, the shepherd lad, who had been called to judge of gods, and the way to it, which lay through self-reverence, self-knowledge and self-control. They would enable us to live by the law, which was also what Dr. Ramaswami Aiyar stressed as a necessary ingredient of a good world order.

"Dr. Munshi wound up the proceedings by a brief and clear analysis of the current posture of international affairs. He was in substantial agreement with Sri Noorani; he had no use for non-alignment which he considered unmitigated nonsense. Dr. Munshi is a live-wire; he sets people thinking.

"When I left the hall, I came away with the feeling that the Bhavan was doing a really good job of work, for which all India should be grateful."

TO READERS

The full text of the lectures delivered by Dr. Karan Singh, Sri M. C. Setalvad and the participants in the Symposium will soon be published by the Bhavan in book form.

—Ed.

College of Journalism, Advertising & Ptg.

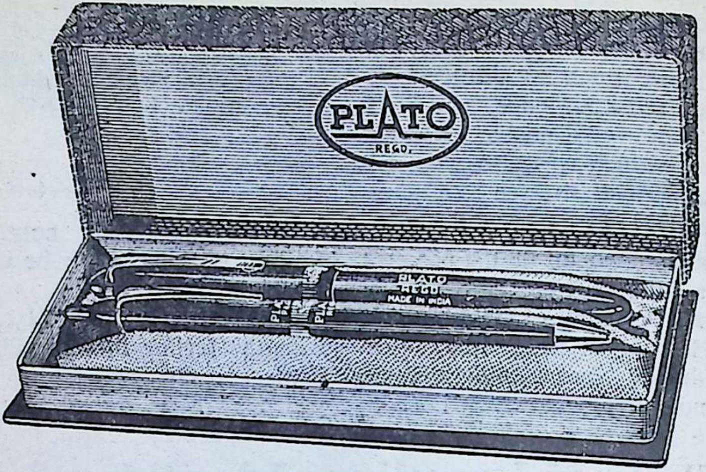
On December 27, the 2nd Annual Day and Diploma Awarding Function of the Bhavan's College of Journalism, Advertising & Printing was celebrated at the Bhavan's Gita Mandir. Dr. A. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar was the Chief Guest. Sri R. R. Diwakar and Justice Sri J. M. Shelat were also present.

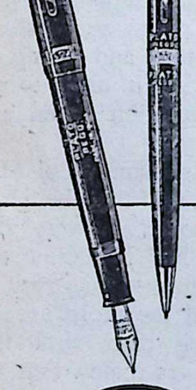
Kulapati Munshi welcomed the distinguished guests and expressed his satisfaction at the progress made by the College during the year. He was happy that students from almost all the states of India and abroad came to study at the College.

Principal Joseph John then read out the Report for the year 1963-64, in which he described the steady progress maintained by the College during the year. He thanked the Board of Advisers, the city newspapers, information agencies, advertising firms, marketing and printing establishments "for the hearty co-operation which all of them have extended to us during the year by sharing the services of their top staff, providing facilities for practical training, supporting the effort with medals, prizes and cash awards, sending literature and giving help in many other ways in order to promote mass communication media and arts in our country".

Dr. A. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar, in his address, said that though journalism was a noble and very attractive profession it had its limitations, and as its power misuse was very dangerous it was all the more necessary to provide young man with thorough training. He was happy that the College was doing that in a commendable way.

He said that political authorities would always like to have some sort of hold over the Press and the recent events in some of the neighbouring





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countries was a pointer to all journalists to be always on guard against the tendency.

Dr. Mudaliar said that in these hectic days there was very little time at the disposal of the readers and hence they preferred to read journals rather than the books. Therefore the journalists should face their tasks in a very fair and just way.

Maintaining that Gandhiji was "the most noted journalist of all times" he said that there was none to beat him in exposing the ideas in a very fair and just manner.

Turning to the advertising profession, Dr. Mudaliar said that the value of good advertisements could have no lasting value if the products did not come up to the standards as claimed by the advertisements.

According to Dr. Mudaliar, Marketing and Public Relations were also of great importance and said that the Government would do well to give training to those whom it sent abroad as bad manners on their part often damage the image of our country. Printing too was of absolute importance and Dr. Mudaliar was very happy that the College gave systematic training in all these subjects.

Dr. Mudaliar then gave away the diplomas and prizes to successful students. Sri R. R. Diwakar proposed a vote of thanks.

In the evening, the Sugam Sangeet Unit of the Bhavan's Kala Kendra presented a delightful programme of Sugam Sangit where Justice Sri Shelat was the Chief Guest.

[To be concluded in the next issue]

FRUIT AND FLOWER SHOWS

The Bombay Agri-Horticultural Society jointly with the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan will organise two ambitious shows in January and February this year.

(1) The first one—fruit and flower arrangement show will be held at the Raj Bhavan on January 29, 30 and 31 and will be declared open by Smt. TARA CHERIAN.

(2) The second one—a garden-cum-vegetable and flower show will be held at the Bhavan's campus, Versova Road, Andheri on February 5, 6 and 7 and will be declared open by Dr. P. V. CHERIAN, Governor of Maharashtra.

Flowers from abroad are coming.

Like last year, attractive prizes will be offered to the winners.

Entries may be sent to the Hon. Secretaries, the Bombay Agri-Horticultural Society, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7.

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LALA LAJPAT RAI

A Short Life Sketch

> *"Nothing short of true* desh bhakti, *which consists in sacrificing the hankering after pelf and power in favour of the unremunerative yet important and divine task of working for the welfare of our countrymen, can save us.... Genuine and selfless devotion* (bhakti) *for our* desh *ought to be the* dharma, *the noble mission of life, of every one of us and in the service of our country we should spare neither money nor life."*

THESE exhilarating words are of Lala Lajpat Rai, the lion-hearted patriot of India, who cheerfully sacrificed his life fighting for the freedom of his motherland. A grateful nation celebrates this month the Birth Centenary of Lalaji with enthusiasm and in the spirit of thanksgiving.

Lajpat Rai was not merely a freedom fighter; he was a visionary of rare resoluteness and rectitude who left a lasting impress of his heart-warming ideals and outstanding work on the political, social, educational, religious and economic life of our country. Indeed, there was little of value or worth in Indian public life that he did not touch and improve with his all-pervading personality.

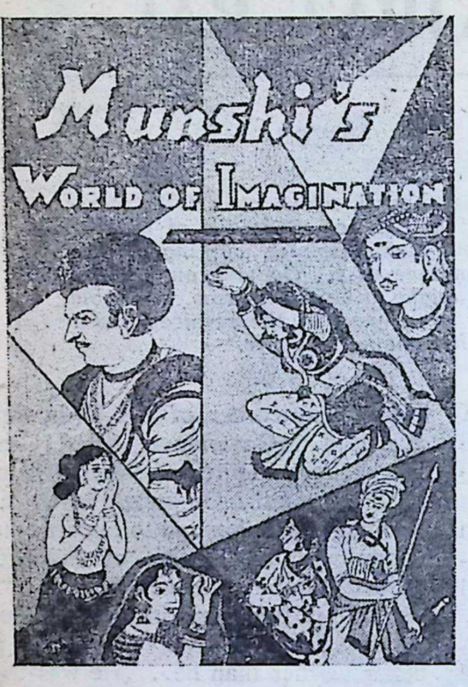
Gandhiji said of him: "It is impossible to think of a single public movement in which Lalaji was not to be found. His love of service was insatiable."

Lajpat Rai was born in January 28, 1865 in Jagraon, in the Ludhiana District of Punjab. His father Lala Radha Krishen, though not rich, was a highly cultured and spirited person. He was a teacher of the Urdu language in a Government School and was a great admirer of Swami Dayanand Saraswati. He greatly loved the teaching profession and to impart education was the mission of his life. Lajpat Rai once wrote of him: "I owe to my father my interest in education....I have never come across a better teacher than he....He was the idol of his pupils."

Lajpat Rai's mother was a devout and saintly lady. He was thus extremely fortunate in receiving from his parents a magnificent heritage of sound and noble virtues and right convictions. The grateful son once acknowledged this precious legacy in these words: "All that I am, I owe to my father and mother."

At school, Lajpat Rai was a fairly steady and intelligent student and used to participate in the discussions on religious and political subjects. Here, he acquired his passion for reading books which was one of the richest assets he possessed throughout his life.

He went to Lahore for higher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studies where he became a zealous worker of the Arya Samaj founded by Swami Dayanand Saraswati. Blessed with the gift of the gab he became a popular orator even at a very young age and a young leader of the Samaj. He wrote or translated biographies of the Italian patriots Mazzini and Garibaldi and a few great Indians.

Lalaji passed out of his final examination in Law in 1885 and set up practice in Hissar. Shifting his headquarters to Lahore in 1892, he established good law practice there. With trusted friends like Pt. Hans Raj and Pt. Guru Dutt he plunged heart and soul into the Arya Samaj Movement with fresh programmes of spiritual revival, social reconstruction and educational expansion.

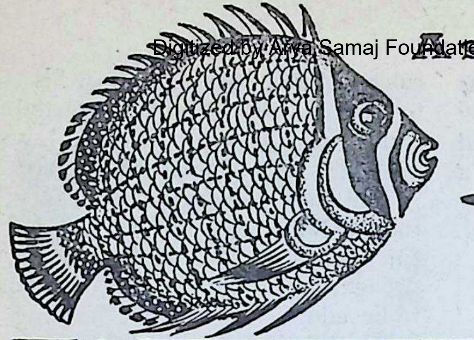
But the Samaj proved too small a sphere for his boundless energies and soon he turned his mind towards the Indian National Congress. He attended its annual session for the first time in 1888 and forthwith became an active member and a rapidly rising young leader of the Congress.

In 1901, in the evidence he gave to the Famine Commission, he shattered many illusions in high government circles. At the devastating earthquake of Kangra in 1905, Lajpat Rai splendidly rose to the occasion and as the Secretary of Famine Relief Committee he rendered memorable service to the grief-stricken people.

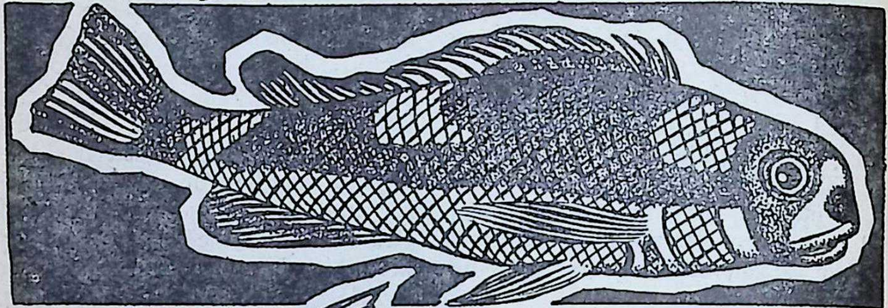
In 1907, the Congress sent him along with Gokhale to England to acquaint the British public on the plight of the Indian people. With force and grace in his conversation and power of his pen, he succeeded in exposing the severity of the British ruler in India. As a result of his visit to England, his vision was greatly expanded and he learnt valuable lessons in politics and system of education.

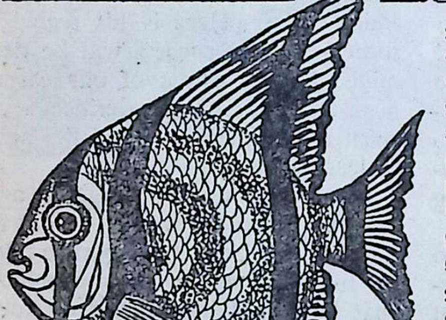
The historic Surat Session of the Indian National Congress saw Lalaji emerge as an outstanding leader of strength and skill. In the same year, while addressing a public meeting in Lyallpur he was arrested and deported to Mandalay, where he wrote his famous book "The Story of My Deportation." The first thing he did on release was to file a suit of defamation against an English newspaper for libel and he won. People's regard for him became so great that they elected him to the Lahore Municipality which he served with his characteristic efficiency. Success started trailing him. Here is his recipe for success: "Our success will be determined by the extent of our earnestness, the spirit of self-sacrifice....the spirit of self-denial....and the power to lead righteously."

Lajpat Rai went to England again in 1914, when the war broke out and he could not get his passport to return to India. There were also rumours that he would be arrested on return to India. So he went to the United States in self-imposed exile and for six years campaigned ceaselessly for the Indian cause. The warm understanding and encouragement he got from the freedom-loving American intellectuals, were due to righteousness of his crusade, courage of conviction and sincerity and excellence of character. Mr. Oswald Williard, the noted Editor of the "Nation", wrote of Lajpat Rai: "A wise, brave and sound ambassador, a generous



As Lovely as
Lights of Life





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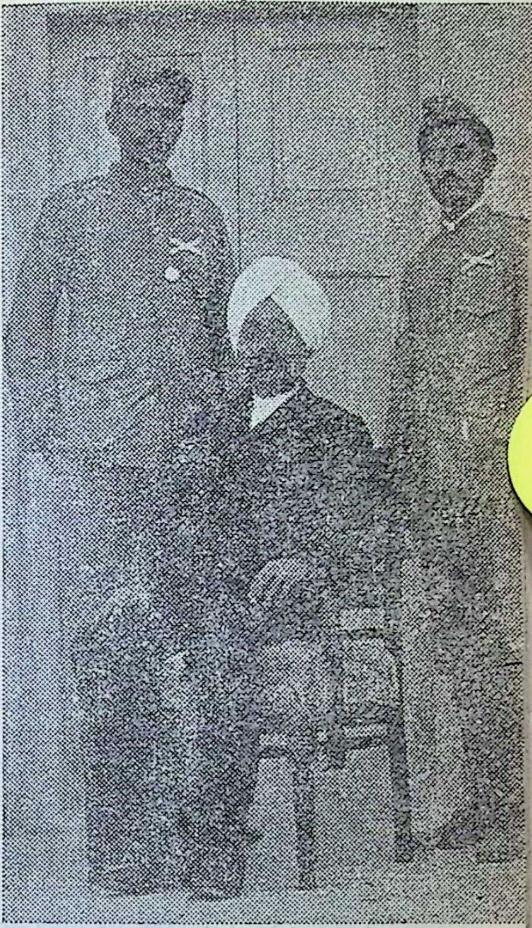
While in the U.S.A., Lajpat Rai wrote many books including "Arya Samaj", "Young India" and "England's Debt to India". In 1919, when he heard of the Jallianwalla Baugh massacre, his heart bled for the people of Punjab. He decided to return to India amidst dark tidings of arrest by Sir M. O'Dwyer, Governor of the Punjab Province, who had developed personal animosity against Lajpat Rai. The entire Indian nation had prepared a hero's welcome for him. Great charmer that he was, Lajpat Rai had made many friends in the U.S.A. who gave him a warm send-off.

Speaking at a farewell to Lalaji in the U.S., Dudley Malone, the then Assistant Secretary of State of the U.S.A., said: "My fellow citizens, I imagine no thought more valuable in its promulgation to the people of America today than the thought that if America is to preserve any of its freedom it must not only have a renaissance of freedom at home, but a rebirth of the spirit of freedom for people everywhere and tonight you have come together to say, I hope, brief farewell to a man wo loves his people and his country, and the freedom of his people and his country, who loves liberty above anything, and who, happily for them, is going back to them."

The thunderous roar "Lalaji is returning" arose throughout the country and it is said that the people of Punjab literally danced and wept with joy at the news of his return. And as soon as he turned up in India in 1920, he was elected the President of the Special Calcutta Session of the Congress where in his Presidential Address, he delivered the famous impeachment of Sir M. O'Dwyer, bringing 12 specific charges against him, producing unassailable evidence in support of each one of these charges. No one was better qualified or equip-



Lalaji with two volunteers.

ped for this task and even the most indifferent and heedless of the British bureaucrats had to lift their heads and take note of this new leader of the Congress.

And Lajpat Rai was nothing if not a born leader. He faithfully followed his own conception of true leadership: "A leader is one" he once wrote, "whose leadership satisfies and is effective, and who is ahead of those whom he seek to lead, who is fearless and courageous and, above all, whose distinterestedness is above suspicion."

When Lajpat Rai was engaged in the political struggle he never neglected the religious, social, educational or the economic side of the country. He was a devout Hindu and felt proud of that. His faith in his Creator and his religion was unflinching. His work for the Arya Samaj, which brought a grand renaissance of spirituality in India, was phenomenal. He believed that the fundamental task of a religion was the development of human personality. He once said: "The development of the individual soul and its attainment of spiritual beatitude must be the goal of all religions."

Lajpat Rai was a great social worker of Punjab. Whether it was organising famine relief work or conducting orphanages or collecting money for a good cause he was among the first and the most spirited workers to come forward.

Lajpat Rai's services in the field of education were singularly eminent. According to his own words: "Ever since I left school I have been actively associated with educational movements....The study of educational methods has been one of the passions of my life." His association with the Dayanand College of Lahore, the Anglo-Sanskrit college of Jullunder and all the Arya Samaj schools is well-known. He founded the National College of Lahore and the Tilak School of Politics. Lajpat Rai had formed definite ideas about education and it is indeed amazing to find them at this distance of time so agreeable and true. Like his father, Lajpat Rai's interest in education sprang from his love and faith in young men.

Lajpat Rai was a journalist too and he founded "Bande Mataram", an Urdu daily and the "People", an English weekly.

Even the subject of industrial development did not escape Lajpat Rai's attention. Besides being a Director of the Punjab National Bank, he was closely associated with the Laxmi Insurance Company and many cotton mills and presses in Punjab. He once wrote: "I want a better understanding of the economic needs and requirements of our country and a practical programme of industrial development based on scientific calculations."

In 1921, Lajpat Rai journeyed the whole of Punjab and in ten days collected 9 lakhs of rupees for the Tilak Swaraj Fund in those days.

In December of the same year, as he was presiding over a meeting of the Punjab Provincial Congress Committee, he was arrested and sentenced to one year of rigorous imprisonment but was released on grounds of ill-health. Soon after, he was elected to the Central Assembly.

Lajpat Rai was a great believer of Hindu-Muslim unity. He once said: "The unity of Hindus and Mohammedans is a great asset to our political future....We shall adopt it as the doctrine of our faith...We shall live in the country as brothers...We must adopt it as a first article of our political faith."

Lajpat Rai had great regard for Gandhiji. In an open letter to "Young Punjab" from the U. S. A. he wrote: "Mr. Gandhi is the best leader you have...Imbibe his spirit and follow his lead."

Speaking in Bombay in 1920, he said: "Where in the world shall we find another man equal in spirit, self-sacrifice and righteousness, equal to Mahatma Gandhi?....I challenge the whole world to produce another man like Mahatma Gandhi."

In 1928, the Simon Commission came to India and the cries of "Simon go back" filled the skies of the country. The agitation gathered momentum and generated great heat in Punjab. It was a time of trial and decision for Lajpat Rai. Honour pointed to the path of duty and he knew that his hour of fate had arrived.

One day, supremely unconcerned as he was about his own safety when faced with a test of his courage and leadership, this true and faithful son of Mother India was leading a procession of citizens in Lahore, when suddenly the police swooped on them and made a severe lathi-charge. Lalaji received heavy blows on his head and chest from which he never recovered. A few weeks later, this uncompromising and resolute warrior of India's freedom died as a result of those wounds on November 17, 1928. It was an act of supreme self-sacrifice even for the person whose very life was one single incessant struggle for the freedom and happiness of his countrymen.

LALAJI'S TESTAMENT

It is useless gloating over our past unless we can work out a future to be worthy of that past. We cannot exist on the bones of our forefathers.

If our motives are pure and lofty, if our weapons are those of high character, self-sacrifice and noble deeds, and if in our march onward we are guided by that single-minded devotion to duty which alone can bring success to our arms, we need fear no failure, no repulses, no mishaps.

Our opponents may employ all measures to defeat us, but in their heart of hearts they must respect us.

The harder the fight, the greater the opportunities of showing the strength which our forefathers have bequeathed to us.

Lala Lajpat Rai

"He does not die who falls in battle, fighting for freedom," wrote the late Rumanian Poet-Laureate Hirsto Botev. And Gandhiji refused to believe that Lalaji was dead. He said: "Men like the Lala can not die so long as the sun shines in the sky." May Lalaji's example be a beacon unto us all.

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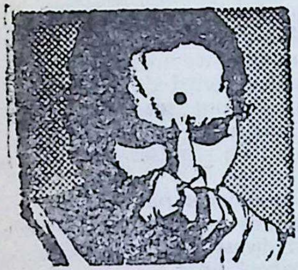

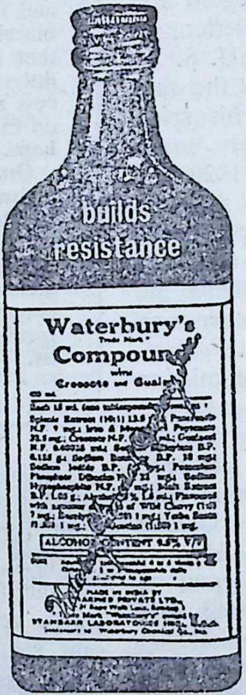
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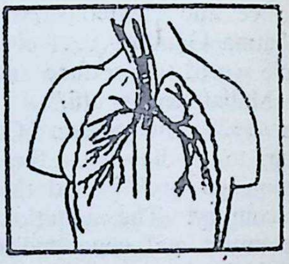

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President AYUB KHAN

C. V. R.

THE man of the year so far as Pakistan is concerned is President Ayub Khan who has scored a landslide victory in the Presidential race for his country. His victory after a hectic campaign has come as a surprise to many who were forecasting the triumph of Miss Fatima Jinnah, sister of the architect of Pakistan, who was set up as the opposition parties' candidate. Unless there are unexpected developments, Ayub Khan would be on the saddle for another five years.

Ayub's win is symbolic of the mood of Pakistan preferring stability and its present way of life to deviation to what may be called the democratic channel patterned on new lines.

A Pathan from the Frontier, (he was born at Abbottabad on May 14, 1907) President Ayub is tall, stately (6′ 2″ and 195 lbs) and forthright; he has sparkling gray eyes, a clipped mustache and an impeccable command of the English language. He short-circuited the then regime in a dramatic coup and became President on October 27, 1958. He combines in his commanding personality a statesman's quick grasp of problems with a soldier's agility of mind and action.

Educated at the Aligarh University, he received his initial military training at the Royal Military College at Sandhurst at the age of 19 and was commissioned in 1928. He served the Royal Fusiliers for a year and was posted to the First Battalion of the Fourteenth Punjab Regiment.

He saw a long spell of service during the Second World War during which he was posted to the Burma front. Before the end of the war, he became Commander of his Battalion when very few Command appointments were going to non-British officers.

Early in 1947 he was upgraded as Colonel and was appointed President of the Services Selection Board.

Soon after the birth of Pakistan, he was promoted to the rank of a Brigadier in command of a unit in Waziristan. He held that post till the troops were withdrawn from that area as a matter of general policy. He was thereafter drafted to command troops

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in East Pakistan and was promoted Major-General in December, 1948. In the middle of 1950, he was made Adjutant-General of the Pakistan Army. On January 17, 1951, he became the Army Chief of Pakistan. In that role, he re-organised and streamlined the troops, making it a hard-hitting force.

Two years later, now a General, he returned to England to attend the Imperial General Staff Conference of the Commonwealth. In 1954, he was appointed to the Pakistan Cabinet as the Minister of Defence from which he resigned in 1956. On October 7, 1958, General Ayub was named Supreme Commander and Chief Martial Law Administrator of Pakistan, and on the 27th became President, as mentioned earlier.

He has travelled widely and buttonholed many statesmen. He has also played host to visiting VIPs in Pakistan.

When he assumed power, he abrogated the Constitution and declared Martial Law. Later, he scrapped it and introduced what he called *'basic democracy'*. He has set the pace in Pakistan with sweeping reforms in her political, social and economic structure.

Besides diligence, two other notable qualities of his are the regularity of his habits on the parade ground and off it and his ability to win popularity. He is an early riser, usually at 6.30 a.m. and a driving worker, retiring at about 10 p.m. His chief luxury is a two-hour break after lunch. He is a light eater. He dislikes pomposity and prefers extempore speeches to carefully prepared texts.

He is a voracious reader of military history, international affairs and philosophy and is fond of literature. He has a great interest in comparative religion.

For relaxation, he plays golf, hunts and fishes. He was a good tennis player till he switched over to golf.

He is a crack-shot and while on a visit to Scotland surprised many Scottish lords who held a native belief that none could excel the Highland nobility in grouse shooting. Ayub bagged more grouse than any of them.

General Ayub is an affectionate family man. He has four sons and three daughters. India wishes him godspeed in his new term.

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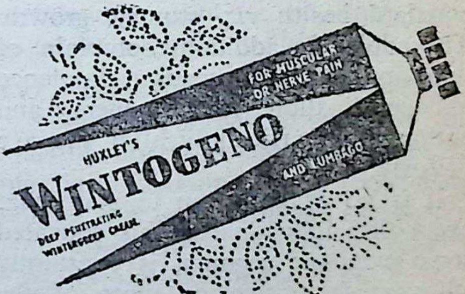
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FOOD

for the

MIDDLE-CLASS

Dr. V. N. Jai

WHILE the not-so-well-to-do families are victims of gross undernutrition, the middle-class can and does obtain foods which are collectively adequate in quantity to overcome hunger, satisfactory even in variety to placate the palate; yet, inadequate in quality to maintain an all-pervading feeling of well-being.

To illustrate, their children frequently suffer—not so much from specific malnutrition, as from overall subnutrition, resulting in poor resistance to infection, reduced endurance, lassitude and, in the long run, from substandard health *viz.* stunted growth. The adults, in addition, complain of poor appetite and dyspepsia, flatulence and constipation; lack of energy and enthusiasm, particularly after the age of forty.

It is no exaggeration to state that every fifth individual in this educated socio-economic segment is constantly suffering from two or more of the above variants of ill-health. In the foreseeable future, can we reduce the large-scale prevalence of this nutritional ill-health which reduces efficiency?

Yes; provided a part of our time and talent is earmarked for improving or rather maintaining robust health by an intelligent introspection of "what one EATS, OVEREATS or fails to EAT."

In the absence of perceptible malnutrition, as explained above, it needs the magnifying glass of enlightened self-interest to visualise clearly the almost imperceptible errors in our dietary habits. Let us attempt to study them.

(i) Cooking

"The less one tampers with food, the better it is for the system" is a maxim in nutrition. In historical parlour, man (or rather the woman!) took to cooking very recently. To facilitate digestion and absorption, the foodgrains (*viz.* the cereals and pulses) need to be boiled but why should the already ripened and succulent tomato be cooked into a vegetable? or sliced mango be fried into a savoury? Such processing is physiologically unnecessary and nutritionally unwise. This is equally true of several other vegetables, such as cabbage, carrot, etc.

Display of Nutritional meals: Bengali on the left, Gujarati on the right.

(ii) Salt and Spices

They impart flavour, improve taste and assist digestion, even if their contribution to the nutritional make-up of any diet is meagre. Daily, about 15 g. of common salt and a similar quantum of spices are considered more than adequate. Experience teaches us that consumption in excess of this reasonable quantity often interferes with health, though the direct ill-effects are difficult to establish. Individuals who are prone to high blood pressure, with advancing age, are advised to reduce salt intake. This should discourage us, right now, from loading practically any and every dish with salt, even before one develops a disturbing rise in blood pressure.

Abuse of spices irritates the stomach and other organs in a subtle manner; but the tendency to overeat, which spicy foods promote, is the obvious danger.

(iii) Sugars and Oils

This habit of overeating is facilitated by indulgence in highly refined and fried foods. The abundance of calories they provide, when not utilised for muscular activity, soon becomes overweight. It is necessary to realize that just 10 g. of additional carbohydrates represented by just over a teaspoonful of refined sugar per day, is enough to increase the body weight by 1 kg. at the end of just 8 months! This phenomenon of slow but steady rise in body weight—actually body fat—has been conclusively shown to be a physiological liability, though in the opinion of the "near and the dear," it is considered a sign of socio-economic prosperity!

Resistance to worry over trivial matters is a desirable trait in the modern world. Paradoxically enough, along with other factors just referred, worry tends to accentuate fat deposition from overweight to obesity!

Not many years ago, renowned life-insurance companies charged extra premia for the thin, not to the fat person as they do now. This reversal of fundamental policy is a recognition of overweight as an health hazard.

(iv) Beverages

Frequent drinking of tea, an understandable habit with the working class, continues to spread to the mental workers. Any time has become tea-time! With an adequate diet and full stomach, it is the *extra* teaspoonful of sugar, and not so much the *tannic* acid, that is potentially harmful.

The middle-class, on whom civilisation and urbanisation have conspired to impose a largely sedentary way of life, should awaken to the dangers inherent in the so-called innocuous sweetened beverages, whether the sweetening agent is an energy-rich sugar or a synthetic chemical.

(v) Food Additives

Recent experimental work on animals has made us aware of the possible harm accruing from foods containing not only artificial sweeteners, but also from synthetic colours, flavours and the like.

Shrikhand, a typical milk-sweet, is popular in Bombay and elsewhere. The *kesari* variety is purchased, particularly when guests are to be entertained. For the extra expenditure knowingly incurred, one stands to obtain, many a time, an artificial colour, simulating saffron (syn. *kesar*). Isn't it an example of self-deception? For it is knowingly consuming a seemingly innocuous synthetic additive.

Modern food research advances rapidly; and any permitted food additive of the day, may be declared non-permissible, to-morrow.

In the long run, the consequence of overindulgence in salt and spices, starches and sugars, oils and fats, stimulating drinks and sweetened beverages, refined and processed foods, is doing irreparable damage to the system. Unfortunately the sum-total of ill-effects is not an easily detectable disease amenable to allopathic remedies; long-range naturopathic therapy may sometimes be effective in eliminating the cumulative poison.

(vi) Better Nutrition

Let me now turn to a practical approach to remedy dietary errors. Influenced by religious beliefs and beset by social customs, many of us have not yet arrived at a satisfactory diet. Many of the middle-aged persons have no objection to take fleshy foods outside their homes; in fact they relish the latter. This tendency considerably affects our age-old faith in the adequacy of a well-planned lacto-vegetarian diet.

Sir M. McCarrison, Father of Nutrition Research in modern India, summed up his wide experiences in Indian dietaries, thus: "A diet consisting of any staple grain with milk products and green leafy vegetable contains not only the right kind and amount of protein but everything else the body needs for health, strength and well-being."

It is now upto the intelligentsia of the country to comprehend nutritious food combinations and incorporate them in the meals.

A wide variety of plant foods, the greens in particular, are perennially available in and outside the vegetable markets. The usual dislike for certain economical foods and ignorance about certain palatable food combinations, are mainly responsible for an inadequate consumption of the highly nutritious leguminous beans, the green leaves, seasonal fruits, and the like.

The Beans and the Greens: An intelligent combination of them is known to enhance the biological efficiency of the proteins. *Trevti* (meaning: three) *dal* is an excellent example of a tasty, thick gravy, incorporating *tur* (red gram), *udid* (blackgram) and *mung* (green gram). In some of them, such as *mung* or *matki* (aconite bean), *chowli* or field beans (*val*), Vitamin C—occurring in abundance only in juicy fruits—develops on germination. One helping about (60 g.) is an economic substitute for the expensive citrus fruits in this respect, provided it is cooked rather conservatively. Its serving is advocated, particularly in summer months, when fresh vegetables and juicy fruits become scarce and "out of bounds" for the commoner. It can also be served in the form of *usal*. To improve its nutritive value, steam-cooked sprouted pulses may be garnished with grated coconut, coriander leaves, onions or garlic before serving.

The habit of road-side purchase of the "conical paper" packet of groundnuts and/or *chana* with a view to economically obtain good quality proteins and satisfy instant hunger, deserves to infect many more citizens.

With greater awareness about natural foods and modern nutrition, a slow but steady appreciation of the nutritional merits of this "grasslike" variety of green vegetables, is evident. The content of carotenes (promoting healthy skin and eyes) in the edible greens is proportional to the greenness of the leaves.

Incorporation of radish in *parathas*, *methi* in *besan-roti* (*missi chapati*), *lal math* (*amaranth*) leaves in *medu-wada*, *palak* in *wada* and *raita* are some of the prize-winning recipes displayed successfully in food exhibitions-*cum*-competitions. Reaction to these and several other low-cost food combinations have revealed that the modern *grihini*—though not always academically educated—is quite nutrition-minded and is amenable to grasp the value of "protective" elements and nutritious cooking in improving her family's diet. More recently, a finely powdered groundnut (oil-expelled) flour, resembling *atta* and about to be marketed in Bombay, as an excellent food supplement was tried. The author has had very encouraging experience with its use as a constituent of a sweetish-snack called *Vikas-Pak*. Several groups of educated citizens, who usually find it difficult to appreciate an "unfamiliar" food supplement, unless it is appealing to the eyes and acceptable to the tongue, have approved it as suitable for children, for whom *Vikas-Pak* is particularly formulated.

(vii) Composite Meals

Let me conclude by a passing reference to my most recent experience gained from the Food and Health Seminar of the International Eucharistic Congress. Here was an endeavour to display simple recipes and Composite Meals of about 10 'Dietary' Regions of our country, from Kashmir to Kerala and Bombay to Bengal.* Each one was an intelligent assembly of natural, wholesome, locally available foods, ensuring nutritional adequacy and psychological acceptability.

Dishes such as Pal-payasam and Khajur-halwa; Patal-bhaji and Shikran; Dhokla and Dudhi-halwa; Matar-panir and Alu-chole; Bhapa-dāi and Rabdi, prepared and presented by the typical middle-class, middle-aged experienced mothers, were acclaimed to be wholesome and economical, nutritious and palatable.

A Medical Nutritionist with a philosophic bent of mind is inclined to remark that, while understanding of what constitutes wholesome, nutritious food is essential, it is just one of the *six* ingredients of a prescription for HEALTH-*cum*-HAPPINESS.

Sound habits, healthy environment, creative work, emotional stability and daily meditation at least for a while, are equally essential.

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* Photo given on the opening page of the article.

I believe in God managing affairs and that He doesn't need any advice from me. With God in charge, I believe everything will work out for the best in the end. So what is there to worry?

—Henry Ford

Prithvi-Vallabh

THE BELOVED OF THE EARTH

Translated from Gujarati by H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

THE STORY SO FAR: Munja, the great Paramara conqueror of Malva who had routed Tailap, the king of Telengana, eighteen times, was finally vanquished by Bhillam, Tailap's Commander-in-Chief. He was taken prisoner and brought to Manyakhet, the capital of Telengana, and imprisoned in the palace-cellar. Mrinalvati, the widowed sister of Tailap, went to the prison to sense how he reacted to the humiliation.

Bhillam got released two young poets, Rasnidhi and Dhananjay, among the prisoners and introduced them to his daughter Vilasvati.

CHAPTER 17

THE TEACHER TAUGHT

MRINALVATI'S stern appearance and slow, measured steps gave an outward indication of her well controlled mind. Yet her heart was not at ease and her self-confidence was not as unshaken as before.

The torch-bearer who led the way, felt terrified at the sight of her fearsome expression. The prison guards were amazed to see her at that unearthly hour and feared as to what her presence might portend.

The doors of the prison cell were flung open. She entered the cell. The torch-bearer obeying her order, left the torch inside and withdrew.

It was some time before Mrinal's eyes could get accustomed to the darkness in the cell. In one corner, the ruler of Avanti lay, his head resting upon his hand. He raised his eyes slowly and greeted her in a pleasant voice, "Welcome! I was expecting you."

The greeting was so significant and made in such a friendly voice that the armour of her reserve began to fall away.

Mrinalvati could not help asking, "Were you really waiting for me?"

"Yes", replied Prithvi Vallabh, without sitting up. "I was certain that you would come. How are you? I hope you are well." His gentle voice created an atmosphere of sweetness. Even in the feeble light of the torch, his eyes could be seen dancing with merriment.

Mrinalvati placed both her hands firmly upon her hips and suppressing her embarrassment, replied, "Munj, either you haven't the intelligence to understand what is so clear or you haven't the honesty to admit that you understand. I have not come here to serve any selfish interest. I have come to release your soul seeped in sin, and give it wings on the sacred path of purity".

"Mrinalvati," answered Munj coolly, "to do anything for someone else's good really has no value."

Mrinalvati placed her hand on her brow in a gesture of despair "Can unselfishness be for oneself?" she asked.

"Why think of others?" replied Munj, sitting up. "I have done good to others. I have also helped many poor people and brought relief to men in distress, but not for their good; it was for my own selfish reasons. It made me happy and satisfied my vanity. To pretend to do good to others is to feed one's own vanity."

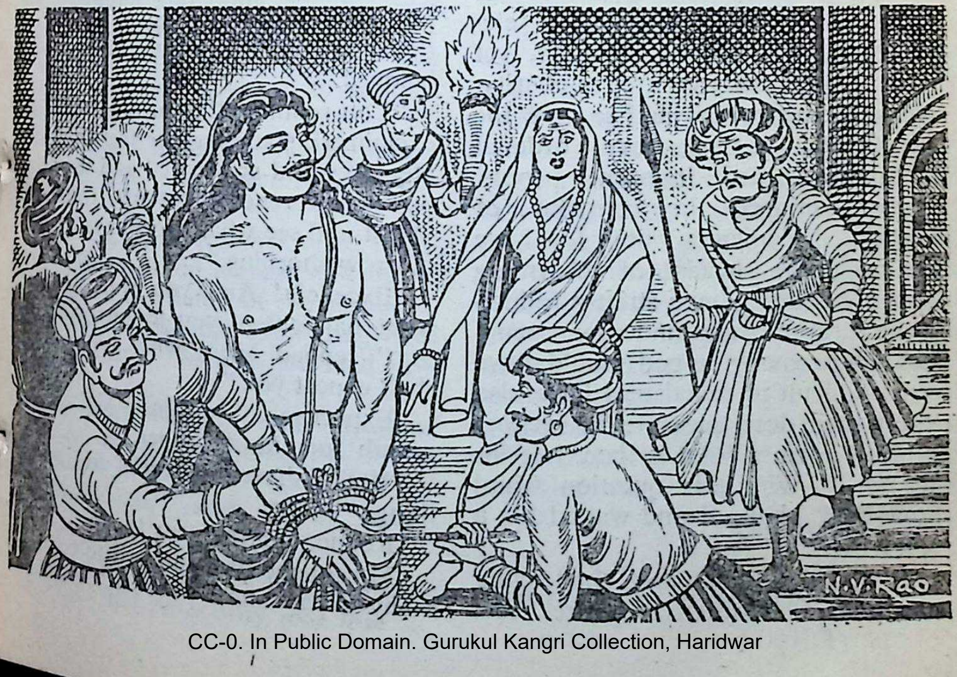
Mrinal had no answer. A doubt arose in her mind. Had she come to do good to Munj or to satisfy her own vanity? She sensed that there was some truth in what Munj said, something which she did not quite understand, yet she answered boldly, "You are shameless."

"Perhaps", he laughed. "Now tell me, what do you wish me to do?"

"To lead a blameless life..."

Munj laughed. "Blameless! Mrinalvati, only those who know what blemish is, desire to be free of it. What

"....I would have branded myself."



can you teach me? You, daughter of a king, brought up in secluded luxury, are filled with power and conceit in what you call renunciation. What will you teach me?" he asked gently and laughed.

Mrinalvati was determined not to give up the argument. "One can only learn if he is qualified to learn."

Once again, Munj smiled. "I have intelligence. Yet, you cannot teach me. Only the one who is unhappy, whose life is incomplete, may have something to learn. I am unmoved by unhappiness, I have lived a full life. What are you going to teach me? In any case what have I got to learn?"

"What arrogance!"

"You may well believe it to be arrogance. But how much do you know about me? I was an orphan, abandoned by all. Today I am the master of the world. I was fed at the breast of lionesses, and fanned by elephants. I have begged for food, yet I have given away treasures in charity. I have given up all I had to save the unfortunate, yet I have ordered the massacre of innocent people. I have enjoyed the company of beautiful women, but I have also got the heads of charming women cut off. I have strictly followed the scriptures and undergone penances which many a god would have found difficult to practise; I have also experienced deep pleasure in reciting amorous poems. What is there left for me now?" With this question Munj threw back his head and waited for a reply.

As he threw out these challenging statements, his attractive features took on a melancholy aspect. The tenderness in his eyes spread love and sweetness in the cell. After a while he remarked impulsively as a friend would, "Mrinalvati, in spite of all these varied experiences, I have always been happy. I have seen nothing wrong in whatever I have done. What then are you going to teach me?"

Mrinal was speechless. Her mind ceased to think and her throat was choked.

Munj went on, "It is you who have to learn to enjoy life. You must learn to extract the nectar from the flower, to dance to the rhythm of life..."

Mrinal angrily raised her hand, but Munj ignored her. "...you must seek the joy of being in a lover's embrace..."

"You wretch!" exclaimed Mrinal, gnashing her teeth in anger.

Munj smiled. He stood up and approached her. "You have yet to feel the ecstasy of lying by the side of your beloved."

"You scoundrel! You rake!" Mrinal exclaimed, stamping her feet in wrath. Her eyes had grown red and the veins on her forehead became throbbed. "Wait and see what happens to you tomorrow morning."

"Excellent! And you wait and see what happens to you tomorrow evening," replied Munj with a laugh. "I shall expect you."

"Expect me?" exclaimed Mrinal, her mouth foaming in anger.

"Yes, I have to teach you many things."

"Rogue, control your tongue."

"My tongue has managed to control many a passionate woman," replied

Munj quietly. "You have no choice but to be by the side of Prithvi Vallabh, heart upon heart."

Mrinal was furious. She slapped Munj hard. He burst out laughing, and seizing Mrinal's hand in his, lifted it to his lips.

Mrinal shouted as if a snake had bitten her. Every part of her body trembled in anger.

Prithvi Vallabh looked on, smiling pleasantly.

Mrinal called out to the guard. Ranmal came in immediately.

"Why did you not tie this man's hands?"

"Go ahead, Ranmal, do so," said Munj quietly. Then turning to Mrinalvati, he said, "Fasten your chains on me. And then only will the chains which hold your heart be loosened."

Mrinal grunted like an angry lioness. Ranmal and other soldiers tied up Munj's hands in chains.

"Ranmal," ordered Mrinal, "this sinner has touched me. Brand his hand."

"At once?" asked the head guard.

"Of course," Mrinal answered angrily.

The frightened Ranmal, with shaking hands, took up a spear and thrust its head in the flame of the torch.

"Come on, Ranmal. How long does it take you?" Mrinal stormed impatiently.

"In a moment, Mother," Ranmal said as he called out to his fellow guards to hold Munj's hands.

"Mrinalvati," said Munj softly, "Your very touch burns every one of my poor limbs. Why trouble to burn them by fire?"

Ignoring him, Mrinal ordered Ranmal to hurry up. The guards went forward to hold Munj's hands steady, but chained as he was he defied them long. "Cowards, if you do not brand him this very moment, I will have you killed," spat Mrinal.

With the courage born of desperation, the guards flung themselves upon Munj and finally succeeded in holding his right arm still. All through the struggle, the unruffled Munj had a smile upon his lips.

The point of the spear was red hot as it glowed in the gloom. Ranmal drew it away from the torch and branded Munj's arm with it. Not a word, nor an exclamation escaped Munj. Soon the cell was filled with the nauseous smell of burning flesh.

Mrinal, unable to bear the smell, was forced to call out to Ranmal to stop.

"Why, if I had only known that you would be satisfied so easily," said Munj quietly but with a slight sneer, "I would have branded myself."

Mrinal did not know what to answer and turned to go. But Munj was determined to have the last word. "Mrinalvati," he said quietly, "come again tomorrow to dress my hand with soothing balm."

Mrinal, her mind in a turmoil, was in no mood to answer the taunt. She stumbled out of the cell.

[To be continued]

Happiness is a Swedish sun-set—it is there for all, but most of us look the other way and lose it.

—Mark Twain

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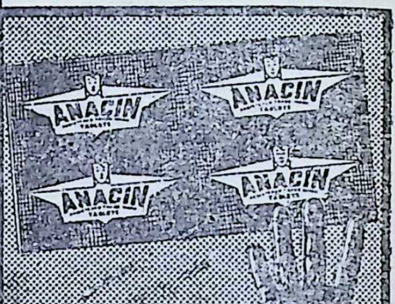

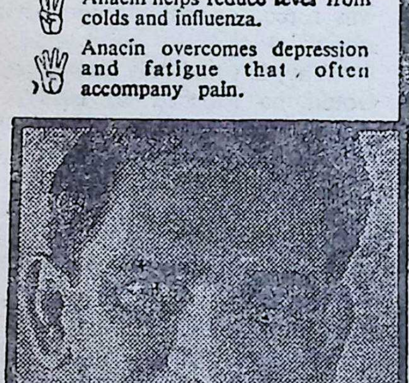

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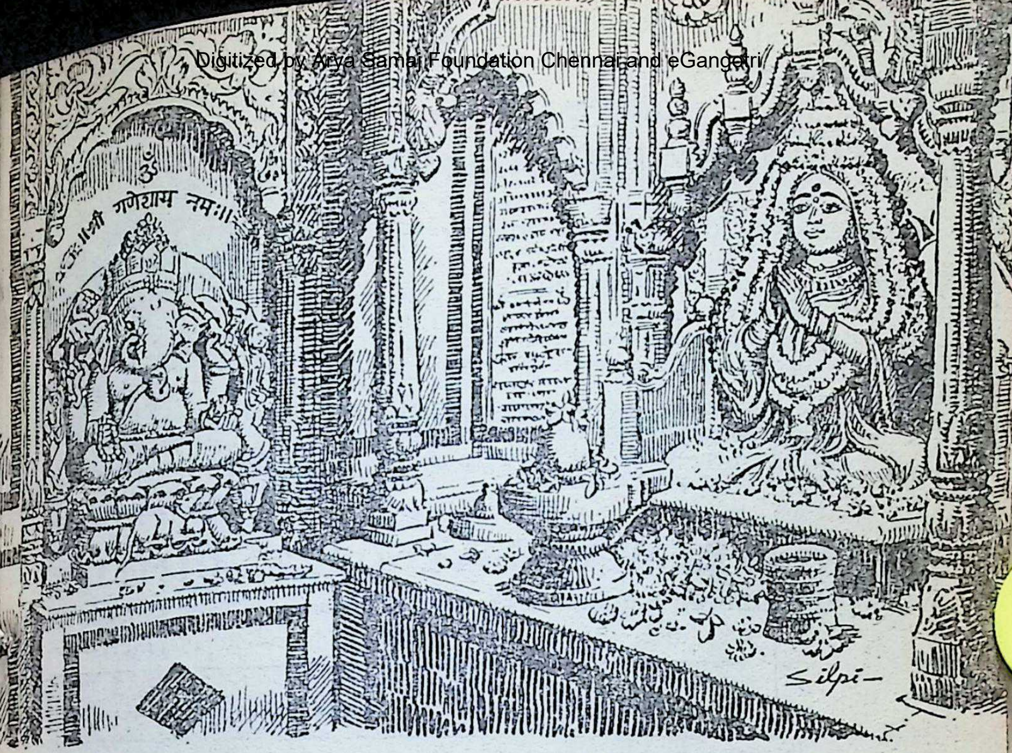

Visvanatha Temple—Ganesh & Parvati in the north-west corner Mandap.

KASI—2

THE illustrations of the last instalment had covered Manikarnika. Sri Sankara Bhagavatpada has composed a special hymn in praise of this *tirtha* by the name *Manikarnikashataka*. Says he: "O Mother Manikarnika! Those who bathe in your waters become a Rudra, or a Hari!" The holiest of cremation grounds is situated here. It is hallowed by the name of King Harischandra of the Solar race who did duty there as the burner of corpses defending his vow of truthfulness at all costs!

In this instalment we see the North-western side of the temple of Lord Vishveshwara. Here is the famous prayer sung by Sri Bhagavatpada on Sri Visvanatha:

यात्रा मया सर्वगता हता ते
ध्यायानेन चेतः परता हता ते।
स्तुत्यानया वाक्परता हता ते
क्षंतव्यमे तत् त्रयमेव शम्भो॥

Forgive me, O Siva, my three great sins. I came on a pilgrimage to Kasi forgetting that You are Omnipresent;

In thinking about You I forget that You are beyond thought. In praying to You, I forget that You are beyond words!

The first illustration in this instalment shows the Mandap in the north-west corner of Lord Vishveshwara

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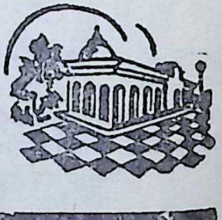

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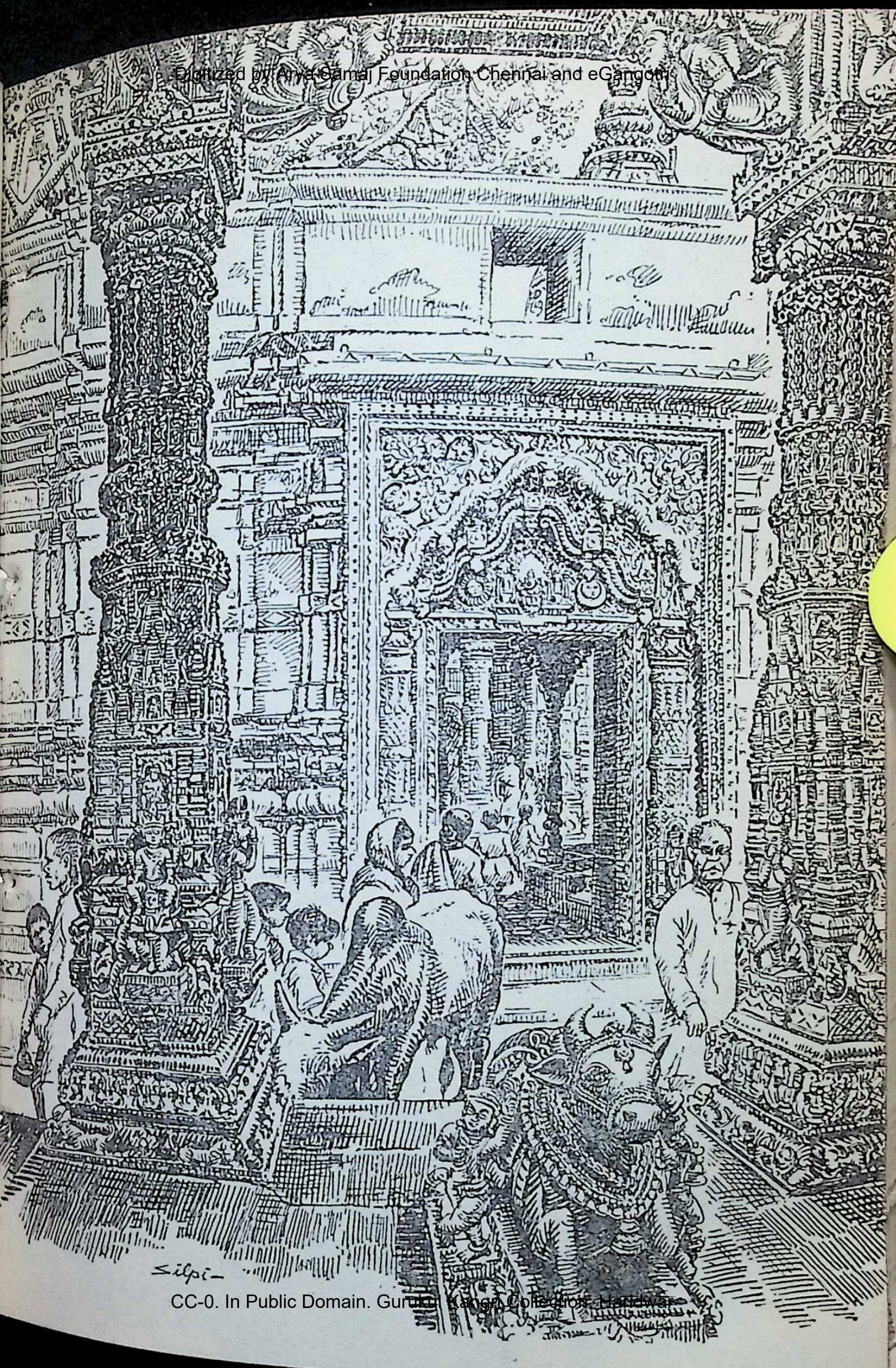
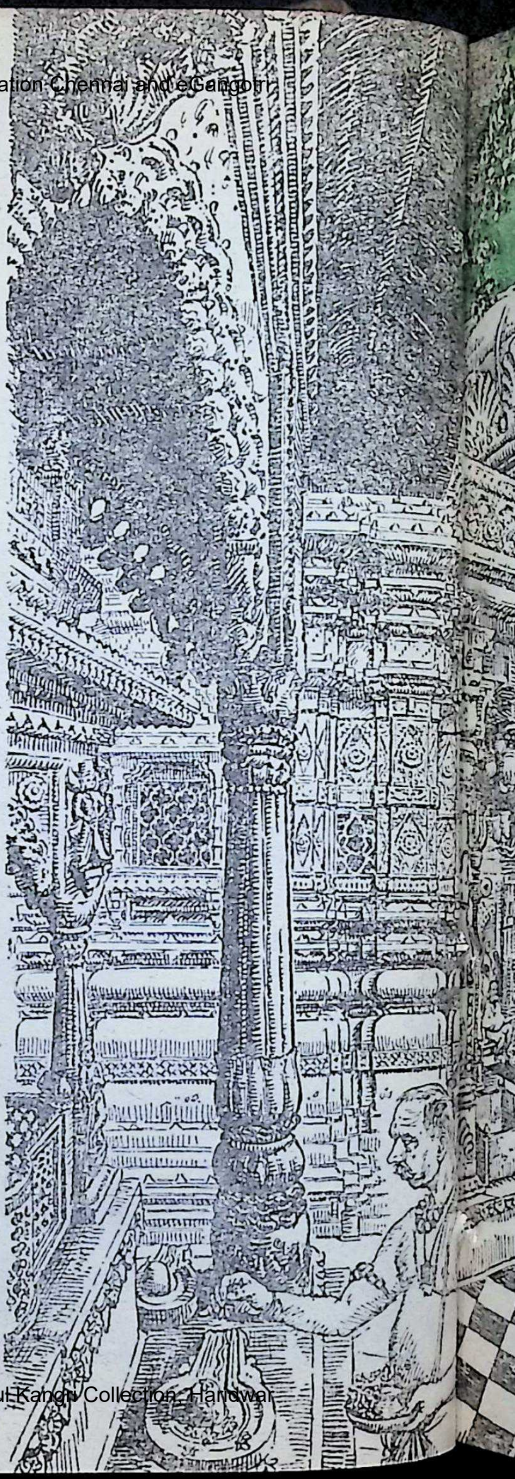




Satya Narayan Temple in the south-west of Visvanatha temple.

temple. The idols of Ganapati and Mother Parvati are seen here. (The Vishveshwara temple was constructed in 1777 A.D. by Rani Ahalyabai.) The lovely idol of Mother Parvati appears in the pose of worshipping Lord Viswanatha. There is a stone inscription in the Pancha Mantap which says :

विश्वेश्वरस्य स्मरणीयतरं सुमन्दिरम् ।
श्रीपञ्चमण्डपयुतमं सदृशंच वेश्म ॥

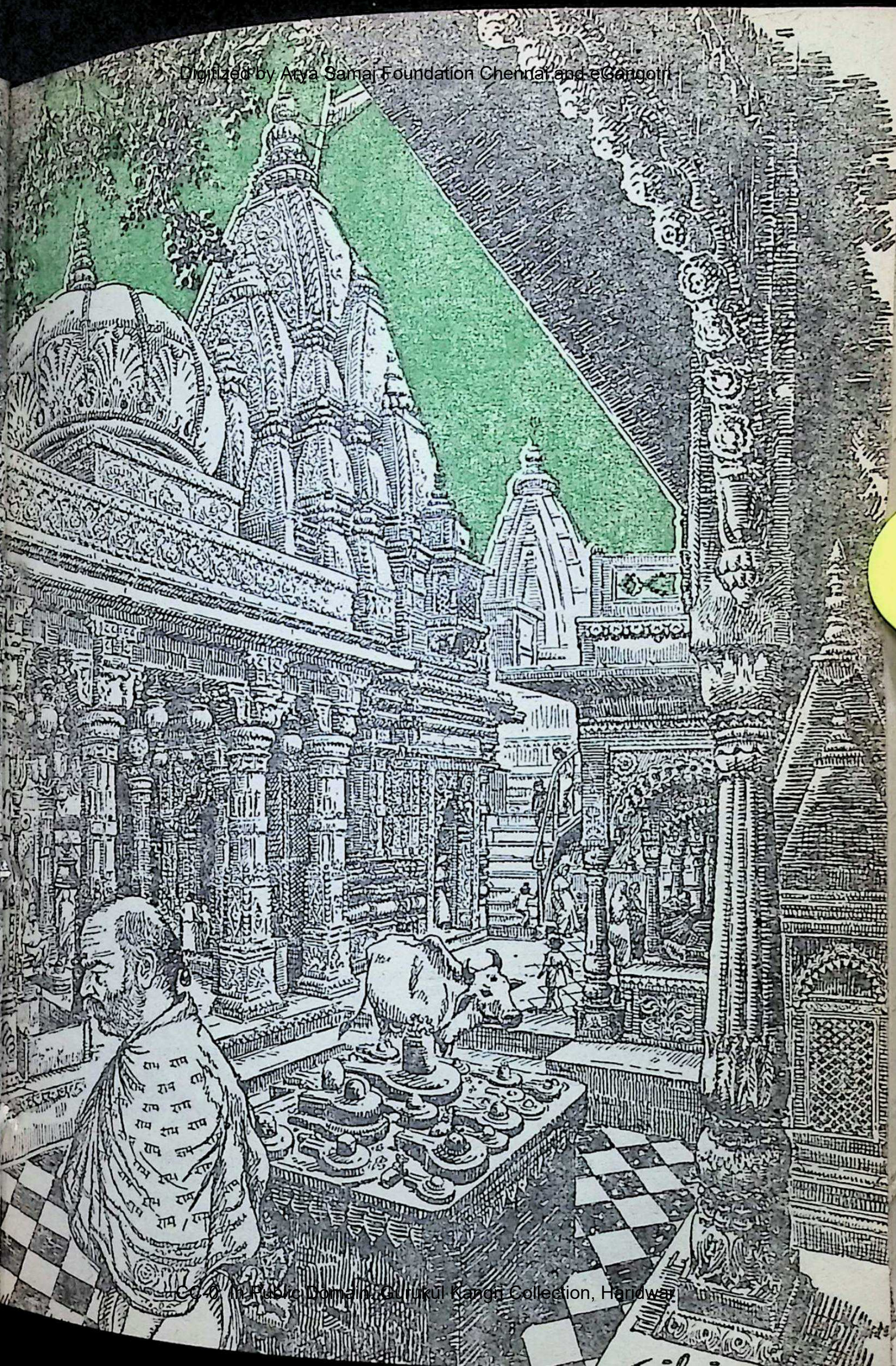
The second illustration shows the main entrance to Lord Visvanatha's temple. It is known as Simhadwara. The outer side is mounted with silver on which are illustrated Ganapati, Sun, Moon, Dwarapalakas, etc. The present sketch is of the view from the Siva temple opposite, which has many good sculptures.

As we enter Visvanatha's temple through this gate, we see on the left, the temple of Satya Narayana. The third illustration shows this view. The man on the left is worshipping a Sivalinga. Behind him is a Ramnami and back of him are several *lingas* on a raised *peeth*. The central *linga* in this group is called Neelakanteshwar.

To the left of the Sabha-Mandap, there is the temple of Dandapanishwar and Mahakala; in the centre is Vaikunteswara and to the right of the Sabhamandap is the main golden temple of Vishveshwara. In 1839 A.D. Raja Ranjit Singh of Lahore mounted gold on its dome, the total quantity used in it being 22½ maunds of the precious metal.

[To be continued]

Simhadwar—Main Entrance to Lord Visvanatha (see page 85)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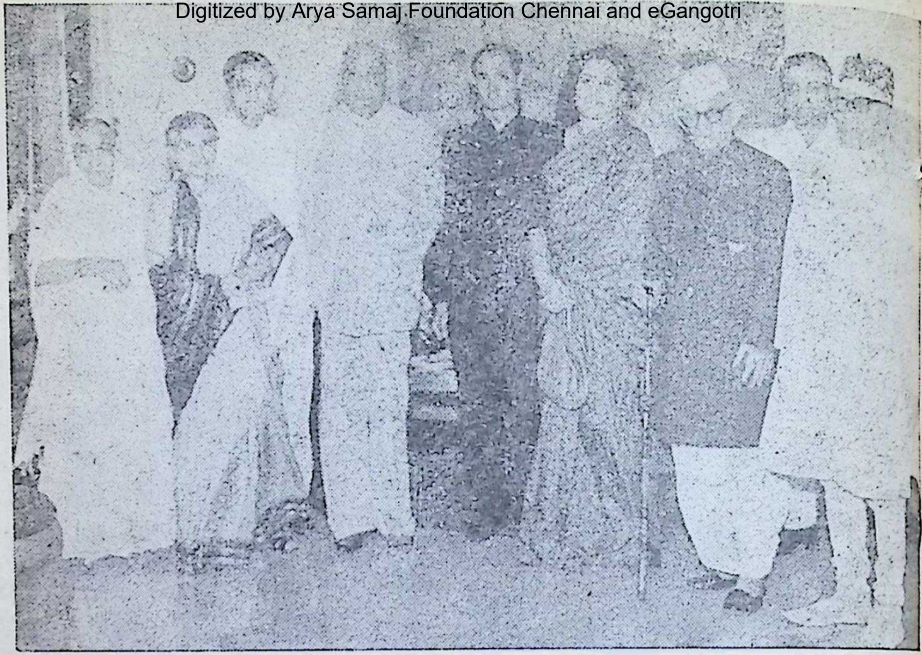


Dr. and Smt. Cherian, Kulapati and Smt. Munshi, Sri Girish Munshi, Sri Navin T. Khandwalla were among those who gave a send-off to Sri Pradip (centre).

Notes & News

PRADIP FOR HIGHER STUDIES

PRADIP N. KHANDWALLA, B.Com. (Hons.), A.C.A., after a brilliant academic and extra-curricular career has left for the States to join the Wharton School of Management, Pennsylvania University, Philadelphia. Sri Pradip has to his credit Inter-Collegiate prizes for essay and elocution. He is the Founder Chairman of the Bharatiya Youth Forum which has already made a mark in the youth movement in the city.

Sri Pradip is the grandson of Kulapati and Smt. Munshi and the son of Sri Navin T. Khandwalla.

FRUIT AND FLOWER SHOW

LIKE last year, the Bombay Agri-Horticultural Society jointly with the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan will organise two ambitious shows in January and February this year.

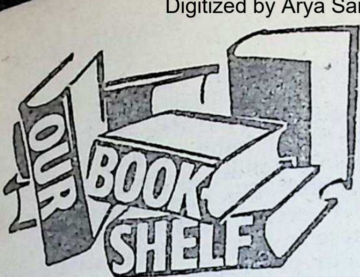
(1) The first one—Fruit and Flower arrangement show will be held at the Raj Bhavan on January 29, 30 and 31 and will be declared open by Smt. Tara Cherian.

(2) The second one—a Garden-cum-Vegetable and Flower show will be held at the Bhavan's campus. Versova Road, Andheri on February 5, 6 and 7 and will be declared open by Dr. P. V. Cherian, Governor of Maharashtra.

Flowers from abroad are coming.

Like last year, attractive prizes will be offered to the winners.

Entries may be sent to the Hon. Secretaries, the Bombay Agri-Horticultural Society, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7. Telephone: 77451.



WHY SO SOCRATES? A Dramatic Version of Plato's Dialogues (Euthrypo: Apology: Crito: Phaedo). By I. A. Richards. Published by Cambridge University Press. Price: 3s. 6d.

THE story of the trial and death of Socrates, which has come down to us in Xenophon's classic account as well as in Plato's immortal dialogues, is the prototypical story of the martyrdom of the man of intellect and integrity whom a society of philistines cannot suffer and must indeed drive to physical extinction. This is a tragic drama at its purest. What mustn't happen happens, the judges fail to do justice,—yet the victim, because he is true, brave and wise, proves morally the great victor. Socrates: Jesus: Lincoln: Gandhi—the names naturally group themselves together; and their climactic utterances have a contemporaneous ring.

Plato's dialogues, of course, are brilliantly dialectical and are besides often charged with tense drama. Dr. Richards's version has an obvious simplicity and directness, and the personality of Socrates comes out in clear bold outlines. In his 'Apology', Socrates claims to be a gadfly and says:

> "While I live I won't stop pointing out the truth to anyone of you I may meet. I'll go on saying, 'Look, you are a citizen of the greatest city on earth. Aren't you ashamed to be giving all your mind to money-making and getting on in the world while you don't care a bit about wisdom or truth or the good of your soul?' "

Truth alas hurts, and people who thrive on untruth try to hush up truth by killing men like Socrates. But it is not that easy:

> "If you think that by putting people to death you will get out of being told you are not doing as you should, you are wrong. That's no way to get out. The easiest way out is not by silencing other people, but by making yourselves as good as possible".

Socrates can meet his death contentedly and valiantly because he knows that "no evil can come to a good man, in life or in death, nor do the gods forget him." Nor will Socrates run away from Athens, though the prospect is held out before him. He will not wrong the Laws of the City, because some men have already perverted them. Death has no terrors for him, and, after all, "true philosophers do nothing else but make themselves ready for dying and death." But a philosopher is something more too, he is somebody who is both ready for death and can pass beyond it:

> "...the philosopher's soul has its wings—like a swan. For he is always, as far as he can be, in communion, through recollection, with that which makes God himself be God.
>
> *Pause*
>
> ...And, Simmias, this is why we ought to do our best to win virtue and wisdom in this life".

For readers young and old, *Why Socrates?* could be truly disturbing and stimulating, for its lessons still remain to be learnt.

—Dr. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar

THE MESSAGE AND MISSION OF INDIA. By Sri Aurobindo.
REVOLUTIONARY SARVODAYA. By Acharya Vinoba Bhave.
Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7. Price: Re. 1 each.

CONTAINING extracts from the extensive writings of Sri Aurobindo on Indian Culture, mostly from his basic work *The Foundations of Indian Culture,* this book brings to the fore the special character of the Indian genius as exemplified in the history and tradition of her peoples stretching across an unparalleled period of life from the recorded beginnings in the Age of the Veda. Sri Aurobindo points out how spirituality has been the leading motive and determining power of life in the Indian civilisation; the greatest periods of efflorescence, whether in art, literature or material advancement, have been when the collective endeavour has kept close to this vision of the spiritual origin and goal of life. And even today the special mission of India is "to supply the world with a perennial source of light and renovation," drawing upon her heritage of spiritual knowledge and experience. Not indeed in precisely the same forms as in the past but in new forms suited to the present conditions of evolving humanity.

Of the many experiments in the India of today to bring about a social amelioration on the basis of the manifestation of God in humanity, the *Sarvodaya* programme, first conceived by Gandhiji under the inspiration of Ruskin's *Unto This Last,* and popularised by Acharya Vinoba during the last two decades, is the most notable. Here is a presentation of the practical philosophy of *Sarvodaya* in its several aspects of Service, Education, Ethics, Religion and as a force in the evolution of Non-Violence as a possible determinative factor in the New World Order.

Sri Nargolkar is to be thanked for culling these extracts from the writings and speeches of the Acharya and rendering them into English wherever they were originally in Marathi or Hindi.

—*M. P. Pandit*

OUR BORDERLANDS. By Sita Ram Johri. Published by Himalaya Publications, Khurshed Bagh, Lucknow. 1964. 376 pages. Price: Rs. 20.

THE Chinese challenge to our people from October 1962 is indeed a mote to trouble our mind's eye, and the future of our country depends on the adequacy of our response to that challenge. Dr. K. M. Munshi has already dealt with the problems precipitated by the national emergency in a separate book, and we have to meet the challenge in harmony with our cultural values. The volume before us emphasises the national danger and provides an introduction to a realistic understanding of our borderlands. Part I gives an account of the author's treks from Leh to Lashio. Part II describes the people, their social habits and customs, their economic conditions, religion and culture, and the administration of the border areas. Part III outlines the Chinese invasion of India, its aftermath and our preparation to meet the emergency. The author regards as a basic blunder our recognition of Tibet as a part of China. "Let India atone for her moral sin and help the Tibetans to regain their independence" (p. 366). "The wonder of wonders is that all the major powers have forgotten Tibet, the key to the solution of the present Indo-China dispute" (p. 368). On p. 368 the word 'support' is misprinted. This interesting and instructive book is provided with two maps, eight sketches and thirteen illustrations, besides a Bibliography and an Index. It is an indispensable aid to a proper appreciation of our border problems—a well-printed and readable book.

—*Prof. R. Sathianathaier*

NEW DIMENSIONS OF YOGA. By Yogi Raushan Nath. Published by the author at Rakesh Press, 1575, Aziz Ganj, Delhi-6. 356 pages. Price: Rs. 15.

THE author of this instructive book approaches *yoga* as Nature's characteristic way of life and not as something unusual, mysterious which takes one away from life. When he speaks of *yoga,* he has largely the Eight-fold *yoga* of Patanjali in mind and he describes how it touches life at every point and can be utilised to alter the whole character of our everyday living, —from the cacophany of discordant notes that it is into a hymnal melody rising from the human soul to its maker.

The volume contains a variety of topics on which he gives his thoughts in the form of letters to aspirants; his own experiences, spiritual and occult; his moving account of the Guru who has shaped his career; striking epigrammatic sentences, e.g. "While negotiating life, Yoga talks in the dialects of peace of mind, happy life, good intentions, saintly desires, noble deeds and high aspirations. But when it comes to life Eternal, it speaks in the chaste language of God-realisation." A happy addition to current spiritual literature.

—*M. P. Pandit*

CONCENTRATION AND MEDITATION. By Swami Sivananda. 423 pages. Price: Rs. 6.

THE REALISATION OF THE ABSOLUTE. By Swami Krishnananda. 239 pages. Price: Rs. 5.

Both published by Yoga-Vedanta Forest Academy, P.O. Sivanandanagar, U.P.

THESE are reprints of earlier editions. The first is more or less a standard treatise on the subject from the Hindu religious point of view. Divided into six chapters the theory and practice of meditation and concentration are discussed threadbare. There is a ring of authenticity about the treatment and all difficulties in the way of the practitioner are anticipated and sought to be solved. A serious book for a serious *sadhaka*. The second is on Vedanta dealt with in a scholarly way.

—*S.T.C.*

AN INTRODUCTION TO EUROPEAN PAINTING. By Dr. Charles Fabri. Published by Asia Publishing House, Bombay-1. (General Educational Reading Material, Sr. No. 3, Aligarh Muslim University). Price: Rs. 16.

DR. CHARLES FABRI, art-critic and archaeologist of distinction, is well-known to the students and lovers of art, by his authoritative books such as *An Introduction to Indian Architecture; Khajuraho*, etc. His book, under review, is small—not by any other standard, but in size, compared to the usual ones on art. In spite of the necessary omissions made in order to minimise the pages of the text (not more than 55 pages) the reader nevertheless misses none of the essential spirit of European Painting.

In the "Introductory" chapter, there is a note specially for Indian art lovers, that European Painting is not purely materialistic and realistic in its approach and outlook, contrary to what we might presuppose from the high material standard of living in the "West" (compared to ours). The painting based on the pagan and Biblical themes are comparable to those on Epics and Puranas in India. Apart from the religious influences, there have been a series of changes in the moods and modes of the artistic activities, due to idealism, spiritualism and psychology. The variety of European Painting from Ancient Greeks to Picasso is characterised by the deviation in attitude and style from time to time.

The selection of 23 plates to illustrate the text is appropriate. But the Publishers have failed to give them in more original colours. The "Draw-Bridge" by Vincent van Gogh, for instance, as reproduced here, lacks the warmth of colour and the difference could be made out, by comparing it with the reproduction of the same masterpiece, in a special book on the artist.

—*T. N. Shenoy*

THE SPEAKER'S HANDBOOK OF HUMOR. By Maxwell Broke. Published by Jaico Publishing House, 125, Mahatma Gandhi Road, Bombay-1. 544 pages. Price: Rs. 5.

A WAG said that the world is full of humour if only you had the eyes to see and the ear to hear. The reviewer would add—if only you had the patience to collect all the humours you read and hear. The present author has laid us under a debt of gratitude by collecting nearly a thousand five hundred of them in this neat little volume and what is more, indexed them subjectwise as well as celebritywise. Anecdotage of which there is quite a number in this collection has its own sales value. As after-dinner stories, these are magnificent.

—*Sabita*

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SANSKRIT

ADIKAVYODAYAM. A Sanskrit Play in 10 Acts. By Sri Y. Mahalinga Sastri, M.A.B.L., Sahitya Candra Sala, Tiruvalangadu, Tanjavur Dt. 1963. Price: Rs. 6.

IN this short play of ten Acts, Sri Mahalinga Sastri has focussed attention on the Upakrama and Upasamhara of the *Ramayana;* the Kraunca episode in the beginning and the tragic abandonment of Sita at the end, blending them into a new poetic vision which would explain the birth of the great Epic as the product of a new inspiration and its public recitation on the historic occasion of the Asvamedha celebrated by Rama, as a piece of poetic justice to be meted out to the people of Ayodhya and probably also to Rama, if we may stretch a point from Kalidasa (*Raghu.* xiv, 73) a little further.

This new way of visualising the story of the *Ramayana* as a whole attempted by the author here, may, to some extent, help shake off from the minds of the present generation of students of the Epic fed upon the scepticism instilled by the Western scholars and kept alive by their Indian admirers the belief that the Kraunca episode and the whole of the Uttarakanda are later interpolations into the original Epic.

The task of condensing a mighty Epic so rich and varied in its contents and so full of interest into a single presentable drama is, obviously, a difficult one. It has tried the genius of Kalidasas and Bhavabhutis. Sri Mahalinga Sastri has given us a successful adaptation in dramatic form, of the kernel of the Epic. He has followed the lead of Bhavabhuti in the main but has made significant departures and happy inventions of his own.

He hits the truth with unerring precision when he explains the title "Adikavya", given to the *Ramayana,* as "the first poetic composition in secular literature" in Sanskrit. His most striking innovations are in the ninth and tenth Acts leading to the climax. Here, the natural and the supernatural are woven together with deftness, and a fine combination of suspense, awe and wonder is brought about. The play ends with the restoration of the living Sita (in place of the golden image that was put up during the sacrifice and which is made to be swallowed up in the cataclysm of Nature brought about by the gods) to the arms of her loving husband and eager sons. The abduction of Sita is itself contrived in a novel way—not anticipated by Valmiki himself.

The language and style of the prose and the poetic portions have a grace and felicity of their own (pp. 144, 146, 147-48); and the dialogues are crisp. Extensive quotations introduced from the *Ramayana* to unfold the narrative is a happy contrivance in itself. We congratulate the author on his third major Sanskrit play and hope that it will be widely read and appreciated by Sahrdayas.

—*Dr. B. N. K. Sharma*

KANNADA

JAGADGURU RENUKACHARYAR'S KIRTANAMALA. By R. N. Narayanappa. Published by Dr. M.C. Nanjappa, Devangere. Price: Rs. 2.

THIS volume is a collection of songs in the form of popular *kirtanas,* written to the taste of all of the life and message of the Jagadguru Renukacharya. This is immensely useful to Kirtanakaras. It is easy and fine reading. The author Narayanappa is a competent student of Kannada and Sanskrit. He has done his work out of devotion.

—*Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao*

GITA DARSHANA. By S. Ganapati Sastri. Published by S. R. Hegade, Kadave, Sirsi, N. Kanara. 176 pages. Price: Rs. 2.50.

AS Sri Shivaram Karant observes in his foreword, the *Gita* has been a prolific source of speculation and exegetic treatise that continue to pour to this day. Contradictory doctrines and systems are sought to be justified on the basis of this scriptural text. The author of this book seeks to steer clear of all controversies and present a digest of the *Gita* topic-wise. For this purpose

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he has selected about 175 verses and discussed their main ideas with a view to providing guidance to the men and women of today who have neither the equipment nor the time to study the original text. There is a good deal of padding material drawn from other literature—some relevant, some otherwise—and the book should stimulate interest in the thought of the *Gita*.

—*M. P. Pandit*

TELUGU

SAMSKRITA VAANGMAYA CHARITRA (II volume, classical period). By Mallaadi Suryanarayana Sastri. Published by Andhra Sarasvata Parishad, Tilak Road, Hyderabad. pp. 490. Price: Rs. 8

THE treatment of the classical period is really excellent herein, but as the learned writer of the foreword, the late M. Krishnamachariar (who has himself given us in English a *History of Classical Samskrit Literature*) remarks: "His ideas of chronology have been coloured to an appreciable degree by the environment of modern orientalists." To quote but one example, the five famous Mahaakaavyas are dealt with one after another at one stretch from pp. 272 to 277, *Meghaduta* being treated along with *Raghuvamsha* and *Kumarasambhava* (all 17 cantos of the latter are regarded as genuine), followed by Bhaaravi (520 A.D.), Maagha (550 A.D.), and *Naishadha* (later half of 12th century). Here we might remark that Maagha's date is usually given by Keith and others, as beginning of the 8th century and not 550 A.D. as stated on pp. 276. Ashvaghosha's two Kaavyas are dealt with next, but they are wrongly referred to as *charitra* Kaavyas though the correct date is given referring him to Kanishka's reign. One is apt to get the impression that this Ashvaghosha followed Sri Harsha's *Naishadha*. On p. 278 he briefly reviews the relative positions of Kalidasa and Ashvaghosha and concludes, without giving reasons that the latter borrowed from Kalidasa. Excepting perhaps for this one context, his views have been very well documented and he can be regarded as a very safe guide leading his readers to ponder seriously over the grace and serenity of Samskrit literature. His date for Sri Samkara is about 750 A.D. (p. 133), though here also he does not state his reasons thereto. He seems to have accepted the Bhasa dramas published by the late Mahamahopadhyaya Ganapati Sastri as genuine (p. 368). His treatment of the Sandesha Kaavyas, historical Kaavyas, the Dvisandhaana Kaavyas, and more particularly of our metaphysical *darshanas* is fairly exhaustive. We have no hesitation in heartily echoing the remark of the late Paravastu Ramanujaswamy that the world of scholars should be highly beholden to this enthusiastic writer's indomitable energy spread over eight years and more, despite his ripe old age of 84 years now. The get-up is neat and satisfactory and the price demanded is not prohibitive.

—*Prof. U. Venkatakrishna Rao*

TAMIL

MOHANA VANI (Bala Bhagavadgita). Written by H. K. Valam, 11, Colaba Chambers, Colaba, Bombay-5. Price: Rs. 3.25.

BHAGAVAD GITA, the nectar churned of the Upanishads, has been translated in verse as well as prose in many languages.

Srimati H. K. Valam, the daughter of the renowned patriot and lawyer of Tiruchi, has rendered the *Gita* in Tamil verse, adopting the lucid and smooth-sailing metre of *Ahaval*. The translation is faithful and simple—simpler than many of the prose translations. How one wishes that children can learn and sing it! Even the highest and intricate sayings have been driven home by this simple but fast-moving chain of verses. For readers it is a "must".

—*Pandit S. N. Srirama Desikan*

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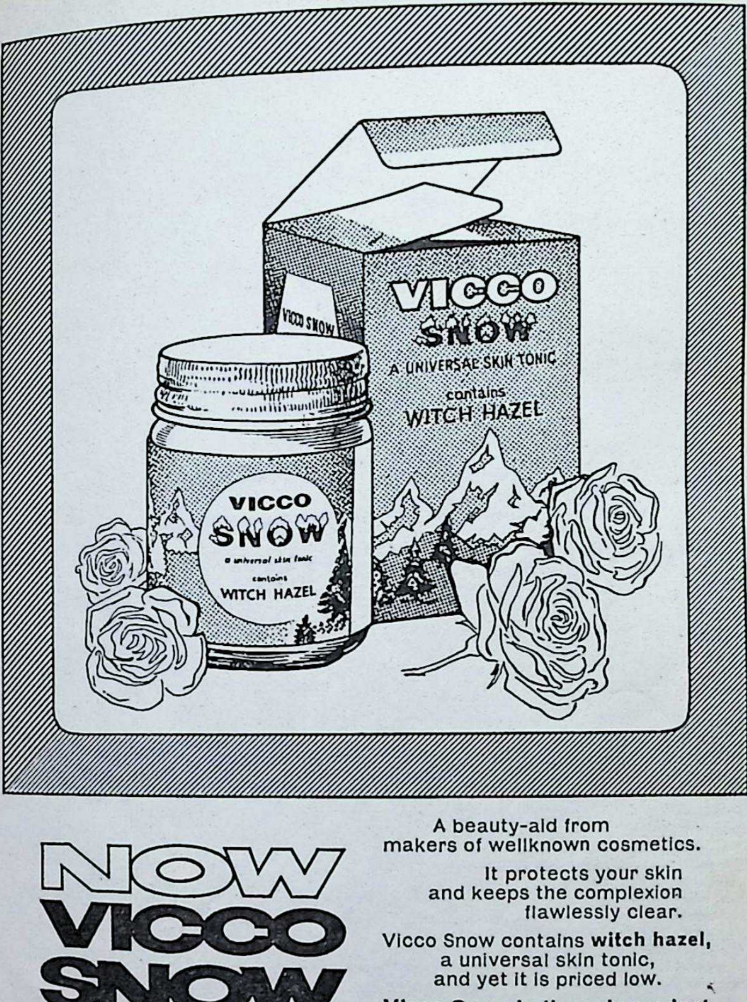
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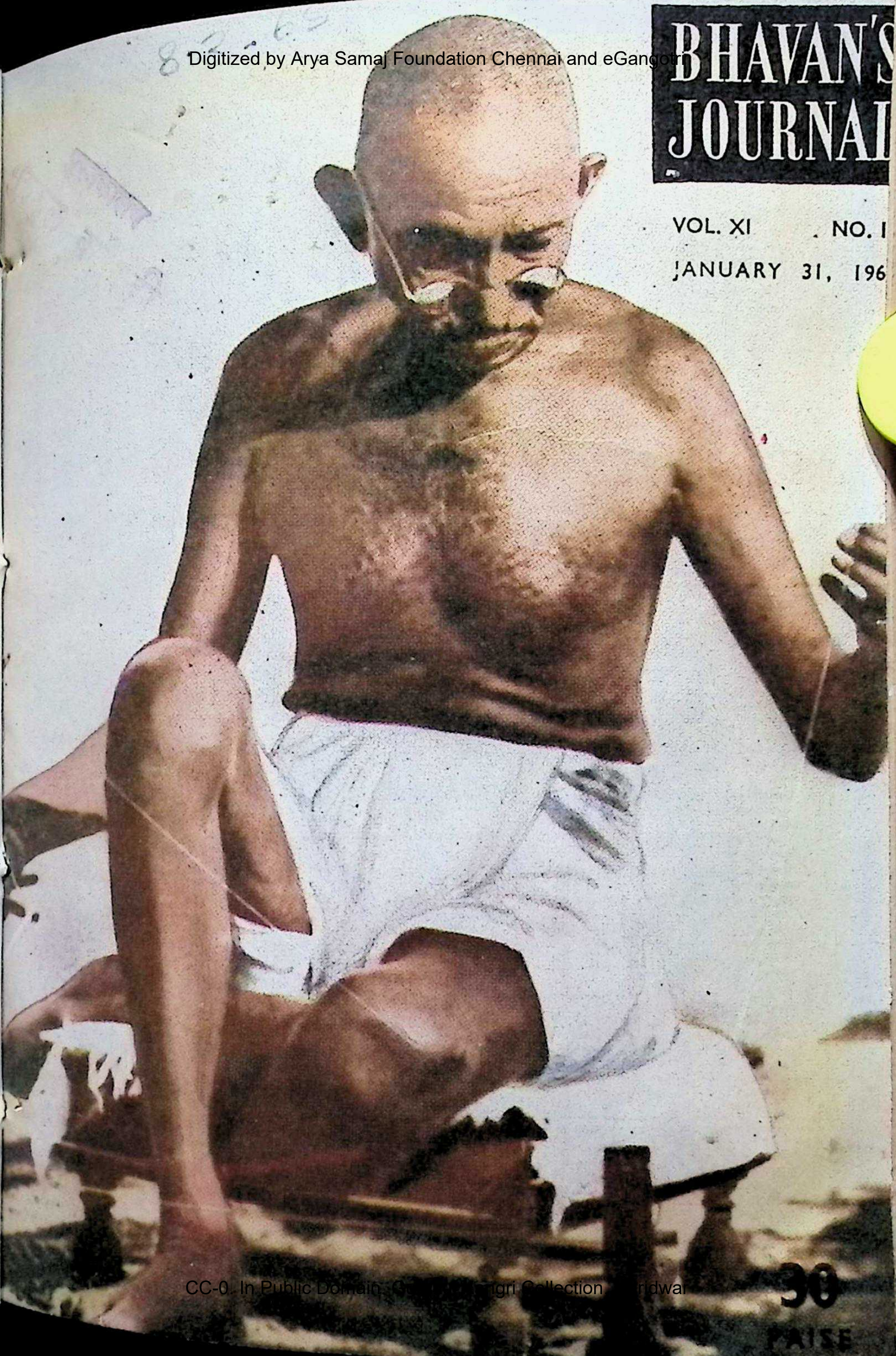
VOL. XI . NO. 1
JANUARY 31, 196



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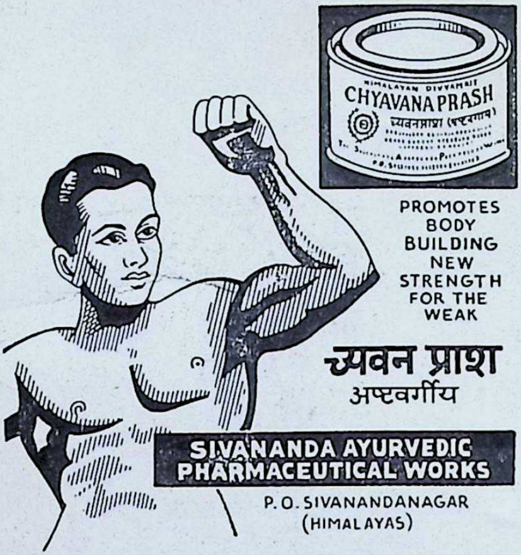
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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

Vol. XI No. 14
JANUARY 31, 1965

FORTNIGHTLY

Devoted to Life, Literature and Culture

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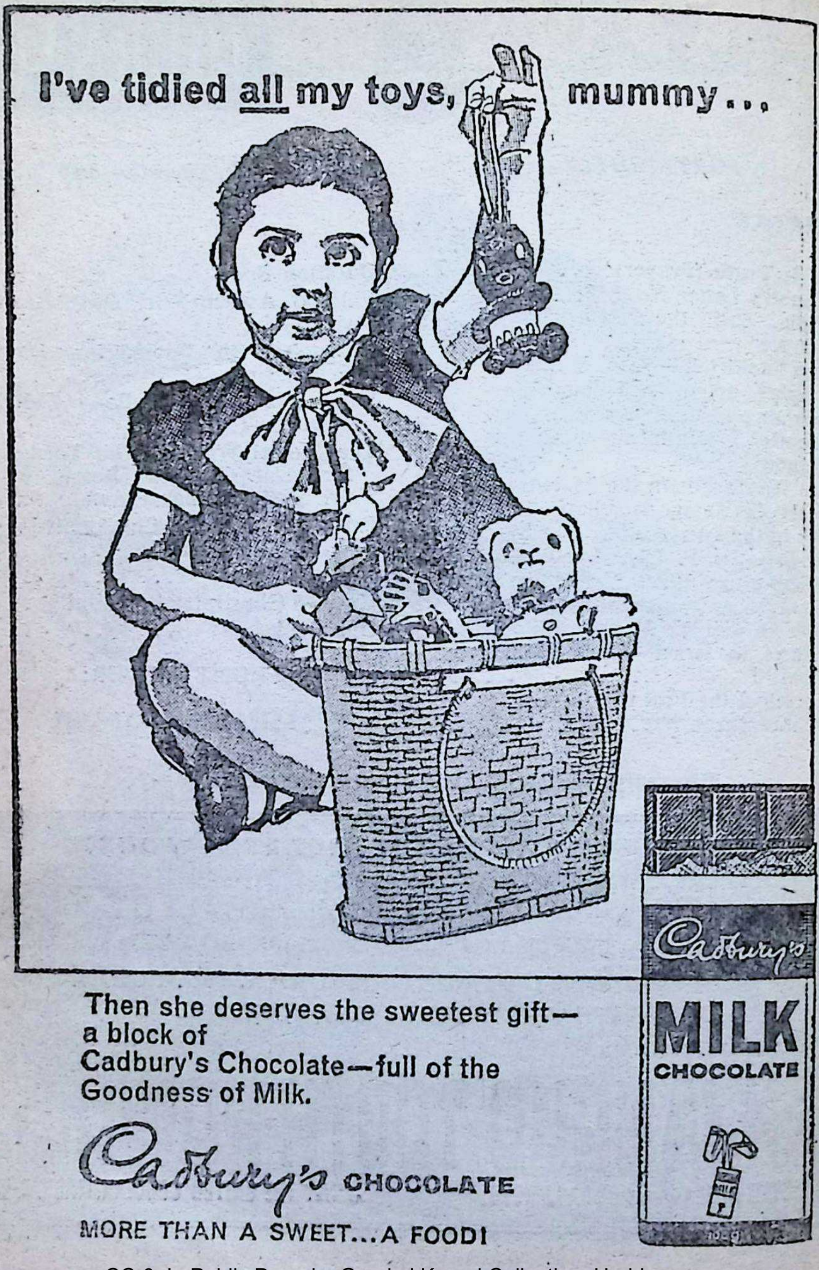

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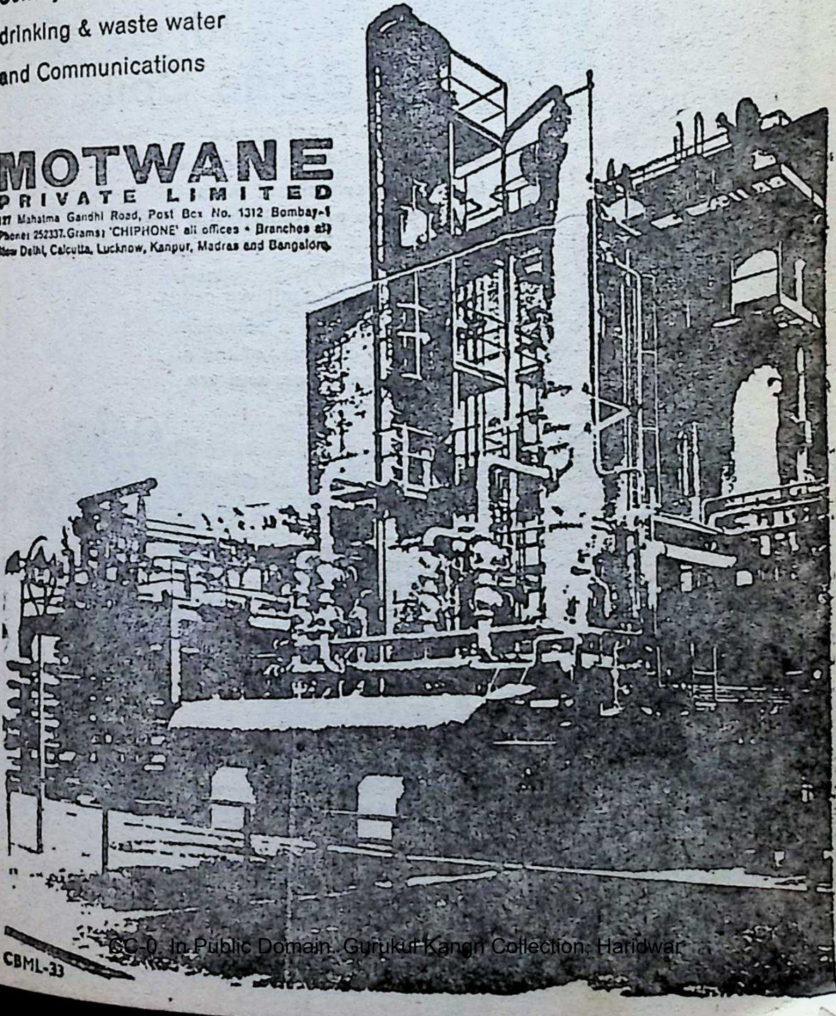

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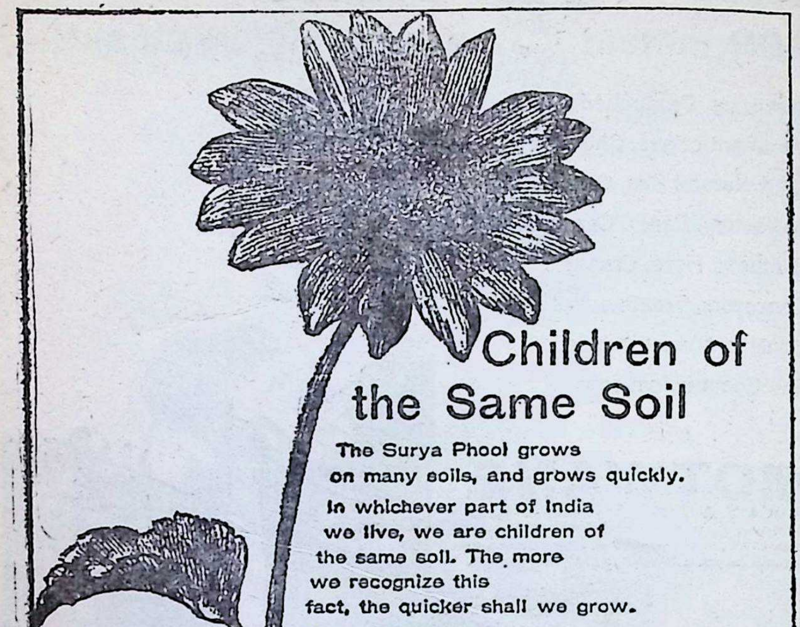


Children of the Same Soil

The Surya Phool grows on many soils, and grows quickly.

In whichever part of India we live, we are children of the same soil. The more we recognize this fact, the quicker shall we grow.

We are children of a common soil. We are children of India. Let's grow together, and we shall grow quickly.

DIRECTOR OF PUBLICITY GOVERNMENT OF MAHARASHTRA, BOMBAY

आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः ।
Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
—Rigveda, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

GOD IS TRUTH

सत्यव्रतं सत्यपरं त्रिसत्यं
सत्यस्य योनिं निहितं च सत्ये ।
सत्यस्य सत्यमृतसत्यनेत्रं
सत्यात्मकं त्वां शरणं प्रपन्नाः ॥

Satyavratam satyaparam trisatyam
Satyasya yonim nihitam cha satye /
Satyasya satyam rita satyanetram
Satyaatmakam tvaam saranam prapannaah/,

O Lord! we seek refuge in Thee. Thou art truthful of vows; truth meets the highest fulfilment in Thee; You are the real in all the epochs (past, present and future). Thou art the cause of Truth, existeth in Truth and is verily Truth of the Truth; Thou art the Leader for Truthful speech and Truthful action; Thou art Truth.

—*Srimad Bhagavata*

Vol XI, No. 14

No. 328

KULAPATI'S LETTER
on Life, Literature & Culture

INDIA AND THE NEW WORLD ORDER

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.
JANUARY 31, 1965.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

IN approaching the problem of "India and the new World Order", I would like our countrymen to think in terms of practical realities and not be carried away by sentimental slogans or wishful thinking.

A revolutionary change came over the world order in 1945 when World War II came to an end, as a result of new world forces.

The four imperialistic powers—Britain, Netherlands, Belgium and France—were so exhausted by the war effort that they had to withdraw from most of their colonial possessions in Asia and Africa either by negotiation or through pressure.

Most of the countries which thus became independent, developed nationalism, sometimes so crude as to be indistinguishable from a complex of inveterate hostility towards their erstwhile colonial masters.

A conflict between the new-born nationalism in Afro-Asian countries and the ex-colonial powers thereupon became a powerful element in the emerging world order.

This conflict was recklessly pursued by some of the newly-independent countries under the belief that in the post-war world order they, however small or weak, could remain free from external aggression or disruptive infiltration.

The founding of the United Nations Organization strengthened this belief, and in spite of bitter experience, many of such nations have not yet outgrown that belief.

The second element in the new world order was that several countries in Europe—victorious as well as vanquished—were so battered that they could not survive without economic and military support from USA or USSR who were left as effective powers.

Out of mutual fear and distrust, these powers began to work out a new world order by extending their respective influence over weaker nations. Thus began a race for ideological domination between Western democracies and Communistic dictatorships, between West and East.

In July 1947, USA devised the "Marshall Plan" aimed at the economic rehabilitation of countries in Europe which had been devastated by war. Under pressure from USSR, the East European countries rejected it. Thus began the "cold-war", which has bedevilled the world order ever since.

A little later, when the cold-war was at its highest, the two world powers began to consolidate their respective influence by international pacts and alliances. USA formed NATO, SEATO and CENTO. USSR brought the Eastern European countries within its monolithic frontiers, and also forged the Warsaw Pact. Russia also helped China to become a strong Communist power bound by a fraternal alliance.

In the situation created by these developments, the policy of non-alignment—which then meant only non-involvement in the military blocs set up by USA and USSR—became not only desirable but a necessity for us.

However non-involvement in power-blocs was understandable when there were two power blocs in the world. With China emerging as the greatest military power in Asia with an expansionist policy independent of the two power blocs, non-alignment as originally conceived, lost its basic premise.

China never made a secret of its expansionist aims. From time to time, its rulers published maps including within its frontiers countries like Nepal and Burma, as well as parts of India and Sinkiang, based on some real or imaginary conquest at some uncertain period of history.

Mao Tse-tung has claimed Ladakh, Nepal, Sikkim, Bhutan and NEFA as the "five fingers" of the hand of China which have to be returned to the great motherland of China, "properly cleansed". China has not even desisted from making territorial claims on Russia.

The world order underwent a revolutionary change when Russia developed nuclear power. But the consequences of a nuclear war were so frightful that, though USA and USSR possessed effective nuclear arsenal, they could not think in terms of a nuclear war. But entering the "nuclear club" became a matter of prestige which commanded the respect of Afro-Asian countries.

Another feature of the new world order—by no means unimportant—was the re-emergence of an assertive Western Europe at the centre of the world stage.

It is true that some nations in Europe, France for instance, have individual ambitions of their own, but they are of a passing nature, more in the nature of manoeuvres for inter-regional hegemony.

If Western Europe succeeds in putting herself together, it will become the strongest politico-economic unit in the world. It will have resources enough to build and sustain a military system as extensive as that of USA and immensely more powerful than that of USSR.

The Arab countries are no longer fighting colonialism; they are working towards welding the Arabs living in the Middle-East into a compact nation—a feat difficult to accomplish. For the moment, however, the slogan of destroying Israel has become their rallying point, making the situation in the Middle-East explosive.

The South and South-East Asian countries like India, Burma, Pakistan and Nepal, could have combined into a powerful bloc. But the mutual distrust and China's growing might and her policy of infiltration prevent such a bloc from coming into existence.

At the same time, it must not be forgotten that India is so vast and so resourceful that if it develops military and economic power, it will be as formidable a power as any in Asia.

If India becomes a formidable power, China's aim to take over South-East Asia will be frustrated. It will, therefore, strain every nerve to prevent us from developing such strength.

* * *

The fluctuations in power alliances are reflected in the United Nations and render it incapable of maintaining peace where great powers are involved. It was partially successful in Middle-East and Congo, because the hostile elements were unorganized and unsupported by any great power.

In this situation, economic aid lavishly given by the affluent powers is, in substance, directed towards two aims: first, to bring the countries receiving aid under their respective influence; and secondly, to stabilize the political and economic order in the aided country in order to arrest Communist infiltration. But economic aid has failed to resist aggression.

The conquest of Tibet was to serve notice to the world that China meant business. This fateful step showed that it could do without international proletarian friendship between the Communist countries.

Although the image of a peaceful People's China was shattered, our government, by a process of self-delusion, considered China to be pledged to eternal friendship with India till we ourselves became a victim of its aggression. As a result of this self-delusion, we also have failed to realise that the question of China's entry into the United Nations is not just recognising a nation; it is a question as to who should occupy the seat in the Security Council which carries with it the Veto.

We also fail to see that a seat for China in the Security Council will not only give it an enhanced prestige, but provide a great opportunity to mobilize the Afro-Asian countries against us.

Slogans exist for the nation. Somehow, some of our leaders believe that the nation exists for slogans.

In 1963, China launched a diplomatic offensive in Asia and Africa, climaxed by the long tour of Africa by Premier Chou En-lai.

Non-alignment has in the present-day context become a doctrine without meaning and content, divorced from realities. In practice, it means —as was evident at the Cairo Conference—first, embarrassing UK and USA in their world policies, and secondly, conducting a tug-of-war between those who support USSR and those who support China.

Our attempt to remain non-aligned in this complex situation has resulted in vague amiability, rather than a reliable friendship. Our relationship with USA and USSR, for example, is at best only amiable and not reliable friendship which will make them stand by us through thick and thin. In return, they help us to the extent that it is in their interest to help us: USA and UK against China, and USSR against Pakistan in Kashmir.

We are definitely allied to U.A.R. even to the extent of not fully recognising its enemy, Israel.

We are allied to all the Afro-Asian countries whose views we dare not challenge even when it affects our vital interests.

At the recent Cairo Conference, we did not dare to propose a resolution condemning Chinese aggression. Our proposal to send a delegation to China to request her not to test the atom bomb was ignored by the Afro-Asian countries.

When China exploded the nuclear bomb, it gained enormous prestige in the psychological war which it is waging against the Afro-Asian nations, and particularly against us.

While it is true that any war between India and China will be fought with conventional weapons, our prestige among the Afro-Asian countries has suffered a distinct setback.

Panditji was a friend of the Bhavan and helped it whenever necessary. In 1950, he honoured the Bhavan by a visit to its Central Home in Bombay; in 1957, he was good enough to inaugurate the Bhavan's Delhi Home and also release the one hundred-thousandth copy of 'Mahabharata' by Sri Rajaji in the Bhavan's Book University Series and the 'Saga of Indian Sculpture' by Sri Munshiji; in 1962, despite ill-health, he paid a visit to Bombay solely for the purpose of inaugurating the Bhavan's Sardar Patel College of Engineering.

Panditji's appreciative words about the Bhavan will ever be a source of strength to us: "My visit here (Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan) has given me a peculiar satisfaction and pleasure. The Bhavan has established itself in the hearts of the people."

From the Report of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, 1964-65.

Our problem is: What is the way to re-establish ourselves? There can be only one answer: India must develop her military power to the fullest.

This raises the most vital issue so far as India is concerned: Whether we should seek an understanding with one or more nuclear powers to defend us against Chinese aggression or to develop nuclear weapons ourselves.

This raises several questions:

Will USSR join USA in providing a nuclear guarantee to us? It is more than likely that the present ruling group in the Kremlin, departing from Khrushchev's policy, will try to combine her *detente* with the West with a *detente* with China. Russia and China both appear to be keen on effecting a truce, but without giving up their entrenched position. Under these circumstances, even if Russia gives a guarantee, it will have a mental reservation to fulfil it only if its relations with China justify it.

Today it is in the interests of both the USA and USSR to help us develop our military strength because China's conquest or hegemony over India presents a danger to both of them.

If India goes under, America's whole scheme of defence of the Pacific area will fall to the ground. It will equally be a setback to USSR in Sinkiang and Manchuria and to such of the South-East Asian countries, as look to her for assistance.

It is likely that some vague kind of nuclear guarantee may be forthcoming by UK, USA and USSR or one or more of them. But no sooner it is given, China will proclaim us as a stooge of the power blocs—a cry which will be taken up by those Afro-Asian countries which are under China's influence, and the little prestige which we think we enjoy as a non-aligned nation, would have gone.

Even if a shield is provided, there is no guarantee that at a particular time USA and USSR will have a common interest to help us; that they will, as between themselves, have the same assessment of the danger or that their assessment will be the same as ours. It is the shielding country which at every moment of time will decide the time, the nature and the quantum of assistance. They will be free to consider their own respective interests out of fear that the assistance might escalade into a world war.

As things stand at present, a shield has two meanings: either it is a deterrent before attack or a reprisal after the attack. How can a shield, the use of which is problematical, be depended upon as a deterrent?

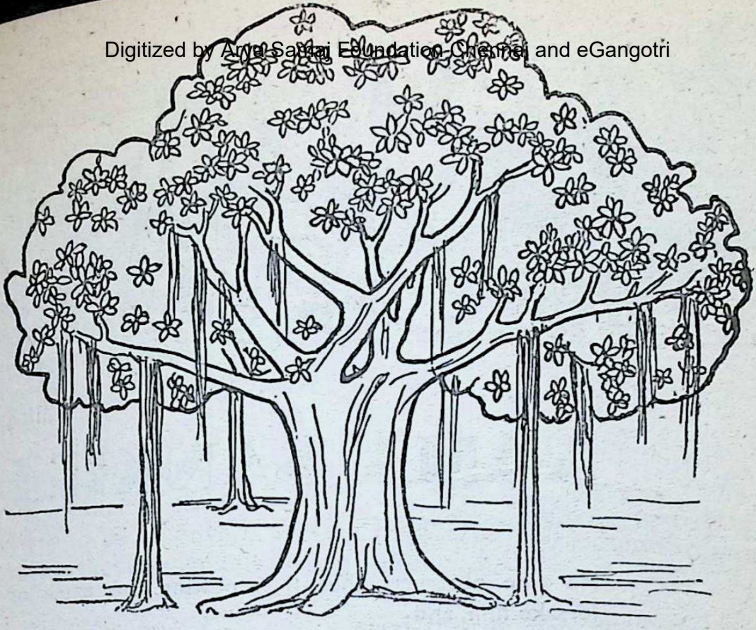
And to think that if there is a nuclear attack on us by China, some shielding countries would go and bomb Peking by way of reprisal and spark off a nuclear world war, is to lose oneself in a fantasy.

What is the guarantee that appeals by 'apostles of peace' to localise the conflict and choose the lesser evil, will not rock the world and will not be heeded to by the nuclear powers, in the process, sacrificing the interests of the victim of aggression?

We saw in Korea and South Viet-Nam that American assistance, without a powerful and well-equipped national army, is not enough for defensive purposes. We saw in Cuba that USSR's guarantee was of little avail.

Whether we are provided with a nuclear shield or not, the possession of military strength of equal quality as of China is absolutely necessary, Firstly, to maintain the morale of our army and our people; Secondly, to command the respect of the Afro-Asian countries; and Lastly, to serve as a deterrent against the intentions of China.

Yours sincerely,



The Tree of Universe

एकायनोऽसौ द्विफलस्त्रिमूलः चतूरसः पञ्चशिफः षडात्मा ।
सत्पत्वगष्टविटपो नवाक्षो दशच्छदो द्विखगो ह्यादिवृक्षः ।।

Ekayanosow dviphlastrimulah
Chaturasah panchasiphah shadaatma|
Saptatvagashtavitapo navaksho
Dashachchado dvikhago hyaadivrikshah||

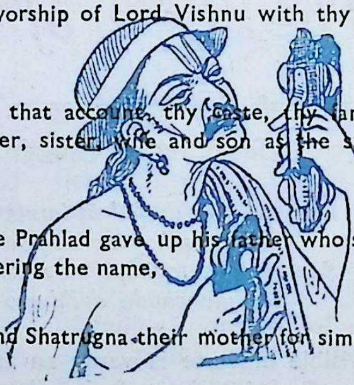
This visible universe is verily an ancient tree. It has only one refuge (i.e. *Prakriti*) ; two fruits (happiness and misery) ; it has four juices or tastes (*dhàrma, artha, kama* and *moksha*) ; five rooting branches (the five senses ; a six-fold nature (grief, fondness, descrepitude, death, thirst, and hunger) ; seven-fold bark (skin, blood, flesh, albumen, bone, marrow and semen) ; eight branches (the five elements, mind intellect and ego) ; nine holes (outlets of the body) and ten leaves (Prana, Apana, Vyana, Udayna, Samana, Naga, Kurma, Krikasa, Devadatta, Dhananjaya). Two birds are sitting in its branches—Jivatma, the individual soul and Paramatma, the universal soul.

—*Srimad Bhagavata*

NAMA SANKIRTAN

He who obstructs thee in repeating the name of the Lord, forsake him, and

Perform the worship of Lord Vishnu with thy body, mind and soul;



Renounce on that account, thy caste, thy family, thy father, mother, brother, sister, wife and son as the snake discards its skin.

In days of yore Prahlad gave up his father who stood in the way of his remembering the name,

And Bharata and Shatrugna their mother for similar reason;

The wives of the Brahmans forsook their husbands and for that renunciation they earned praise and attained prosperity.

The Gopis gave up all their relations and proceeded to the forest to meet Krishna.

Narsi tells you this secret of entry into divine **liladham**—Brindaban.

—**Narsi Mehta**

Thoughts from Naladiar—2

FORBEARANCE

WISE men are unaffected by words of praise or blame; they know that the house-fly that proliferates on dirt sometimes perches on the head of man!

* * *

Adversity is the breeding ground of anger. Knowing it, wise ones turn a blind eye to its inconveniences and laugh away the consequent anger.

* * *

One of the unruly children of anger is vile tongue. Knowing its irreparable damage on the other person, wise men do not give quarter to it.

* * *

Wise men are hardly offended by unbecoming words of the lowly. Like the serpent at the sight of sanctified ash, their anger is mollified by the nobility of their birth and discipline of years.

* * *

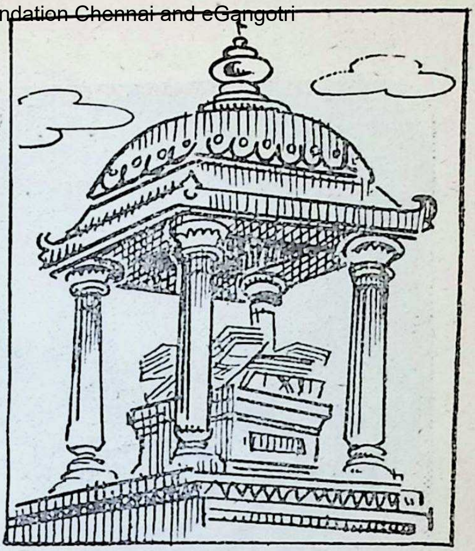
The anger of the lowly will multiply with time, but that of the wise and good will die out like the heat of boiled water.

* * *

A dog may bite a man but man does not bite it to spite it. Wise men do not stoop to words that hurt even when confronted with one.

* * *

Noble men never harbour enmity: the world is all praise for them. Even when faced with a double-cross, they do not think of harming the opponent even though they have the power to do it.



* * *

Forbearance of unbecoming words from the lowly is the hall-mark of all great men. Indeed, lack of forbearance on their part will be construed by the world as a blemish to their fair name.

* * *

Harsh words sometimes admit of toleration even among ordinary folk as when they come from one's loved ones. Indeed they are to be preferred to sweet ones from others.

* * *

Even from the strictly utilitarian point of view, a life of contentedness born of self-knowledge, forbearance and suitable action at appropriate levels will lead us to a state of eternal happiness.

* * *

Why do people of nobility have many friends? Because they invariably bear with the smallness or improprieties of others.

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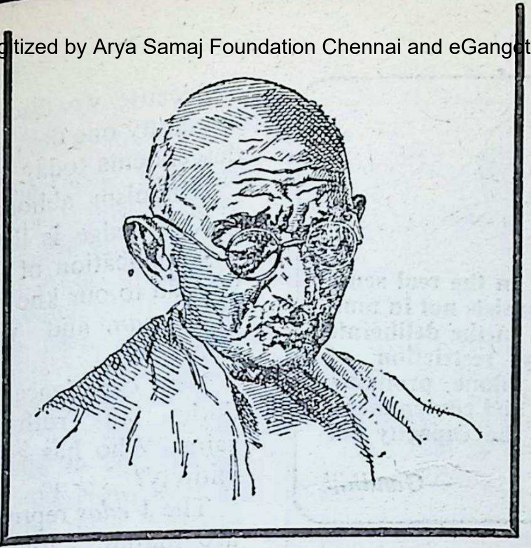


DYNAMIC HINDUISM

MAHATMA GANDHI

HINDUISM is a living organism liable to growth and decay, and subject to the laws of Nature.

One and individable at the root, it has grown into a vast tree with innumerable branches.

The changes in the seasons affect it. It has its autumn and summer, its winter and spring.

The rains nourish and fructify it, too.

It is and is not based on scriptures.

It does not derive its authority from one book. The *Gita* is universally accepted, but even then it only shows the way.

It has hardly any effect on custom.

Hinduism is like the Ganges pure and unsullied at its source, but taking in its course the impurities in the way.

Even like the Ganges, it is beneficent in its total effect.

It takes a provincial form in every province, but the inner substance is retained everywhere.

Custom is not religion.

Custom may change, but religion will remain unaltered.

Purity of Hinduism depends on the self-restraint of its votaries.

Whenever their religion has been in danger, the Hindus have undergone

Civilization, in the real sense of the term, consists not in multiplication but in the deliberate and voluntary restriction of wants. This alone promotes real happiness and contentment, and increases the capacity for service.

—*Gandhiji*

rigorous penance, searched the causes of the danger and devised means for combating them.

The *Shastras are ever growing*. The *Vedas, Upanishads, Smritis, Puranas* and *Itihasas* did not arise at one and the same time. Each grew out of the necessities of particular periods, and, therefore, they seem to conflict with one another.

These books do not enunciate anew the eternal truths, but show how these were practised at the time to which the books belong.

A practice which was good enough in a particular period would, if blindly repeated, in another, land people into the 'Slough of Despond.'

Because the practice of animal sacrifice obtained at one time, shall we revive it today?

Because at one time, we used to eat beef, shall we also do so now?

Because at one time, we used to chop off the hands and feet of thieves, shall we revive that barbarity today?

Shall we revive polyandry? Shall we revive child-marriages?

Because we discarded a section of humanity one day, shall we brand their descendents today as outcastes?

Hinduism abhors stagnation.

Knowledge is limitless and so also the application of Truth. Every day we add to our knowledge of the power of *Atman,* and we shall keep on doing so.

New experience will teach us new duties, but Truth shall ever be the same. Who has ever known it in its entirety?

The *Vedas* represent the Truth, they are infinite. But who has known them in their entirety?

What goes today by the name of the *Vedas* is not even a millionth part of the real *Veda*—the Book of Knowledge.

And who knows the entire meaning of even the few books that we have?

Rather than wade through these infinite complications, our sages taught us to learn one thing: 'As with the self, so with the universe.'

It is not possible to scan the universe, as it is to scan the self. Know the self and you know the universe.

But even knowledge of the self within presupposes ceaseless striving—not only ceaseless but pure,—and pure striving presupposes a pure heart, which, in its turn, depends on the practice of *Yamas* and *Niyamas* the cardinal and casual virtues.

This practice is not possible without God's grace, which presupposes Faith and Devotion.

This is why Tulsidas sang of the glory of Ramanama, that is why the author of the *Bhagavat* taught the

Dwadashamahtra (*Om Namo Bhagwate Vasudevaya*).

To my mind, he is a Sanatani Hindu who can repeat this *Mantra* from the heart. All else is a bottomless pit, as the sage Akho has said.

Boycott of beef-eaters may have been proper in the past. It is improper and impossible today.

Hinduism does not consist in eating and not-eating. Its kernel consists in right conduct, in correct observance of Truth and Non-violence. Many a man eating meat, but observing the cardinal virtues of Compassion and Truth, and living in the fear of God, is a better Hindu than a hypocrite who abstains from meat. And he whose eyes are opened to the truth of the violence in beef-eating or meat-eating and who has, therefore, rejected them, who loves 'both man and bird and beast', is worthy of our adoration. He has seen and known God; he is His best devotee. He is the teacher of mankind.

Hinduism and all other religions are being weighed in the balance. Eternal Truth is one. God also is one.

True religion and true morality are inseparably bound up with each other. Religion is to morality what water is to the seed that is sown in the soil.

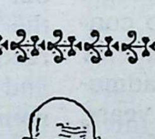
—*Gandhiji*

Let every one of us steer clear of conflicting creeds and customs and follow the straight path of Truth. Only then shall we be true Hindus.

Many styling themselves *Sanatanis* stalk the earth. Who knows how few of them will be chosen by God?

God's grace shall descend on those who do His will and wait upon Him, not on those who simply mutter 'Rama, Rama'.

[Courtesy: ***Navajivan Trust***]



Goodness must be joined with knowledge. Mere goodness is not of much use. One must retain the fine discriminating quality which goes with spiritual courage and character.

—*Gandhiji*

HAVE WE FORGOTTEN THE MAHATMA?

C. Rajagopalachari

HAVE we forgotten the Mahatma? One can in a mood of anger employ a figure of speech and answer "Yes!" and give a list of things which go contrary to what the Mahatma sought to make us understand and follow. But in truth we cannot forget him however greatly we may go contrary to his teaching. He lives for ever before us. His work and daily admonitions during a period of fifty years, can never be wiped out of our memory. This is so because his teachings were intended to remove and remedy all our daily difficulties and evils which every moment remind us of him.

The most cynical among us will say that it will take some time for us to forget him. Although we have not satisfactorily absorbed his teaching as to the supreme efficacy and what is more, the utter practicality of non-violence in coping with evil, we have been quite fully convinced of the negative aspect of his teaching. We are convinced that brute force and compulsion cannot accomplish anything. This is enough to keep the great teacher unforgotten. He ranks among the great world figures, alongside of Manu, Buddha, Socrates and Jesus as a teacher. But for him, our age would have had no link with these great souls or with the rishis of our land.

As for wherein we have proved faithless to the man who imparted to us the faith and the means to attain our goal of political independence, the list would be long and painful to read. One has to go to New Delhi and see the structures and observe the men and women peacocking about in the streets, who rank as 'class one' of the population making their living through soft white-collar jobs, to realize that we have repudiated the Father of the Nation. The test of our memory and understanding of him is how we live—not what we say, but what we do. If we lived as he wished us to live, we should all now be happy and honest, and India would be a holy place of pilgrimage for the peoples of the world. On the contrary, men and women still alight in the ports of India to tell us and teach us how to live, and hope to improve us. They are interested in seeing the monuments left behind by our ancestors which by comparison are still the most prominent things to see in India.

What did Gandhiji want of us? He desired that we should lead industrious lives and banish physical laziness from the land. He wanted us to lead simple lives and treat all our possessions as a trust held for those around us, which is the only non-violent means to banish disparities of wealth. He wanted every one of us to banish avarice, hatred and envy out of the heart and keep it clean to enthrone God in it. This, he said, is the best means to happiness and the most effective form of patriotism. Manual work and simple life was his teaching. But we prefer laziness and seek to live complicately and without working.

It is Swaraj when we learn to rule ourselves. It is therefore in the palm of our hands, said Gandhiji when he was still in Africa before he came to India to lead the Home Rule movement. Swaraj is not ruled by Delhi but each one ruling himself. If one has to be ruled by others, be they in London or Delhi, it is foreign rule. All controls and regulations are to the extent and in the measure of their wide coercive applicability and quiet acceptance, the negation of Swaraj.

For me patriotism is the same as humanity. I am patriotic because I am human and humane. It is not exclusive.

—Gandhiji

Going out from the mind to the exterior, what about dress, manners and behaviour? What Gandhiji wanted was Khadi; but barring a few of the 'old guard' (and their influence is totally unfelt) society in general struts about in mill-made fineries, not handspun or even handwoven, giving the lie direct to the legend that Gandhi lived in India and had great influence over the men and women of his time. So much for dress. As for manners and behaviour, there is more of American culture among the upper class ones and the snobs and those below the rural and urban masses are as they were, drifting along in the dried-up stream of *Dharma* occasionally digging in the bed to slake the thirst. Men do not tell fewer lies or deceive one another less than before, but perhaps do both a bit more than in former days. Robberies are less, but thefts and frauds occur more than ever before, for the 'standard' of living has risen at all levels.

Have we forgotten the Mahatma? No, but we ignore what he said,—which is worse.

Is there time still to rectify? Yes, there is and let us begin at once.

[Courtesy: *Swarajya*]

Faith in the Unseen: Need of Man Today

P. Chandra Reddy

[Ag. *Governor of Madras*]

THE soil of India is fertile for the growth of philosophy. India has been a land of sages and seers. Philosophy has influenced our life and thought for ages, directly and indirectly. Philosophers and saints have largely contributed to the mainstream of evolution—of course, not in the worldly things—but in values of life.

Many faiths and many systems of philosophy have flourished side by side, with the common object of leading us to the goal and helping us to understand the one Ultimate Reality—the Eternal Spirit that diffuses the vast universe—with firm faith. Eminent philosopher-saints who have hallowed this great country in different ages have founded their systems of philosophy; and though their methods of approach may differ, the goal they sought is the same. They in their wisdom, enunciated different schools of thought which had helped them to realise the Supreme and which they believed would no doubt help others also to attain their goal.

Whatever may be the road which one might follow, the Supreme confirms the faith of each and grants the reward which each seeks. Lord Krishna in the *Bhagavad Gita* says:

> *Yo-yo yam-yam tanum bhaktah*
> *sraddhaya 'rcitum icchati*
> *tasya-tasya 'calam sraddham*
> *tam eva vidadhamy aham*

Whatever form any devotee with faith wishes to worship, I make that faith of his, permanent and unflinching.

Among the systems of Indian Philosophy, the schools which are well-known and well defined are the Advaita of Sri Sankara, Vishishtadvaita of Sri Ramanuja and Dwaita of Sri Madhvacharya. The commentaries which they have written, explain graphically their interpretation of our ancient sacred texts. Their main purpose was to interpret these

[From his recent address at the Philosophical Congress.]

to the best advantage and give them a practical shape so that it would be easy for the common man to study them and get such assistance as he can in his pursuit of knowledge and in quest of the Ultimate. These sages of India who proclaimed unceasingly the truth as enshrined in the Vedas and the Upanishads, strove to stir the conscience of the people so as to make them God-minded. In doing so, they have made a singular contribution to the promotion of unity and solidarity of the people living in the country.

This is an age of science. Tchnological knowledge is advancing at a tremendous speed. Man has many breath-taking achievements to his credit. All theories and notions—be they old or new—are examined with a critical eye and everything is subjected to the test of analysis, reason and intellect. Man in the present set-up of the complex public life is apt to forget the real purpose of existence and meaning of life and lapse into caring for purely material welfare only. He has to be reminded quite often to appreciate and understand the real nature of man and his soul.

The steady development of the world around man, which has ushered in a new era of unprecedented opportunities and which has largely contributed to the material prosperity of the world, has created restlessness amongst men. It has not secured real happiness as it has neglected inner calibre. The inner life of man is full of tension, unrest, frustration and insecurity. There will be a measure of stability, inner poise and happiness only when spiritual values are discovered and are put into effect in the life of society.

I am devoted to none but Truth and I owe no discipline to anybody but Truth.

—*Gandhiji*

Perhaps one of the causes for the misery and unhappiness of man is his desire that things should happen to his liking and his sense of frustration when they do not so occur. If that were so, the wise words of the Stoic philosopher Epictetus may be usefully borne in mind: "Seek not the things which should happen as you wish; but wish things which happen to be as they are, and you will have a tranquil flow of life."

Mighty changes are impressing themselves upon the history of the world, and the structure of society is undergoing transformation never witnessed before. The environment of man has altered and is still altering a great deal. To understand this and appreciate the interplay of the forces behind them, man will have to pry underneath of the surface of things and attempt to ascertain what is passing in the minds of the people.

It would be interesting to recall in this context, the words of the eminent philosopher, our present revered President, Dr. Radhakrishnan: "There is a tendency to overlook the spiritual and exalt the intellectual... Earth, sea and air have been made to yield to the service of man. Though the triumphs of intellect are great, its failures are not less great. Some of the finest things of life have escaped its meshes, which the uncouth and unlettered peasants who lived more naturally, had possessed. Pitiful and sordid as had been their estate, they had a hope in their hearts, a spark of poetry in their lives, and a feeling of exaltation in their human relationships ...Their lives were not empty and devoid of content. They had their deep affections, a sense of the great value of the little things of life, love, companionship, and family attachments, an element of mystery in their make-up, a faith in the unseen..."

Thus it will be seen that faith in the unseen is the immediate need of man to-day. In a world which is torn with conflicting ideologies and unhealthy rivalry for material possessions, domination and wielding of power, what is needed is a rekindling of the awareness of man of the existence of the Supreme unseen power which governs the Universe by forces of love, truth and peace.

A philosopher is a lover of wisdom, and "wisdom"—we are told—"is not cheaply won," but "achieved through hard sacrifice and discipline, through the endurance of conflict and pain." It may be that "wisdom is the reward of few", but "it ought to be the aspiration of all". The common impression that philosophy is meant for the high-brows and not for the ordinary run of the masses, is an erroneous notion. Knowingly or unknowingly, most of us are forced to become a little philosophic at some stage in life. In the life of an individual, a moment may come when his very faith may be shaken and he becomes subject to frustration and helplessness. Philosophy should come to our rescue when we collapse from within, teach us the meaning and goal of life, and re-vitalise our faith.

Just as in this age of science, we are advised to develop a scientific outlook in life, so also it would be good to develop a philosophic outlook so that we may face life in this competitive world with its shifting values, stresses and strains, and discharge our duties, with self-confidence and sobriety.

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KRISHNAVATARA

The Righteous War

THE BOOK OF BHEEMA

CHAPTER 12

Duryodhana Receives the Bridal Procession

BHEEMA, seated on the back of the leading elephant, was all smiles. He had never seen such a gorgeous sight before.

The huge square outside the city walls of Hastinapur presented a riot of colour. From a cloudless sky, sunshine poured on the flags, pennants and buntings strung overhead.

Members of the royal family, headed by Duryodhana, with his maternal uncle, Shakuni, by his side, sat on the large platform erected on one side of the square; surrounded by ministers and the Kuru warriors of rank, with Dronacharya and Kripacharya, the military leaders, in the centre, as also the learned Brahmans, led by the aged, royal preceptor, Somadatta.

Uddhava was there; so was Saatyaki and Prince Manimaan of the Nagas who had been sent by Krishna in advance.

As Bheema recognised one notability after another, he could not fail to notice the absence of Dushaasana, Karna and Aswatthaama; they were a wicked lot and their absence from such an occasion was all the more auspicious, he felt.

On another stand nearby were seated the high-born ladies, headed by Bhanumati. Bheema's heart bounded with joy as he saw by her side, Jalandhar*aa*, the princess of the flying, lotus feet, chattering happily, trying to get the names of the different important people present there.

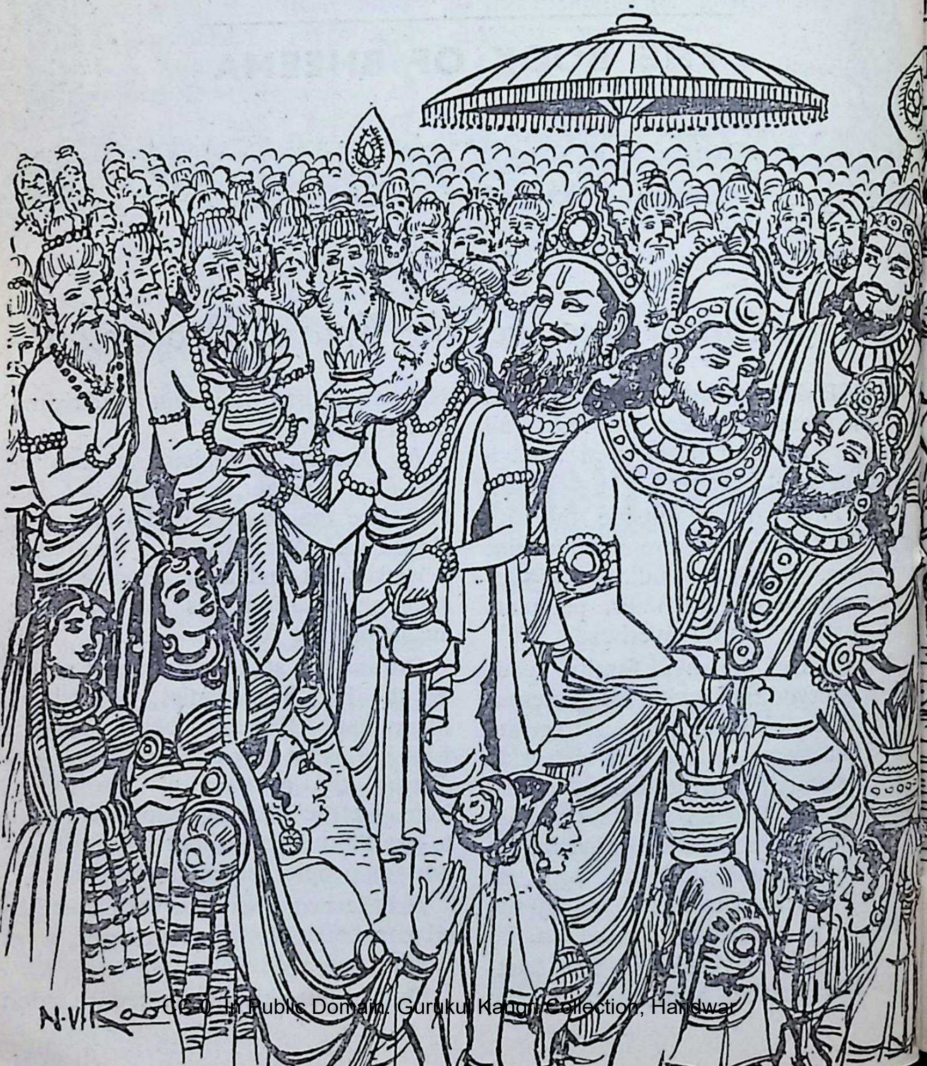
A little away, women with burnished copper vessels on their head, were singing songs of welcome.

On the left side of the square stood

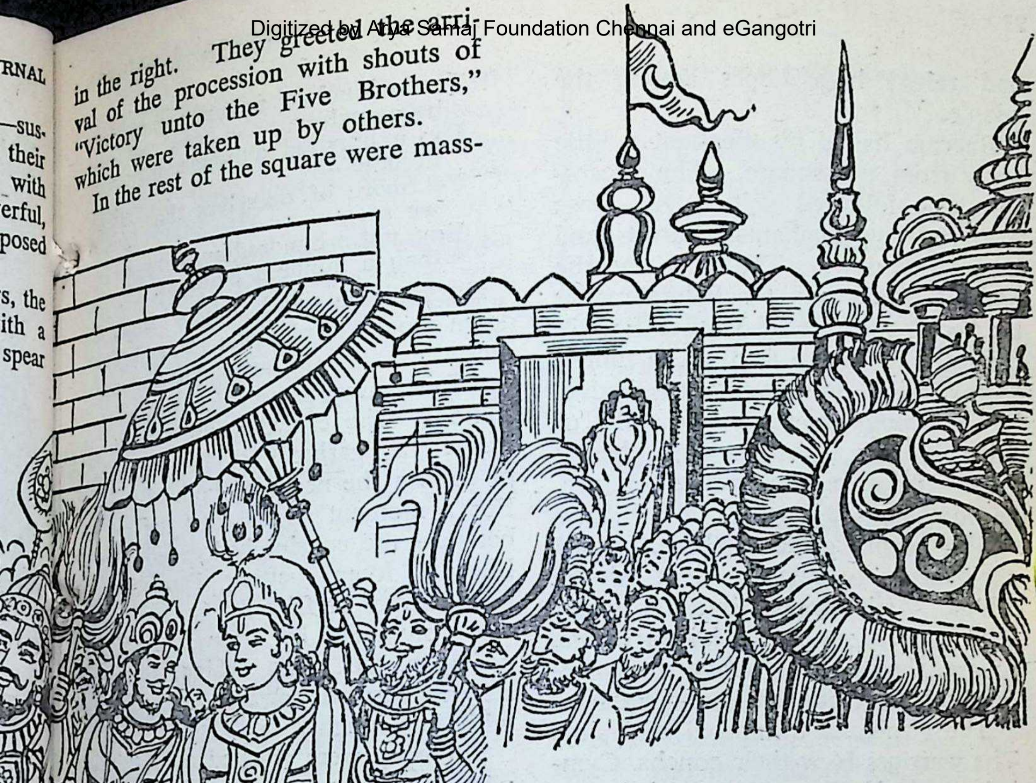
the *Mahajans,* the commercial guilds, in *dhotis,* scarves and head-dresses of varied hue.

On the right were ranged his friends, the *Jyesti Mulls*, wrestlers by profession. Though claiming to be Brahmans, they also worked as domestic servants of the higher order in the Kuru family. They were dressed in their characteristic style—suspender with a piece of cloth on their left shoulder and a turban with flowers—proud of their powerful, muscular limbs, which were exposed to the admiration of the public.

Next to them stood the archers, the guardians of the City, each with a bow on his left shoulder and a spear



in the right. They greeted the arrival of the procession with shouts of "Victory unto the Five Brothers," which were taken up by others. In the rest of the square were massed a surging crowd attired in gala dresses. Several groups of men were playing drums, striking cymbals or blowing conchs, horns and fifes.



All eyes were rivetted on Krishna; there was no mistaking him.

It was worthwhile passing through all the trials they had undergone, Bheema thought, to be received at the end by the people of Hastinapur with such effusive affection. They were all in a jubilant mood; it was but natural. People loved the Eldest, in whose regime justice had been tempered with mercy; in popular imagination he was the embodiment of Dharma. They also disliked Duryodhana and his brothers, who ruled the land without justice and harassed without reason whomsoever they disliked. It was evident that their return had raised high hopes among the people.

Bheema halted his elephant a little away from the square. The procession also followed suit. All those who rode on elephants, chariots and horses, got down. The kings and the *atirathis* made way for Balaraama as the senior member of Mother Kunti's family, who was to lead. The Eldest, in gay, bridal dress, wearing a diadem of glittering emeralds—the gift of father-in-law Drupad—was beside him. Dhaumya, their preceptor, preceded them.

The people gathered there, craned their necks to catch a sight of the Eldest. As he stepped into the square with a cocoanut in his joined hands, joyous shouts of "Victory unto Yudhishthira" resounded in the square.

The elephants trumpeted with joy. The warriors blew their conchs. Cymbals clashed. Drums resounded to a victorious beat. Petals of flowers were showered on the Five Brothers, Balaraama and Krishna.

Somadatta, the preceptor of the Kurus, and his principal disciples, chanting Vedic *mantras,* approached the Eldest. They carried pots of gold in their hands, their mouths filled with cocoanuts and *tambul* leaves to symbolise the welcome.

Led by Somadatta and Dhaumya, the Brahmans gave their blessings, chanting the Vedic *mantra* in inspiring accents:

A hundred autumns, may we see;
A hundred autumns, may we live;
A hundred autumns, may we learn;
For a hundred autumns, may we
  rise high;
For a hundred autumns, may we
  flourish;
For a hundred autumns, may we
  be ourselves;
For a hundred autumns, may we
  become—
Yet more of ourselves than what
  we are:
Nay, not a hundred autumns, more
  than a hundred autumns.

Duryodhana and others stepped down from the platform to greet Yudhishthira with the customary embrace and Balaraama, as an elder, with prostration. The crowd shouted "*sadhu, sadhu*" as garlands of flowers were placed on the necks of both of them. For a moment all felt that the strife between the cousins had ended. But Bheema knew better; Duryodhana would never be friendly.

Accompanied by Arjuna and Krishna, with the twins behind, Bheema stepped forward towards Duryodhana with his naughty boy's smile.

All eyes were rivetted on Krishna with curiosity mixed with awe. It was he who had brought the Five Brothers back from the Land of the God of Death. His distinctive colour, youthful look, his simple diadem with a peacock feather and his yellow *pitambar* had already passed into story and song—there was no mistaking him.

When Yudhishthira and Balaraama stepped aside to meet the others, Duryodhana hesitated for a moment. He could not overcome his reluctance to embrace Krishna. But there was no escaping him. As a junior in years, Krishna bent down and touched Duryodhana's feet.

Duryodhana saw that the expectant crowd waited for his response. It would never forgive him if he ignored this courteous gesture made by the famed Vaasudeva. So, he raised Krishna and embraced him, and placed a garland on his neck, as exultant shouts of *"Jaya Jaya Krishna Vaasudeva"* rent the air.

When Krishna moved aside to greet others, Duryodhana, confronted with Bheema, was confused for a moment. How was he to receive Bheema, this inveterate enemy of his?

Bheema saw that Duryodhana did not relish giving him a warm welcome and smiled mischievously. He had but to take a step forward to force Duryodhana to greet him by the customary embrace. But there would be no fun in that; so he turned his face towards the group of *mulls,* the wrestlers, with Baliya, his eighty-year-old servitor, now a cripple, sitting astride on the shoulders of his sturdy grandson, Gopu, the playmate of his childhood, to get a better view of the ceremony. As if he had recognised the old man for the first time, Bheema with a broad smile raised his arms and waved his hands in greeting.

Baliya, when told by his sons about the affectionate gesture of Bheema, whom he had brought up, returned the greetings, his aged eyes full of tears. The wrestlers jumped with delight, striking their thighs in appreciation.

Duryodhana saw that this was a deliberate affront; he felt so insulted that he would have liked to strangle his enemy. But with thousands of people watching him, he did not know how to do it.

Having greeted Baliya, Bheema turned to Duryodhana, and without waiting for a welcome, threw his arms around him and thumped his back till he winced. With a loud laugh, he said: 'Here we are, my beloved cousin. The fates have brought us together again.' This remark was loud enough to be heard by those standing near, who could not help laughing.

Truly beautiful creations come when right perception is at work. If these moments are rare in life they are also rare in art.

—*Gandhiji*

As Bheema stepped aside to greet others, Arjuna touched the feet of Duryodhana and received a formal embrace.

While the men-folk, the hosts and the guests were exchanging greetings, Draupadi was being received by Bhanumati with sincere cordiality. Draupadi responded with warmth. Bhanumati felt assured that they were going to be friends, and her wan and tired look became bright.

After the greetings were over, the bridal procession was formed. Drummers, fife-players, conch-blowers and cymbalists placed themselves at its head. The dancing groups came next. Then followed the women, with copper-pots on their heads, singing auspicious songs and then the learned Brahmans.

The group of notabilities headed by

It is better in prayer to have a heart without words than words without a heart.

—*Gandhiji*

Yudhishthira and Duryodhana, Balaraama and Krishna, followed. The ladies of the royal family, with Draupadi and Bhanumati at the head, brought up the rear, also singing songs, which blessed the bridal pair. The archers and the *mulls* followed, leaving Baliya, who could not walk, to be taken by his grandson in the little push-cart.

After the procession was formed, Bheema sought the permission of Yudhishthira for him and Nakula to leave the procession. They wanted to join Vikarna, the brother of Duryodhana, in arranging accommodation for the camp-followers and the horses, cattle and camels which had formed part of the procession. As he left, he winked at Krishna as if to convey to him, without words, how he was enjoying the whole situation.

Sahadeva had already gone to take Mother Kunti to the palace in a palanquin; being a widow, she could not join the auspicious procession.

The procession proceeded on foot through the streets to the royal palace, where Yudhishthira, Draupadi, Arjuna and other guests paid their respects to the Most Venerable Mother, Grandfather Bheeshma, King Dhritaraashtra and Queen Gaandhari.

[*To be continued*]

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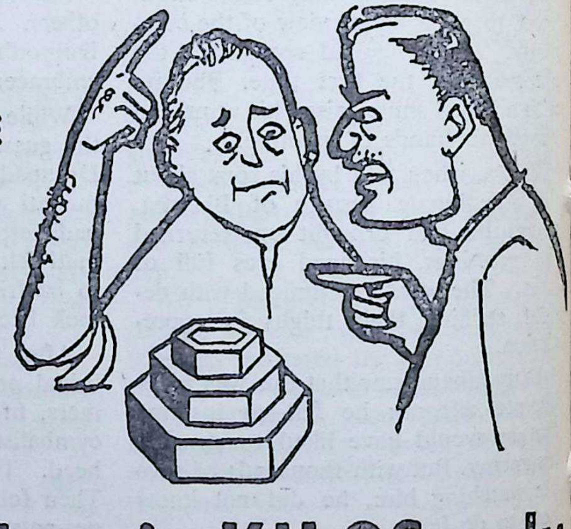

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16 Days in Israel

Lilavati Munshi

I PROPOSE to tell you of my recent visit to Israel—it is important not because I visited it but I feel that intimate knowledge of the different countries is highly conducive to create one world consciousness.

On the 8th November Smt. Krishna Khatau and I started for Israel from Bombay by Air France, which halted at Delhi and Teheran and reached Tel Aviv aerodrome on the 9th morning at 4 a.m. Israeli local time. The difference between Indian time and the Israeli time is about three and half hours. At the Teheran airport I met Smt. Rajadhyaksha, daughter of Principal Junnarkar. Miss Dembo from the Mount Carmel International Training Centre came to receive us at Tel Aviv. A car was waiting for us and we drove straight to Haifa, a distance of about 70 kilometres.

I was invited to Israel for an International Seminar, the subject being 'Social and Cultural Integration in Urban Areas' a non-political subject and for an International Conference on 'The Role of Women in the Struggle for Peace and Development.' I accepted the first invitation, regretting my inability to attend the second one, which was to start as late as on the 29th November.

My stay in Israel was for clear sixteen days. For the first six days I stayed at the Mount Carmel International Training Centre at Haifa where the seminar was taking place.

The Seminar started on the 10th November 1964. Nearly 49 members representing 34 nations, including some nations of Africa, Latin America and Nepal and India, participated.

We were three from India—Smt. Krishna Khatau and myself from Bombay and Smt. Maya Devi Chhetry from Darjeeling. I read a paper in the Seminar on the given subject. This much for the introduction.

Now let me begin the story of Israel I saw.

The Mount Carmel International Training Centre is a well organised institution. The Director in charge is Mrs. Mina Ben-Zvi, a very efficient and likable woman. Besides the people employed in the Training Centre, a few other ladies had come to render their voluntary services in looking after the guests.

Mount Carmel Centre is on a hill side. One can see the whole city of Haifa from some points. It is like seeing the whole of Bombay from Hanging Gardens. The city is divided into three or four tiers. The top of Mount Carmel is a residential locality. On the middle slope, the city and the business centre are located and the last portion is the port of Haifa surrounded by houses and shops. On the first day we took a drive in the city. Mrs. Berger from the Centre and the taxi man were greatly interested in showing us the beautiful spots of the city from various points.

After the drive, the same evening we two from Bombay were taken to the house of a writer Mrs. Bracha Habbas, whose husband was an archaeologist. Her house was well furnished in which finds from the excavations were displayed. She showed me the books she had written. She was kindly and good. After meeting her in the evening we went round the shopping centre, saw the super market and looked at the shop windows. The houses in Haifa are all new and modern and the shopping streets were quite attractive.

At night we all went to see the dances of young boys and girls at the community centre.

Next day I met the delegates of different countries at the breakfast table. Then we went to the Conference room where each one introduced herself. A few of them were really interesting. I remembered the words of poet Tulsidas तुलसी इस संसार में, भांति-भांति के लोग ।

(Tulsi is Sansar Me Bhanti Bhantike Log).

The main lecturers for the next three days were from Israel. Their handling of the subjects was interesting and very instructive. We were also taken round to see some Kibbutz (collective farms) and Moshav (Co-operative farms). About them, I shall write a little later. We were given a reception by the Mayor of Haifa the same evening where I gave thanks on behalf of the Asian countries.

Next day, on the 11th November, Dr. (Mrs.) R. Bar Josef spoke on 'Some problems of Urban Integration in Israel.' She spoke very well. After her lecture, I was called upon to read my paper. Some other papers also were read.

Many of the delegates were educationists or social workers holding good positions in life or in academic circles. One of the delegates was the wife of the Commander-in-Chief of Abyssinia.

In the evening we went for shopping. There is one thing common to all women—shopping, or at least looking at the shop windows and admiring beautiful things.

Again the next day we heard a lecture by Mr. E. Yalan on 'Agricultural Settlements of the Taanach Region.' In the afternoon we were all taken on a tour outside Haifa in a bus. On both sides of the road were fields and the so-called villages which were really towns. We passed by some Moshav (co-operative farms). The lecturer was explaining the places on a loud speaker.

We saw the border of Lebanon from a distance of about 150 yards. The Kibbutzims and Moshavims are mostly settled on the borders. This arrangement not only helps farming, but protects the border as well. On both sides of the border there are villages of Arabs and Israelis, but they hardly fight. We saw one house in a Moshavim as a random sample. Each family was given 56 sq. metres accommodation. Now they are going to increase it to 75 sq. metres. For their six children, the householder had put up a separate side room.

The explanation was given in English, but always translated into French for the French-knowing delegates. When we went home it was evening.

Before I go further I should like to mention a few points from a talk given by one of the speakers. "The Jews came to Israel because they were pushed about. They had no other place to go.

The planning is done in such a way that the planners and the men who work are not very far from each other. The planners are always near the farmers. Agro-Technical success was a by-product of this co-operation.

The cow gives 5,000 litres of milk. The man who handles the cows knows every cow individually. The cattle are like human beings. You must know them individually as well as love them.

The dung and urine of cattle is collected in a receptacle without drainage to be turned into liquid manure which is collected and taken directly to the field.

I am firmly of opinion that India's salvation depends on the sacrifice and enlightenment of her women.

—Gandhiji

The agrarian reform is costly and painful.

In Moshav the earning is between 4,000 and 8,000 Israeli pounds to each farmer. The difference in the income for the same amount of land was explained like this. One man gets up early morning at 5 o'clock and another at 6 o'clock. One man is friendly with his wife while the other is quarrelling with his wife. This makes all the difference in the working and the result in earning. There is a small land attached to each house where one can cultivate whatever one likes."

I had better describe what a Kibbutz is.

Kibbutz is a collective settlement and Moshav is a co-operative settlement. They are started with two purposes—to cultivate the land and to protect the borders. Most of the Kibbutz are right on the border where soldiers from both sides can shake hands if they want to—which probably they may do sometimes. A Kibbutz is like a big Hindu Joint family. I learnt, generally, it contains a minimum of about 60 families, but there

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are smaller and bigger ones too. Each one—man and woman—has to do the field work. Man and wife have a small house, but they have to dine in a common dining room. The children are taken care of in a separate small home-*cum*-school according to the age group though in the evening from 5 to 9 p.m. the children spend their time with their parents. There is a common purse from which everybody's needs are met. Personal allowances for clothes, etc. are given according to earning. The profit is also common from which new ventures are undertaken. In many Kibbutz, besides agri-horticulture there are many other special vocations from which they earn well and make a profit. Kibbutz and Moshav are voluntary societies. People can leave the Kibbutz any time they want to. Undesirable people can be driven out of Kibbutz if members of the Kibbutz wish to. There are hardly any desertions under this system.

Ordinarily boys and girls marry girls and boys of other Kibbutz.

Moshav is a collective form of settlement. Households are separate, but service in the fields and marketing has to be rendered in common.

There are compulsory military services for boys and girls after the age of 18. Generally, girls are given civil work like nursing, teaching, secretarial and clerical work. Fighting services are for the boys.

The planning of these settlements is interesting. In the middle of a number of settlements, there is a service station giving them advice, field service, running schools, having a community hall, a library and providing

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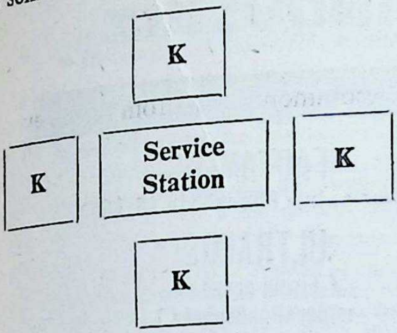
all necessary information so that the people who live in the settlement get every service nearer their homes and fields.

The planning of the service station is somewhat like this.



In many of the houses there is a solar heater on the roof which gives hot water to the household. With so much sun's heat available, India could copy this invention profitably. Much fuel could be saved.

There is a great emphasis on the youth, whose education, health and recreation are well looked after. On every Friday night there are places in the open in Kibbutz as well as in cities, where children of two age groups, one upto twelve and the second from twelve to eighteen dance together. There are teachers and drummers who instruct in dance steps at the beginning of each dance and the boys and girls dance forming big circles—sometimes two or three circles one within the other. They are mostly folk dances. They dance with abandon, clapping their hands. I inquired from my companion whether any moral problems arise in consequence of this kind of mix-up of boys and girls. I was told that because the boys and girls are growing together, moral problems are fewer than in many civilised affluent countries. Children are more like brothers and sisters.

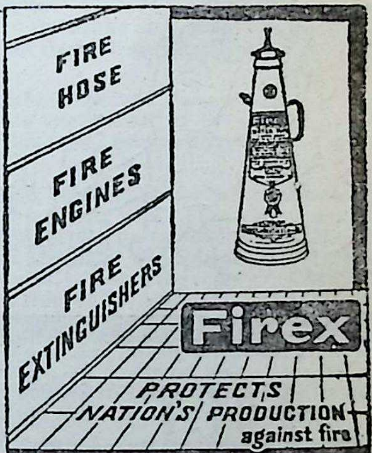
Talking about prostitution, I was told that if such a problem arises they try to redeem younger persons under 30, because it was felt that after the age of 30 people do not change easily. The law takes care if any prostitute is found in the street inviting people.

[To be continued]

Churchill met and defeated crises all his life, yet he nearly died in South Africa 65 years ago.

Churchill was running to board a train under fire from the Boers in Natal.

"We could easily have shot him down," said 83-year-old Mr. Jaap Botha, a Boer Commando in 1899, "but General Piet Joubert gave the order not to shoot the enemy in the back."



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In Memoriam

THE GREATEST ENGLISHMAN

> *Give and not count the cost; fight and not heed the wounds; toil and not seek for rest.*
>
> —Ignatius Loyola

WINSTON CHURCHILL is no more with us, but he now occupies the front seat among the immortals of history. He not merely belongs to Britain; he belongs to India too and the world; he belongs to history and to the ages.

When memories of kings and queens and battles fade away, when all politicians and party-caucuses and passions slip away from memory and only the pageant of history remains, this man will continue to be remembered as the saviour of freedom at a critical moment in the history of the world.

Churchill has lived long and lived fully. He had been soldier, writer, painter, politician, and statesman. Before his last tryst with destiny, he gave, as in life, tough battle to it before the curtain was finally rung down.

How will posterity remember Churchill ?

In Britain no statesman of comparable rank had crossed his 90th birthday. Gladstone assumed office earlier and retained it to a greater range, but he had not crossed 89. Will Churchill, therefore, be remembered as the Grand Old Man, like Gladstone? Assuredly not. Even as Kennedy impressed the world with his youth and courage, the one image which Churchill has been projecting from the very beginning has been that of ebullient youth, with all its rashness and which never got tempered or tamed by age.

As a swashbuckling young Hussar, there was something outrageous about his brilliance and courage. He entered the Parliament at the age of 26 and was received with as much distrust as the elder Pitt.

With the passage of years, he continued to make the blunder of impulsive youth but strangely, won success which eluded the calculating. He sought the dramatic in every controversy, often over-simplifying issues. He was as often right as wrong. But whether he succeeded or failed, he did so in the grand style. He was no doubt a great parliamentarian but a poor party leader, for that job goes to the safe man. Thus the thirties found him a brilliant failure.

Then came 1940, the year when evil rode triumphant and the world-crisis revealed Churchill as the man of destiny. How the King summoned him to form the Government on that fateful night is graphically described in his own words in an article given elsewhere in this issue.

It was again his quality of reckless daring that tipped the balance against the Nazi hordes. He won the second World War practically with his boyish emotionalism and enthusiasm which he translated into flaming words and resolute acts. The world rallied round to his passion of patriotism and splendour of leadership by rekindling the spirit of freedom-loving people all over the world. Indeed the voice was Churchill's, but his will became transplanted into the entire free world, and became the fortune of every free man.

Looking at his life even at this nearness, we cannot fail to notice that his almost riotous career finally harmonised to confer world leadership on him, thus revealing a spiritual consistency in all that he did. The scholar will see in him the latest of the romantics to pass away, for he has in him all the ingredients of romanticism.

Churchill has had a rewarding life. The greatest honours have been showered on him. Whatever the centuries may forget, they will not forget that it was because of him that later generations could walk with head erect.

There can be no greater tribute to him than that countries like India to which he had been none too kindly, join the chorus of homage paid to him today that he was the greatest Englishman of his age.

NINE DECADES OF MY LIFE

Sir Winston Churchill

1874-1884

I WAS now seven years old and what grown-up people called "a troublesome boy." I was to go to school. It was supposed to be the very last thing in schools....Flogging with the birch was a great feature in its curriculum. Three times a month the whole school was marshalled in the library and delinquents were hauled off to an adjoining room by the two head boys and there flogged until they bled freely, while the rest of us sat quaking, listening to their screams. I made very little progress at my lessons and none at all at games. I counted the hours to the end of every term when I should return home from this hateful servitude and range my soldiers in line of battle on the nursery floor.

1884-1894

I DID not do well in examinations, especially my entrance examination to Harrow.

I was unable to answer a single question in the Latin paper. I wrote my name at the top of the page. I wrote down the number of the question "1". After much reflection I put a bracket round it thus "(1)." Incidentally, there arrived from nowhere in particular a blot and several smudges. I gazed for two whole hours at this sad spectacle. It was from these slender indications of scholarship that Mr. Welldon drew the conclusion that I was worthy to pass into Harrow. It is very much to his credit....In nearly 12 years of school I enjoyed few gleams of success. I had hardly ever been asked to learn anything which seemed of the slightest use or interest or allowed to play any game which was amusing. In retrospect these years form the only barren and unhappy period of my life.

1894-1904

I PASSED out of Sandhurst into the world. It opened like Aladdin's cave. Twenty to 25! Those are the years!

I saw before me, not ten yards away, the two blue men who lay in my path. I rode at the interval between them. They both fired. I passed through the smoke. Straight before me a man threw himself on the ground. I saw the gleam of his curved sword as he drew it back for a hamstring cut. I fired two shots into him at about three yards. As I straightened in the saddle I saw before me another figure with uplifted sword. I raised my pistol and fired. The pistol itself actually struck him. Man and sword disappeared below me...How easy to kill a man!

1904-1914

THE Tory Party has had to fall back on their dukes. These unfortunate individuals, who ought to lead quiet, delicate, sheltered lives, have been dragged into the football scrimmage and got rather roughly mauled in the process...do not let us be too hard on them. It is poor sport—like teasing goldfish. These ornamental creatures blunder on every hook they see, and there is no sport

Sir Winston Churchill
(1874—1965)

No lion him fright,
He will with a giant fight.—**John Bunyan**

whatever in trying to catch them. It would be barbarous to leave them gasping upon the bank of public ridicule on which they have landed themselves. Let us put them back gently, tenderly in their fountains; and if a few bright gold scales have been rubbed off, they will soon get over it. They have got plenty more.

1914-1924

IT took about 48 hours to wear through the Grenadier Guards' natural prejudice against politicians of all kinds, particularly of the non-Conservative brands. I was infinitely amused at the pains they took to put me in my place...I said I thought I should learn of the conditions in the trenches better if I lived with the companies actually in the line. I must confess I was prompted by what many will think an inadequate motive. Battalion headquarters was strictly "dry".

1924-1934

THE years from 1931 to 1935 were personally very pleasant for me. I earned my livelihood by dictating articles which had a wide circulation. I lived in fact from mouth to hand. I produced the volumes of the life of Marlborough.

1934-1944

A MESSAGE arrived summoning me to Buckingham Palace at six o'clock. The King looked at me searchingly and quizzically for some moments and then said: "I suppose you don't know why I have sent for you?" Adopting his mood, I replied: "Sir, I simply cannot imagine why."

He laughed and said: "I want to ask you to form a Government."

Thus, then, on the night of May 10, at the outset of this mighty battle, I acquired the chief power in the State which henceforth I wielded for five years and three months of world war...As I went to bed at about 3 a.m. I was conscious of a profound sense of relief. At last I had the authority to give directions over the whole scene. I felt as if I were walking with destiny and that all my past life had been but a preparation for this hour and for this trial. I was sure I should not fail.

1944-1954

I HAVE never accepted what many people have kindly said, namely that I inspired the nation. Their will was resolute and remorseless and it proved unconquerable. It fell to me to express it, and if I found the right word you must remember that I always earned my living by my pen and by my tongue.

It was the nation and the race dwelling around the globe that had the lion's heart.

I had the luck to be called on to give the roar. I also hope that I sometimes suggested to the lion the right place to use his claws.

1954-1964

I MUST say I like bright colours. I rejoice with the brilliant ones and feel genuinely sorry for the poor browns. When I get to Heaven I propose to spend a considerable portion of my first million years in painting, and so get to the bottom of the subject. But then I shall require a still gayer palette than I get here below.

I Travelled The FULL CIRCLE

R. Vaitheswaran

[Sri Vaitheswaran was a member of the Communist Party of India. For his part in the Telengana uprising, he was jailed for 2½ years.—*Ed.*]

POVERTY was not the reason for my joining the Communist Party. Very few dedicated Communists of the world have had a background of real poverty. Like many Communists, I considered myself an idealist who wanted a new deal for humanity. But my idealism had its roots in an experience of personal humiliation, jealousy of others better off than my own family and frustration at real or imaginary obstacles to my ambition.

A sense of personal injustice ends often in an irrational bitterness which Marxism transforms into a revolutionary battle against the exploitation of the capitalist system. The fact that my friends in college laughed at me because of my shabby clothes, or a richer family friend treated me like a servant boy, had much more to do with the passion of my Communist convictions than the ideas of Karl Marx. Karl Marx rationalised my bitterness and made it a social passion. He gave a destiny to those like me who felt, for some reason or other, that they had no place in their society. Marxism gives them a place in history.

In all men, especially those who feel left out, there is a deep urge to be included, to be wanted, to play "God" to other men. This urge Communism satisfies, as it replaces the faltering vision of the failing men of God with the prophetic plan to make Man his own Master.

I accepted consciously the need for violence to transform society. Every Community does.

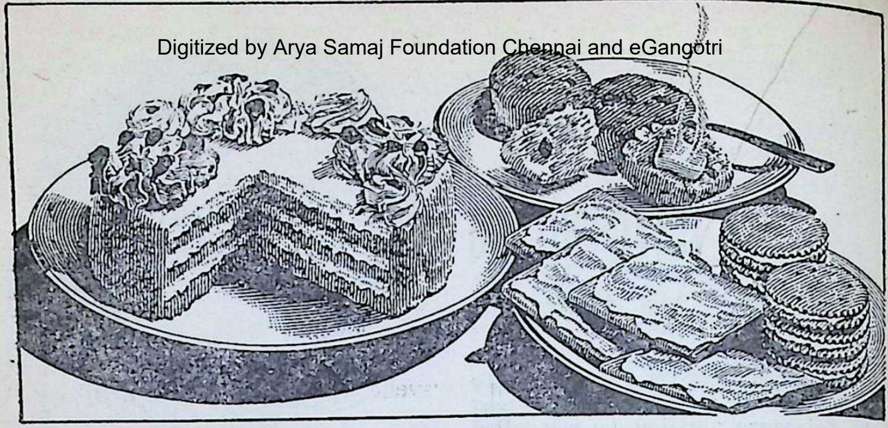
All of us rejected God. Though sometimes a twinge of conscience or a childhood faith fought for survival. But with longer years of activity during which expediency was the only rule of morality and violence a method of public action, conscience and God disappeared.

It happened to me.

From a raw youth of conservative Brahmin background, who was ambitious but not inordinately so, bitter, but not to the point of cruelty, I became a callous, inhuman rebel.

The first step in change is the realisation that there is something better than Communism.

It came as a revelation to me that



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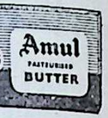

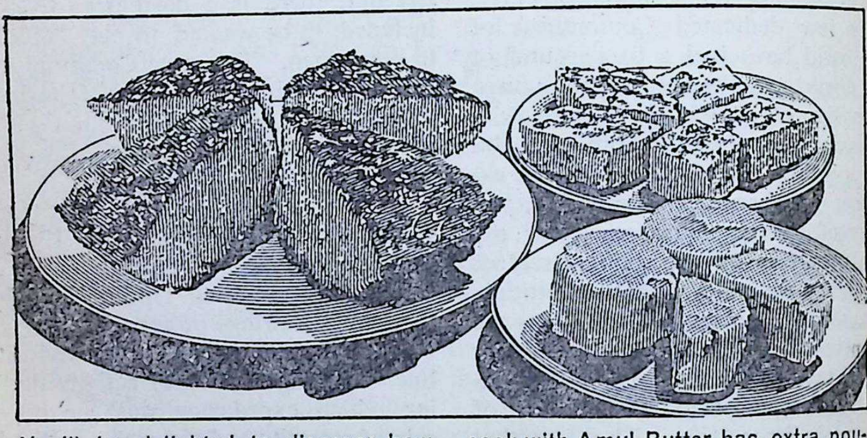

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economic exploitation is only one of the many forms of exploitation, and often it is not the worst kind. Power leads to tyranny of one man over another, far worse than the exploitation of capitalists over the workers.

As a Communist who had some opportunity to witness the transformation of the Telengana struggle in 1947-1949 from a mass movement for the rights of peasants to a terroristic instrument of a minority for political power, I am deeply convinced that the roots of Stalinist and Maoist dictatorship lie in the exploitation of hate and bitterness and the use of violence and terror.

I was a little Stalin to those over whom I had authority, just as I was an obedient yes-man to those above me. We were all little or big Stalins according to our position in the Party. Our one aim was power and greater power. From being saviours of an exploited society, we became its most pitiless exploiters.

Communists who have seen this Communist reality do want an ideology more satisfying to the individual and more effective in ending exploitation. I certainly did.

There were three stages in my evolution. The first was when my conscience confronted me with the forces that really directed me—ambition, impurity and dishonesty, all of which derived from my selfishness. At this stage I believed in conscience, but did not believe in God.

I decided I was going to start afresh. I put things right where I had done wrong.

Soon I had to face the overwhelming power of bitterness which dominated all aspects of my life.

I know many people, rich and poor, who feel helpless against forces like impurity, bitterness, dependence on other men, etc. I did too.

Man is powerless against his nature without the power of God to cure it, and an aim to sustain his change. This was my road to God. I had travelled the full circle—faith—anti-God—God.

My faith in the power of my intellect and in the resources of my will was shaken by my inability to do anything about my own nature. An even more terrible experience was the revelation of utter meanness, utter selfishness and utter impurity about my own nature. "Thou art the lowliest of the low." Faith in God had to wait for this final realisation of my utter incapacity without God.

The Communist world is going through the cycle. All Communists know the need for morality in a more absolute sense than is permitted by official Marxist doctrine. No man, however great, can be a god. There must be some in the Communist leadership who must be groping towards the true God who will hold their society together in spite of disappearing Stalins and Khrushchevs, who will give a basis for absolute moral standards in their rootless society and bring new life to a cynical demoralised generation. The sincere Communists who find this road may yet lead a new revolution in the Communist world that will far outmatch Lenins.

[From *Himmat*]

Question Box

ANSWERS BY

K. M. MUNSHI

On Gandhiji

Q1: *How, in your opinion, would Gandhiji have fared as the Prime Minister of India, without compromising on his own basic political beliefs?*

A: Gandhiji was a vast spiritual force. His spiritual dynamism could never have been trapped into a Prime-Ministership, which must necessarily carry with it the responsibility to deal with the practical side of running a vast government with all its incidental activities and manoeuvres.

Q2: *Is the Mahatma's keen sense of personal morals too severe to be acquired by the people?*

A: It has been given to few men in history to maintain the standard of spiritual strength which he possessed. It is not possible for ordinary men, however aspiring, to attain the spiritual strength and moral fervour which he possessed. All that the people could have acquired—and did acquire to some extent in his lifetime—was respect for and faith in ethical and moral values which he stood for.

Q3: *Does the essence of Gandhiji's social ethics, based on the fundamentals of non-possession and poverty, conflict with modern notions of progress and prosperity?*

A: Behind what you call "modern notions of progress and prosperity", lies the urge to continuously raise the standard of living and indulge in hedonism. In my opinion, modern civilization, insofar as it is based on these factors, is going to crash and possibly lead to a situation in countries which have built their life on them when the governments will be compelled to adopt coercive measures to repress the acquisitiveness of man and impose upon people, by taxation or otherwise, a grudging austerity.

Gandhiji's social ethics are based on the fundamentals of Indian Culture. The principles of non-possession and poverty are designed to prepare man to the voluntary acceptance of a measure of austerity and a spirit of contentment which, while not debarring benefits and progress resulting from scientific and technological advancement, would not make man look upon material prosperity alone as the goal of life.

Q4: *How far do you think Independent India has upheld the teachings of Gandhiji?*

A: When Gandhiji was alive, his teachings were accepted either on account of an enthusiastic devotion to his personality, or of the imponderable pressure of worshipful mass opinion. Independent India has strayed away from his teachings; they are *now* invoked only for propaganda purposes.

Q:5 *What is the relevance of the philosophy of non-violence in the context of the nuclear threat?*

A: The philosophy of non-violence must necessarily carry with it a progressive development of individual and society, pledged to righteous living, trusteeship of wealth and a life lived in love. Since Gandhiji's death, the country has swung away from the ethical and spiritual attitude which he had wanted the country to adopt. Once you ignore the ethical and spiritual basis in a world dominated by untruth and violence—in ordinary language, force and fraud—the philosophy of non-violence can only be a slogan, at best an aspiration.

It is necessary that India must exist as a strong nation and in the context of the world situation as it is it cannot possibly pledge itself to adherence of the philosophy of non-violence for all times and under all circumstances.

On Jawaharlal Nehru

Q1: *What aspect of Mr. Nehru's personality has impressed you most?*

A: Mr. Nehru's ceaseless efforts to maintain human relations.

> **Through my years of association with Winston Churchill—during the winning of the war, the construction of Western security, the search for peace with justice within an open world society—he came to typify for me Britain's courage and perseverance in adversity, its conservatism in success, its valid pride in the glories of the past, its vision of future leadership responsibilities in the family of nations.**
>
> **Strong in his convictions, intense in his purposes, at once passionate and inspirational and often humorous in their expression, he was an authentic spokesman for Britain's greatness of spirit, for its commitment to human freedom in a peaceful world.**
>
> —*Eisenhower*

G2: *Which, in your opinion, is his most salient contribution towards the foundation of modern India?*

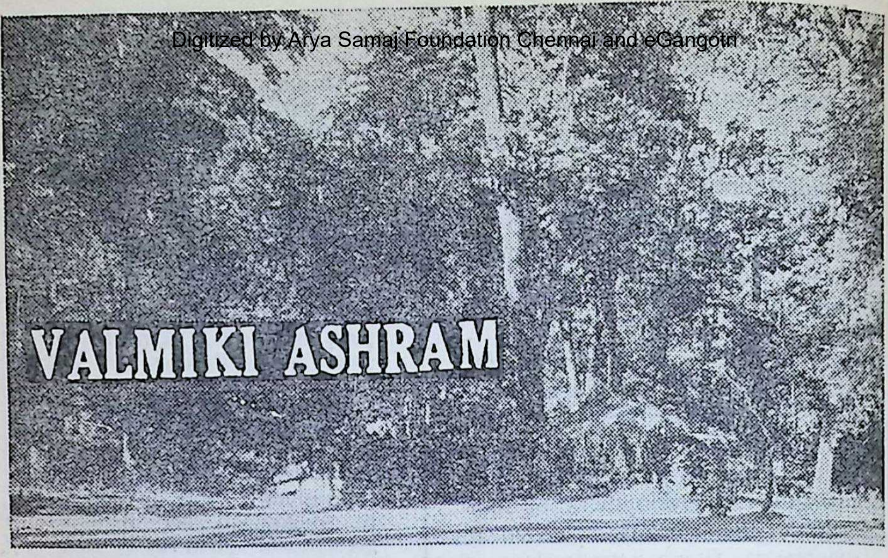
A: His salient contribution towards the foundation of modern India was to have opened the windows of our heart and mind to the breezes of the outside world.

Q3: *What the Indian youth in general and students in particular should learn from Mr. Nehru's life?*

A: The Indian youth will benefit from his life only if, following his example, they dedicate themselves to their own tasks.

Q4: *What is the best way of perpetuating Mr. Nehru's memory?*

A: The Nehru Memorial Committee is devising ways and means to perpetuate Mr. Nehru's memory.



VALMIKI ASHRAM

DIP NARAYAN SINHA

THE Gandak river after emerging from the valley of the Himalayan mountains crosses the border of Nepal and enters Indian plains just at a tiny village named Bhainsalotan in the District of Champaran (Bihar). The Gandak is known also as Shaligrami and Narayani. She is called Ganga also. After running for about 150 miles in the Indian plains, the river joins the big Ganga just to the opposite side of Patna, the capital town of Bihar.

At Bhainsalotan, two small rivers namely Sona and Puncha join the river Gandak. At the confluence of the rivers a big fair takes place every year. This fair from time immemorial is known, because of the confluence of the rivers, as Tribeni Fair. Near the confluence, the fair takes place on both sides of the Gandak in both the territories of India and Nepal. Lakhs of people from both the countries gather there on the occasion. They take their holy bath in the Gandak and offer worship to Valmikeshwar Mahadeva whose temple is located on the other side of the Gandak in the Nepal territory.

The fair takes place every year on the Magh Amavash (15th day of Magh, Vikram). It is nothing else than the festival of the Valmiki birthday.* Those who have been participating in the Tribeni Fair little knew that they were actually participating in the Valmiki's birthday festival. Thousands and thousands of years ago Rishi Valmiki was born on the Magh Amavash. This realisation is now growing in the people of the area. They have started participating in the fair with increased spiritual sentiment and fervour.

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* For the past ten years Valmiki Jayanti is being celebrated on Chaitra Shukla Navami by many institutions in the country as per Resolution of the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad passed in its Tirupati Session of 1955. The Resolution says:

> "RESOLVED to celebrate as a National Festival, the days associated with Vyasa, Valmiki and Kalidasa, the Masters of Sanskrit Literature, viz., Vyasa Purnima (Ashadh Shukla 15), Rama Navami (Chaitra Shukla 9) and Vijaya Dasami (Asvin Shukla 10) respectively."—*Ed.*

The river Sona-Puncha forms the boundary line between India and Nepal. At the right bank of this river, in the territory of Nepal, is situated the holy Ashram of Rishi Valmiki. A number of images are available at the Ashram site. These images are made of beautiful stones. A large number of bricks and broken pieces of stones and ruins of some structures of ancient period are also seen there. They have been lying there for unknown years and belong to some remote time. People come every year and worship the Ashram as the abode of Rishi Valmiki.

According to the old geography of India, it is said, that the river Gandak formed the boundary line of the kingdoms of Ayodhya and Janakpur. The Valmiki Ashram was, therefore, situated in the kingdom of Raja Janak. It was here at this Ashram that Sita was put in her banishment while she was in the stage of pregnancy. Rama knew that Valmiki Ashram was outside the kingdom of Ayodhya. He also knew that Valmiki was a great friend of both Raja Dashrath and Raja Janak. In this background Sita was put in the Ashram of Valmiki where she was sure to get the care and affection of the Rishi which, undoubtedly, she got.

BHAVAN'S BANGALORE KENDRA

The Foundation-stone of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan's Bangalore Kendra was laid by Sri Lal Bahadur Shastri, Prime Minister of India, on Saturday the 23rd instant at the Bhavan's site (near West End Hotel), Race Course Road, Bangalore.

Dr. K.M. Munshi, President of the Bhavan, presided. Sri S. Nijalingappa, Chief Minister of Mysore State and Vice-Chairman, Bhavan's Bangalore Kendra, welcomed the guests.

Justice Sri K. R. Gopivallabha Iyengar, Hon. Treasurer, Bhavan's Bangalore Kendra, proposed the vote of thanks.

A full report of the proceedings will appear in the next issue of our JOURNAL.

Just a little north of the Ashram there flows a river which joins the Gandak in the vicinity of the Ashram itself. Even today this river is known as Tamasa. At the banks of this river, Valmiki gave expression to the famous Sanskrit couplet:

मा निषाद! प्रतिष्ठां त्वमगमः शाश्वतीः समाः।
यत्क्रौंचमिथुनादेक मवधीः काममोहितम् ॥

It is said that this is the first piece of poetry ever given to the humanity at large and Valmiki is reputed to be the *Adi-Kavi* in the Sanskrit literature. Undoubtedly he is the *Adi-Kavi* of the World.

At the Ashram while in her banishment, Sita gave birth to her two sons, Lava and Kush. Valmiki gave them education and brought them up with due care and affection. There are shrines and temple of Valmiki, Sita, Lava and Kush in the area. The temple of Rama is a rarity in the locality. Villages or their parts are known after the names of Lava and Kush. The portion of the forest in which the Valmiki Ashram is situated is mentioned as Janakpur Jungle in the records of the Government of Nepal.

With the agreement of His Majesty's Government of Nepal and Government of India, a big irrigation project on the river Gandak is under execution at an estimated cost of about Rs. 52 crores. The head-works of the project have been located at Bhainsalotan where a good township has grown with all provisions of modern amenities such as electricity, telephone, telegraph, good roads, aerodrome and the like. Sri Anantasayanam Ayyangar who was for a long time Speaker of the Lok Sabha (Indian Parliament) is the Rajyapal (Governor) of the State of Bihar. While I was in the charge of the project as the Irrigation Minister of the State, Sri Ayyangar expressed his desire to visit the head-works site of the Gandak Project. We visited Bhainsalotan on the 28th of April, 1963. At Bhainsalotan Sri Tara Prasad Upadhya, a high official of the Nepal Government, took us to the Valmiki Ashram and explained to us the historical background of the same. He also explained the significance of the Tribeni Fair. It was thus on that very date that the Valmiki Ashram was, so to say, discovered!

His Majesty King Mahendra of Nepal is taking keen interest in the affairs of the Ashram. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, our late Prime Minister, also took a lot of interest in the Ashram affairs and gave suggestions for its proper development. Recently some officers of the Archaeological Department of the Government of India visited the Ashram. They attach great importance to the finds of the Ashram and have offered suggestions for the development of the place.

On the suggestion of Sri Anantasayanam Ayyangar, the state Government of Bihar have named the whole Gandak Project Colony of Bhainsalotan as Valmikinagar. This place is at a distance of about 28 miles from Bagaha N.E.Rly. Station. Its distance from Motihari is about 88 miles. From Patna one can go there by road or by air. Motihari is the headquarters of the famous District of Cham-

(*Continued on page 49*)

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Bhavan's 27th Foundation Day Celebrations

By a Staff Reporter

(Continued from last issue)

College Day Celebration

Earlier on December 16, the 19th Annual Day of Bhavan's College of Arts and Science was celebrated at the Bhavan's Andheri Campus. Sri H.M. Patel, I.C.S. (Red.), was the Chief Guest.

Kulapati Munshi welcomed the gathering and said that he was proud of the progress the College had made in the last 19 years. He announced the proposed plan of the Bhavan to start a new College at the Bhavan's Annexe and a scheme of gratuity for the academic as well as the administrative staff. He thanked Sri H. M. Patel and described him as a "born executive."

Principal B. M. Naik, in his Report, mentioned the progress that College had made in various spheres and said: "On this Annual Day, we the teachers and the students, rededicate ourselves to the service of the College and the Bhavan in a spirit of humility and profound gratitude."

Sri Patel in his address called upon the students to be clear in their thinking and to be bold enough to face the facts of life. He said that expediency should not govern their lives all the times as principles could never be subordinated to expediency.

On December 17, the Second Annual Day of the Bhavan's Sardar Patel College of Engineering was celebrated, where Sri Lalchand Hirachand, Chairman Premier Automobiles, was the Chief Guest. Principal Chokhavatia read out the Report.

December 28, was observed as the Parents Day where Sri Girdharilal Mehta, the noted philanthropist of Calcutta, presided. Smt. Lilavati Munshi welcomed Sri Mehta and praised him for his kind and charitable nature.

Sri Mehta, in his address, appreciated the dance performance of the young students of the Bhavan's Nartan Shikshapith and paid high tributes to the Bhavan for its noble work which always kept in view the past values, present aspirations and future visions. He called upon the parents to rededicate themselves to the cause and vision for which the Bhavan stood.

On December 30, the Shishu Manch of the Bhavan's Kala Kendra presented a delightful children's drama "Chocolatepurna Chakramaditya". All the child artistes gave wonderful performances and frequently brought the house down. It was indeed a flying start for the Shishu Manch.

Dr. C. P. R. Aiyar is seen speaking during the Foundation Day dinner.

Kulapati Munshi entered 78th year on December 30. To celebrate this happy event the Bhavan's Governing Council held Founder's Day Dinner at the Bhavan's Gita Mandir. Dr. P. V. Cherian and Smt. Tara Cherian were the Chief Guests on the occasion.

After the dinner Sir H.V. Divatia welcomed the guests and recalled his close and fruitful association of more than 60 years with Munshiji.

Dr. Cherian in his address said that it was a great honour for him and his wife to be the Chief Guests on the occasion. He said that he first met Munshiji many years ago when Munshiji came to him as a patient. Since then he had a great attachment towards Munshiji whom he had always held in great regard.

Munshiji and Smt. Lilavati Munshi, the Governor continued, were "a gift to the country" and the work they were doing was phenomenal. Dr. Cherian affirmed that though Munshiji was a great scholar, administrator and lawyer, his greatest service to the nation was the foundation of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan. Though Munshiji, he said, had done more than most people in his life he wished him still many more years of purposeful work.

At the outset, speaking in a humorous vein, Dr. Cherian refused to agree that Munshiji was 78 years old. He completed 77 years of his life on that day and hence according to him they were celebrating his 77th Birthday. He took strong objection to a system which made a man a year older than what he actually was.

In a most pleasing after-dinner speech that the Bombayites have heard in recent months Dr. C.P. Ramaswamy Aiyar differed with Dr. Cherian and maintained that Munshiji was 78. He said that upto a certain age in one's life one liked to be called younger, but once that stage had been reached one preferred to be a 'wise' man of 'old' age.

Dr. C. P. then paid glowing tributes to 'great and noble work' of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan.

Quoting Oscar Wilde, he said: "Most people are other people", which meant that most people on earth were without their own distinct personality. Dr. Munshi, however, was an exception. He had, said Dr. C.P., "a definite and great individual personality of his own" and added: "He is himself. He thinks himself. He writes, he speaks, he lives as a man by himself."

"And what part Dr. Munshi has not played?", asked Dr. C.P. Besides being "a forceful, successful and reputed lawyer" Dr. Munshi was a noted politician—a politician who looked behind and before, a politician who took a long view, who did not fear to differ. He was also one of the glories of Gujarati literature which he made a vital phenomenon.

Over and above all, continued Dr. C.P., Dr. Munshi was a new visionary of India whose contribution to the cultural and political history of India was outstanding. Like the Latin writer, he said, Dr. Munshi had pronounced: "There is nothing human that is foreign to me".

Through his works, his books and his "wonderful journals" Dr. Munshi had reshaped the meaning of life of an Indian, said Dr. C.P., and added that Dr. Munshi had always looked at the heaven but never ignored the earth. He affirmed that reconciling the spirit with the body and mind had been Dr. Munshi's duty, privilege and work.

Giving his blessings to the Bhavan, Dr. C. P. recounted a Vedic prayer which said: "Let me have numerous disciples gathered around me—strong in body, forceful and individual in character and disciplined in soul and mind."

Dr. C. P. concluded: "Long may Dr. Munshi live and long may his success endure".

Replying to the felicitations, Munshiji said that he was overwhelmed by the kind sentiments expressed about him. He said that a large number of kind friends was the greatest gift of his life and maintained that Bhavan's work was God's will.

Among the distinguished guests were the Prince and Princess of Thailand, Sri Justice K.K. Desai, Judges of the Bombay High Court, Sri N. Dandekar, M. P., Sri O. S. Murthy, General Manager, Western Railway, Sri B. K. Kaul, Chairman, L.I.C., Sri Lalchand Hirachand, Sri Girdhari lal Mehta, Sri D. R. Mankekar, Bombay Editor, Indian Express, and Sri A. S. Bharatan.

Dance-Drama

The concluding days of the celebrations saw Kumari Padma and Party of the Nrithyodaya Art Centre, Madras, enthralling the connoisseurs of classical Bharata Natyam in Bombay with several of their exquisite performances in aid of the Bhavan's Madras Kendra Building Fund.

On December 31, Kumari Padma delivered a lecture with slide illustrations on Temple as the focal point of dance art in India at the Bhavan. On January 1, she, along with the other talented artistes of her party, presented the Dance Ballet "Parijathapaharanam" in Bharata Natyam style with Hindi lyrics.

On January 2, Kumari Padma and Party staged the dance ballet "Meenakshi Kalyanam" at the spacious Shanmukhananda Hall, where Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar was the Chief Guest.

Dr. C. P. in his address, paid glowing tributes to Sri K. Subramaniam, Director of the Nrithyodaya Art Centre, and his daughter Padma for enriching the ancient art-form and enhancing its glory. Bharata Natyam, he said, was one of the noblest of arts. Kalidasa had described it as "a sacrifice dear unto gods", he said, and added that Kumari Padma was "fast becoming one of the topmost exponents of Bharata Natyam."

Kulapati Munshi who welcomed the gathering, announced that Dr. C.P. Ramaswami Aiyar had donated Rs. 10,000 to the Madras Kendra of Bhavan for starting a school of devotional music at its Madras Kendra. It would be named after Sita, the late grand-daughter of Dr. C. P., said Munshiji, who described Dr. C.P. as "one of the most distinguished sons of India working for great causes at great sacrifice."

On January 3, when Kumari Padma and Party presented three short dance-dramas "Krishna Leela" "Nandan Kanavu" and "Viralimalai Kuravanji, Dr. P.V. Cherian, Governor of Maharashtra was the Chief Guest. Kulapati Munshi announced that Prof. D.S. Sarma, the veteran educationist and author, former Principal of Vivekananda College had donated Rs. 15,000 for the Madras Kendra of the Bhavan.

The dance critic of a highly reputed English daily of Bombay wrote: "Padma opened a new chapter in the history of Bharat Natyam, by being the first artiste to present on the stage the *karanas,* as prescribed in the Natya Shastra of Bharata, as illustrated in the sculpture of the famous temples of Tanjore and Chidambaram. Thue she made her part of the ballet not only a visual but also an intellectual treat." Baby Dakshyayani also won the hearts of the audience with her charming performances.

Thus ended the 27th Foundation Day Celebrations of the Bhavan.

A distinguished observer wrote: "There is no denying it, the Bhavan has a sense of beauty and can evoke it in all, except those who are wholly devoid of what Kalidasa terms a prenatal attraction (*janmantara sauhrida*)."

Foundation Day at Madras Kendra

The Madras Kendra of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan celebrated the Founder's Day on December 30, 1964. Sri S. Balakrishna Joshi, Headmaster, Hindu Theological High School, Madras presided over the function and Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao, Professor of Philosophy, Sri Venkateswara University, Tirupati, spoke on "Hinduism and the Changing World."

Sri Balakrishna Joshi, in his Presidential Address, paid high tributes to Kulapati Munshi for his outstanding contribution to Indian culture and education. He said: "Scholar, statesman, administrator, journalist, author, forceful speaker, a creative thinker, an inspired builder, Dr. Munshi is a versatile genius, and his rich and varied services to the community and the country have few parallels in his generation. He is without exaggeration a human university carrying with him an aroma of culture wherever he goes."

Dr. Nagaraja Rao, in his address on "Hinduism and the Changing World" said that Hinduism was not a religion of the book. It was, he said, the religion of realisation. As Upanishads had mentioned, Hinduism was the nature of truth, the refuge of life, the delight of the mind and the harbinger of peace, Dr. Rao affirmed.

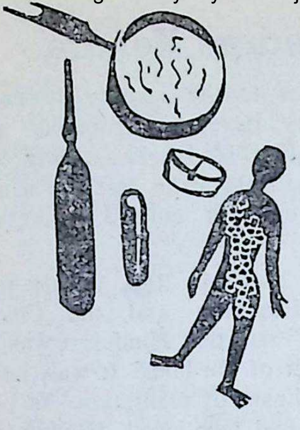
Earlier, Sri K. Balasubramania Aiyar, Hon. Secretary of the Bhavan's Madras Kendra welcomed the gathering.

VALMIKI ASHRAM—*Contd.*

paran. The District was selected as the first area in India by Mahatma Gandhi for offering Satyagraha! The district had the privilege of having Mahatmaji in its area for a long period.

A provisional committee to look after the affairs of the Ashram had been appointed with His Excellency Dr. Nageshwar Sinha, a minister of the Nepal Government, as its President and Mahanth Dhanrajpuri as its Secretary. The committee has its office at Bhainsalotan.

The village of Bhainsalotan was in obscurity. The Valmiki Ashram with its glory of the past was shedding silently its lustre in the jungle of Nepal. They were little known to the outside world. The credit of bringing them to the forefront goes in the first place to Sri Tara Prasad Upadhya and secondly to Sri Ananthasayanam Ayyangar. But it is now for scholars and admirers of Valmiki to make efforts for the proper development of the Ashram. When developed, it is sure to attract world attention. It should and, I am sure, it would in due course become a great international centre of culture from where the glory of Valmiki will radiate and would go to all the corners of the world.



DRUGS, BACTERIA & BODY CELLS

Dr. G. T. Stewart

SCIENTISTS are often blamed for being unaware of the non-scientific impact of their work.

This is especially true when they look only at the distant target and overlook what is going on under their noses.

Perhaps this is why drug-resistance and attendant problems became so serious so quickly.

Few people foresaw that hitherto harmless organisms would begin to bite, or that micro-organisms would evolve faster than our capacity to deal with them.

There are some infections which we probably cannot conquer for evolutionary reasons and these we must simply learn to live with, on the best terms possible.

This may sound pessimistic, but let me explain further.

It is easy to overrate the importance of germs as harmful pests. In fact, in beginning lectures on the subject to probationer nurses and to medical students, I sometimes state the opposite by saying, 'Bacteria are friends of man'; and so they are, for there are many situations, on and in the body, and in the soil, where life would be jeopardised if they were absent.

They regulate intestinal action; they play a part in the biosynthesis of vitamins; and they compete against pathogenic intruders.

When you give a powerful antibacterial drug, you intervene unnaturally in this complex situation.

You hope to eliminate the troublesome germ, but, if you are injudicious or unlucky, you may also upset the microbial balance of power.

When this happens, latent microbes like yeasts, even, can become aggressive, or unwelcome intruders may gain entrance to the body.

For instance, when you give a powerful antibiotic by mouth, you kill bacteria normally resident in the intestine.

If certain other organisms come in, the results can be serious and, by definition, uncontrollable by the antibiotic which precipitated the imbalance.

This is known as super-infection, and it illustrates a problem, sometimes involving fungi and viruses, which is a direct and serious consequence of antibiotic therapy.

This kind of problem changes continuously and can only be countered by equally versatile thinking on the part of doctors—all of whom, in this sphere at least, must remember that they are using powerful tools of science which are usually double-edged.

The penalty for ignorance in this game is high, payable by the community as a whole as well as by the individual patient.

If trouble is caused by the elimination of the normal bacterial flora of the body, you might say, why not try replacing that flora?

This is what we have been trying to do recently in my hospital and elsewhere.

For example, the day before starting protracted treatment with an antibacterial drug, we obtain cultures of the normal coliform bacteria from the intestine, make these cultures resistant to the drug by artificial means, and then feed them back to the patient with the drug.

We started doing this in healthy volunteers—in ourselves, in fact.

We find that, if we select the correct organisms, we can preserve something approaching a normal, competitive bacterial flora in the intestine by this means.

This kind of ecological approach may some day have to be adopted in the attempt to control infections due to viruses and perhaps in some forms of cancer even, where the clue to the origin of disease might well be an imbalance of natural regulating mechanisms.

After all, the spectacular success of antibiotics lies largely in the fact that they are nature's own products, coming from living organisms and therefore compatible with life.

Purely synthetic drugs, by comparison, are the devil's dust.

[*Courtesy:*—B.B.C.]

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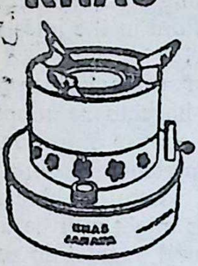

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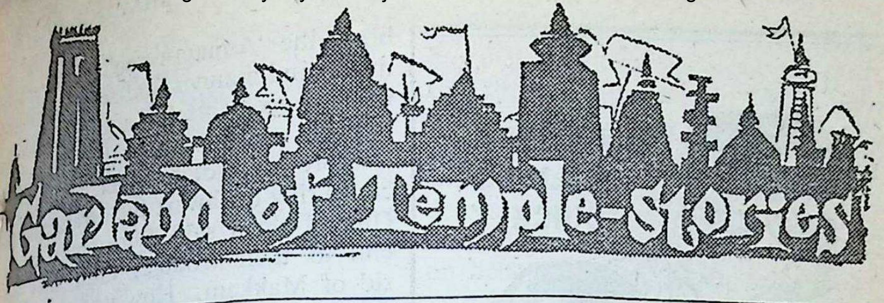


How a mortal being subject to ridicule became an object of worship as the immortal Goddess is illustrated in the story of Makkam Bhagavati of Kadakott in North Malabar.

THE MORTAL WOMAN WHO TURNED IMMORTAL GODDESS

Retold by V. Sivaramakrishnan

MAKKAM was the only sister of twelve brothers in a respectable Nair family at Kadakott. She was looked after like a tender plant with all loving care by her brothers. They spared no trouble or effort to satisfy her wants and did nothing by themselves without telling her. Thus, as she grew from childhood into a maiden of wondrous beauty, she came to be looked upon as the deity of the household. She was married to a man noted for his learning and strength of character at the proper age. The brothers also got married in course of time but Makkam remained their darling, loved and respected.

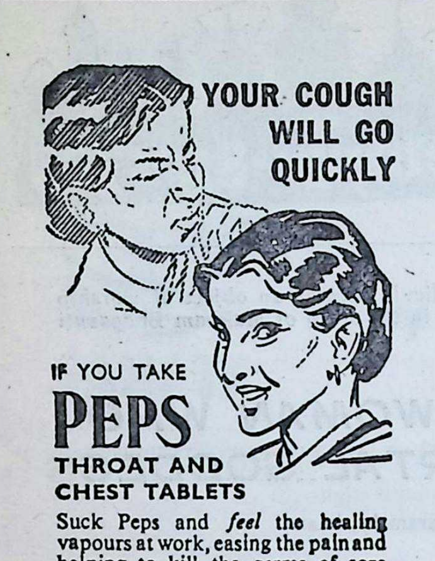
The newcomers to the household, the wives of the brothers, could not share the love of their husbands for Makkam. Jealousy, like a venomous serpent, wormed its way into their heart and poisoned their nature.

Meanwhile, Makkam became the mother of a boy. The uncles vied with one another to fondle their nephew and there was hardly any occasion when they left him free or alone.

The birth of a son to Makkam added fuel to the fire of jealousy in the hearts of the brothers' wives. They tried to find fault with her for no reason and carried wild and fanciful stories against her to their husbands. The men, however, turned a deaf ear and continued to lavish their love on their sister and nephew.

Makkam desired to have a girl after the son and wanted some religious rites to be performed. The brothers immediately arranged for the observance of the rituals and eagerly awaited the day when Makkam would give birth to a girl.

The day soon arrived and they were filled with joy. They decided to cele-



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brate the 'Annaprasana' of the child in a grand manner and set about making arrangements for a gala dinner.

Their women, except the wife of the last brother, got together and started conspiring to thwart the arrangements. One of them said there could be no end to their troubles until they got rid of Makkam. How was that to be done? "Why not mix poison in her food?" a woman suggested.

"Yes, who will do it?" another queried.

"The cook, obviously. Let us call him and tell him what to do," answered another.

"A capital idea. I will give the cook a hundred rupees," chimed the wife of the fourth or the fifth brother.

The cook was immediately called and was told what to do. Horrified at the suggestion, the cook yelled that he would never do it.

"All right. You need not serve Makkam. Can't you do it for us?" The women hit upon an idea and persuaded the cook to serve them food mixed with poison.

The leaves were laid and food was being served. The vicious women sat in a row and all on a sudden let out a howl that their food was poisoned. In the commotion that followed, the cook was questioned. He affected innocence and by devious ways hinted that Makkam was at the bottom of the mischief.

Makkam was thunderstruck when she heard the accusation. She did not know what to do for a while. But she gathered up courage and came amidst the crowd of guests and said: "If it be true that I am the culprit, then may my head go to pieces. If I am not guilty, may the real culprit get condign punishment."

Hardly had she spoken, the cook came running like a mad man. "I am wrong, I am wrong. I have lied. Oh, the fire of your eyes, oh, the sharpness of your teeth and nails, oh, spare me from your clutches." Continuing thus, he fell dead.

The wives of the brothers, though disappointed that their plan had gone awry, were happy that they were not betrayed by the cook.

Many days passed after this incident. The brothers had all gone out on their work and their wives had gone to the tank for their bath. Only Makkam remained indoors. An oilmonger who was supplying oil to the house, entered the house at this time. He met Makkam and was asked to come another day to collect the dues. When he was about to go out of the house, the women returned from their bath. They immediately concocted a compromising story connecting Makkam with the oilmonger and gave it wide currency.

When their husbands returned they told them too, as only women could, in simulated horror.

As family honour was involved, the brothers persuaded themselves to believe that it could be preserved only by getting rid of Makkam. They thought for long and decided that they should do away with her while taking her out under the pretext of accompanying her to a temple festival. On the appointed day, they took her out and on the way, asking her to look into a well for stars in midday, threw her down with her children with the limbs cut off.

The brothers returned home, thinking that Makkam was dead for ever. But they were mistaken. What they saw in their house struck terror in their hearts. Makkam, with her two children, stood in the form of a Goddess and all the women of the household lay prostrate. The brothers, on beholding Her, began to cry like mad men with blood foaming at their mouth. They also dropped down dead at the feet of the Goddess.

The story of Makkam is still told in song, sung at Her temple—Makkam Bhagavati of Kadakott in North Malabar. The well in which Makkam was hurled is still being preserved and is called 'Makkam Well.' Few dare to look into the well lest the Goddess should catch them by their tongue.

NOTICE

Shri B. Seshagiri Rao, Planters Coffee Distributors, Brahmin Street, Bellary-2, has ceased to be the selling agent of BHAVAN'S JOURNAL from January, 1965.

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K. M. MUNSHI

Prithvi-Vallabh

THE BELOVED OF THE EARTH

Translated from Gujarati by H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

THE STORY SO FAR: Munj, the great Paramara conqueror of Malva who had routed Tailap, the king of Telengana, eighteen times, was finally vanquished by Bhillam, Tailap's Commander-in-Chief. He was taken prisoner and brought to Manyakhet, the capital of Telengana, and imprisoned in the palace-cellar. Mrinalvati, the widowed sister of Tailap, went to the prison to sense how he reacted to the humiliation. Munj's unconcerned manner exasperated Mrinalvati who is strangely disturbed by his personality. She ordered the hand that touched her to be branded.

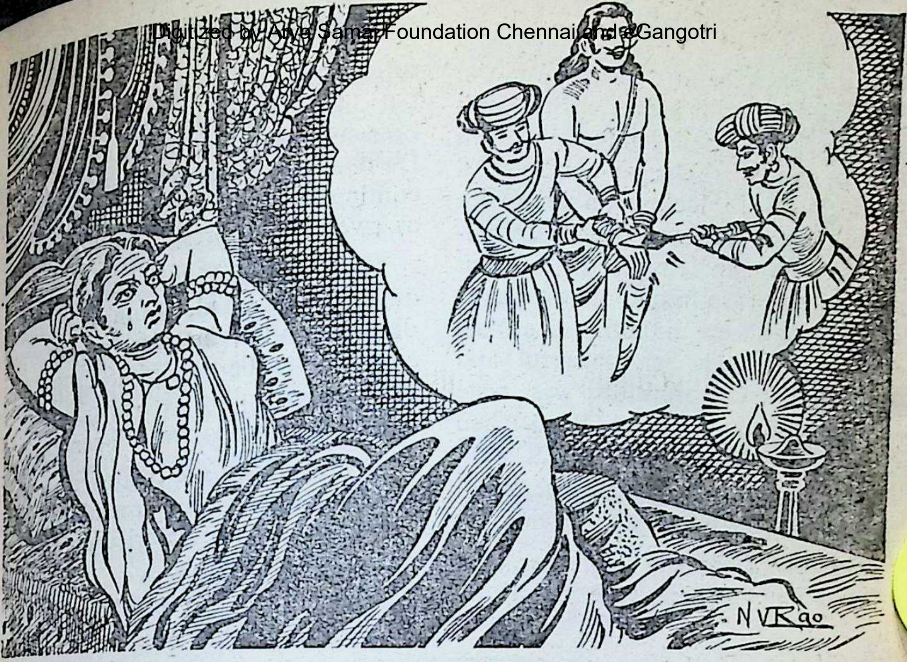
CHAPTER 18

CHECKMATED

MRINALVATI fled. She ran into her room and threw herself upon her deer-skin-covered bed. Her mind was reeling and her heart was agitated in a manner she found it difficult to understand. Her nerves were afire and with every breath the intensity increased. Never before in all her life had she experienced such uneasiness.

She was a stranger to loving words, to the touch of a man, to the kiss of a man or woman. She was horrified by her first and sudden experience. Every fibre of her being trembled with indignation. She could find no way to escape from this terrible strain upon her character.

Should she commit suicide? Should she dash her head against the wall? Should she jump into the flames? How was she to wash away the contaminating touch of that sinful man? Why did not the world come to an end at this black deed? Why did not the sun stand still? Why did not the earth open and swallow her? She had forsaken all joys and had made her people forsake them? How could she remain silent and face them? Her mind was tormented by such thoughts. Her self-contempt swept away her peace of



. . . Munj was no ordinary mortel . . .

mind, her reason, her composure. Like a drowning person she gasped for breath.

How could she ignore the affront?

She was the daughter of one emperor, the sister of another and the guiding light of a third-to-be, yet she had been insulted! Once again her whole body was aflame with anger and her eyes brimmed over with hot tears. How dare the lowly, sensual, sinful Munj behave so atrociously towards her? Could a mere branding, or decapitation, or even his being chopped into pieces undo the fearful insult to which she had been subjected? What would be the appropriate punishment for this terrible crime?

The realisation of her helplessness increased her agitation. In rage, she stamped her feet, clenched her fists and gnashed her teeth. She found no way out. Munj, the rake, the sinner had won: and she it was who had been humiliated.

She also became conscious of her weakness. She had lost confidence in her own self. She had made plans to bring Munj to his knees, to overawe him with her and her brother's power. All her plans, intentions and hopes had been dashed to the ground.

No matter whom the army acknowledged as its leader, no matter who was the ruler of Malva or Telengana, no matter how exalted she was, the truth remained that Munj was the Beloved of the Earth. She was ashamed and mortified that such a thought should have occurred so clearly to her mind.

He was the worst of sinners, yet

that did not take away his power. He was endowed with a personality—unique, fascinating and dominating. Even the people of Telengana who had been taught to look upon him with hostility, had been won over to friendliness. With complete ease he had got the better of so astute statesman as herself. With the authority of a master, he had made her, powerful and feared woman though she was, taste the bitter fruit of defeat. Even when he was branded with a red hot iron, he had proved the man he was—master of the world.

There kept coming before her eyes the smiling, shining face of Munj. When Ranmal branded him, even she felt like screaming, yet Munj's face betrayed no sign of pain or agony. He remained calm and serene, his eyes continued to smile, and his face bore as sweet an expression as before.

Thinking of Munj's greatness, her own pride crashed. Munj was no ordinary mortal, he was a god. He could never be vanquished. She and her brother Tailap were nothing beside him; Munj alone was all-conquering.

As she prayed she continued to dash her head against the ground. Though the tears in her eyes dried up, the tumult in her grew.

[*To be continued*]

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Notes & News

DELHI KENDRA

ON the 9th January 1965, Prof. L. A. Natesan, Visiting Professor, Delhi School of Economics, spoke on "Indian Culture and Economic Values" the lecture being the sixth on 'Aspects of Indian Culture' organised by the Kendra. Quoting profusely from our classics, he pointed out that the pursuit of material welfare was not foreign to Indian Culture, that emphasis was laid on tolerance, justice and equity in the earning and spending of money both by the State and by individuals. The pursuit of wealth was always governed by considerations of *dharma*, he said.

Sri Asoka Mehta, Deputy Chairman of the Planning Commission who presided over the meeting, stressed the need for a rational approach to the problems and observed that what obtained with good effect in ancient times may not suit changing times.

Sri Chellapandian, Speaker of the Madras Assembly, addressed students of Bhavan's College of Journalism, Advertising and Printing on the 13th. Kulapati Munshi presided.

Master Narendra Patel, student of Hansraj Morarji School, Nav Gujarat, Andheri, who has been awarded UNESCO Chairman's Gold Medal.

LECTURE ON RIGVEDA

DR. VASUDEO SHARAN AGRAWALA, Professor, Banaras Hindu University, Founder-Director, Rigveda Academy, Varanasi, appealed while delivering a lecture on *Rigveda* at the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay, on the 16th of this month that the *Rigveda* should be interpreted in the traditional way with the help of the Brahmanas and the Puranas. The present trend of interpreting the *Rigveda* merely on the basis of linguistics and comparative mythology is not satisfactory, he said. The ancient works of Yaska and others and the Brahmana texts and the Puranas have rightly preserved the tradition of symbolic language of the Vedic seers. Hence our efforts should be directed to these texts for the interpretation of the *Rigveda*.

Prof. G. C. Jhala, St. Xavier's College, Bombay, who presided over the function observed that "an effort should also be made for finding out the chronological arrangement of the hymns in the *Rigveda* as it would help us to trace the development of Vedic thought and language"

SRI AUROBINDO ASHRAM'S NEW VENTURE

TO the list of useful activities in which the *sadaks* of Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry, engage themselves, has now been added yet another—integrated development of agriculture, cattle-breeding and poultry-farming at the Lake Estate.

The site selected is about 7 miles west of Pondicherry on the shores of the lake Usteri. Presently it is a barren tract of undulating land to be converted into smiling fields of green. But the workers of the Ashram have faith, and faith can move mountains.

The project will initially cover 350 acres—250 acres in South Arcot District and 100 acres in Pondicherry—and ultimately 1,000 acres.

The Lake Estate is to be developed over a period of seven years at an estimated cost of about Rs. 80 lakhs. Agricultural production will include both food and commercial crops like paddy (50 acres), pulses (50), cotton (50), sugarcane (25), and groundnut (100). A systematic programme of application of organic manures in combination with chemical fertilisers will be followed as the soil is very much infertile. A hundred-acre model orchard will be established with the best varieties of tropical fruits. Cocoanut palm will also be grown over as extensive an area as possible. Popular varieties of different kinds of indigenous and exotic vegetables will be collected and after a series of trials, the most promising among them, suited to local conditions and different seasons, will be fixed.

A cattle breeding farm-*cum*-milk production centre will be set up with a strength of 400 cows in the course of four years.

An ideal poultry breeding farm-*cum*-hatchery will be established with 4,000 laying hens.

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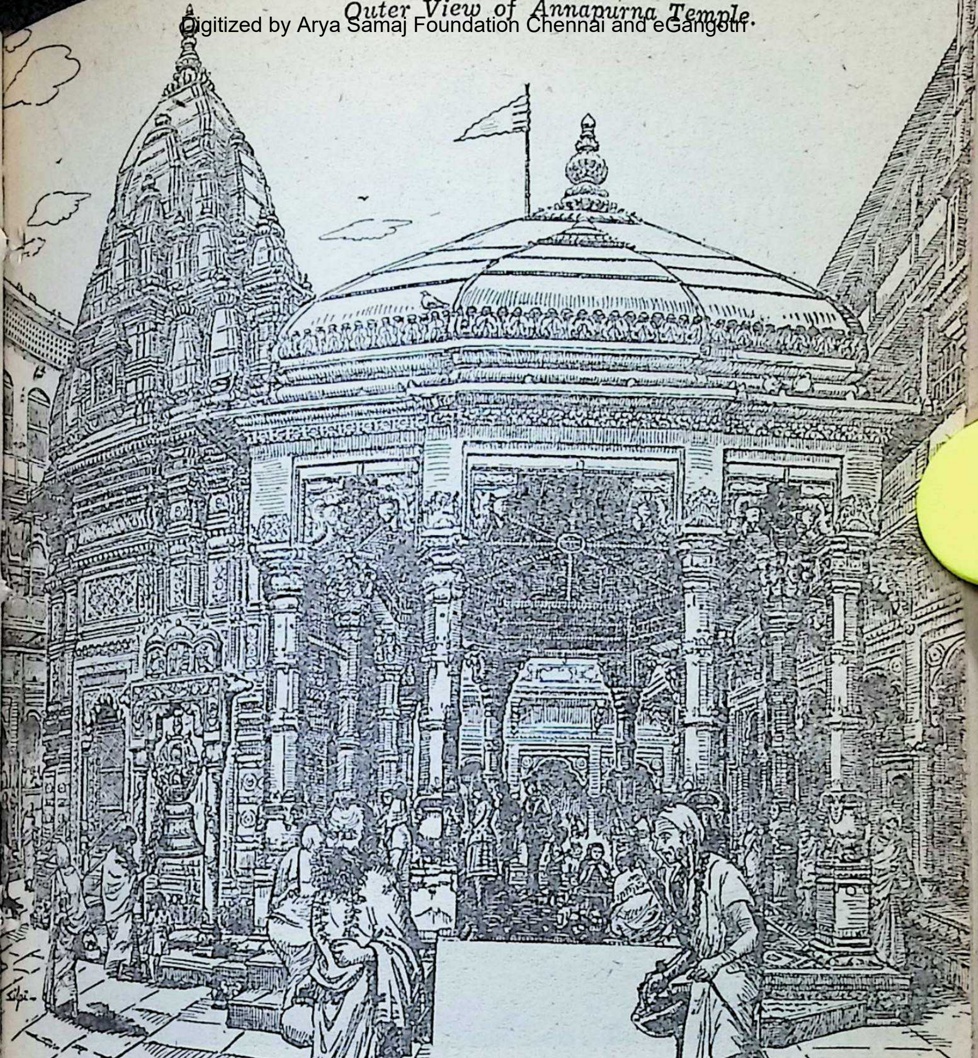
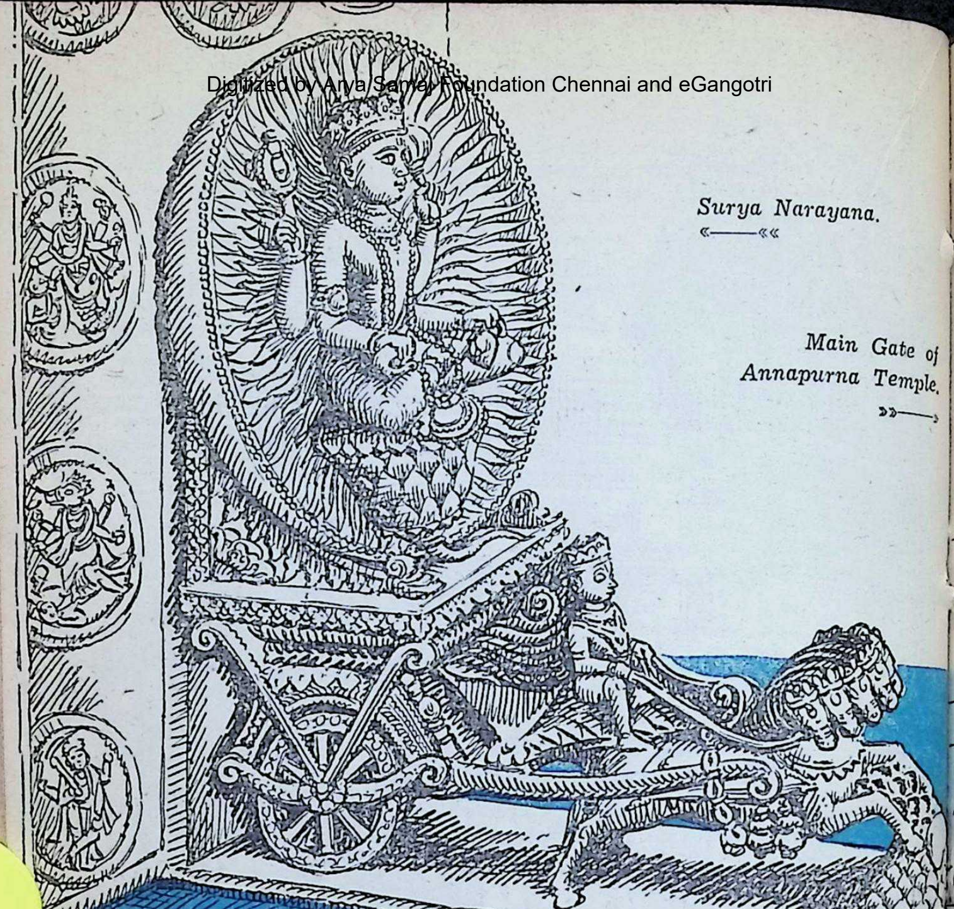
4. 48, Lake Place, CALCUTTA-29.

Outer View of Annapurna Temple.



KASI—3

ABOUT a hundred yards to the south of Visvanatha temple is the temple of Goddess Annapurna. This deity is the goddess of plenty and prosperity. Sankara Bhagavatpada has sung a beautiful hymn about this deity in his *Annapurnashtaka*.



Surya Narayana.

Main Gate of Annapurna Temple.

The temple of Annapurna was built during the period of Marata ascendency. The family of Sardar Chandrachuda of Poona are said to have built it during the Peshwa rule. The temple which is situated in the centre of a quadrangle is surrounded by a low stone-paved *prakar* for devotees to do *pradakshina*. There is a raised and roofed verandah all round the central *prakar*. A portion of it constitutes the Goshala, reserved for the cows and bulls belonging to the temple.

At the centre of the *mantap* is the Meru (Sri Vidya Yantra) which is worshipped by *sadhus* and people initiated in the Sri Vidya Cult. Sadhus can be seen in the picture doing *pradakshina* and at the extreme left

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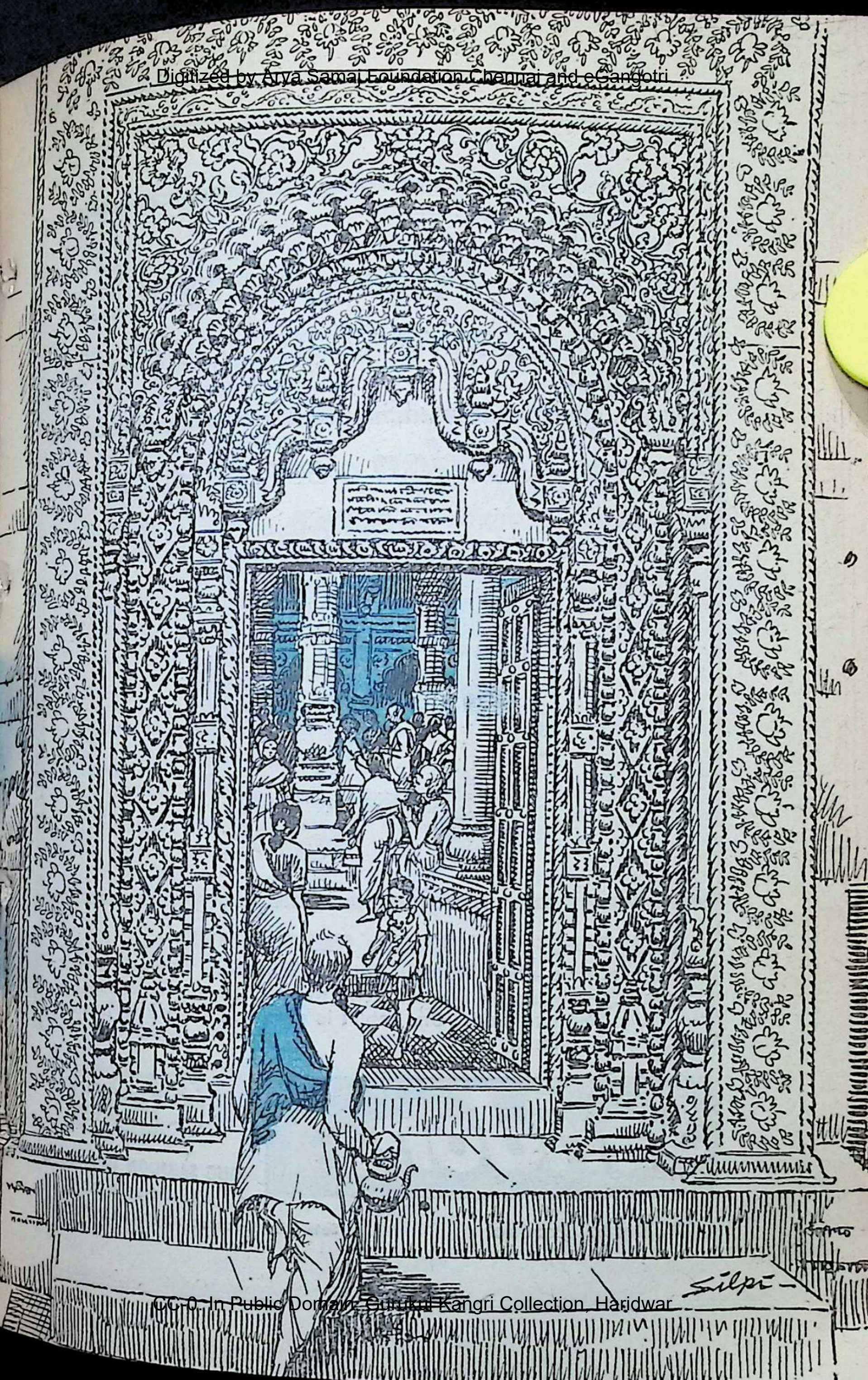

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(Mani Mantapa) can be seen the Goshala. It is above this place that devotees have *darshan* of the golden figure of Mother Annapurna, bedeckd in all splendour in the company of Sri Devi, Bhu Devi and Lord Visvanatha (as they appeared in our Diwali Number of the year).

In a corner of this *prakar* could be seen the beautifully carved figure of Surya Narayana seated on a lotus riding a chariot drawn by seven horses. Aruna, his coachman, is lame, according to the *puranas.* This is seen in our second illustration.

The main shrine of Mother Annapurna occupies the centre and a greater portion of the quadrangle, the outer portion of which is open and stands on four rows of stone pillars. Three small doorways lead to the sanctum where Mother Annapurna is seen standing gracefully as in the fourth illustration.

The third illustration shows the main gateway to Annapurna temple. Note the exquisite workmanship on the outer side.

Shrine of Annapurna

(see next page)

After Visvanatha's temple, Annapurna's is the most popular temple visited by pilgrims to Kasi. The main shrine is very beautifully constructed although there is not much of great architectural beauty. The temple has a spiral tower and dome.

[*To be continued*]

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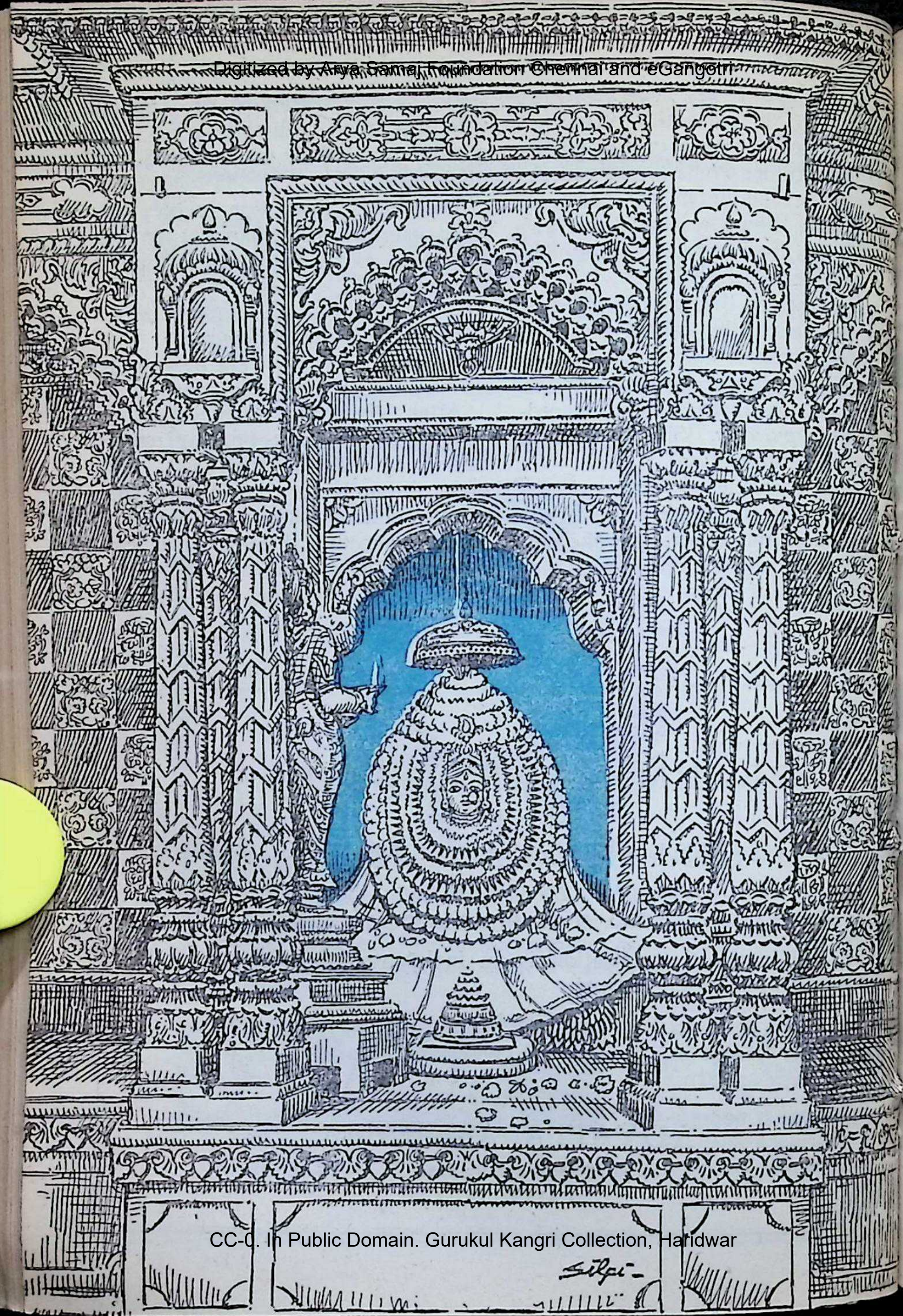
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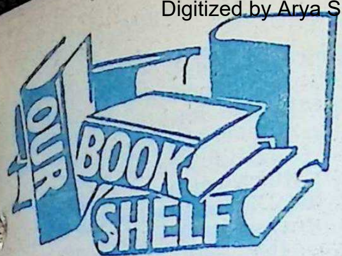


THE GOLDEN CITY. London between the Fires 1666-1941. By Bernard Ash. Published by Phoenix House, London. Price: 25s.

LONDON today, the chief city of the Commonwealth. On a Sunday evening during my recent visit to 'the Golden City', I thought that London was mainly inhabited by Indians (and Pakistanis). I saw buses filled wholly with the 'coloured'. I felt almost as much as home as at Madras or Bombay. Kew Gardens had a paradisal look. The Embankment was a pleasant muddle. Trafalgar Square with its sparrows and photographers was tantalising. Hyde Park Corner in the evening was very bedlam. The scars of the *blitz* were not many. On that Sunday in September the Sun shone as gloriously—yet as benevolently—as in November in India. Busy, friendly, prosperous, polyglot, London was 'the Golden City' in name and fact.

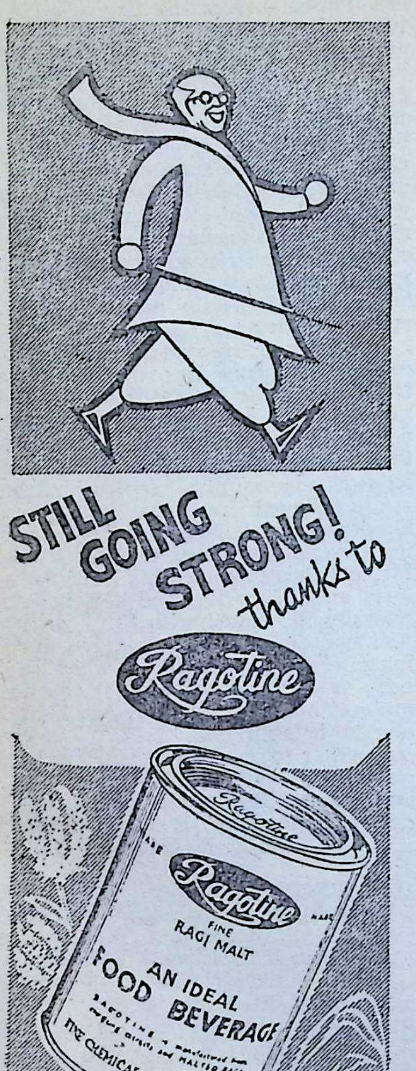
Mr. Bernard Ash's history of this city between the great fire of 1666 and the fires started by the *blitz* in 1941 makes fascinating reading. It is really an attempt to trace "the evolution and metamorphosis of this great, this incomparable, this unique city of London". Generations of men and women—kings, commoners, poets, idealists, builders, artisans, merchants—have made London what it is, for the soul quality of London is even more important than its physical reality. Shakespeare and Milton and Johnson and Francis Thompson walked its streets; kings gained and lost their thrones; Karl Marx found an asylum there; Aurobindo, Tagore and Gandhi had a part of their education there. Rocked by civil strife, ravaged by the plague, destroyed by fire, London has recovered from its wounds, rallied after every setback, and risen like Phoenix from the flames alike of 1666 and 1941. Some of the older landmarks—the Tower, the Bridge, St. Paul's, the Guildhall—are still there. During its history, London has known acute dissension between the City and Parliament, cases of corruption in high places, and speculation as disastrous as the South Sea Bubble. Every surge forward has brought attendant evils: commercial advancement meant overcrowding, industrial advancement meant spasms of acute unemployment, and the 'expansion of Britain' meant additional responsibilities for London.

In the opening years of the 20th century, London was the capital of U.K. and of the Empire, and the commercial and financial capital of the world. Although after the 2 world wars this leading position was to be challenged successfully, London hasn't really slipped into the background. London remains London, notwithstanding the vicissitudes of the recent past. Mr. Ash has crammed his book full of facts and memories, and the book is liberally illustrated with 22 plates. Mr. Ash has done his best to give us an image of the Golden City in which anybody from anywhere could today feel quite at home. Yet, as Mr. Ash himself admits, it is "beyond the scope of any one writer to produce a definitive book on the Golden City. It defeats words and paper. It defeats definition. It defeats expression". It does indeed.

—*Dr. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar*

DASABODHA (Original by Swami Ramdas). English version rendered by Dr. V. S. Kanvinde. Published by Jayashree Prakashan, "Yashashree," North Ambazari Road, Nagpur-1. 216 pages. Price: Rs. 6.

SWAMI SAMARTH RAMDAS (17th Century A.D.) is one of the notable saints of Maharashtra who related the inner springs of spirituality to the needs of life in the world—individual and collective. *Dasbodh* is one of his works in Marathi containing instructions for betterment of life and liberation of the soul from involvement in mayic existence. Dr. Kanvinde gives an



abridged version in English of this famous book and this being the first publication of its kind, is welcome.

The author has regrouped the contents to facilitate a systematic presentation which covers a number of topics e.g. the Divine Reality, the creation of this universe, the instrumentation of Maya, the Self, Yoga, Religion etc. There are mentioned a number of interesting categories beginning with two types of fools in the world—ignorant fools and learned fools—and ending with "14 types of Brahman" (p. 94).

The discussion appears to part from the text here and there and a more clear thinking would seem to be called for on subjects like atman, maya and other concepts of philosophical and spiritual significance. The printing also leaves much to be desired. We do hope the next edition of the book will be thoroughly revised and pruned so as to reflect something of the quality of the original work.

—*M. P. Pandit*

EXPERIENCES OF A PILGRIM SOUL. By Yogi Shuddhananda Bharati. Published by the Shuddhananda Library, Yoga Samaj, Adyar, Madras-20. 473 pages. Price: Rs. 5.50.

SWAMI SHUDDHANANDA BHARATI is a well-known figure in the world of Tamil letters as also in the movement of spiritual renaissance in India today. This book is a detailed autobiography of Bharatiar in the third person, covering his picturesque career not only in this life but even giving a peep into his last. He observes: "Last birth saw him meditating on the Banks of the Ganges, and this birth was brought about by an aspiration to reveal for the good of humanity, his meditative intuitions. In the present body, the Pilgrim lives in tune with the Inner Divine, loving the beauty of Nature and basking in the company of saints. Nature made him a poet and Saints made him a Yogi". There are as many as 65 saints and savants who have influenced him directly and indirectly and his accounts of them are graceful, grateful and timely.

Swamiji spent nearly 25 years in Sri Aurobindo Ashram and wrote his *magnum opus* "Bharata Shakti" during this period. Of this he writes: "The prime of his life, the best part of his life was spent at their feet. His poems were inspired by their blessings. For twenty-three years he lived at their feet in silent samadhi. . .The Pilgrim entered Sri Aurobindo Ashram with a black beard in the bloom of his life, (he was then about thirty) strong and healthy and returned with a grey beard. His love for the Master and the Mother is ever alive. After seeing many sages and living all religions he came to Sri Aurobindo; but he saw in Sri Aurobindo a glory beyond religions and kriya yogas".

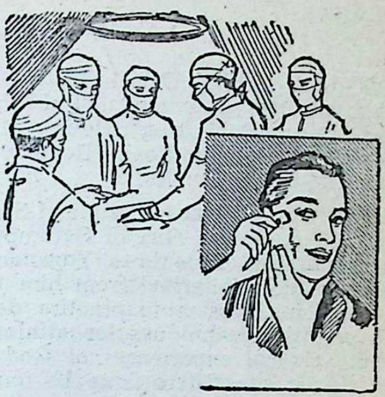
These pages not only describe the spiritual adventures and experiences of the author but throw a vivid light on the social and political conditions of the country during the time he participated in the national movement. Of late Bharatiar has been touring in many foreign lands including Russia, attending many conferences including the Peace Congress Sessions; and as usual he sees at the bright side of things of which he writes with his customary enthusiasm.

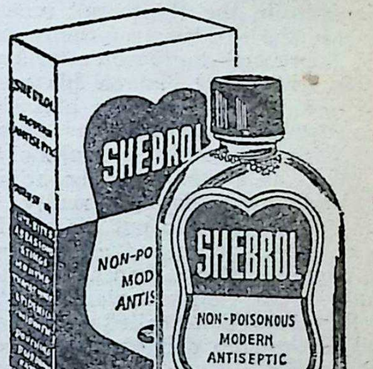
The concluding note of this book is a call for synthesis between the East and the West, Science and Spirituality, Life and Yoga.

—*M. P. Pandit*

DAWN OF WISDOM. By Swami Rajeswarananda. Published by Ganesh & Co., (Madras) Private Ltd., Madras-17. 260 pages. Price: Rs. 5.

LIKE its companion volume *The Divine Awakener*, this book is a collection of the editorials written by the late Swami Rajeswarananda in the monthly journal *The Call Divine*. The writings are short and pithy and cover a variety of subjects with words of advice for everybody in whatever walk of life. For instance, Politeness is "Kindness kindly expressed"; "You cannot do evil to others without doing it first to yourself". Wit and humour are not wanting, e.g., "the devil tempts all other men





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but the idle men tempt the devil" (p. 102).

—*M. P. Pandit*

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A YOGI. By Paramahansa Yogananda. Published by Jaico Publishing House, 125, Mahatma Gandhi Road, Bombay-1. pp. xii+510. Price: Rs. 5.

THE writer-yogi was a disciple of Swami Sri Yukteshwar Giri of Serampore —a mystic man of his times. Yogananda seems to have inherited from him the all-absorbing passion to practise definite scientific techniques for attaining direct personal experiences of God in this atomic age. There is to be found in the book under notice a comprehensive selection of the utterances, inspiring faith in the things not seen and love in the substance of things hoped for. It prepares the devotee for harder trials confronting him on his way to God-realization and leads him slowly but steadily to cultivate a technique through which to see the realm of God.

Taken as a whole the book is remarkable for radiating serenity, hope and joy. In order to put his cherished ideals into practice and carry forward his message, Paramahansa Yogananda founded two non-sectarian and non-profit corporations called Self-Realization, Fellowship and Yogada Satsanga Society.

—*Dr. A. S. Gopani*

LAMPS OF LIGHT. By M. P. Pandit. Published by Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry. 1963. 77 pages. Price: Rs. 5.

THE author of the book under notice has made a sincere and a laudable effort showing how best one can invest the irrational with a metaphysical meaning and significance so that the individual may get light and, blessed with it, can wend his way to the eternal, steering clear through the labyrinth of mental confusion. He has shown, and very ably too, that the real value of religion lies in its non-verifiability because its basic experience finds vent through the majestic symbolism of archetypal forms. Fundamental values of Sadhana have been explored, assessed and lucidly set forth in the book under notice. Their capacity to elucidate religious practices and mystical experiences is fully and vividly described and borne out by personal evidence wherever possible.

—*Dr. A. S. Gopani*

POLITICAL HISTORY OF NORTHERN INDIA FROM JAIN SOURCES (650 A.D. to 1300 A.D.). By Dr. G. C. Choudhary. Published by Sohanlal Jaindharma Pracharak Samiti, Amritsar. Price: Rs. 24.

A MICROSCOPIC minority of occidental savants would distrust the independence of our ancient Indian traditions—Brahmanical, Buddhist and Jain, and for those scholars agreement of one tradition with another would mean nothing. But there is the well-known dictum that history should be written in a mood of pious agnosticism. The three traditions possess independent value particularly when they are unanimous with regard to facts and dates. No doubt *odium theologicum* is a stumbling block. Still ancient Indian clergy may be regarded as attempting to tell the truth conscientiously if not critically. In short the traditions in question have informative and corroborative value for historical purposes. Dr. Choudhary utilises the Jain sources and discusses the political history of Madhyadesa, Eastern India, Central India, Rajasthan and Saurashtra under Part I and administration, (central, provincial and local) military organisation and public works department under Part II. He throws new light on some points like the date of accession of Bhoja Paramara. We welcome the author's emphasis on the Jainistic approach to problems relating to polity and administration, as well as his comparison of Somadeva with Kamandaka and Kautilya. On page 39, genealogy is misprinted. Unlike Kautilya, Somadeva does not refer to Dharmayuddha (p. 379). Therefore the author states that "Perhaps during our period there was no conception or ideal of Dharma-yuddha” (ibid). On page 395, M.M. Ganapati Sastri’s edition of the Arthasastra is not mentioned; on the next page Professor P.T. Srinivasa Aiyangar’s “Bhoja Raja” is conspicuously absent.

—*Prof. R. Sathianathaier*

SANSKRIT

ACHARYA-CAMPU or the Biography of Sri Vedanta Desika by Kausika Kavitarkika. Edited with English introduction and glossarial notes in Sanskrit by S. Anantachari. (1964) New Delhi. Copies: S. Varadachari, 42, Chitrakulam St., Mylapore, Madras-4. Price: Rs. 5.

WE welcome this first Devanagari edition of the *Acaryacampu*, a delightful biography in Sanskrit prose and verse combined, belonging to the category of “Campu”. The author, who is said to have lived about 200 years ago, utilized earlier sources and wrote the most comprehensive, interesting and impressive life of one of the most epoch-making personalities in the history and development of the Visistadvaita philosophy and Srivaisnavism of Sri Ramanuja. Venkatanatha or Vedanta Desika, as he is more respectfully and popularly known, stands next only to Ramanuja in the history of his school. He has come to be recognised as the leader, if not the founder, of the Vadagalai Sampradaya of this school. His writings were not confined to the religious and philosophical literature of his school through the Tamil and the Sanskrit languages (including their special blend patented by this school known as Manipravalam). He has made splendid contributions to the dramatic and the Kavya and Stotra literature in Sanskrit. He played the notable role of the ablest dialectician, commentator, interpreter and standardiser of Visistadvaita thought in all its aspects including the Esoterics or Rahasyas of the “Prapatti-Marga” enshrined in the hymnal literature of the Alvars in Sentamil upon which he drew largely for his many works in this domain. He vindicated the prestige of the Pancaratra Agamas in the field of Vaishnava religion, theosophy and rituals. He lived a saintly life, shunning pomp and riches. His Stotras reveal the depth and intensity of his devotion to the Lord as an Ekantabhakta.

Among the most significant incidents in his life, recorded in this Campu is his role as arbiter, at the invitation of the Emperor of Vijayanagar, in the historic disputation over the “*Tattvam asi*” Mahavakya between Sri Vidyaranya and Sri Aksobhya Tirtha, (*Stabaka* V, pp. 110-12) renowned champions of the schools of Samkara and Madhva, in those days. It is surprising that another great incident—the circumstances in which he saved the *Srutaprakasa* commentary on the *Sribhasya* from being lost to posterity, at great risk to his own life—is passed over in this biography.

The language and style of the work are in keeping with its genre, full of grace, polish, alliteration and picturesque imagery, without losing anything in force and felicity of expression. One of the special charms of this Campu is its elegant style. The description of the city of Srirangam is really a masterpiece. The author’s intimate knowledge of Sastric technicalities is displayed on p. 91.

The use of bold Nagari type for printing the book will be welcomed specially by the elderly readers. The book is well printed with an instructive English introduction and useful notes in Sanskrit. We congratulate the author most heartily for making available in Devanagari this excellent and authentic biography of one of the great men in the history of the Ramanuja school who was and is honoured both in and outside his school, for his many great services to the cause of religion and spirituality.

—*Dr. B. N. K. Sharma.*

KANNADA

SAMSKRITA-SURABHAARATEE AND DEVABHAASHAA. By Dr. I. K. P. Sharma, Mangalore-6. Published by the author. Price: 75 Paise.

THIS booklet of 70 pages is published by the author who is a distinguished Ayurvedic Doctor of Mangalore, in the Bhaarateeya Ayurvedic Publication series as its tenth number. He collects under one cover many articles, some of them by the author-publisher, on the importance of the study of Samskrit and what is more important in the present context, its propagation in our own country. It is a pity that very few students in our High Schools and Colleges take to the study of this language, particularly because of the mistaken notion that its study does not enable us to earn a living in these hard days. Most of our countrymen today do not care to equip themselves even with an elementary knowledge of that sacred language in which our best culture and philosophy are enshrined. The author quotes the pertinent remark of the late Sri S. Satyamurti that Samskrit is not dead but we are dead to Samskrit. He also shows how foreign universities in Europe, America, Japan, Indo-China, Afghanistan, Korea, Java, Iran, Ceylon and elsewhere have established chairs for Samskrit and how their Samskrit libraries (like the India Office in London which ought to have been inherited by us in 1947) contain rare manuscripts, many of which are not even preserved in our own country. The author pleads vehemently that Samskrit (and not Hindi) should be made our national language and convocation addresses in the universities, President's opening address to the Parliament should be in Samskrit; that students should be made to study Samskrit compulsorily. A supplement gives us an alphabetical list of words borrowed from Samskrit into one of the major languages of the district from which the author hails (Tulu) and this will be useful for students interested in Philology also.

—*Prof. U. Venkatakrishna Rao.*

TELUGU

SAKSHI SANKALIKE. By 'Ra-Si'. Published by Koravanji Karyalaya, Gandhinagar Post, Bangalore-9. 119 pages. Price: Rs. 2.50.

THIS is a collection of 66 poems of Dr. M. Shivaram, the well-known physician-*cum*-writer, who draws inspiration from life's rich experience to narrate in simple but moving language the trials and tribulations, sorrows and joys of life. Whatever the subject or the circumstance that moves the poet to relate his experience, he breathes a happy note of optimism. He sees the apparent contradictions in life and Nature, but does not despair; for, by a changing in his standpoint from 'becoming' to 'being', or a taking up of a witness attitude, *sakshi*, however imperfectly in the beginning, man is enabled to get a glimpse into the reality behind each movement. He then can see the apparent discordant notes resolving into a larger harmony. Thus when he speaks about the tiny electron moving incessantly like a housewife with her unending chores around the somnambulist nucleus, or about the kite its eyes made keener with hunger swooping down on its momentarily careless prey, or about the trampling feet of awe-inspiring Rudra transforming into the *abhaya* stance of Siva, one is able to feel the reality behind the movement and share with the poet his experience of human sympathy, compassion and kindliness with Love as the binding matrix.

A stimulating book.

—*Keshavamurti.*

BOOK RECEIVED

PROGRESSIVE REALISM. By T. Suryanarayana Rao. Copies can be had from the author, Lecturer in Economics, Anwarul-Uloom College, New Mallapalli, Hyderabad-1. Re. 1.

Edited by S. Ramakrishnan and printed and published by him for the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Chowpatty Road, Bombay 7 at Associated Advertisers & Printers, 505, Tardeo Arthur Road, Bombay-34.
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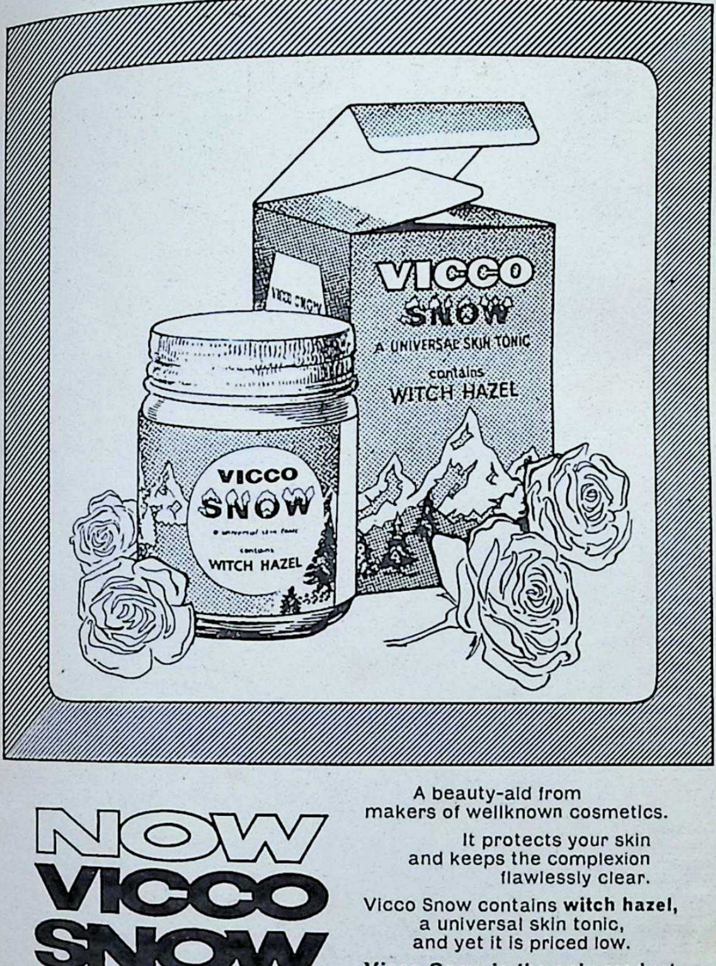
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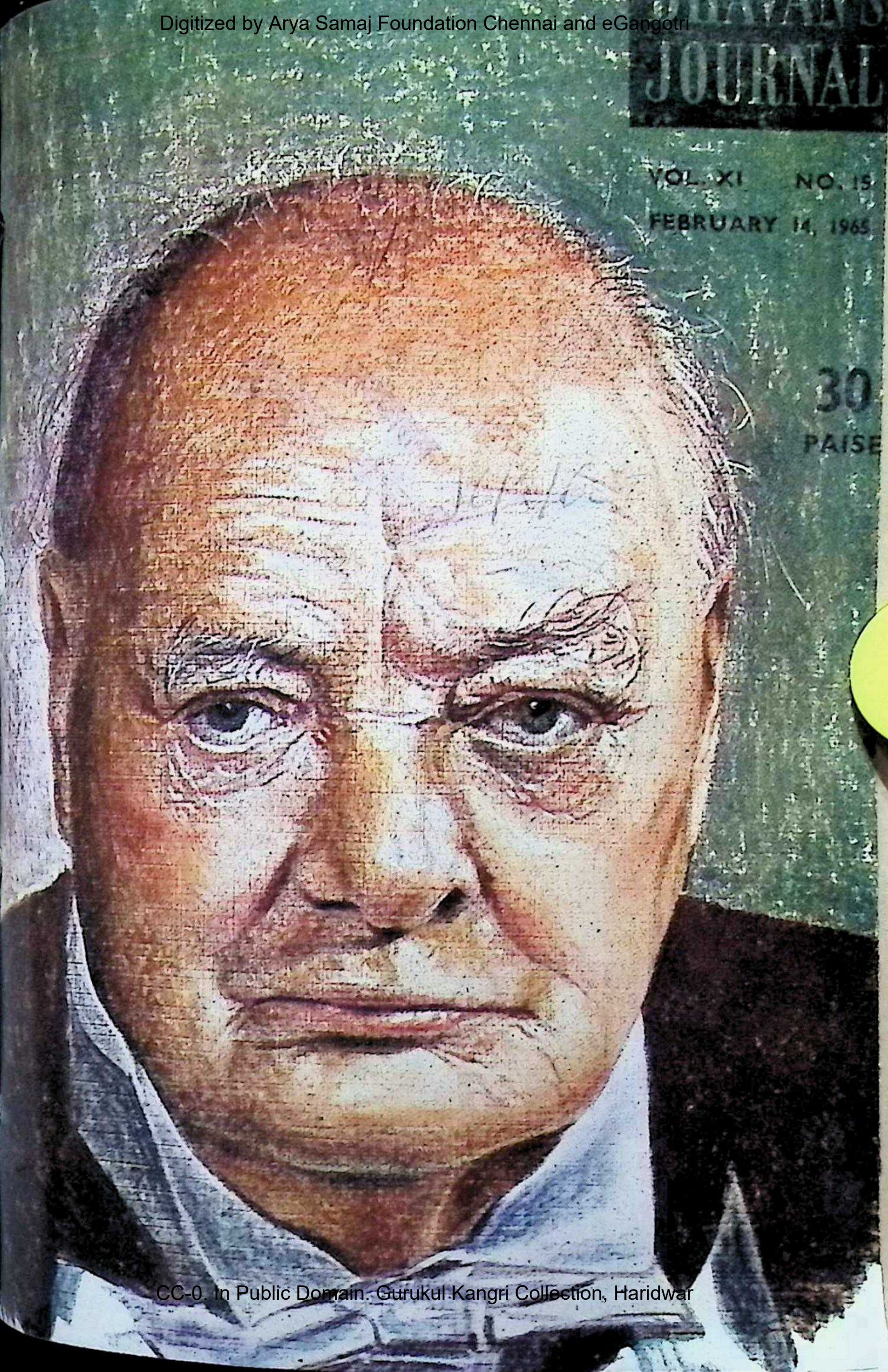

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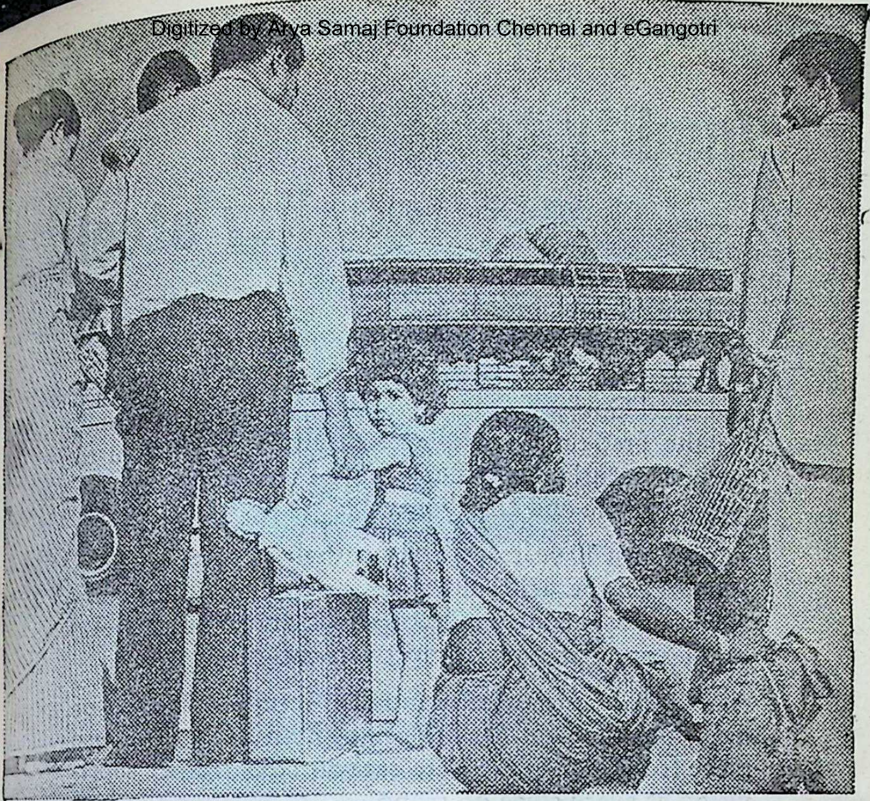

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Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—Rigveda, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

LORD'S FEET

ध्येयं सदा परिभवघ्नमभीष्टदोहं
तीर्थास्पदं शिवविरिञ्चिनुतं शरण्यम् ।।
भृत्यार्तिहं प्रणतपाल ! भवाब्धिपोतं
वन्दे महापुरुष ! ते चरणारविन्दम् ।।

Dhyeyam sadaa paribhavaghnamabheeshtadoham
Theerthaspadam Siva Virinchinutam saranyam/
Bhrityaartiham Pranatapala! bhavabhdhipotam
Vande Mahapurusha! te charanaaravindam.//

O Lord (Vishnu) who protects those who prostrate before you, your lotus feet should always be meditated upon; for, they destroy discomfitures, bestow all that one desires. Ganga has her source in them; Siva and Brahma worship them; they are the best refuge; they remove the distress of devotees and they are the boat capable of carrying the human soul across the ocean of life and death.

—*Srimad Bhagavata*

Vol. XI, No. 15

No. 329

KULAPATI'S LETTER

on Life, Literature & Culture

● THE VALUE OF SANSKRIT ● "SAVE SANSKRIT"

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.
FEBRUARY 14, 1965,

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

I WOULD like to share with you the Sanskrit Convocation Address which I delivered on January 23, 1965, at Bangalore, under the auspices of the Board of Sanskrit Education and Examinations, and the Department of Public Instruction, Government of Mysore.

I heartily congratulate all those who have passed in the different examinations and are getting appropriate awards and titles.

I also take this opportunity to congratulate the Mysore Government which has been taking keen interest in encouraging the traditional or rather Shastric method of learning Sanskrit. Several States have also been re-organizing the Shastric system of Sanskrit education to suit modern conditions; Mysore is one of them.

Those who believe in the role of Sanskrit in our linguistic, cultural and spiritual development, cannot but look with apprehension at the three-language formula of English, Hindi and a regional language; it is sure to give a set-back to Sanskrit. After some time a new generation might spring up which will think very little—or nothing at all—of Sanskrit and what it stands for in our life. Again, education through the Indian languages without the background of Sanskrit would have undermined the unity of our culture, depriving us of the strength we derive from the values it stands for; India would have lost her soul.

It is, therefore, necessary that our Governments, public institutions and individuals should interest themselves in salvaging the great tradition of our culture by introducing Sanskrit as a compulsory language at some stage of the secondary education in addition to the three languages sanctified by the formula, if not in the place of one of them.

Those who ignore Sanskrit in the scheme of our education ignore the role which that parent language has played and plays in our life.

We must realise that Sanskrit and its literature have given our people an unbroken continuity which Sardar Panikkar aptly describes as "one of the marvels of history". The makers of this unity—Panini, Katyayana and Patanjali—gave to this country in Sanskrit a wonderful national medium which through centuries has stood above the changes which came over the regional languages from time to time and which at the same time was capable of infinite expansion in terms of content. As a result, the learning, thought, feelings and aspirations of generations, time and again, have been gathered in a common pool of Sanskrit literature and redistributed throughout the land as a national heritage, fertilising man's mind for over two thousand years.

Since the third century before Christ, the Sanskrit literature has provided the literary inspiration as well as the common idiom of life for most parts of the country. The *Manusmriti* and the *Grihya Sutras* have given social values and organized social institutions not only to India but to Ceylon, Burma, Java and Cambodia. The *Ramayana* has provided the pattern of moral conduct, and the *Mahabharata* has furnished, apart from its heroic tradition and moral and spiritual message, the concept of *saamraajya,* that is, the political unity of *Bharatvarsha.*

I may refer to another landmark in our people's life. The period from the 12th to 16th century was one of cataclysmic vicissitudes for India. In North India most of the Indian kingdoms were destroyed; many of the shrines were desecrated; thousands of men and women were either reduced to slavery or had to accept the helpless subjection of alien tyrants. Her indigenous universities in many parts of North India were either destroyed or withered away for want of patronage.

Sanskrit alone remained the fountain-source of inspiration, leading to the Bhakti Renaissance. With the *Bhagavata* as the gospel and several other works in Sanskrit as the source of inspiration, the stream of *bhakti* overflowed the land, keeping the hope of men alive, fertilising the regional languages.

Languages of the common people differed from region to region and from age to age, but they had the unity drawn from Sanskrit. It gave vitality not only to the regional literatures but also to the life of the people. One has only to refer to Jnanesvar, Chandidas, Vidyapati, Narsi Mehta, Kabir, Surdas, Tulsidas, Purandaradas, Basava and Kanakadas—to name but a few—to show how the soul of the peo-

Sri S. Anantharamakrishnan

"We must place on record our profound sense of sorrow at the sad and untimely demise of Sri S. Anantharamakrishnan. Beginning at the bottom of the rung, he, by efficiency, integrity and resourcefulness, attained the position of one of the leading industrialists in the country. He remained a devout soul to the last, adapting himself to modern ways without forswearing the best in our culture and religion. His devotion to God never wavered. Every good cause had him as a friend. Ostentatiousness never touched him, nor arrogance.

"Sri Anantharamakrishnan was one of the staunchest friends of the Bhavan. He encouraged the starting of the Bhavan's Kendra in Madras; he was one of our Vice-Presidents there; he organised support for it; he selected the property for our Madras Home. His loss to the Bhavan is irreparable."

From Bhavan's Report, 1964-65

ple, though crushed under the weight of intolerant alien rule, retained its vigour through the inspiration of a common parent language and literature.

When the Universities came to be established by the British rulers in the last half of the 19th century, Sanskrit, as the predominant second language, became a source of inspiration to the new elite in the country. This led to a powerful reintegration of the Sanskritic culture which, in association with the Western culture, led up to the modern Indian Renaissance.

During the century preceding Freedom, Indian unity was founded upon British arms and upon English as the inter-regional medium of the University products superimposed upon the basic unity of the Sanskritic culture.

British arms disappeared. Partition of India came. Today, in India, the Collective Unconscious of the people is dominated by the Sanskritic culture, no doubt vigorously promoted by the Constitution, the Union Government and institutional continuity and, above all, the new nationalism.

Today Sanskrit is studied in most of our universities, colleges and high schools. In no less than 10,000 *pathashalas,* men devoted to a life-long study of Sanskrit use it as a living medium. Not less than 50,000 people in the country speak it with fluency. Men, hundreds of thousands in number, follow the priestly vocation and bring man nearer to God with the aid of whatever Sanskrit they can use. The life of over 300-million people echoes, on the occasion of a birth, marriage or death, in prayer or ritual, to the sweet accents of the sacred recitals in Sanskrit.

The episodes, characters, imagery and idioms of the *Mahabharata*, the *Ramayana* and the *Puranas*, among them the pre-eminent being *Bhagavata*, have been woven inextricably in the texture of our lives. The Indian languages, spoken by about 350-million men and women in the country, have been and are being enriched by Sanskrit vocabulary.

With rare exceptions, the great and the noble, those who have influenced national life of the country as a whole, have found self-fulfilment with the aid of Sanskrit and all that it stands for.

In the recent past, though a subject race, we regained our lost prestige through scholars whose vision had been largely enriched by Sanskritic studies.

The universities of most civilised nations find both interest and inspiration in these studies.

Sanskrit and the closely allied Pali form the great cultural link which binds India to South-East Asia, China and Japan.

Prof. W. Norman Brown, the present Director of the Department of South Asia Regional Studies in the Graduate School of Arts and Science at the University of Pennsylvania, told me in 1950 that students preparing to go to South-East Asia found that a study of Sanskrit was indispensable to understand the psychological background of that region.

Urdu, the language of a section of the Indian people and the official language of Pakistan, in spite of its Perso-Arabic vocabulary, is an Indo-Aryan language; and so is Pushtu, the language of Afghanistan, which is a dialect of Sanskrit.

Persian is allied to Sanskrit. The thread of Indo-Aryan unity runs through Latin and Greek and the languages derived from them.

The languages of some of the Baltic countries have close affinities with Sanskrit, and even the Slav languages have certain common elements drawn from the pre-historic Indo-Aryan language, of which Sanskrit is the ageless heir.

A true appreciation of the spiritual aspirations of the *Upanishads*, the epic grandeur of the *Mahabharata*, the graceful charm of the *Ramayana*, the beauty of Kalidasa and the devotional fervour of the *Bhagavata*, and the inspiration of the *Dhammapada* and the *Bhagavad-Gita* alone can help us to march forward to a fuller life.

We naturally aspire to a modern medium which would serve the cause of integration in India. Hindi, drawing its strength "predominantly from Sanskrit"—to use the words of the Constitution—has made a great advance during the last few decades and will continue to make further strides in the future because of its Sanskritic culture. It will, however, take more than several generations for Hindi to be a medium of common all-India literature, and that place Hindi will take only if it continues to draw inspiration from Sanskrit.

King Canutes may try to stop the tide of Hindi developing on the lines of the Constitution. They might attempt artificially to de-Sanskritise it. But they are bound to fail. To the vast majority of Indians, it is only the Sanskrit idiom and vocabulary in Hindi that furnish the common measure of linguistic unity and also provide a ready source from which higher thought and expression can be drawn. If the element of Sanskrit in Hindi is displaced, it will cease to have a national appeal.

The traditional, or rather the Shastric, way of learning Sanskrit has thus a hoary lineage. It has rendered great services in the past in maintaining the continuity of our culture through Sanskrit. India's contribution to world thought and culture has been due to it. It is indispensable to the intellectual and spiritual growth of India. Not to retain its best points would be to thoughtlessly discard the best in our heritage.

The modern way of studying Sanskrit followed in the colleges and the universities was introduced in the British days as a result of the great work done by the British and Indian scholars, beginning with Sir William Jones. However, the departments of Sanskrit and Ancient Indian History in our Universities and the different research institutes are really counterparts of the schools of Sanskrit and Indology in Western Universities. They do not draw the sap from the soil.

These two streams of Sanskrit education flowing apart have created difficult problems. It prevents products of the Shastric system from playing their part in the new life of the country in the way they should. Their number is day by day decreasing. In the economic set-up of the post-freedom period, the patrons of the system have been disappearing. The Centre and the State Governments have not yet extended their patronage in adequate measure. Naturally, the products of Shastric education suffer from a sense of frustration.

The tragedy, however, remains. A Pandit who has dedicated his whole life to the study of Sanskrit is, more often than not, considered very inferior to that of an M.A. with Sanskrit, because the latter has got the official stamp of the modern universities.

For over ten years now, the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad, under the leadership of the late Dr. Rajendra Prasad, had been giving a lead to the movement for rehabilitating the Shastric method.

As a result of its pressure, a Committee was appointed by the Union Government to report on the state and development of Sanskrit. Its recommendations have been shelved. However, a Commission has been appointed to strengthen Shastric education. Its role, as at present, has been to dole out its all-too meagre grants to some scholars and institutions. It needs to be more active and vigorous and more funds placed at its disposal to enable it to reorganise Shastric education.

At the same time, the modern system of Sanskrit education in the universities and colleges, increasingly emphasising the critical method, reduces Sanskrit studies from a source of creative inspiration into a post-mortem examination of a dead classic of an extinct culture.

Nothing is more tragic than some of the universities appointing professors of Ancient Indian History who could not even read the *Panchatantra* in the original.

However, if the heritage of India, which is as needed today as ever, has to be preserved, the Shastric system of Sanskrit learning cannot be forsworn. The products of the modern system, however learned they may be in the way of critical and historical scholarship, seldom, if ever, attain that deep knowledge of the texts which is essential for appreciating the genius of the land and for deriving inspiration.

These two streams can flow together only if the best points of each can be amalgamated. This requires:

First, that the basic education in Sanskrit should be the same for everybody throughout the country and contain some elements of the Shastric system;

Secondly, those who want to specialise in Sanskrit at the University stage should have a good grounding not only in Linguistics and Comparative Philology, but also in the Shastric learning on the other.

If these two things are secured, the distinction between the Professor and the Pandit would gradually vanish, because they would have acquired the best elements from both the systems.

It is only in India that this combination can be achieved; for the Shastric scholarship is still alive and the modern Sanskrit scholarship has taken roots in the country. If only there is enough goodwill, it would not be difficult to achieve this end.

As an immediate step, however, it is necessary to introduce in the Shastric system of Sanskrit education, not only some modern subjects, but at a higher level, critical and historical studies, so that career possibilities may be open to the products of this system of education as to those who receive University education.

The old patrons are gone; the Centre is far away; the States will have to bear the responsibility of preserving the Shastric heritage. Above all, it is for the people as a whole to keep the flow of inspiration unimpeded by maintaining the Shastric learning and thereby keep the vigour of the values for which our culture stands, undisturbed and undimmed.

Yours sincerely,

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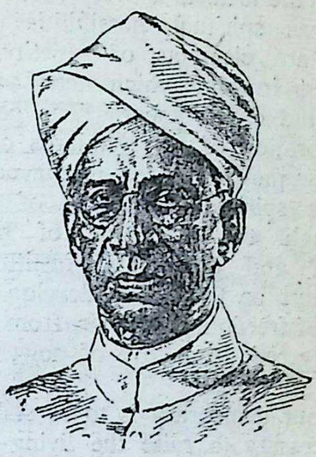
PROBLEMS FACING OUR COUNTRY



Dr. S. Radhakrishnan

THE last year has been a testing time for us all. The great leader, who had guided the destinies of our country since its rebirth as a free nation, is no longer with us. We, who are left behind can have no greater inspiration than Nehru's life of dedicated service in our task of attaining the ideal and fulfilling the vision he bequeathed to us of a united, democratic, progressive and prosperous India.

Amidst the suffocating gloom of Nehru's departure from us, the nation displayed, as it has done before in moments of grave crisis, a remarkable sense of unity and responsibility ; and the transition to a new leadership was effected with commendable dignity and orderliness.

The new Government which enjoys wide popular support has been functioning with courage and caution.

It is unfortunate that we have still with us diverse divisive forces based on region and language, religion and caste. It is essential to maintain and foster the sense of unity by subordinating these dividing factors to the central principle of national integrity and welfare. Nothing would help us more to do so than giving reality and meaning to our ideal of equality of status to every individual. Democracy is more than adult suffrage ; it is the institutional manifestation of a refined way of life which exalts the individual and invests him with dignity.

Our parliamentary democracy assures political equality to all. But the inequalities of caste and outcaste, the rich and the poor, are not only alien to the spirit of democracy, but are also a grave threat to its very existence. Social inequalities betray, corrupt, and deform the image of man. Social justice, however, cannot be promoted by acts of Government alone, necessary

From his Republic Day Message, 1965

as these are; it calls for an innate belief in the ideal that every human being has spiritual possibilities, that there are elements of sanctity and holiness in him which need expression and development. The general deterioration of our standards of behaviour may be traced to the neglect of the spiritual dimension of man. Through the discipline of home, school and democratic institutions, we must be trained to develop qualities of freedom from fear, from hate, from greed, from love of power and from selfishness.

If our democracy is to be stable it is necessary to raise the living standards of our people and ensure an equitable distribution of incomes and opportunities. Planned economic development has been our chosen instrument for freeing our people from want. Impressive as our achievements in this direction have been, they have not been commensurate with the expanding needs of a growing population. National income has been increasing but slowly and agricultural output in the first three years of the current Plan has hardly risen.

It is true that bad weather has been a major factor behind this stagnation in farm production but have we done all that was necessary and possible to stimulate the agricultural sector into dynamic growth? Has our rural administrative organisation been effective enough to transmit to the peasants the possibilities and potentialities of scientific farming? Have we created the right economic environment through rational price policies and land reforms for the farmer to give of his best?

It is necessary that we ask ourselves these questions: for a recognition of the factors behind our inadequate performance is the first step towards their removal. This year's harvest promises to be a good one—the best one on record—I am informed; but the impact of it is yet to be felt on prices. A psychology of scarcity persists. The behaviour of prices during recent years has indeed been a matter for serious concern; prices of food articles have risen the most and this has naturally affected the more vulnerable sections of our people. The character of the increase in prices has in it the makings of an inflationary situation. It is well to realise that the social tolerance of inflation among any people, and especially among a people the bulk of whom are poor, is bound to be very limited; their patience is not inexhaustible. The penalty we have to pay for inflation is not merely the sacrifice of future development; it is the threat to current economic, social and even political stability. It behoves us all—Government and the people—to do everything in our power to check the upward spiral of prices.

The sure and lasting remedy to inflation is, of course, increased production; but we should seek at the same time to eliminate the weaknesses in the existing system of distribution which has worsened the situation caused by a basic maladjustment between growing demand and insufficient supply. While Government, on its part, will have to put down sternly anti-social behaviour such as hoarding and blackmarketing and act with great courage, the co-operation of the

THE LANGUAGE ISSUE

On November 26, 1949, when the people of this country gave unto themselves the Constitution, we were one in unity of purpose and mission to build up a great democratic Republic.

The sacrilegious manner in which the Constitution was amended 17 times in 14 years has led to the erosion of the sanctity and inviolability of the Constitution.

A policy of expediency and drift coupled with the surrender to linguism at every stage has fed the fissiparous tendencies in the country. As a result, in each State, the linguistic majorities have adopted an aggressively possessive attitude towards their State, coming to look upon it as their exclusive property, to be defended against other States and the Centre.

The present crisis over Hindi is the direct outcome of the failure to drive home in unmistakable terms that the administration and educational and economic development of the country as a whole is an all-encompassing national concern. Apart from the growth of militant linguistic chauvinism, it is leading to a disquieting North-South feeling and to the development of a secessionist outlook among some sections in the South. However unjustified such feeling may be, it should not be permitted to grow.

English by itself, restricted as it is bound to be, to a comparatively small segment of the people, cannot for ever serve the purpose of a popular common medium for the masses throughout the country. Part XVII of the Constitution was devised to give the country an inter-regional medium. If the country has to be one, it must have, at some time or the other, a common inter-regional language which, in the nature of things, only be Hindi principally drawn from Sanskrit. Maybe it may take a generation or two to achieve it.

In the interest of national unity, therefore, a suitable formula can and should be devised within the framework of Part XVII of the Constitution, more or less on the lines enunciated by Sri Jawaharlal Nehru, and should be given statutory recognition.

The paramount need of the hour is national solidarity. Without it, we cannot repel the aggressor from our borders, win the battle on the food front, bring down the spiralling prices or usher in economic prosperity. Concerted action is called for.

It is high time that a national platform is created, composed of all political parties pledged to the stability and integrity of the nation to solve this language crisis. I plead for steps to be taken to convene a National Convention to evolve such a formula.

Bombay, *—K. M. Munshi*
4-2-1965

people is equally essential in seeing us through the present difficult situation. The various States should pull together so that the problem of equitable distribution of food is dealt with on a national basis.

The problems of food and rising prices are, of course, of prime urgency today and I am glad that the Governments at the Centre and the States are actively dealing with them. But the goals of economic development are certainly wider. The battle against poverty and ignorance, disease and discrimination will be a long and arduous one—the more so since we have chosen to fight it within the framework of democratic institutions. It calls for the utmost mobilisation of our human and material resources.

It is all the more tragic that when we should have strained every nerve and harnessed all our energies to the task of bettering the conditions of our people, we have been called upon, as a result of events not of our making, to divert resources to the national defence. This we are doing to the extent called for while desiring at the same time a peaceful and honourable settlement of all outstanding issues with our two neighbours—Pakistan and China. We should rule out reprisal, revenge and hatred and work for honourable settlement of our conflicts on principles of tolerance, friendship and understanding. If we attempt to fight fire with fire, we will all be burnt up. We have been till now expressing the voice of mankind, the conscience of humanity and attempting to bring about an era of relaxing tensions. We should do nothing which will go against this basic commitment of ours.

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If there is any lesson which the diverse and complex problems facing the nation at home and abroad have for us it is the need for calm and dispassionate thinking as well as decisive and courageous action. The heart of the people of this country is sound; and they expect their chosen leaders to lead them wisely and well. If we evade issues, compromise with basic principles and allow saboteurs to undermine the economy of the country, our minds will get confused and distracted and our people will become frustrated. This we should prevent at any cost.

The challenge to statesmanship now is to provide cohesive thinking, a firm Government and an efficient and clean administration.

The consolidation of political democracy, the building of social equality, the promotion of economic growth and the maintenance of the integrity of the country call for co-operative endeavour of all sections of our people.

Disciplined behaviour and hard and honest work are expected from the Government, from the administration, from the political parties, from the farmers, from the students and from every section of our community.

As we enter another year in our Republic's life, let us resolve to apply ourselves to these tasks with self-discipline and determination, courage and character.

KRISHNAVATARA

The Righteous War

THE BOOK OF BHEEMA

CHAPTER 13

Baliya's Akhada

AFTER leaving the procession, Bheema asked Nakula to look to the accommodation of the camp-followers and made his way towards Baliya, who, now shrunk, bent and near-sighted, stood supported by his grandson Gopu. He had the prolapsed belly of the very old ; his neck was a bundle of freckled cords ; his hands were shrivelled.

Without ceremony, Bheema lifted the old man in his arms and, raising his voice, said: 'Baliya, your little master has come.'

The old man, with tears running down his cheeks, hugged Bheema with almost maternal affection. His memory went back to the day when his "little master," as a roaring and kicking infant a few weeks old, was entrusted to his care by Mother Kunti. He began to pat the giant as if he was a little boy, with a happy grin which exposed his toothless gums. 'My little master, the procession has started. Why don't you join it?'

'Oh, the Eldest has gone with the royal procession. I will take you to your house,' replied Bheema.

The few wrestlers who had not joined the procession surrounded Bheema and Baliya, happy beyond words to find that their hero had not forgotten them.

Bheema picked up Baliya in his arms, put him into the tiny cart with four wheels with a push-handle in which his sons and grandsons carried him wherever he wanted to go.

'But, why do you want to push me yourself, little master?' asked Baliya. 'My Gopu will do it'.

'I want to take my revenge. Why did you insist on carrying me when I was two years old and wanted to walk by myself?' Bheema chuckled at his own sally and the others joined heartily.

The wrestlers who had not joined the procession, followed Bheema. So did scores of urchins, who enjoyed the fun of old Baliya, once a very formidable wrestler, being pushed by the redoubtable prince of the Kurus.

The old man, who enjoyed being taken this way through the city, continued to caress Bheema's hand, as if he was refreshing his knowledge of it.

Passing through the streets where he was greeted by laughter and cheers, Bheema brought the old man to what was called "Baliya's *Akhadhaka*",* a colony where he and his kinsmen lived near the palace ground.

Bahubali, or Baliya as he was universally called, the expert on *mullavidya* (the art of wrestling), was the leader of *Jyesti Mull* community which, though it claimed to be Brahmans, once served the rulers of Kuntibhoj. By profession, the *mulls* were highly trained wrestlers, who trained the cadets of the families of well-to-do Brahmans and Kshatriyas in wrestling, an indispensable equipment for high-born persons. They also staged wrestling matches whenever required by their patrons. In addition, their womenfolk worked as domestic servants of the higher order in their homes.

When Kunti, the adopted daughter of King Kuntibhoj, was married to Emperor Pandu, Baliya and his family first came to Hastinapur in her entourage.

He and his kinsfolk proved so efficient and loyal to the leading Kuru families that whenever an occasion arose, he was asked to invite more and more of his kinsmen to come and settle in Hastinapur.

Baliya and his family accompanied Emperor Pandu and his consorts, Kunti and Maadri, when they went to the Himalayas. When Bheema was born, his wife, who had then given birth to a son, was selected as his foster-mother. Baliya himself, attracted by the lusty infant, adopted him as his "little master". Bheema responded by giving him and his family all the affection which his expansive nature was capable of.

After the death of Emperor Pandu and when Queen Maadri joined him on the funeral pyre, Baliya and his family, returned to Hastinapur with Mother Kunti and her sons, the Five Brothers. Since then he had lived in Hastinapur as the benevolent autocrat of the small world of *Jyesti Mulls* who loyally served the royal family, the ministers and the principal warriors of Hastinapur.

Baliya could not accompany the Five Brothers when they were banished to Varnavat. He had become near-sighted and lost the use of his legs. His grandson, Gopu, went with Bheema, whose body-attendant he was, to Varnavat, but returned when the Five Brothers were believed to have been burnt to death in the palace fire.

In spite of his age and disability, Baliya continued to enjoy the confi-

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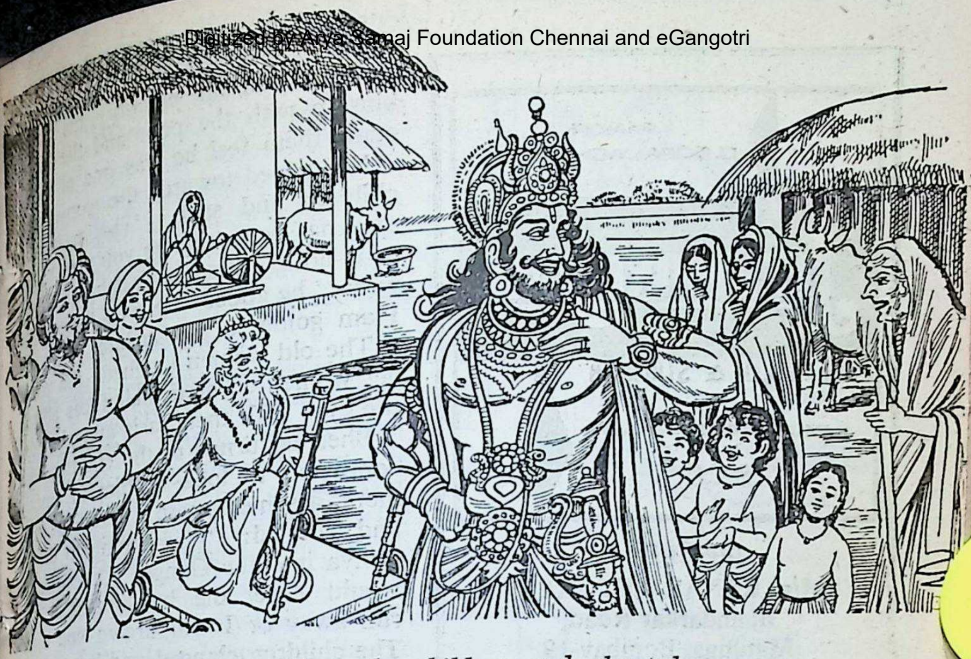
* *Akhadhaka,* (now corrupted into *akhada)*—a wrestling pit, *vide Mull Purana.*



Bheema turned to the children and shouted.....

dence of the royal family and an unquestioned mastery over his community. He demanded everyone of his kinsmen total loyalty to the master whom he happened to serve. However, he also insisted on being told about the happenings which affected the Five Brothers, particularly Bheema, his "little master".

During the day, most of the *mulls* and their womenfolk lived in the house of their respective masters; each of them, however, had a little house or hut in the colony known as *akhadhaka* because of its central feature, the large wrestling pit, where they came during their leisure hours or at night when not on duty. During the time the parents were absent, the old women of the community looked after the children, spun yarn, wove cloth and looked after their homes.

Baliya's *akhadhaka* was as Bheema had seen it before—naked, dirty children playing, cows roaming about, the old women turning spinning wheels.

As he entered it, Bheema was very happy to see the big *akhada* or the wrestling pit in which he had hundreds of bouts with the wrestlers since his boyhood, in perfect condition.

Such of the men, women and children who had not gone to join the procession, hilariously welcomed Prince Bheema bringing back old Baliya in his push-cart.

He greeted the women, roared at the children in a ferocious manner. He called some whom he knew by name and patted the heads of those children who, despite his roar, ventured to come near him.

Bheema could never assume the air of a prince. In spite of his diadem,

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necklace and silk *pitamber*, his magic kinship with the poor and the lowly made them feel he was one of them.

He turned towards the women and children and said: 'This nasty old man has been treating you very badly. Is it not?' Then he laughed. 'Don't worry,' he added. 'Now I have come. I am going to punish him.'

The old women laughed; the younger women covered their faces all but the eyes with their saris and giggled.

Bheema turned to the children who continued to look at him in amazement, assumed again a ferocious look and shouted: 'I am going to drown Baliya into the Ganga. Otherwise he would never die by himself. Now run away or I will drown you also.' The children clapped and jumped, enjoying the idea of the awe-inspiring Baliya being drowned.

Bheema lifted Baliya out of his push-cart, carried him into the house and dumped him on his bed. Then he unfastened his waist-band, threw the sword on the ground, removed his diadem and sat down on the ground, rejecting the small wooden seat which Maalaa, the wife of Baliya's eldest son, Someshvar, brought for him.

Gopu was smiling happily at seeing his master alive and in the best of spirits.

'Gopu, go and tell the Eldest that it will be some time before I come to the palace,' said Bheema.

After Gopu had left, he turned to the old man. 'Baliya, I never hoped to see you alive,' he said, placing an affectionate hand on the back of the old servitor.

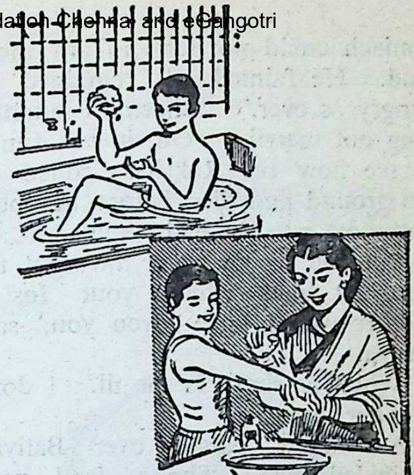
Baliya grinned with delight, his short yellowish white beard bobbing up and down. 'Little master, when Gopu brought the news that you had been burnt alive, I never believed it. I was sure that you would come back one day and meet me before I died.' Then he clung to Bheema fondly. 'I am glad, little master, that you have come at last, safe and sound. Bring your head within my reach. I want to caress your head as I used to when you were a little boy.'

The old man became reminiscent. 'What a naughty boy you were, little master, always roaring at me when playing and hitting me when angry.' Then he turned to his daughter-in-law: 'Maalaa, go and bring food for my little master—whatever is available in the house.'

Maalaa was a heavily-built woman, with an abundant bosom, a double chin, ballooning stomach and thick, pillar-like legs. 'Hurry up, Maalaa,' shouted Bheema. 'Very soon your legs won't be able to support your body.' Maalaa laughed.

Baliya turned apologetically to Bheema and continued: 'There will be very little food left in the house. We are all going to join the feast which the Grandfather and the King are giving to all citizens in honour of your arrival.' He affectionately patted Bheema's head. 'Little master, is your appetite as good as it was before?' he asked.

'It has been on the increase, Baliya,' replied Bheema. 'Do you know how I became the King of the Rakshasas? A Rakshasa, a champion eater, known for his voracious appetite, entered into competition with me to discover my fitness to rule over them. Both of us went on eating till his over-burdened



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stomach could not take in any more food. He fainted. I remained as hungry as ever.'* Bheema's laughter rang out merrily. 'Oh, it was funny to see how the Rakshasa rolled on the ground and died before he could throw out what he had taken.'

'But you would never have got the excellent food which your foster-mother would have given you,' said Baliya.

'Where is she? Is she ill? I don't see her here.'

A shadow passed over Baliya's wrinkled face. 'She is dead, poor thing. She did not live long enough to see you once again. She wanted it so much, but had no luck.'

'Baliya, you must have killed her by scolding her too often,' said Bheema, raising an accusing finger.

'No, no. She died because she used to eat too much,' corrected Baliya. He then slowly moved his hand over the muscles of Bheema's hands and chest as if to ensure that his little master still possessed the same superhuman strength which he had before he left Hastinapur.

'Now, Baliya, tell me all about what has been happening here,' said Bheema.

'I have to tell you many things which would make you unhappy. But take your food first.' Then he shouted at Maalaa: 'Hurry up. Don't you know my little master is hungry?'

Then the old wrestler turned to Bheema: 'You know, when you are eating, you must not hear bad news; that spoils the appetite.'

'Oh, my appetite is quite good; it will digest all news, good as well as bad.'

Food was brought by Maalaa which consisted of three thick loaves of coarse grain, a pot of butter-milk, onions, salt and lumps of *gur*.

'Little master,' she said apologetically, 'it is all that we have got in the house.'

Baliya waved the members of his family away; only three great-grand-children stood staring at Bheema. They did not remember having seen a prince in their home before and were amazed to see their great-grand-father, of whom they stood in awe, caressing the giant with his hands.

'Now, don't look at me as if I am going to eat you. Share this loaf with me,' said Bheema and waved to the children to come near. However, they had no courage to do so. Soon his genial smile restored their confidence. Step by step, they came slowly near Bheema, who took hold of their hands, drew them near and tickled their sides till they rolled with pleasure.

When Maalaa and the children left, Bheema turned to Baliya. 'I must go and pay my respects to Grandfather and Uncle and the Most Venerable Mother. Now tell me how the position here stands?'

[*To be continued*]

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* *Vide Krishnavatara Part III: The Five Brothers.* Chapter 20, "King Vrikodara Wins a Wife." See *Bhavan's Journal* dated May 12, 1963.

The small-minded who fail to follow the wise teachings of the great invite trouble for themselves. —Tirukkural

It was one of Sir Winston's greatest virtues that he did not believe in enduring national hatreds . . . .

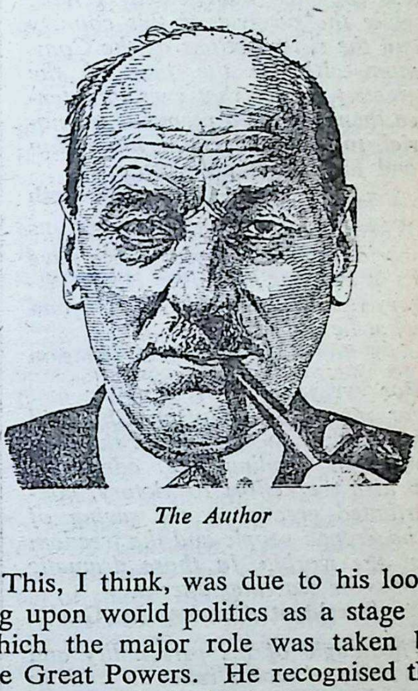
CHURCHILL IN WORLD AFFAIRS

EARL ATTLEE

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL came to manhood at a time when Britain, with the dominating influence of her fleet in the era of sea power, was undoubtedly the strongest world power. This, too, was the heyday of British imperialism. Sir Winston shared to the full the emotions of that time and took part enthusiastically in the Boer War, though in later years he told me that he considered our action then as one of the greatest mistakes of British policy.

He was himself a few years later responsible for introducing into the House of Commons the measure which resulted in the formation of the Union of South Africa, a most important step in the transformation of the British Empire into the Commonwealth; yet he never liked the dropping of the word Empire nor, I think, did he ever quite like conceding full equality to the younger members of the Commonwealth with Great Britain. He expressed grave doubts about the Statute of Westminster.

During the Second World War he was somewhat impatient when other Commonwealth Governments claimed a greater influence over war policy than he was willing to concede.



The Author

This, I think, was due to his looking upon world politics as a stage in which the major role was taken by the Great Powers. He recognised the emergence of the United States as a world Power and indeed welcomed it. He was reluctant to admit the decline of France. On the other hand, despite the aggression of the Kaiser and Hitler, he always referred to the Germans as a great nation that could not be kept under permanently and, despite his hatred of the Russian ideology, he was willing to concede them their full rights in the comity of

Homage to Churchill

Churchill contributed more than any other to saving humanity from a horrendous tyranny. So long as there is a free man on this earth his name will be remembered with gratitude.

—H. H. Pope Paul

The whole world is poorer by the loss of his many-sided genius, while the survival of this country and the sister nations of the Commonwealth, in the face of the greatest danger that ever threatened them will be a perpetual memorial to his leadership, his vision and his indomitable courage.

—Queen Elizabeth

When there was darkness in the world, a generous providence gave us Winston Churchill. He is history's child, and what he said and what he did will never die.

—President Johnson

For everyone in my country and for myself Sir Winston Churchill is and will always remain the man who in leading the admirable British war effort to victory, contributed greatly to the saving of the French people and the freedom of the world. In those dramatic times he was magnificent.

—President Charles de Gaulle

The magic of his personality and mastery of words renewed faith in freedom in the most difficult years of the Second World War. He left his imprint on the face of Europe and the world. His unforgettable services will be cherished for centuries.

—President Dr. S. Radhakrishnan

His service to his fatherland and to the free world will assure him a high rank in world history after his long strenuous life, richly blessed with success.

—Chancellor Ludwig Erhard

nations. No statesman was ever so conscious of the historic background of events or of the fact that he was playing his part on the stage of history.

Particularly he was mindful of the great part played by his great ancestor Marlborough in withstanding the attempted domination of Europe by Louis XIV. In the inter-war period and during World War II he would often speak of The Grand Alliance. Indeed it was the failure of the Baldwin and Chamberlain Governments to build such an alliance against the menace of Nazi Germany that formed the gravamen of his attacks upon them. When France was struck down, it was a bitter blow to him and he was ready to go to all lengths, even to offering full unity to keep her in the field. When this failed he had complete faith that sooner or later the United States would come in the war as she had done in the First World War. The new world would come in to redress the balance of the old.

He had through his mother strong ties with the United States and saw in her growing strength a powerful support for democracy. Her retirement into isolation after 1918 struck a blow at his conception of a great alliance for freedom, for strong though his sense of the essential unity of Western Europe was, he realised the need for Europe being buttressed by the younger nation of European extraction.

He realised as official conservatism did not, the passing of the conception of national defence in isolation. Thus he supported the League of Nations and lent his influence to popularising the idea of an international police force so strenuously advocated by the late Lord Davies. He did not shy off from the conception of World Government, and was a strong supporter of the United Nations and in particular of European Unity as a step in that direction, but I think that he really felt more drawn to the conception of the Atlantic community, for here there might be unity between the States of Western Europe and the two great democracies across the Atlantic. All these were fundamentally democratic.

It was one of Sir Winston's greatest virtues that he did not believe in enduring national hatreds. As soon as the Germans were beaten, he was willing to work with them again. He was prepared to work with Stalin, if Stalin relinquished ideas of domination. He conceived of a world of free nations subject to the rule of law but with the stronger nations definitely in control.

Undoubtedly Sir Winston did a great work in keeping Britain and the United States working closely together throughout the Second World War, a task of infinite difficulty. It is perhaps even more difficult in peacetime. Sir Winston regarded Anglo-American co-operation as the most essential thing for preserving the peace of the world and the maintenance of freedom and democracy in the world. He leaves to his successors a hard task and a great example.

LIVING WORDS OF CHURCHILL

I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat.

You ask 'What is our policy?' I will say: 'It is to wage war by sea, land, and air with all our might and with all the strength that God can give us; to wage war against a monstrous tyranny, never surpassed in the dark lamentable catalogue of human crime.' You ask 'what is our aim?' I can answer in one word: 'Victory' Victory at all costs, victory in spite of all terror, victory however long and hard the road may be; for without victory there is no survival.

Let us therefore brace ourselves to our duties and so bear ourselves that if the British Empire and its Commonwealth last for a thousand years, men will say: 'This was their finest hour.'

Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few.

We shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills.

Military defeat or miscalculation can be redeemed. The fortunes of war are fickle and changing. But an act of shame would deprive us of our respect which we now enjoy throughout the world and this would sap the vitals of our strength.

Next to cowardice and treachery, overconfidence leading to neglect or slothfulness is the worst of martial crimes.

We shall not fail or falter; we shall not weaken or tire. Neither the sudden shock of battle, nor the long-drawn trials of vigilance and exertion will wear us down. Give us the tools and we will finish the job.

In war: resolution: In defeat: defiance: In victory: magnanimity. In peace: goodwill.

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16 Days in Israel—2

Israelis are a Great People

Lilavati Munshi

The author with the Mayor of Haifa

BUT let me go back to the Seminar.

On the third day Dr. L. Miller gave a lecture on 'Migration and Health.' Thereafter we were taken to see a health centre. From the time a woman is pregnant, till the child is born, she gets advice and help from such centres. Not only advice is given to the mother, but nurses visit the family now and then till the child grows up and goes to school. They keep noting the progress of the child as well as the family.

As I was leaving Israel earlier than the others, my separate programme started on the same evening. I was taken to a Druze village on Mount Carmel. Druzes are an orthodox sect of Arabs. Their religion is different, but they generally do not speak about their religion to others. Financially, they are well off and even serve in the Israel army. Now they have started using motor cars, but even now we saw an old man with a beard riding on a donkey. He was looking like a picture from the Middle Ages.

We also saw another Kibbutz. It had houses, a swimming pool, a basket-ball field and many other amenities. In a Kibbutz people not only work, but enjoy their hours of recreation as well. It had also a community centre. In the evening, we came back to Mount Carmel Centre.

Today was Friday, which was a night for the children's dances, which we again went to see.

On Saturday, the 14th, I with Mrs. Sarah Erman who had taken charge of me, started to go to Nazareth.

Nazareth is an old city with a mixed population of Christians, Muslims and Jews. This is the city where Jesus Christ lived. His father Joseph was a carpenter and he had a workshop which is now like an underground cave. There was an underground water reservoir in his house.

Continued from last issue

We went round the city walking. It is a city, of the old type with narrow lanes. There was a big Christian Church being built. Our guide showed us a synagogue where Jesus Christ gave his first sermon. There is a well in the town where Mary, the mother of Christ, used to draw water.

Later we passed Kfarkhana on our way where Christ performed his first miracles of giving wine and bread. Nazareth in those days must have been a small village. Now it is a place of pilgrimage for Christians. Who would have then thought that a son born in a carpenter's house will dominate the conscience of nearly one-third of mankind?

At 1 o'clock we reached Lake Tiberias which is 600 feet below sea level. There was a Kibbutz called Ginosar on its margin. Here people grow tomato, cucumber, grape fruits, bananas, figs and other farm products. Being below sea level, this place is warmer than many parts of Israel enabling people to grow fruits and vegetables out of season, which get for them very good prices.

This Kibbutz has put up a beautiful and modern guest house. Hundreds of tourists take advantage of it. There is boating facility too. The Kibbutz people make an extra income from this guest house. When we went in the dining room there were many tourists taking their meals. From the hall the lake looked a picture.

The river Jordon, about which there is a dispute between Israel and Arabs, rises in Lebanon and flows into Lake Tiberias. The water then passes out on the other side forming the river between Israel and Syria. The river is the main source of water for Israel but they draw only 40 per cent of water as decided by the U.N.O. At the extreme end of the lake, there are many Kibbutz established by Israel.

We passed Upanavo and saw the valley of Hakhula. Rich fields have sprung up where once there was a swamp.

The whole of Israel is uneven with hills and dales.

We gave a lift to two young soldiers and we four reached Acre, which was a seaport in olden times. This city looks like our fortresses of mediaeval times with stone paved streets and high walls. We went to the fortress and saw how they used to watch enemy boats coming in olden times. After going round the city, we felt tired and we went to a hotel on the sea shore for tea. At night we came back to the Centre. Some of the members had brought slides of their countries which were shown after dinner. There was a cinema show on the Dead Sea as well.

Before I refer to the next part of my journey, let me describe what Israel is.

Israel is a country of only 7992.6 sq. miles, out of which 171.8 miles are under water. Probably it is the smallest country on the earth. From end to end it is 280 miles long, the longest breadth being 41 miles and the shortest being 10 miles.

Israel is surrounded by four Arab countries—Lebanon on the north, Syria on the north-east, Jordon on the east and Egypt on the south-west. Saudi Arabia is the near about country in the south.

Israel has two ports on the Mediterranean Sea, Haifa and Tel Aviv. A new port called Eilat has been built on the tip end of Negav desert which is on the Red Sea. At present buses are employed between the ports of Mediterranean and the Red Sea. A train service will very soon run between these ports, which will make it a kind of a dry Suez Canal. Some day this route may be useful to other countries of Europe, Asia and Africa.

The land of Israel and some parts which have gone to other countries together was formerly called Palestine. It was a British Mandate from 1920 to 1948.

After World War II and after the massacre of six million Jews by Hitler as well as their persecution in some other countries, it was felt that Jews should have a home land of their own where they could live in peace.

Israel was carved out of Palestine, an arid piece of land under British Mandate. The rest was given to the adjacent Arab States. The Arab countries declared war against the new infant State of Israel in 1948. The Jews, though not yet fully organised, fought bravely and were on the verge of winning when in 1949 a truce was enforced by the United Nations. Like Berlin, the city of Jerusalem was cut into two and a border running 749 miles between a number of Arab States and Israel has been created. Thus, all over the world such artificial divisions of cities and regions like Jerusalem, Berlin, Korea, Indo-China, Laos, Kashmir etc., have created more tension giving birth to problems which bedevilled the world during the last decade. The United Nations are like a divided Nation, more because of these problems than anything else.

The Jews who were scattered all over the world since Roman times having no nation of their own, accepted this piece of arid land given to them, which according to their history was their homeland—the land of their ancestors. As a matter of fact, Jews had never abandoned this land. Throughout the ages, some Jews did stay in the land, but when they got it, they started in right earnest to cultivate the land and fulfil the prophesy that the 'desert shall bloom.'

This is the short history of the new State of Israel. Let us see what they have made of it.

The Jews are a creative and talented race. In the most adverse circumstances they worked hard as a group and flourished almost in every part of the world. The religion of the Jews is four thousand years old. Christ himself was a Jew who, as a reformer, propagated Christianity.

It is remarkable that though scattered all over the world for two thousand years, the Jews preserved themselves. This was rendered possible because of their religion which they observed scrupulously; and secondly, because they recited their scriptures in the same language, that is, in Hebrew. To whatever country they belonged, wherever they happened to be, they always prayed facing eastward towards Jerusalem, and recited in their prayers that they were going to Jerusalem the next day. It is comparable to the unity of Hindus in India, who, though divided in many linguistic groups, read their scriptures in Sanskrit which is their common heritage.

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Besides, in most countries the Jews were persecuted and hated because of their extraordinary ability. Because of the hostility they had to face, they kept themselves intact as a group and as a race, all the time longing and praying that one day they would return to their promised land—Palestine—the land of their ancestors.

No sooner they came to Israel, they adopted Hebrew, which was then considered to be a dead language, as their national language. From the beginning they found out that the babel of tongues—speaking so many different languages and not understanding each other—will take them nowhere. All must be able to speak the same language in order to forge unity of words and deeds. By now they have made Hebrew not only a language of ordinary day-to-day transactions, but a language in which they can write creative literature as well as scientific treatises.

Besides Hebrew, either English or Arabic, must be learnt by a child as a compulsory language. These languages are their windows on the world with which they have to deal every day.

The second thing which keeps them united is their religion. Even now most of them follow it implicitly. On their Sabbath day which is Saturday, no work is done. The most orthodox will not even light a fire for cooking; trains will not run; buses will be scarce and a complete holiday is observed.

A third thing which keeps the Israelis together is the common danger. They are surrounded by unfriendly countries and feel that at any moment the combined might of these countries may attack them. Israelis either have to live on this land or die in fighting for it. After tasting the fruits of independence, it is unthinkable giving it up. In Gandhiji's words, they must 'do or die'.

Israelis are a great people. The circumstances have made them brave. They have to carry their lives in their hands. Whatever it is, they have literally made the desert bloom.

The Jews went to many countries and made their way in spite of circumstances. They were talented and rich, but could not avoid the jealousy of others. Thousands of them were victimised now and then, but somehow they kept themselves not only alive, but kicking. The Jews have produced some of the greatest scientists, doctors, lawyers, writers and millionaires.

On the dinner table of a Jew, milk and meat dishes will not be served at the same time. There is plenty of milk and milk products in the land; milk, butter and variety of cheese, but they are all for the morning breakfast. In the afternoon, if the meat is served on the table, one can only have margarine instead of butter. In all homes and most hotels this rule is observed strictly. A few of the hotels have separate sections for people like us—vegetarians—wanting milk products at meal time, but they are not served if a meat eater is sitting on the same table.

It is wonderful that a country which was an arid zone produces so much of food—what we call supplementary foods—fruits of every variety like orange, grape fruits, maltas, mosambis, and bananas, besides poultry, chickens, eggs and many varieties of cheese, butter and milk. They also grow vegetables, olives, dates and flowers. Not only they eat well, but most of the items are their principal source of export bringing them precious foreign exchange. The soil they inherited was virgin, and very sparsely cultivated. The rain fall is meagre, the highest 39.9 and the lowest 8.9 inches, the average being 15 or 16 inches. No distance is too great to bring water to the fields, which they irrigate with sprinklers. To see many distant fields with sprinklers sprinkling water all-round is a very beautiful sight to see. They say that this method saves water and plants get better nourishment.

Israel does not grow much wheat or rice. The bulk of these they import. They get better values for their fruits and other foods they export. They grow cotton for their own use, producing fairly good variety of cloth.

Water is the main problem of Israel. Just now they get water from the Lake Tiberias formed by the Jordan river, from tube wells which are very deep and a few natural springs. Nearly half the country has bloomed with such water resources. The water has been taken even to Negav desert where the new settlements are springing up, but it is clear that Israel wants more water in order to absorb more emigrants if and when they come and in order to be able to cultivate more land in the Negav desert. Now they are trying to de-salinise the sea water. This experiment is rather costly at present, but I am sure they will do it and make it both useful and profitable.

In the beginning, emphasis was on agri-horticulture, but now only 14 per cent population is sufficient for land cultivation at present. They have started drawing their man-power towards industries. There is no doubt that Israelis know how to live dangerously.

It delights one's heart to see that every road is flanked on both sides by trees, sometimes even four or six deep. Generally they are pines, Eucalyptus and other hardy variety. They have many varieties of shrubs and cactai and their fields of fruits are a delight to see.

The roads are good and well maintained reaching every part of the country.

On the 15th morning, I took leave of every one and started with Mrs. Erman. On our way we saw the excavation of Caesares which is on the sea shore and where there is an amphitheatre of the Roman times. The excavations show the tiers one upon the other showing different times when the palaces were built.

Knowing my interest in flowers, a flower grower's garden was included in our programme. I forgot whether it was Havat Hanoy or Karkur, where we went to see a big flower nursery. It was a commercial flower grower's place where beautiful gerbera and roses were in bloom. The long plastic domes on different sections were going up in order to protect flowers during the winter season.

[To be continued]

Bhavan Comes to Bangalore

K. S. Ramaswami

Chief of United News of India, Bangalore Bureau

THE eminent scientist and Nobel Laureate, Dr. Sir C.V. Raman, who came to Bangalore about three decades ago and has now settled here, carrying on his work at the Raman Research Institute, is never tired of saying that Bangalore is "the cultural capital of India." This viewpoint has been reinforced by many statesmen, artists and men of letters. The cosmopolitan character of Bangalore lends added impetus to the cultural life of this 'beautiful' city.

The coming into existence soon of a magnificent building to house the Bangalore Kendra of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, the foundation for which was laid at an impressive function held on January 23, 1965 by the Prime Minister of India, Sri Lal Bahadur Shastri, will undoubtedly aid the enrichment of the cultural activities of Bangalore, nay of Karnataka, well-known for its hoary traditions of philosophy, religion and culture.

During his brief sojourn in Bangalore on Saturday, January 23, the Prime Minister participated in four functions and it is the considered opinion of many discerning friends that the function held in connection with laying the foundation-stone of the Bangalore Kendra of the Bhavan was easily the one eagerly awaited by all sections of the community and it proved to be a grand success, thanks to the co-operation of all concerned, for every one was anxious in some way to pay his meed of tribute to the great, good and enduring work being done by the Bhavan for the re-integration of Indian culture.

The Bangalore Corporation has made available to the Bhavan a centrally situated site, bounded by good roads on two sides. The site given to the Bhavan is on the Race Course Road, abutting the West End Hotel, very close to the famous Vidhana Soudha.

The function of foundation-stone laying was held in the evening. But true to the traditions and great faith which those connected with the Bhavan and its activities have in the *Vedas* and *Upanishads,* there was a Navagraha Homa and Vastu Puja in the morning at the site, when scholars in the different Vedas recited hymns and performed *puja* to the site, with the ardent faith that the building to come upon this site would be a noble one, radiating from it noble thoughts and the salient features of Indian culture.

Kulapati K.M. Munshi, whose ceaseless efforts in the cause of Indian renaissance and educational advancement, needs no reiteration from me, was there along with Mysore Chief Minister, Sri S. Nijalingappa, Vice-Chairman, Sri K. Puttaswami, Minister for Municipal Administration and members of the Committee of the Bangalore Kendra of the Bhavan.

In the evening, all roads literally led to the site of the Bhavan and long before the scheduled hour, there was present a large gathering, including Ministers, Judges of the High Court, legislators, men of letters, Sanskrit scholars and Pandits and many of those who appreciate the policy of the Bhavan, *viz.* a synthesis of the old with the new, which would go to make a man 'cultured and purposeful' in the true spirit of the term. Everybody hailed this event as a 'notable' one in the history of Bangalore.

The Prime Minister arrived somewhat behind schedule at the specially erected, tastefully decorated *shamiana,* put up for the occasion and this was explained in his welcome address by the State Chief Minister and Vice-Chairman of Bhavan's Bangalore Kendra, as being due to the fact that at every ten yards, the Prime Minister's car was stopped and people wanted to show their appreciation of the Prime Minister's work by garlanding him.

Sri K.M. Munshi welcomed the Prime Minister, the Pandits offering '*purna kumbham*'.

The dais was adorned by the simultaneous presence of the Prime Minister Shastri, Smt. Lalita Devi Shastri, Kulapati Munshi, Union Minister Dr. A.L. Rao, Mysore's Governor Gen. S.M. Srinagesh, Sri K.C. Reddy, Governor-designate of Madhya Pradesh, and Smt. Reddi, Chief Minister Sri S. Nijalingappa and his cabinet colleague, Sri K. Puttaswami, Sri K. Hanumanthayya, M.P., Mysore's former Chief Minister and many other eminent men.

Welcoming the Prime Minister, Sri Lal Bahadur Shastri and others present on the occasion, Sri S. Nijalingappa, Vice-Chairman of the Bangalore Kendra of the Bhavan, said it was a matter of supreme pleasure to those connected with the Bangalore Kendra of the Bhavan to welcome the Prime Minister and all others. He declared that Sri K.M. Munshi had been doing "extraordinary good work, possibly more useful work than most of us." Both Smt. Munshi and Sri Munshi had been working to build up the institution for the past 26 years and more. The *Bhavan's Journal* had now become a household one in the country and was doing a great service to the country. It began in a small way, but now it had a circulation of over 60,000 copies. The many-sided activities of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan represented what man had achieved so far in the fields of philosophy and spirituality. The Bhavan had as its motto the Rigvedic hymn. "Let noble thoughts come to us from every side" and this was a very noble one.

Sri Nijalingappa proceeding said that the Mayor and Councillors of

Bangalore Corporation and the State Minister for Municipal Administration, Sri K. Puttaswami had laid the Bhavan under a great debt to them, for making available the beautiful plot of land, on which a mighty edifice was to grow. The Committee of the Bangalore Kendra had already made a beginning in the matter of collecting funds and they had collected so far about Rs. 75,000. He would appeal to Sri K.M. Munshi to find the rest of the money needed for constructing the building for the Bhavan. While so saying, Sri Nijalingappa said, it did not mean they would keep quiet. They would also go about collection work!! He suggested that a part of the building could be rented out so that from the proceeds of this, some of the Bhavan's activities could be maintained.

Referring to the presence of Prime Minister Sri Lal Bahadur Shastri in their midst, Sri Nijalingappa, said: "Our Prime Minister is silk, very soft-spoken, very kind and courteous. He has never uttered a single word which is hard. But within that softness is the core of strength, which people in the country are now realising."

In conclusion, Sri Nijalingappa observed that the building they proposed to put up would be a "sophisticated one and Bangalore would really be proud of it."

Sri M.P.L. Sastri, M.L.C., Secretary of the Bangalore Kendra, read messages received wishing the function success, among others from His Holiness Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya of Sri Sharada Peeta, His Holiness Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya of Sri

BLESSINGS

Numerous messages of good wishes were received wishing the function all success :

Immensely glad to know that the Bangalore Kendra of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan will shortly have a building of its own and its foundation-stone will be laid by the Prime Minister of India.

Blessings for success of the foundation-laying function.

—H. H. Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya of Sringeri.

*

Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan has opened a new era in the field of renovation and research in the Aryan, Bharatiya Sanskriti, culture and scriptures. It has really done a tremendous work for the spread of Sanskrita and Sanskritic education and literature.

It is also in the fitness of things that the foundation-stone of the Bhavan's building at Bangalore is being laid by Mananiya Sri Lal Bahadar Shastri, Prime Minister, a real apostle of Bharatiya Sanskriti and an Adarsh Nagarika and Mahaamatya of India.

—H. H. Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya of Dwarka.

*

Best wishes on the occasion of the laying of the foundation-stone of Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan buildings at Bangalore.

—Rashtrapati Dr.S. Radhakrishnan.

Dwaraka Peet and Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, President of India.

It may be mentioned that His Holiness Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya of Sri Sharada Peeta gave his benediction to the Bangalore Kendra of the Bhavan in person when the Centre was inaugurated by His Highness Maharaja Sri Jayachamaraja Wadiyar some months ago.

Sri T.V. Viswanatha Aiyar of the Madras Kendra of the Bhavan requested the Prime Minister to release three publications of the Bhavan, viz., "Food for the Soul" by Mahatma Gandhi, "Hindu-Muslim Unity" by Mahatma Gandhi and "Thirukkural", with notes in English by Rajaji. In doing so, Sri Viswanatha Aiyar referred to the immense popularity and usefulness of the Bhavan's publications. The Bhavan was selling more than 1.25 lakh copies each year and, provided the Prime Minister gave the needed paper, the Bhavan could publish more copies every month of these books with "particular emphasis on such literature as revealed the deeper impulsions of India."

Releasing the three books, the Prime Minister said: "The Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan is well-known for its publications. In fact, it serves as a University of Books and I sincerely congratulate Sri K.M. Munshi and his colleagues for their wonderful publications. They are doing a great service and I am delighted to release these three publications, which have been named. I hope these will be read by millions of our people in the country." Sri A.G. Ramachandra Rao, Honorary Secretary of the Bhavan's Bangalore Kendra, then garlanded the Prime Minister and offered a bouquet to Smt. Lalita Devi Shastri.

Sri K.M. Munshi, President of the Bhavan, inviting the Prime Minister to lay the foundation-stone of the Bhavan, said:

Kulapati Munshi's Address

I AM very glad that the Bhavan has the privilege of having you, Mr. Prime Minister, in our midst today. I also associate myself with what Sri S. Nijalingappa has said in giving you our most hearty welcome.

The Bhavan is deeply indebted to the Government of Mysore and the Municipal Corporation of Bangalore for granting this very attractive and centrally-situated piece of land for the Bhavan's Kendra. The Bhavan's thanks are particularly due to the Chief Minister, Sri S. Nijalingappa, Sri K. Puttaswamy, Minister for Municipal Administration, as also to the Mayor of the Municipal Corporation of Bangalore and its Councillors, for helping the Bhavan to acquire this land and for their interest in speedily completing all the formalities of transfer. I have no doubt that in a very short time the enthusiasm of its members, under the leadership of H.H. the Maharaja of Mysore and Sri S. Nijalingappa, will result in a building for the Kendra being put up.

On this occasion, I miss my friends,

H.H. the Maharaja of Mysore, the Chairman of our Bangalore Kendra, and Sri R.R. Diwakar, who for years, have been contributing so much strength to the whole movement of the Bhavan.

You will be glad to learn that since the Bangalore Kendra was reorganized last year, the Bhavan, with its twenty odd departments and institutions, has undergone a rapid expansion.

The Bhavan has now acquired a home for its Madras Kendra. As you know, the President, who has watched the growth of the Bhavan almost from its infancy, was good enough to come specifically to Madras in October 1964 to lay the foundation-stone of the new building and a Kalyan Mandap. Their construction is proceeding apace.

Our thirty-six-acre campus at Andheri, near Bombay, is becoming more beautiful day after day and looks like a modern *ashram*. During August 1962, it was honoured by the visit of our late Prime Minister, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru—whose death we all mourn—who, despite his very weak health, came specifically to open the Bhavan's College of Engineering.

By next June this year, we would have added two more colleges—one at Ahmedabad and another at Bombay—to the four colleges which the Bhavan is already running at present.

The Gujarat Kendra of the Bhavan, under the energetic guidance of Chief Justice Sri J.M. Shelat of the Gujarat High Court, is working satisfactorily. The College at Dakor (in Gujarat) is functioning very well. Active steps are being taken to set up a College of Arts and Science and a home for the Bhavan at Ahmedabad, the foundation-stone of which was laid by Sri Morarji Desai, in a prominent plot of land granted by the Gujarat Government and the Municipal Corporation of Ahmedabad.

The U.P. Government has promised to expedite the grant of land at Kanpur, already sanctioned, for constructing a home for the Bhavan there.

Friends of the Bhavan have been moving in Srinagar, Indore, Coimbatore, Hyderabad, Mauritius and other places, to organise Kendras there. It has also been decided to set up a department called the "Bhavan International" to consolidate its contacts abroad.

The Bhavan, through its publications, has now contacts with an increasing number of people in India and abroad.

Our journals, the *Bhavan's Journal* in English, *Bharati* in Hindi, *Samarpan* in Gujarati and *Samvid* in Sanskrit, are making headway. Their total circulation, at its best, has already touched the 75,000 mark; it would have gone up to 100,000 if more liberal licence for importing newsprint had been given.

These are not merely magazines; through them every subscriber in a sense has become a member of the Bhavan's family, sharing an interest in the values for which it stands.

The Book University, the two-and-a-half-rupee as well as one-rupee series, between them, have reached a sale of 1.25 lakh copies during the year 1963-64.

Bhavan's 11-volume "The History and Culture of the Indian People" (of which 7 volumes have so far been published and the remaining 4 volumes are under preparation) has found a place in the libraries of most universities in the world.

To bring the friends of the Bhavan together, it has been decided to organize a category of "Bhavan's Associates."

Last year, 45,000 students from all over the country appeared for our Sanskrit examination. About 1,000 students took part in the 91 one-act plays in twelve languages during the Inter-Collegiate Dramatic Olympics in Bombay.

The Sanskrit Vishva Parishad, with its centres, sponsored by the Bhavan, has helped in the matter of promoting Sanskrit throughout the country. Unfortunately, its life-president and a founder-member of the Bhavan, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, who was also its guide and inspirer, passed away. In him the country has lost—apart from other things—one of the finest representatives of Indian Culture, and Sanskrit, its greatest protagonist.

The most satisfying feature of our activities has been that on the Bhavan's platform have met outstanding men from all parts of India, regardless of their political or any other affiliations.

The success of the Bhavan has been solely due to the Grace of God. In the words of Jaiminiya Upanishad, we can honestly say: "Thou alone art the doer thereof."

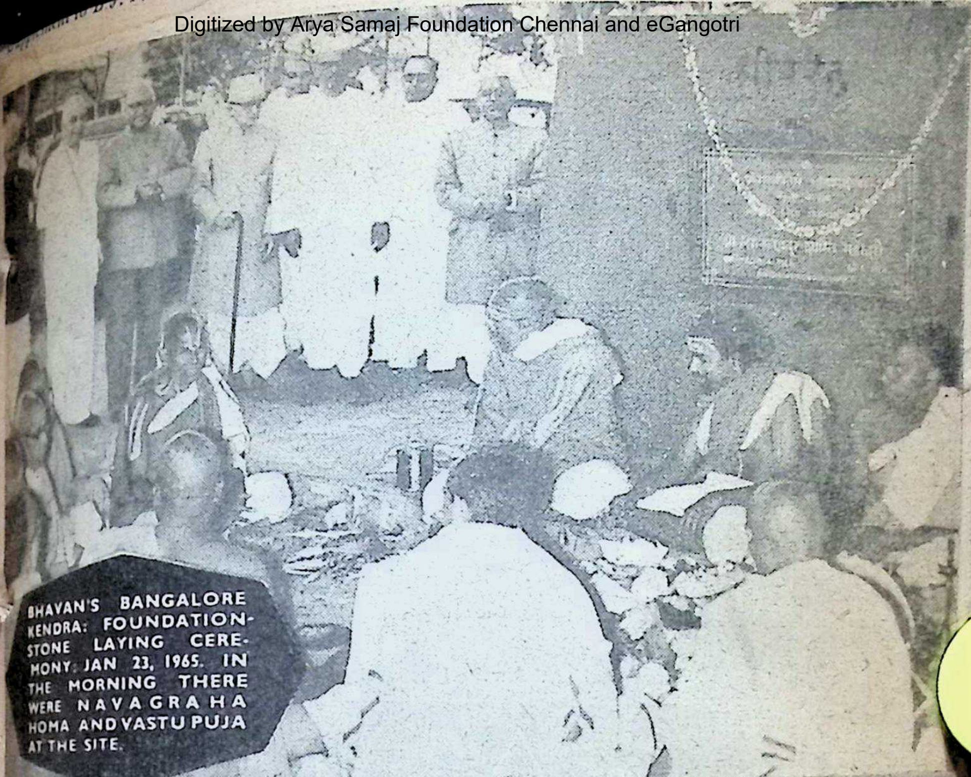
During the last twenty-six years, the Bhavan has, to the best of its capacity, striven to work for the re-integration of Indian Culture in its fundamental aspects; it has striven—may be in a small measure—to restore confidence in the supremacy of spiritual values; in the universal Moral Order which yields not to hedonism; in Truth which is accord between mind, word and deed; in *tapas* or self-discipline that purifies the body and the mind.

Preaching these values is one thing; reading about them is another; both are easy. What is difficult is the translation of these values in actual life; may be in a very limited measure.

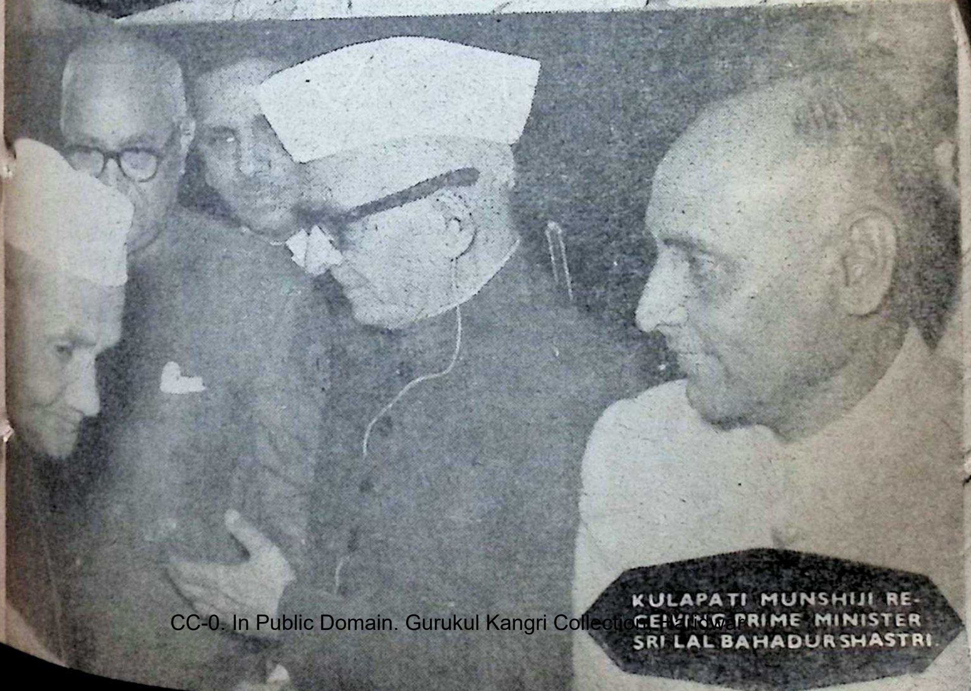
Curiously enough, religion in most countries is confined to reading, reciting or listening to scriptures or performing rituals. However, it becomes a spiritual force only when their message is lived up to.

We must have a clear idea as to what we are fighting against. We are fighting the moral anarchy wherever it is, inwhatever shape it exists. For, it has engendered wars and revolutions, criminality and sexual irresponsibility. It has atomised the family, corrupted men and society and regimented thought and conduct.

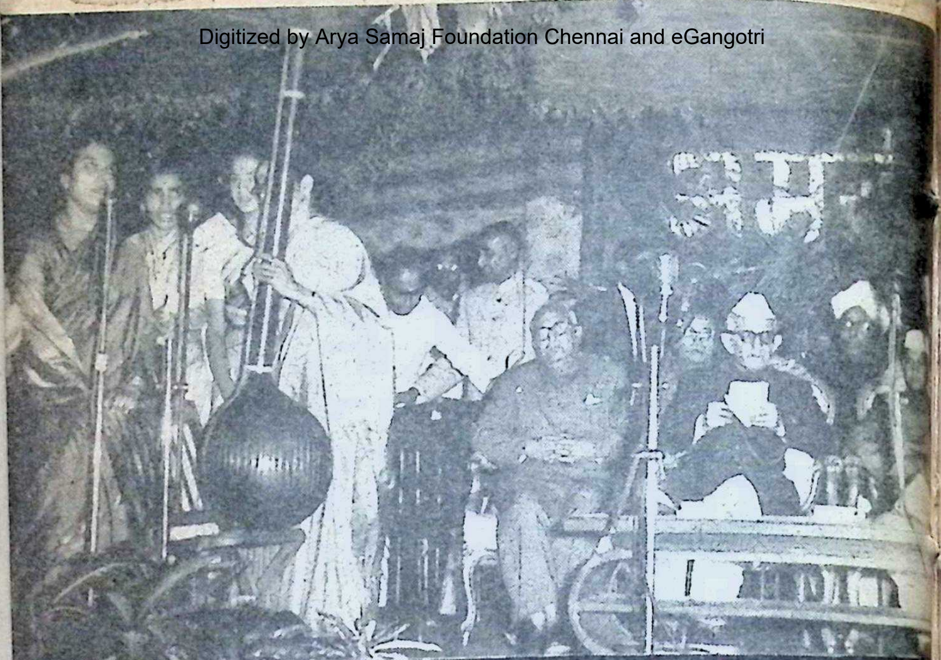
This anarchy can be fought only if we can work for a modest spiritual revival which can only come through faith in God, the acceptance of moral values as absolutes and a life dedicated to higher purpose—without which life has no meaning and no



BHAVAN'S BANGALORE KENDRA: FOUNDATION-STONE LAYING CEREMONY JAN 23, 1965. IN THE MORNING THERE WERE NAVAGRAHA HOMA AND VASTU PUJA AT THE SITE.

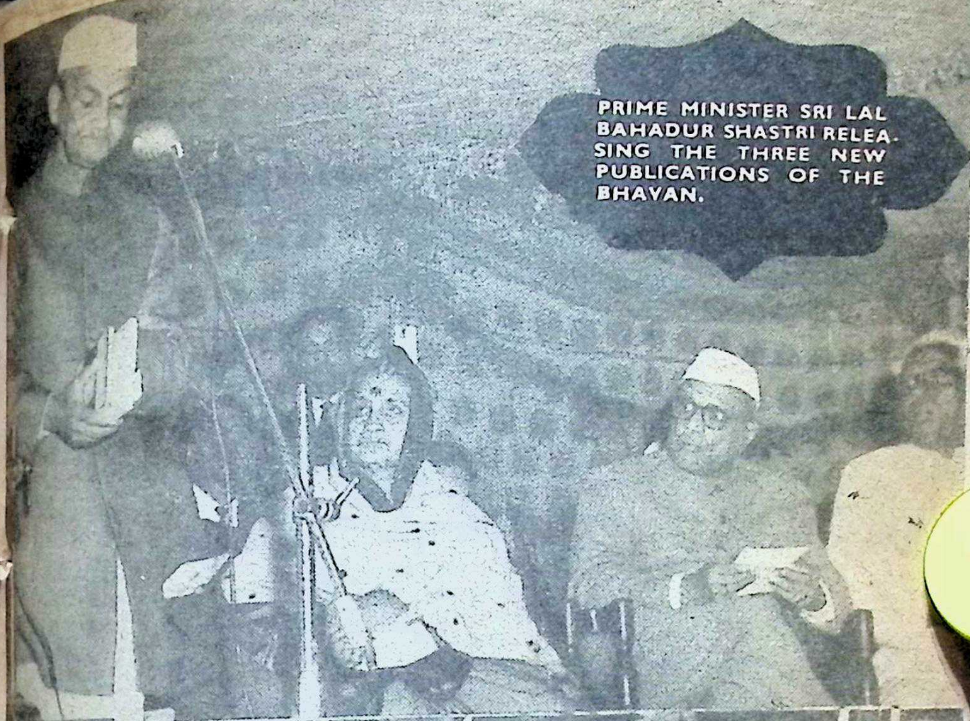


KULAPATI MUNSHIJI RECEIVING PRIME MINISTER SRI LAL BAHADUR SHASTRI.

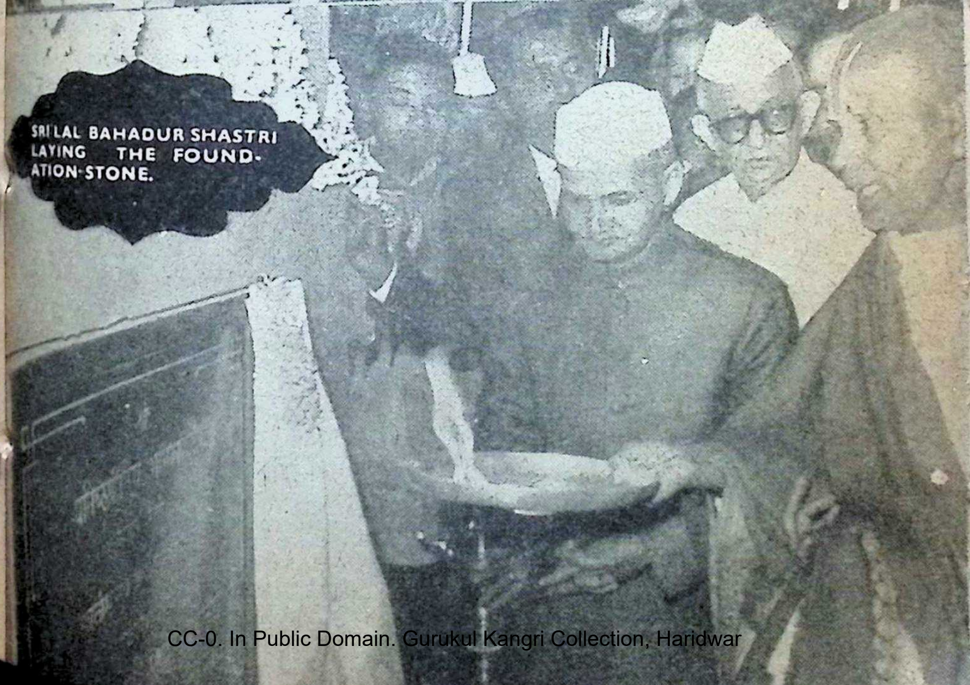


THE EVENING FUNCTION BEGAN WITH THE SINGING OF PRAYERS BY SMT. PARVATI MAHADEVAN AND FRIENDS.

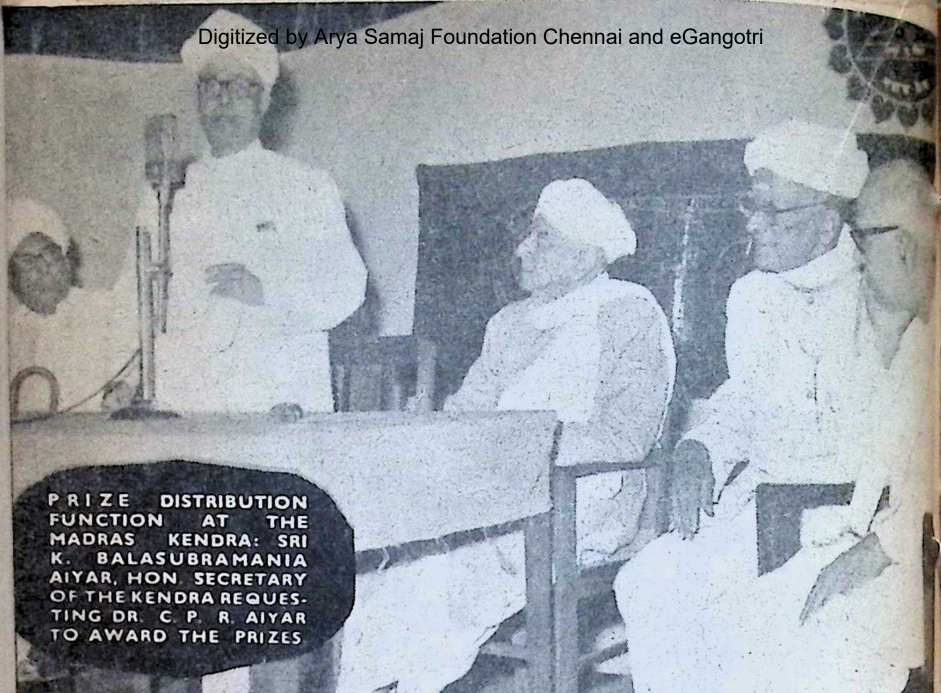
SRI NIJALINGAPPA, CHIEF MINISTER OF MYSORE AND VICE-CHAIRMAN-BHAVAN'S BANGALORE KENDRA, WELCOMING THE GUESTS



PRIME MINISTER SRI LAL BAHADUR SHASTRI RELEASING THE THREE NEW PUBLICATIONS OF THE BHAVAN.



SRI LAL BAHADUR SHASTRI LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE.



PRIZE DISTRIBUTION FUNCTION AT THE MADRAS KENDRA: SRI K. BALASUBRAMANIA AIYAR, HON. SECRETARY OF THE KENDRA REQUESTING DR. C. P. R. AIYAR TO AWARD THE PRIZES

PRINCIPAL SESHADRI OF THE VIVEKANANDA COLLEGE RECEIVING THE MUNSHI TROPHY FOR BEST TEAM ACTING IN THE BHAVAN'S I. C. D. C.

beauty. It would mean the re-birth of the individual through prayer and love and the moral ennoblement of social and religious forms. To this end we must work—everyone of us—to maintain the sanctity of the family life and the inviolability of the marriage tie, because they alone can mobilise the creative power of unselfish love, on which the spiritual vitality of the individual and the society rests.

I take this opportunity once again to thank the Prime Minister for his kindness in coming into our midst today to lay the foundation-stone. I also take this opportunity to thank H.H. Maharaja of Mysore, Sri S. Nijalingappa, Sri R.R. Diwakar, Sri V.P. Menon, Sri K. Hanumanthayya, former Chief Minister of Mysore, Sri Nittoor Sreenivasa Rau, former Chief Justice of Mysore, Sri Justice K.R. Gopivallabha Iyengar, and all other colleagues and friends of the Bhavan, whose whole-hearted co-operation has made it possible to establish this Kendra.

May I now request you, Sir, to lay the foundation-stone of the building of the Bangalore Kendra of the Bhavan?

Sri Lal Bahadur Shastri's Address

The Prime Minister then laid the foundation-stone amidst Vedic chanting and *arti* and thunderous applause by the vast concourse of people present.

The Prime Minister Sri Lal Bahadur Shastri expressed his delight at participating in the function. He said that the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan was built up sometime ago before the advent of independence. Sri K.M. Munshi felt that "we were gradually in these days getting westernised and our thinking approach was moving in that direction. It was only but natural that he should have felt strongly about it and try to launch a movement against these tendencies, by establishing an organisation like the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan. Since Independence, he has further pursued the matter and built up this institution in different parts of the country. I am told the Bhavan exists in almost every important city of India. I am also told that the Bhavan is functioning in foreign countries also, like West Germany and California." "Sri K.M. Munshi deserves the congratulations of all of us for the good work he has done and is doing."

"It is important," Sri Lal Bahadur Shastri said, "that we should have full knowledge and full realisation of what India stands for, culturally and spiritually. This country of ours has a great tradition. Its philosophy is something unique—philosophy of oneness, the philosophy of unity in diversity. These ideas are something novel to India, although they have been taken up in other countries. But basically it is an Indian idea, Indian philosophy. I do not know if it has gone deep into the minds of other countries. In India, it is almost a household idea that every man and woman feels that there should be universal peace and love and utmost tolerance. There is so much talk of co-existence these days. But India has believed in the principle of co-existence since ages. Different religions have come up; different cultures have come up, and yet we have lived with tolerance. That is one of the greatest achievements. When there is co-existence and peace, one cannot and should not go to war, with any country or with any area round about us.

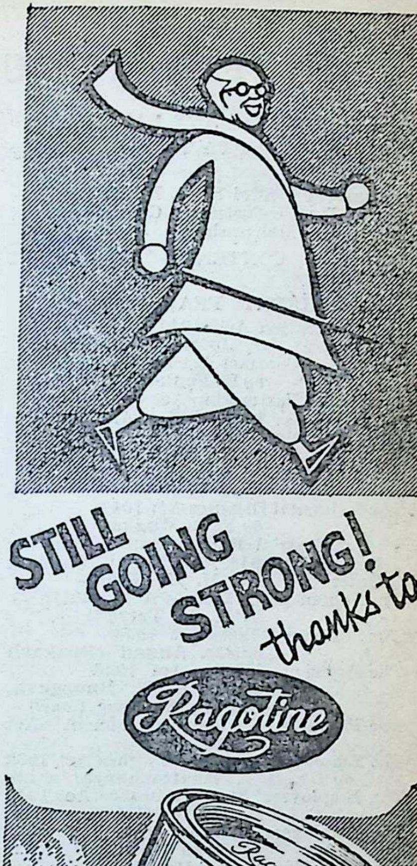
"Today we are faced with the great threat, the nuclear threat. There has been the Chinese explosion and in a way, it is a direct hit on us. There are many other things involved in it. The greatest opponent of China is United States. I shall not go into that. If we are faced today with this nuclear threat, what are we to do? That is a pertinent question to be put. The answer immediately would be 'let us also make nuclear weapons in our country'. Will that be in the right spirit and in consonance with the true spirit of India? This atom bomb is not really a weapon. It is a means of destruction. It is a means of destroying the civilization and culture of various countries, in fact the destroying of humanity. Therefore is it advisable for India to try to retaliate? No. This is from a purely moral point of view, economic aspects apart. This is the basic idea that has guided us in the past and I am glad India since its independence has pursued the policy of our great leader, Sri. Jawaharlal Nehru carried the message of peace and disarmament throughout the world and he was responsible for preventing a number of conflicts. I feel it is our duty, not to think in terms of making or manufacturing the atom bomb. Then how do we meet the danger, which is there, not only for us but for the whole world? We all read President Johnson's speech this morning. He has said that this matter is assuming such a great danger that we have to consider as to what should be done in this regard. What is important is we have to consider how to eliminate the nuclear weapon, how to obviate the menace of nuclear devices. We have to raise our voice against it. The United States, United Kingdom, U.S.S.R. and other countries should think in terms of reducing their quantum of what they have got. They must think in terms of ultimate complete disarmament."

Proceeding, the Prime Minister said: "It is essential that India should raise its voice against nuclear weapon and to rouse world conscience against it. It is for the United Nations to give immediate thought to this problem. It is important and it is indeed correct for India not to enter into this nuclear armament. We have to fight for its elimination and I hope, if there is world opinion against it, all the nations would have to give up stock-piling of nuclear weapons and these armaments may have to be thrown into the sea. This menace of nuclear weapons is one of the most serious problems the world has to face today. I do wish this menace should be mitigated. I expect India to give the proper lead."

Sri Lal Bahadur Shastri reverting to the Bhavan said: "May I state that I am very happy that you have such laudable objects. India must not lose its soul. We have our own specialities and our own genius. Let our young men and women realise that fully and also think that India has to make some contribution to the world. Think of our old culture, philosophy and our spirituality and if we want to stick to them, this institution (Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan) will help expand those ideas and it would be possible to make our humble contribution to the world for peace and for better cultural relations between our country and other countries." (cheers).

Justice Sri K.R. Gopivallabha Iyengar, Treasurer of the Bangalore Kendra, proposed a vote of thanks. He expressed the gratitude of the Bhavan to the Prime Minister for his readily agreeing to lay the foundation-stone of the Bhavan's building in Bangalore. He also thanked the Corporation and the Minister for Municipal Administration for the keen interest they evinced in making available to the Bhavan the site and to the Corporation authorities for their co-operation with the Committee of the Bangalore Kendra of the Bhavan in making the necessary arrangements for the function.

With the singing of the National Anthem, the pleasant function concluded.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PART III

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Why should women nurse their own babies? How long should they continue it? Which is the natural way of their upbringing and education?

The Joys of Child-rearing

Dr. Edwin Flatto

ONE of the wonderful and thrilling experiences many mothers miss is the joy of nursing their own baby. Nursing gives the mother a feeling of satisfaction and the baby a sense of security which bottle-fed infants are denied. A baby needs more than food to be happy. The warmth and love a baby feels while nursing at the mother's breast cannot be substituted.

Apart from the psychological, there is important physiological justification for both mother and infant in favour of nursing.

There is a sympathetic nerve connection between the breast and the uterus. Each time the baby nurses, the muscles of the uterus contract. This is part of the intricate plan of Nature. Women who don't nurse their babies thwart this plan. When Nature's plans are thwarted, look for trouble! In the first place, the mother's abdominal organs do not return to their prepartum position as readily. She tends to lose more blood. She is more apt to haemorrhage. Foreign matter or pieces of the placenta are not expelled so easily as in the nursing mother. This causes all kinds of complications. Recently, it has been discovered that women who don't nurse their babies are much more prone to develop cancer of the breast.

Tests performed on infants who were nursed have shown that they develop mentally much more rapidly than bottle-fed infants. Breast-fed infants suffer less from colic, intestinal distress, diarrhoea or indigestion. Mother's milk has certain ingredients which cannot be duplicated in any formula. Breast-fed babies are immune to many diseases. They are better nourished.

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ing. It contains more of the elements necessary for a baby than any other food. Breast-fed babies are seldom constipated.

Human milk differs from cow's milk in every one of its constituents. Not only are the amounts of the nutrients different, but their character and chemical composition are different as well. Cow's milk was obviously designed by Nature to meet the requirements of a calf, not a human baby. A calf does not have the brain development of the human baby and its food requirements are different. No amount of modification of cow's milk has been able to render it equal to human milk. A mother's milk has certain elements and protective antibodies which are not found in cow's milk and which no laboratory has been able to duplicate.

From the point of view of convenience, nursing is much easier. No bottles and nipples to sterilize, no milk to heat, no formula to prepare, etc. Apart from everything else, bottle feeding is a nuisance. Getting up in the middle of the night to concoct a formula is very unfunny.

If a breast-fed infant must be fed in the middle of the night, the mother takes it into bed with her and in a few minutes both are asleep. All is quiet. They enjoy their little repast and both are content with the world. No noise. No screaming. No fuss. The whole neighbourhood isn't aroused and kept awake all night. They are content with the world and won't add to its problems.

Anyone who has ever been kept awake all night by the screams of a colicky infant can appreciate this sales point for breast-feeding.

Like giving birth, infant nursing is part of a woman's development. Why then are less women nursing their babies?

There are many reasons, most of them predicated on ignorance or misinformation. To begin with, most women don't know how to nurse their babies. They are never given instructions. Secondly, their diet is wrong. They are told to drink plenty of milk. Drinking it does not make it. Drinking large quantities of milk is not only unnecessary, but it causes the mother to gain much needless weight. The cow produces enough milk to feed several calves, but never drinks it. The cow does eat plenty of grass, however.

The human cannot eat grass, but she can and should eat plenty of lettuce and green salads every day; also, plenty of fresh raw fruits, and water. Actually, the diet of the nursing mother need not be much different from a healthy diet at any other time of life.

The nursing mother should be sure to drink plenty of pure distilled water, especially before each nursing. If the best quality of milk is to be produced, the mother must have the best diet. Tobacco and liquor should be eliminated.

Why don't physicians more strongly encourage nursing? I believe it is partly that they want to say what some women want to hear. Secondly, there is the economic factor. When a physician has a nursing baby for a patient, he really has two patients for the price of one. He has the mother for a patient too. He has to think about the mother's diet as well. An unhealthy mother on a poor diet

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cannot produce first quality milk for her baby. The answer, of course, is to improve the mother's diet. This is too sensible, so the baby is put on a formula and the mother continues her inadequate diet. Of course, the mother is never taught differently, so eventually the child is brought up on the same inadequate nourishment.

If a mother smokes or drinks, and is unwilling to give up these habits for the welfare of her child, it is, of course, better to put the baby on a cow's milk formula. At least the cow doesn't smoke or drink to poison her milk.

Nature has designed a wonderful mechanism in the mother's breast. It accommodates to the changing conditions and demands of her baby. Shortly after birth a substance, colostrum, is produced which cleanses the infant's intestinal tract. As the infant grows older, the composition of the breast milk changes. It changes to meet the different requirements at the different stages of infant development. As the infant gets hungrier, it calls upon the breast to produce more milk. If its demands are less, it produces less. It is a self-regulating mechanism.

This principle should be remembered when the mother nurses her baby. At the beginning, the mother should permit the baby to nurse as long as it cares to. This is usually from 5 to 30 minutes at each session—six times a day—at intervals of four hours. EACH BREAST MUST BE EMPTIED COMPLETELY. Unless the breast is emptied completely, it will secrete less milk at the next nursing.

How long should a mother continue to nurse her baby? At least until the baby's teeth appear, if possible. The appearance of teeth is Nature's signal that the baby is ready for solid food.

In addition to breast milk, it is best to supplement the schedule with vegetable and fruit juices. These should be freshly squeezed in a juicer and put into a clean bottle with a clean nipple. The following is a suggested feeding schedule for a five-month-old baby.

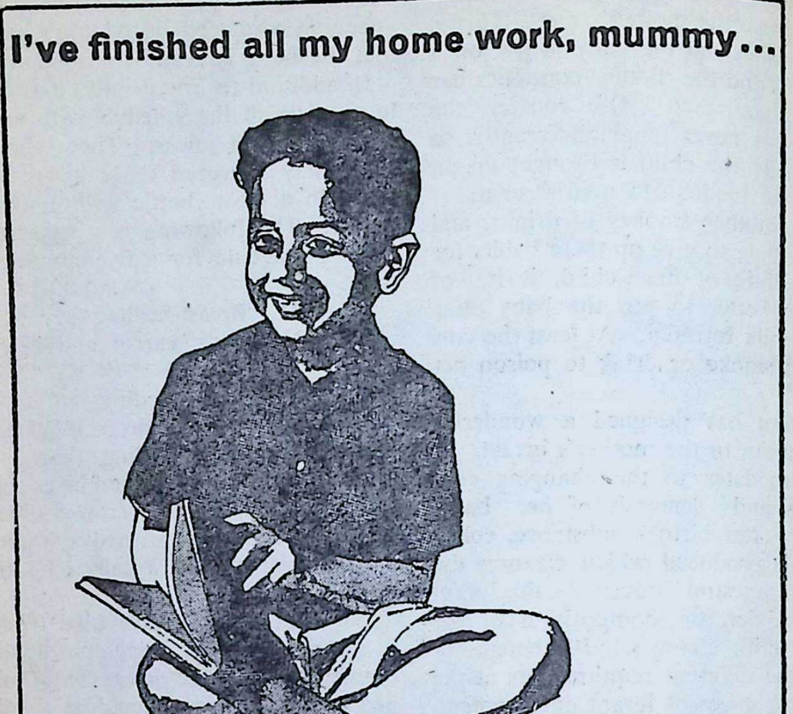
6 A.M.	Breast-feeding
10 A.M.	4 oz. carrot and celery juice
2 P.M.	Breast-feeding
6 P.M.	4 oz. fresh fruit juice
10 P.M.	Breast-feeding.

The baby's feeding should be changed, of course, as he grows older. Mashed bananas or mashed avocados are excellent to start a baby on solid food.

For fruit juices, I have used freshly squeezed mango, grape, pineapple, orange, tomato, pear juice, etc. Canned or bottled juices should be avoided. The fruit should be freshly squeezed and the juice consumed immediately, if possible. (It is not wise economy to save the juice from one feeding to the next, since it loses part of its vitamin content through oxidation and is also apt to become tainted.)

Now to discuss a few special conditions:

Upbringing: Hysterical screaming and yelling at children is sometimes the result of the caffeine-nicotine syndrome which has become part of our culture. The mother may be highly nervous either from excessive coffee drinking, tea drinking, smoking,



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liquor, etc. Of course, to stop these pernicious habits would be too intelligent. Instead, she will blame the child for making her a neurotic. She may take barbiturates and tranquillizers to calm her "nerves." If the mother is highly neurotic, the child will follow suit.

The father is away most of the time and is too busy fighting in the business jungle to pay much attention to his children. Sometimes, his principal duty is that of dispenser of corporal punishment. The mother will threaten the children, "Just wait till your father gets home!" (The father is the bogey man.)

There isn't much that can be done in these cases as long as the parents themselves continue their enervating habits.

Children should never be yelled at, but spoken to quietly. They are sensitive creatures that are easily hurt. Loud talking and shouting will frighten a child, and if constantly repeated may cause damage to his sensitive nervous system.

Corporal Punishment: This is much more widespread than is generally realized. Brutality is apt to produce severe mental disturbances in the child. Since he is unable to defend himself, he will often bully other children or even molest innocent animals. Here is where to look for the future juvenile delinquent. Hitting a child is also an excellent way of alienating his love for you.

Many parents think they can teach a child respect or obedience by such brutality. Instead of demanding respect and obedience, they should promote and cultivate love from their children. Respect and obedience are things people want from servants. Blind obedience without love is an empty shell and a dangerous one in a parent-child relationship. In Nazi Germany children brought up in such manner often betrayed their parents to the Gestapo.

This is not to infer that a child should be permitted to do as he pleases without punishment of any sort. There are other ways to punish a child besides striking him. Withholding attention is one of the most effective. Getting attention is very important to children. They are social beings and want to be noticed. When such children are "good" nobody notices them. They quickly learn that being "bad" is a sure way to attract attention.

An example of this is the child who sits quietly at the table eating his food. Nobody pays attention to him, so he starts throwing his food around and is immediately the centre of attention. He quickly learns how to become the prima donna.

Give the child attention when he does things well. He will quickly learn he is noticed only by doing things acceptable to society.

When a child throws himself on the floor, in a temper tantrum, some mothers will spank him. The temper tantrum often is a means the child uses to get attention. Ignore the child—don't punish him when he does this. Shortly, the child will learn that this isn't a successful tactic to get the attention he wants. Be sure to give him plenty of love and attention at other times when he behaves more sociably.

Education: What the child learns

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in school is not nearly so important as the attitudes he acquires at home; that is, with respect to the moral, spiritual and social climate of the family. By the time a child goes to school, many of his basic attitudes have already been formed. It is difficult for a school to change them. Many parents expect the school to rectify their own mistakes of the past, or to do the job that parents were meant to do.

Most schools are interested in turning out a pattern. Children are taught merely to memorize or parrot a conglomeration of information, much of which they will never use. Creative or individual thinking is suppressed or discouraged. Our children are educated to become a nation of sheep.

On the other hand, really bright students rarely receive more than passable grades because they invariably upset the teacher's apple-cart by arguing, questioning the book and rejecting the stock answers. The main objective of education is, or should be, to teach the student how to think for himself. Our archaic school system, however, discourages any original thought. Instead, it concentrates on mass production of a stereotyped, automated, follow-the-herd type of individual.

Teachers should adopt the words "independent thinking" as their motto, and show that these two words may become a magnificent bridge over which any child may ascend from the lowest to the highest rung of human existence, from ignorance to knowledge, from weakness to strength, from sickness to radiant health, and lastly, from discontentment to peace.

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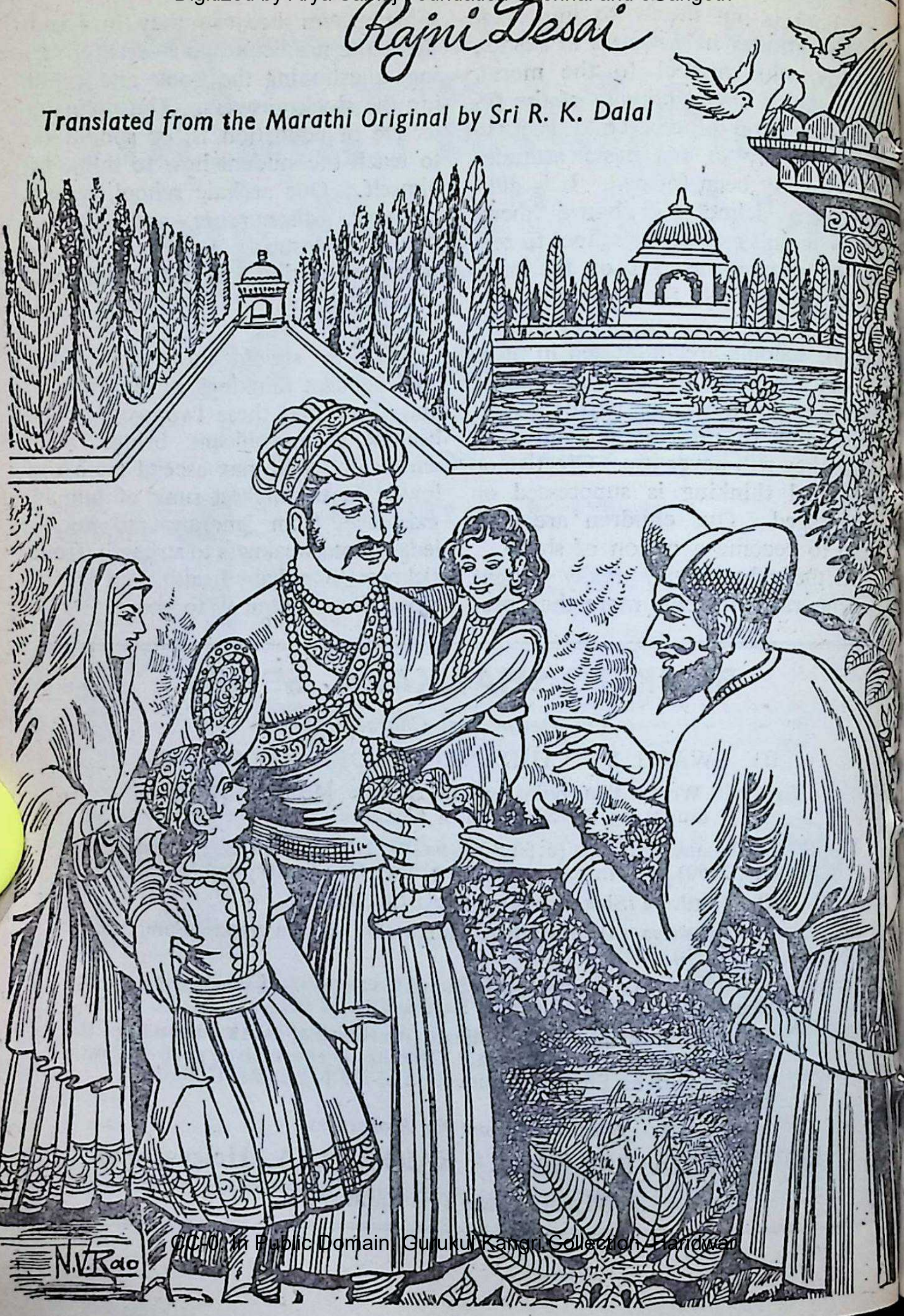


I

THE Red Fort of Fatehpur was ablaze in the summer sunset. Those were summer days and even the evenings were warm and stuffy. The blinds of the palace windows were still drawn.

In the vineyard of the Palace a girl of five-or six years of age named Meherunnisa played in the garden with her maids. Her blonde face, which had become a shade tanned by the heat of the sun, was rosy. With her wide, innocent child's eyes she was looking at the grapes.

As she walked along the garden pathway, her attention was diverted to the flutter of pigeons, which were scared at her approach. She began chasing them as they took wing. As she gazed at their flight, her eyes settled on a figure slowly entering the garden with a young boy through the garden arch, his eyes looking steadily at Meher. She was startled when she saw the maids suddenly stand still, bow their heads and draw their veils on their faces out of respect to a great dignitary. The man was now very near her and he asked her, "My girl, what is your name?"

Little Meher gazed at him and replied, "Meherunnisa".

"Oh! what a sweet name you have!" he said, and slowly lifting her up in his arms, he kissed both her cheeks. "My girl, your name is really significant. You are indeed the sun among women."

Meherunnisa hardly understood the compliment but she stared in wonder at the rich pearl necklace the King wore and also the diamonds that blazed from his turban. The little girl fingering the necklace, asked in childish innocence, "Who are you?"

At this question he could not control his laughter. Pressing her to his heart, he said, "My girl, I am an old man. My name is Akbar. It does not mean anything."

The retinue that stood behind her laughed at the fun.

The little boy, Salim, who was standing near the King, was looking long at Meherunnisa, struck by her beauty.

"Whose child is this?" Akbar asked.

The maid respectfully replied, "Sire, Ghyasbeg's."

"Call him," he ordered.

The attendants ran to fetch him.

When Ghyasbeg arrived and courtesied before the Emperor, he could not believe his eyes when he saw his little daughter in the Emperor's arms. Meherunnisa looked at her father and smiled.

"Ghyasbeg," the Emperor said, "your daughter has bewitched us. She is a very beautiful, bold girl and very sweet. Send her to play with Salim in the garden. She will be a fit companion for my Salim. Indeed the girl is fortunate!"

"As you Majesty wills," responded Ghyasbeg, and added, "no doubt she is fortunate."

"How is that?" queried Akbar.

"Your Majesty, my name is Mirza Ghyasuddin Beg Mohamed. I come from an illustrrious, noble family. My forbears were great noblemen in the Court of the King of Iran. My father died. There was a revolution and we were rendered homeless. I was tempted to try my fortune in India. So, I brought along with me my pregnant Begum and two children. On the way, Begum gave birth to Meherunnisa."

Beg paused here. Akbar anxiously inquired, "What next?"

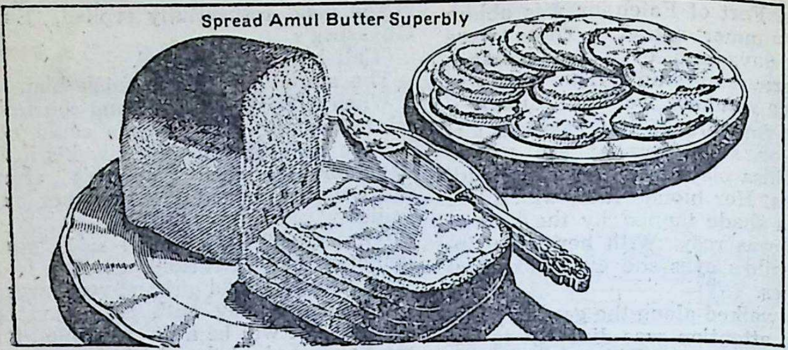
With a deep sigh Beg remarked, "We were starving ourselves and didn't know how to feed an additional mouth. I was bewildered, and didn't know what to do. We decided to abandon the child on the way and proceeded on our journey."

"Then what happened?" asked Akbar.

"Man may be ungrateful, O King, but not God! A caravan coming behind us saw the little child left behind. A kind-hearted merchant brought her safely to Delhi. He found me out and handed back my child to me—and now she is at the feet of the great Emperor Akbar! What more can I say, Your Majesty?"

"God is merciful, Ghyasbeg. He has the care of us all. Let Meherunnisa from now come to us."

Turning to Meherunnisa, Akbar asked, "You will come, won't you?"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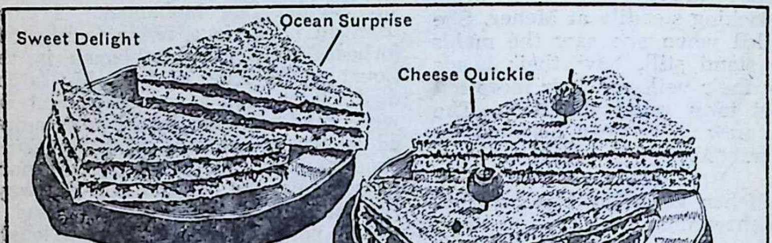
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Imitating her father's gesture, the little one, raising her right hand to her forehead, said, "Yes, Your Majesty!"

At this the company began to laugh.

Since that day Meherunnisa became Akbar's favourite child. The royal doors of the palace were open to her. She had access to the Emperor. Sometimes she would slowly enter into Akbar's bedroom and wake him up from his afternoon nap, calling him, "Abbajan!" Often she would herself go to sleep on his lap, and Akbar would smile and remark, "I am the master of my kingdom, but this little girl has mastery over me."

II

DARBAR was being held in Diwan-e-Khas. All the courtiers and noblemen had gathered there. Akbar, sitting on his jewelled throne was going through State reports and giving suitable orders and instructions. At that moment, little Meherunnisa entered the darbar hall. As soon as she saw Akbar, the girl ran to him, calling him: "Abbajan!" Akbar, pointing with his finger at a nearby seat below the throne, said, "Sit here, my little one."

The Vazir came forward. He lifted the girl and tried to place her on the seat, but weeping she cried, "I will not sit there."

Thereupon, the Vazir asked, "Where else would you sit, my little one?"

Pointing her finger at the throne, she said, "There, I will sit with Abbajan."

A gale of laughter swept through the court. But Akbar became serious. He rose from the throne, took Meherunnisa to his side and himself sitting on the lower seat, softly said to her:

"Daughter, that seat is no bed of roses. There is not the least happiness there. Even if you get a chance to occupy it, never insist. I am always wishing you happiness."

But she was not listening to him. She had forgotten everything in the joy of sitting on his lap.

She found pleasure only in the palace and she played with Salim and was growing under the royal protection. One day she lost her mother.

Meherunnisa, the motherless child, was then brought to stay at the palace so that she should not be alone and uncared for. The royal palace was not unfamiliar to her. She soon got used to it. Akbar spent his time often in witnessing the play of the two children—his son Salim and Meherunnisa. They played and jumped about the vast palace and its gardens. Often he had to arbitrate in the quarrels between the two. He enjoyed doing it.

Under the care of her mother, Meherunnisa had learnt embroidery and painting and in the company of Salim she soon learnt horse-riding and target practising too. Along with Salim she also learnt to read and write. Time moved on and days soon grew into years. The two were oblivious of their stepping from childhood into adolescence.

One day Meher was on her way to the grape garden when she heard someone calling her by her name "Meherunnisa!" She looked back and as she did so, a smile spread over her beautiful face. Salim was emerging from a subterranean hall with two white pigeons in his hands.

Coming near to Meherunnisa he said: "I have been seeking you."

"Why?" she asked.

"Come, let us fly these pigeons. Hold this pair. I shall bring another pair for you. We will go up the palace terrace and there fly these pigeons." So, handing over the birds, Salim went again.

When he returned, he found only one pigeon in Meher's hand.

Meherunnisa now got frightened at what Salim would say. With downcast eyes she was standing before Salim.

Salim asked: "Meherunnisa, where is my pigeon?"

She raised her head and said: "It flew away."

"How?" he asked her with a flush of anger.

Lifting the other pigeon she held in her hands, she replied: "Thus!" And she released the other pigeon too which she held in her hands.

Salim was taken aback by her action.

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He was gazing angrily at Meherunnisa's face. He didn't look at the flying pigeon, but was fascinated by what he was seeing.

On her smooth white forehead, there dangled a few straggling circles of hair. He gazed at the curved eyebrows over the expressive wide eyes, the delicate pointed nose and the rose-petal lips, and he wondered why he had not till then noticed such ravishing beauty that was Meherunnisa.

As if awakening from a dream he let off the pigeons from his hands too and laughed loudly.

Meherunnisa, a little angered, asked: "Well, what's there to laugh?"

Coming close to her, he said: "Meherunnisa, in order to hold the pigeons in one's hands, mere wish of the mind does not suffice."

"But when have I to hold like that?" rejoined Meherunnisa.

"You may not wish to hold, but I do."

At these words, Meherunnisa felt abashed. She could not look into Salim's eyes. Her eyes flickered, and drops of perspiration stood on her forehead. She stood with downcast eyes. There was a stir in her whole body.

Salim's voice deepened and he said: "Look up, Meherunnisa."

She looked up at Salim's face. For a passing moment, her lips fluttered, but no words came out. She felt abashed. At the next moment, she drew her scarf over her head and veiled her face, and ran into her chamber. Salim had no courage to call her back.

* * *

After this event, the two met often. Salim could not be at ease or happy until he had seen Meherunnisa. So they began to meet clandestinely. And rumours of this had reached the ears of Akbar.

One day Salim and Meherunnisa were holding each other in embrace in the vineyard. Time had stood still. They had lost all consciousness of the world. Just at that moment they heard from a distance Akbar calling, "Salim, come here."

At this, the young couple began to tremble. Lowering her head, Meherunnisa slipped away while Salim followed his father.

Reaching the palace, he dismissed the attendants. Akbar saw before him Salim standing with downcast eyes and lowered head.

"Salim," said Akbar, "you are not a child any more. Such clandestine meetings do not behove you."

"But Abbajan..."

Without letting him speak, Akbar went on and observed, "You do not know the traditional royal ways. How foolish it is to meet this girl at the Zenana door! Do you know what people say behind your back?"

Salim raised his eyes, and meeting his father's gaze, remarked: "But Abhajan, I am going to marry Meherunnisa."

Akbar was startled at this revelation, but hiding his feelings, said: "So, things have gone thus far, have they? Salim, my son, you are the future Emperor of India and, therefore, the marriage of the future Emperor can't be left to the mere fancy of individual lovers. We have to take into consideration the interests of the nation you will be called upon to rule."

"Abbajan, you know Meherunnisa comes from a noble family. Her beauty will adorn any throne."

"Silence!" shouted Akbar, clenching his fists. "Don't be foolish, Salim, the crown and the throne are not so trifling as the love-song of a boy and a girl."

With his little insolent eyes, Salim looked up at his father, and said: "I too will say the same thing, father. No throne or crown can ever be compared with true love."

Akbar was slightly taken aback at the boldness of his son. Never, in his wildest dreams, had he thought that his son would be so independent and bold of outlook. Suppressing his irritation, he went up to Salim, and holding his face in his trembling hands, exclaimed: "My son, don't be obstinate. I love you, but my loyalty to the throne is so powerful that to maintain the honour of the throne, I shall have no compunc-

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tion, not a moment's thought, to sacrifice even a darling son like you. Don't force me to such an action. Until I get over the turmoil of my mind, do not come to see me, please. Let me think it out alone."

Looking at the worried face of Akbar, Salim became tongue-tied and could not utter a word, and with a heavy heart he left the palace.

The situation left Akbar's mind completely restless. After considerable cogitation, he decided to send Salim on a political mission to the South, and ordered him to be ready for a campaign.

Salim realised fully well the reason why he assigned him that job.

Knowing that his mother was in Akbar's palace, he went to the Zenana, apparently to bid good-bye to her but really to Meherunnisa.

The moment Meherunnisa saw Salim, she was frozen with fear. The maids left the palace at the approach of the prince.

Salim had put on a helmet and armour and was in full military dress. Seeing him in such a grand rig-up, she could hardly suppress laughing.

"Why are you laughing?" he asked her.

"It just struck me that after all a rose looks best amidst thorns alone," replied Meherunnisa.

"True, does it mean that the rose should not be loved by any one for that?"

The smile soon faded away from Meher's face, giving place to tears in her eyes.

She said: "Wait, I will come back presently."

So saying, she left the room and when she returned, she had in her hand a silk handkerchief. Raising her tear-wet eyes before Salim, she gave him the handkerchief on which a beautiful rose-bud had been embroidered by her.

Salim enveloped Meherunnisa in one fond warm embrace, and kissing her cheeks, said: "Meher, to-day I am departing—but I shall soon return. So, please, wait for me."

And so saying, without looking back at the tearful face of Meherunnisa, he suddenly left the palace.

When Salim had left the Red Fort of Fatehpur Sikri, Meherunnisa began to live a lonely life. Wherever she roamed, she was reminded of Salim. His memory haunted her day and night. To her, this loneliness was a new experience of life.

It was unbearable.

III

WINTER SET IN. It was full-moon day. The moonlight had spread its magic carpet everywhere. Akbar was standing in his balcony looking at the silvery lake that lay sprawling outside.

While viewing the surroundings and turning his eyes around the lake in the silence of the night, he saw someone sitting alone on the marble step of the fountain in the vineyard. His curiosity was aroused, so he descended the steps and went towards the fountain. The figure did not notice the presence of Akbar.

"Who are you?" asked Akbar.

At these words, Meherunnisa's reverie was broken, and she stood up.

She once more heard Akbar asking who she was. At this, Meherunnisa lowered her head.

Akbar came very near to her and was surprised to know that it was Meherunnisa. At this, Akbar touched her chin. Seeing Akbar, tears welled up in her eyes, and she called him by his old name, "Abhajan."

"Daughter, don't sit outside in such cold weather. You might catch cold. Don't you feel the cold?"

Meherunnisa, in reply, shook her head negatively.

Akbar took off the Pashmina shawl he had wrapped round his shoulders, and put it round Meherunnisa's shoulders, and said: "Come with me."

Meherunnisa followed Akbar as they left the place. As they passed, the sentries gave the customary salute.

She arrived near the tomb of Salim Chisti, the Saint. Akbar was ascending the steps, and Meherunnisa followed him. Inside the huge door was an open square in which glistened the beautiful marble tomb of the Saint.

Just as they were crossing the threshold, Akbar paused, and turning to Meherunnisa, he said: "Look at this

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tomb and listen. That there was no one to succeed me was unbearable. Knowing the home of the Saint, living in the desert places of Ajmer, I visited him. Bending on my knees, I prayed for the boon of a son. Moved by my pleading, the Saint blessed me, and said: 'You shall have a son and heir to your throne.' His words proved true. The heir was named Salim, after the great Saint. There is only one place in the world where your wishes are granted. If we want to lay our worldly worries at the feet of the Saint, we come here and peace comes back, for our wishes are granted. Come, let us go inside and pray."

Removing his shoes, he entered the sanctum of the mausoleum. The interior was filled with fragrance. He fell on his knees and began to pray with closed eyes.

When he opened his eyes, he saw Meherunnisa also on her knees in meditation. Her eyes were closed, yet streaming with tears.

Akbar was gazing at the faint light of the innocent beauty of Meherunnisa.

When they came out, Akbar asked Meherunnisa, "Daughter, what boon did you ask of the Saint?"

She smiled and said: "Knowing that one gets anything that one asked, who would not ask the desired thing?"

Akbar placed his hand on her back and pointing out the moon in the sky above, said: "Daughter, look, every one loves the moon. But no one gets the moon even though desired and asked for. But does anyone for that reason ask for the moon itself? Even if asked for, it is not given. So one should beg the Almighty for that which is proper and befitting."

Akbar became grave and walking further, observed: "My heartfelt cry was heard by the Saint because my prayer was for the right cause. I had no selfish motive. How can I think of my personal selfish interest? This arch at the huge door which was erected to symbolise triumph must remain in tact. I have sent my darling son away from me on a mission. Do you know what pain one suffers when one parts with one's darling son? What thoughts of possible misfortune befalling him must assail my mind! But I know that it was my duty and I have done. Salim is heir to the throne. To be loyal to the nation is my duty as indeed it is the duty of every citizen. In these things our personal likes have little or no place. My thoughts are always centred around the good of the country over which I rule." He stood silent.

The reverie was broken when he left the cold breeze which was making him uncomfortable. So he said: "Darling, the night has far advanced. You go and sleep."

That night Meherunnisa could hardly sleep. The days were passing, but Meherunnisa was uneasy both in mind and in her heart. She tried to forget her sorrow, but it was of no avail.

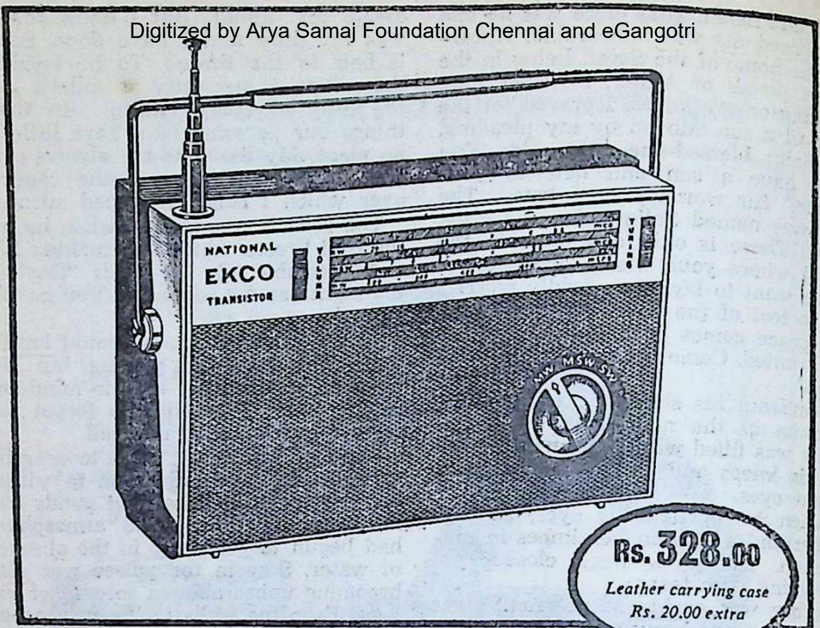
Summer had set in. Due to scarcity of water the vineyard began to wither and dry up. Even lakes and ponds had no water in them. The atmosphere had begun to get stuffy in the absence of water. Stay in the palace was also becoming unbearable on account of the heat. Even the walls in the palace began to develop cracks. The royal family moved into subterranean halls of the palace. But even they began to get warm and uncomfortable in the sweltering heat. Inevitably therefore, they had to decide to move out to Agra for residence.

In the changed atmosphere of Agra where the royal family had moved, Meherunnisa gradually recovered her spirits. Akbar continued to pour his affection on her. She began to sport and romp in the Red Fort Palace. She occupied herself with embroidery, playing blindman's-buff with her maids and going on picnics. Thus, she filled her time.

Seeing Meherunnisa taking part with zeal in all games made Akbar a little easy of mind.

Akbar's reign had reached the zenith of prosperity. Daily people flocked to the Court—pleaders, merchants, agents and advertisers. Diwan-i-Khas was held and political problems were tackled and resolved there always with an eye to consolidate and advance the interest of the empire.

[*To be continued*]



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THE BELOVED OF THE EARTH

Translated from Gujarati by H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

THE STORY SO FAR: Munj, the great Paramara conqueror of Malva who had routed Tailap, the king of Telengana, eighteen times, was finally vanquished by Bhillam, Tailap's Commander-in-Chief. He was taken prisoner and brought to Manyakhet, the capital of Telengana, and imprisoned in the palace-cellar. Mrinalvati, the widowed sister of Tailap, went to the prison to sense how he reacted to the humiliation. Munj's unconcerned manner exasperated Mrinalvati who is strangely disturbed by his personality. She ordered the hand that touched her to be branded.

CHAPTER 19

A FATEFUL NIGHT

MRINAL tossed about in bed, but that failed to ease her restlessness. She got up, and paced the room. She stopped near the window and returned to the door. Back and forth she walked. Her mouth was dry. There was blood on her lips because she had bitten them hard. Her eyes were red with unshed tears.

To calm her feelings she sat down in meditation, adopting a most difficult *yogasana* posture. She hoped in that way to force herself to obtain victory over her agitated mind.

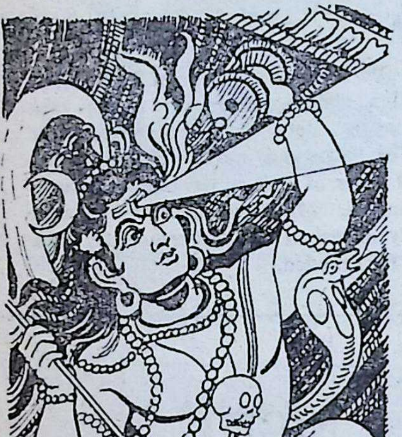
A maid came to call her to dinner, but finding Mrinalvati still in meditation, she silently withdrew. Night fell but in the outwardly rigid body of Mrinal there was no inner peace.

Her mind which evinced only restlessness at first, now began to sink in despair. As with a drowning man who pictures his beloved before losing consciousness, before Mrinal's sinking mind there danced the picture of Prithvi Vallabh.

She was not aware that her head was nodding. She did not know that she was dreaming. Only one face came before her eyes, though it kept changing its form. Those large lustrous eyes seemed full of love, the sensuous mouth seemed inviting. Despite this sensation, a nagging thought disturbed her conscience: when would she be able to wash away the stain?

As time passed, she dreamed of new situations, but the face remained the same. She had no longer the strength of will to banish the thoughts about him. Her head drooped.

Her imagination raised more and more pictures. Instead of just the face, she now saw the whole of Munj. She saw the prison-house. Dispelling its darkness she saw Munj shining with the brightness of a thousand suns. She saw his branded hand. She saw the smoke rising from his branded flesh and she burned in every limb.



For forty-five years she had led the life of a chaste virgin. Never before had the God of Love held sway over her body. The spring of her youth had gone dry even before it could flow.

To her who had not known love, its sudden fire was unbearable. Yet she found its heat curiously pleasant. In her sleepy state, the recollection of Munj's kiss sent a thrill in every limb of hers. She tried desperately to be free of this terrible moral weakness, to awake from this sinful dream state, but it was all in vain. Instead, she sank deeper and deeper into the pleasant thoughts and saw no means to escape from them.

Suddenly she saw before her mind, Munj, passion in every limb, who was pulling her to himself in a fierce embrace. She lapsed into a sort of faint.

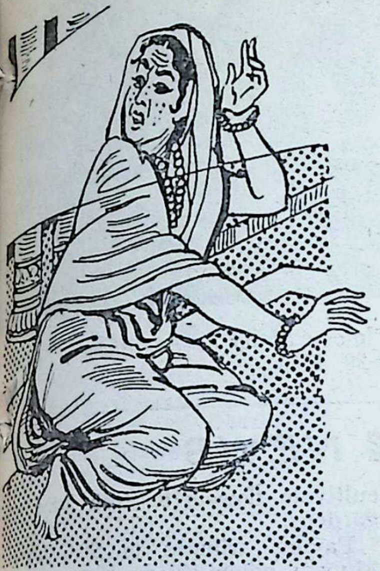
She stood up with a start as if she had been stung by a poisonous snake. Confused she looked around her, not realising where she was. She could not understand why she felt thrilled in every part of her body, why her heart was beating fast with anticipation.

She pressed her hand to her forehead and rubbed her eyes. Where was Munj? Where was she? What was happening to her?

Weakly she sat down on the ground. Realisation came to her. Every fibre of her being was crying out for Munj!

The proud and saintly woman—how

low had she fallen! She had no strength to give battle to her feelings.



In her desperation she turned towards God Shiva. For a moment Lord Shiva's third eye seemed to scorch her. After a while a pleasant feeling as if of a cool-breeze was wafted over her body. She shut her eyes and lay flat on the ground to enjoy the sensation.

Never in all her life had she experienced such an invigorating feeling. She was not afraid, nor ashamed, nor surprised any longer and let herself enjoy this indescribable new experience. Her heart beat fast and loud with pleasure and her arms ached to enfold the loved one.

She began to breathe rapidly and her face grew red with excitement. She became intoxicated. She imagined that Munj himself was coming towards her. She let out a deep sigh, and then giving up all effort, abandoned herself to the enjoyment of her imaginative experiences.

In her half-dreamy state, she was delighted to see Prithvi Vallabh in all his glory moving towards her. He embraced her, and kissed her not once but a thousand times. And she, receiving those kisses, lay inert, happy and helpless.

Just when she felt she had reached the very zenith of happiness, she woke up with a start. Her heart was bursting. She had enjoyed indescribable happiness and had lost it.

She stood up, splashed water on her face and then looked out of the window to let the cold breeze blow upon her face.

She realised that like the river Ganga, springing from Lord Mahadeo's matted hair, she had come down to the earth and was wallowing in mud. How had she fallen!

She had sinned. She had broken her life-long vow. What ought she now to do? What would her brother say? What would her sister-in-law say? What would the people say? How could she go on living? This new blossoming of her life, she must hide and destroy ; she must shut it out for ever.

[*To be continued*]

When you begin to find good qualities in your enemies, you're getting too old or too lazy to fight them.

—Jacobson

Smt. Tara Cherian declaring open the Flower Show at Raj Bhavan, Bombay, on January 29, 1965

NOTES & NEWS

FLOWER SHOW

THE two grand Flower Shows held annually by the Bombay Agri-Horticultural Society and Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan have become a significant and extremely popular event of Bombay.

The first of these two delightful shows was held at the Raj Bhavan on January 29, 30 and 31. It was a Fruit and Flower Arrangement Show and was declared open by Smt. Tara Cherian before a distinguished gathering which included Dr. P. V. Cherian, Governor of Maharashtra, Kulapati Munshi, Consuls, leading horti-culturists of India and eminent persons of city's public life.

In her address Smt. Cherian who inaugurated the show congratulated the Society and its President Smt. Lilavati Munshi for rekindling the love for flowers and gardens among the citizens of the crowded city of Bombay. Smt. Cherian said that modern living in a city was cramped but a note of colour and gaiety could be introduced with artistic flower arrangement. She was certain that the show would sufficiently enthuse the citizens of Bombay to cultivate flowers in their homes and gardens.

Paying tributes to Smt. Lilavati Munshi, whom she described as an embodiment of culture and beauty, Smt. Cherian said that Smt. Munshi was a 'live wire.'

Sri Itzhak Navon, Consul for Israel in Bombay, who flew captivating flowers from Israel especially for the show, said that flowers were a token of peace, love and happiness and "we look at the flowers as our ambassadorial missions for happiness and peace." He invited Indian participation in the international flower show to be held in Haifa in April.

Smt. Navon presented to Smt. Cherian a beautiful basket of Israeli flowers.

Earlier, welcoming Smt. Cherian, Smt. Lilavati Munshi gave a brief resume of the history of the Society. She said that the Society was affiliated to the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan which had allowed facilities to the Society at the Bhavan's Campus, Andheri, to experiment with rearing plants of flowering trees as well as of other varieties.

PADMA SHRI

Srimati Thrity H. Taleyarkhan, Social Worker and Member of Bhavan's Council, was awarded the Padma Shri on the Republic Day.

Smt. Munshi thanked Dr. and Smt. Cherian for their kind and valuable co-operation.

Smt. Munshi concluded: "We in the Society and the Bhavan are making experiments not only in the fields of flowers and flowering plants, but we have started making experiments in growing vegetables at the Andheri Bhavan's Campus and would like to rear medicinal plants. If you, Mrs. Cherian, with your dynamic energy take interest and in some way can help in organizing a movement of vegetable-growing, I am sure Maharashtra will greatly be benefited. Our resources are limited, but we have the enthusiasm to do constructive work and with yours and the Governor's help we can still do better, not only on flower, but food front as well."

Sri Abdul Rehman Yusuf, Vice-President of the Society, offered bouquets to Dr. and Smt. Cherian, and Sri Navin T. Khandwala, another Vice-President, proposed a vote of thanks.

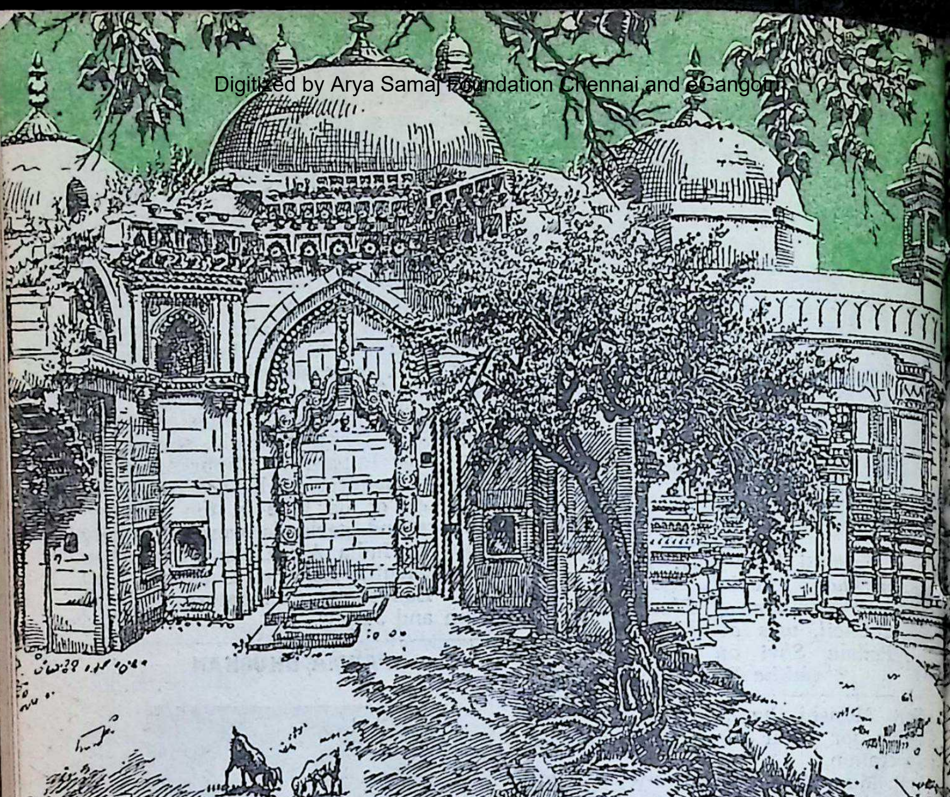
For three days, thousands of Bombayites flocked the Raj Bhavan to enjoy the enchanting beauty of the show, which was an exquisite exercise in flower arrangements. Besides the Israeli flowers which were an outstanding feature of the show, the Atomic Energy Establishment, the Aarey Milk Colony, the Bombay Municipality, the Anand Agricultural Institute, the Mallika Nursery of New Delhi, the Indo-Japanese Association, the Pusa Institute of New Delhi and the Catering College enhanced the beauty of the show with their superb entries.

Besides beautiful roses, yellow and white carnations, red elaine and pink parfait roses and all gold soraza, on show was Eupharbia Capurt Medusa, which is believed to be the only cactus plant of its type in the country. Flowers and garlands were especially flown by India Air Lines Corporation from Calcutta, Benaras, Lucknow, Madras, Bangalore, Coimbatore, Trivandrum and Jaipur.

PADMA BHUSHAN

Sri K. Balasubramania Aiyar, Advocate, Madras and Hon. Secretary of Bhavan's Madras Kendra, was awarded the Padma Bhushan on the Republic Day.

(*Notes & News Continued on page 80.*)

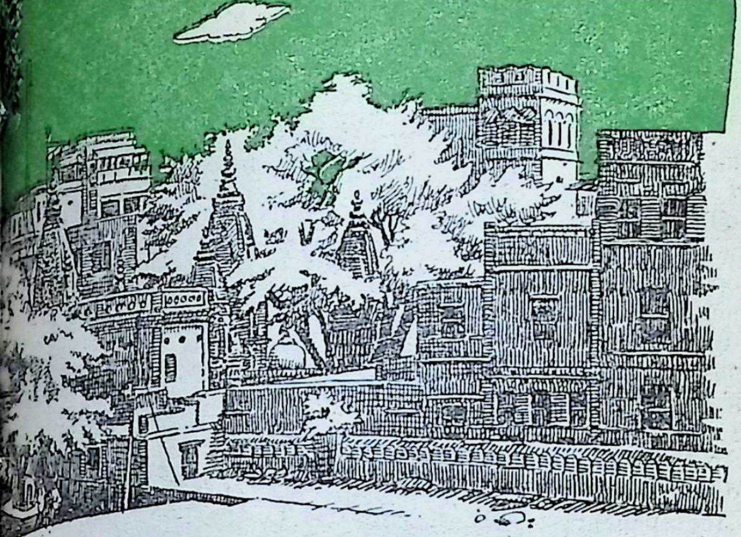


The mosque built by Aurangazeb at the site where the ancient temple of Visvanatha stood.

KASI—4

BENARAS is so called because it is bounded by the river Varana on the north and Asi in the south. Originally it was the capital of the kingdom called Kasi and that name descended on the capital itself. Avimuktakshetra, Mahasmasana and Anandavana are

16th century, pilgrims paid their respects at the empty site of the old temple. Perhaps during the interval the temple was rebuilt and razed down again but we don't know for certain.



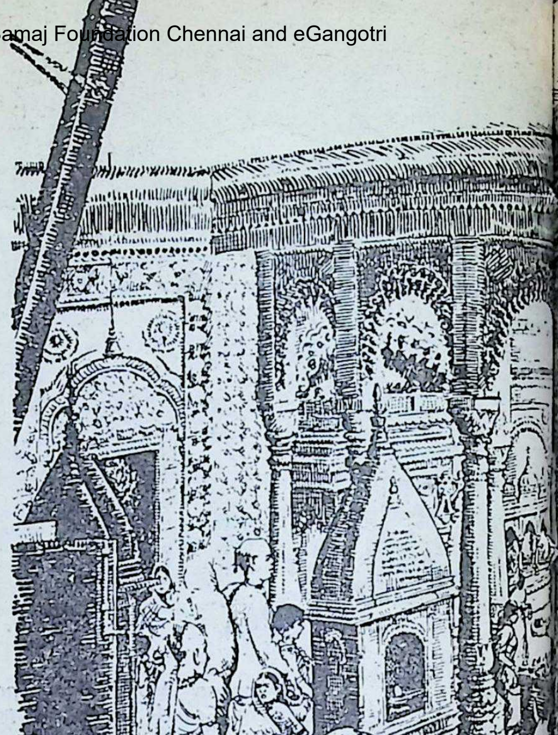
Jnanavapi Mandap, the present Visvanath Temple and Dandapani Temple.

some other name by which it is known in the Puranas. Aurangazeb yet changed its name to Mohamadabad, but the new name did not stick.

The most important shrine in the city of Benaras is of course that of Lord Visvanatha. In the 7th century the shrine had an imposing structure with a spire 100 feet high. This temple was pulled down when Kutub-ddin Aibak, the general of Mohmed of Ghor captured the city. Along with thousands of temples, it was also razed to the ground. Till the

At the time of Akbar, Sri Visvanatha temple was reconstructed with the donation of Raja Todar Mall at the site of the present Jnanavapi Mosque. Even that was a grand and imposing structure. But later, Aurangazeb converted the main sanctuary of the temple into the main hall of the present mosque and demolished the western *mandapa* and adjoining shrines. Traces of the old structure can still be seen behind the present mosque (See the first illustration.) Here the back-wall of the mosque, shows the old temple-door.

After the demolition of the temple in 1669, at the hands of Aurangazeb there was no official or permanent shrine for Visvanatha for over a



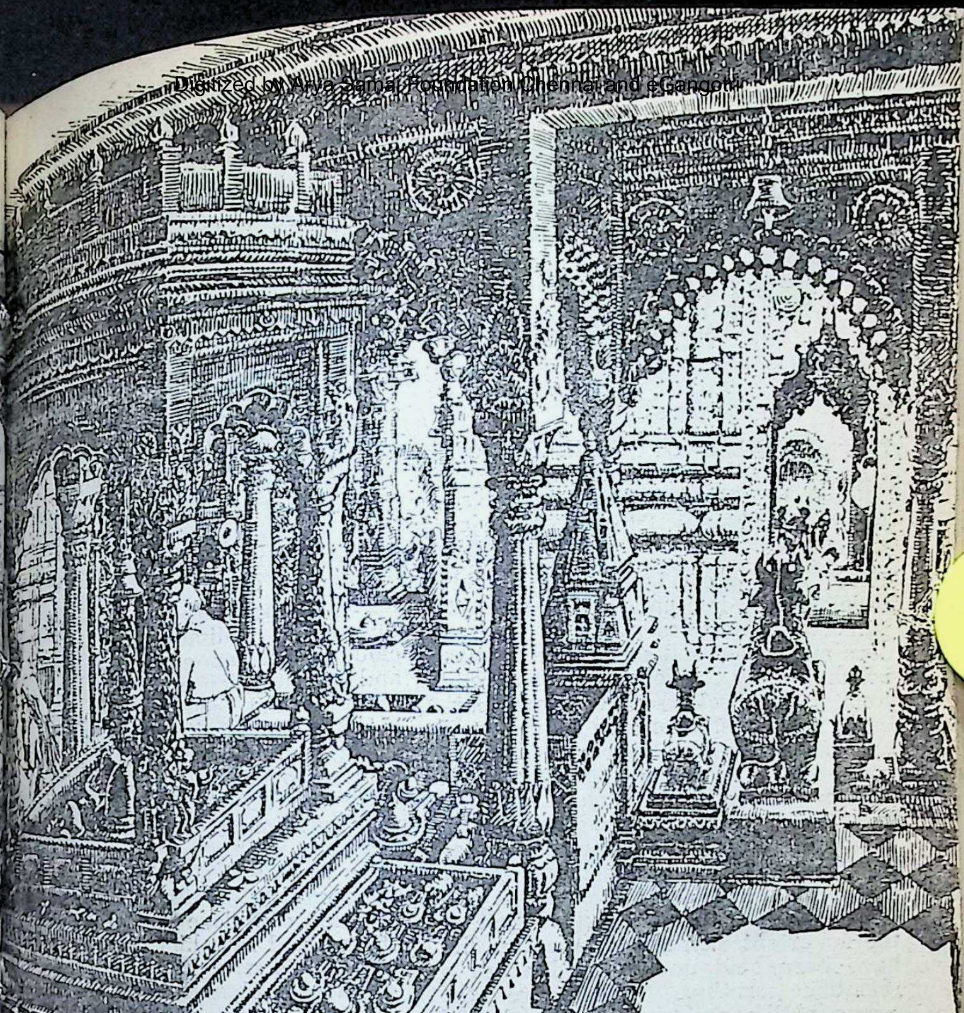
century. It is said that the Linga of Visvanatha was kept in some secret place by the priests and shown at various sites for public worship.

When Benaras came to Hindu hands by about 1750, many Maratha Generals came forward to reconstruct the temple at its old site after demolishing the new mosque. But local opinion held that the original site had been poluted and could no longer be utilised for re-installation of Visvanatha. Thus it was that when Rani Ahalyabai Holkar came forward with necessary funds the present temple was built on a small plot to the south of the Jnanavapi well. The present temple (illus. 3) was completed in 1777 A.D. and the Linga of Visvanatha was installed on Gokulashtami day.

The present temple is a small one, being built in a small plot of 50 feet sq. The sanctuary is hardly 10 ft. sq., the *mandapa* being 16 ft. sq. The spire is about 30 ft. high, gilted in gold by Raja Ranjit Singh of Punjab. The *mandapa* has a dome and not a spire. The Hindu and Muslim styles of architecture have thus been blended in the 18th century.

Illustration 2 shows the beautiful colonnade of the Jnanavapi Mandap built by Bijabai Scindia in 1828. In the corner is the famous Jnanavapi (well) dug by Siva Himself.

A small door from the Jnanavapi courtyard leads one to the Visvanatha

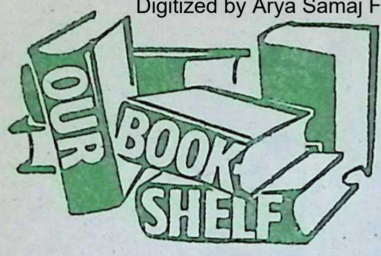


Inside View of the present Visvanath Temple.

temple where all Hindus are allowed to pay respects to the deity. Unlike in the south, any Hindu can go direct to the deity, bathe and worship the Lord wearing ordinary cloths.

Illustration 3 gives a picturesque view of the interior of Lord Visvanath's temple. At the left is seen the Visram near Avimukteswar temple.

[*To be continued*]



THE SICKNESS OF CIVILIZATION. By Dr. Radhakamal Mukerjee. Published by Allied Publishers Private Ltd., Bombay-1. 132 pages. Price: Rs. 12.50.

THIS is a great book by a leading sociologist of international renown. It pinpoints the radical malaise of modern civilisation and suggests remedies, which, rightly applied, can yet save it from a total collapse into stark barbarism. The dehumanising tendency of the present has to be replaced by a transhuman urge and endeavour, if man has not to be completely assimilated to the beast.

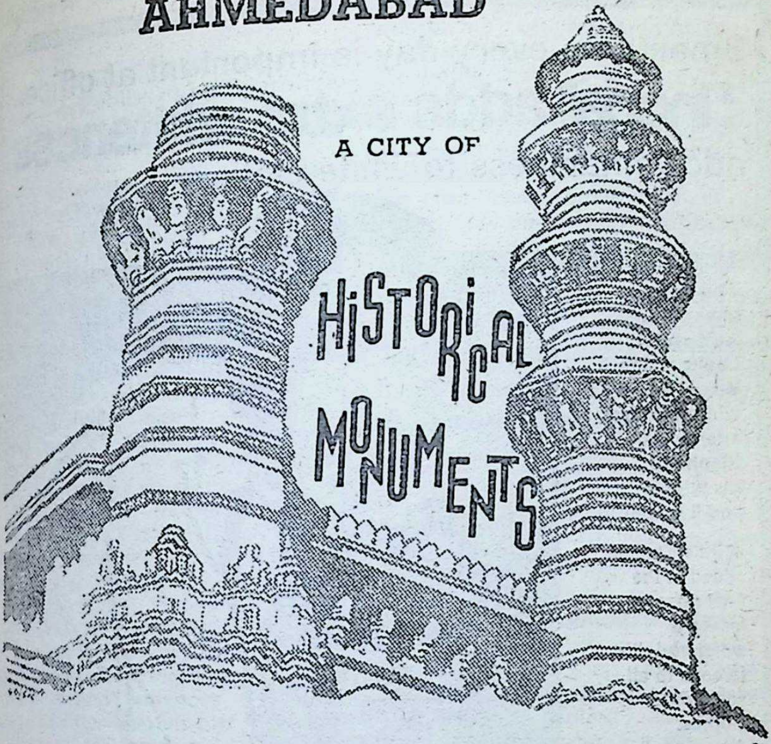
In six brilliant chapters the author deals with the various aspects of our technocratic, industrial civilisation, and exposes its far-ranging evils. Most of the important elements of modern life have been held under the lens of a scientific scrutiny. "The more the tempo of life and work is quickened and organic periodicities nullified by the industrial system, the more are there mental tension, irritation and anxiety and the poorer become the qualities of human ideas and feelings..." "...man is seriously hindered in contemplation, in the movement and opportunity for maturing and completing himself." The author deplores the absence of beauty, awe, wonder and sublimity from the present "passion-and-value free world the physical science envisages." The sterility of the civilised mind is traced to its roots, and the mechanising and dehumanising of man is attributed to his life being rigidly scheduled and regimented. Industrial culture is reducing human society to a beehive or an ant-colony. The physicalist procedure has generated in man a jungle psychology, and the inevitable consequence of the tyranny of a monolithic society has been an unthinking conformism to mass impulses and mass reactions. Man's image and thought, his aims and pursuits have all been splintered, atomised, and thus rendered ephemeral and meaningless. The stereotyping of wants by mass advertising and propaganda, the palsy of imagination even in the intellectuals on account of over-specialisation and 'shallow scientism', and the painting of sex, crimes and naked villainy in alluring colours and parading them before the dazzled mass mind by commercialised radio, television, cinema and novels are some of the worst features of modern life.

The author not only diagnoses the sickness of civilisation, but offers sagacious advice for arresting the dry-rot and initiating an upward curve of individual and collective amelioration. He says that civilised man should "renovate and recreate himself through a new symbolic language, discovered by great mystics, philosophers and artists, that may impart transcendence, wholeness and coherence into the commonplace loves and affections and ordinary tasks of life." Faith, imagination and intuition can alone salvage the divinity of man and save him from the barrenness of his sense-bound reason and its besetting doubts. Human life should be oriented to transcendent values and rise beyond its merely brute necessities and creature comforts to absolute freedom and unalloyed, everlasting creative delight.

A transhuman community of spiritual supermen is the goal to which the author points in this excellent appraisal of the present human situation. He has taken full stock of the latest developments in psychology, biology, anthropology, and general progressive scientific thought, and has always at his command the delivering and transforming message of ancient Indian wisdom. Transformation of man from within and not from without is the kernel of his prescription. The last chapter of the book, "Values and Vistas of Civilisa-

VISIT

AHMEDABAD



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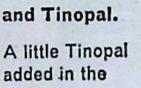

tion", is a splendid focussing of the central theme, irradiated by a clear vision of the destiny of man on earth.

—*Rishabhchand*

ESSAYS AND REFLECTIONS. By Dr. R. D. Ranade. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Chowpatty Road, Bombay-7. 194 pages. Price: Rs. 2.50.

THE bunch of essays presented in the book under review cover a variety of subjects like *philosophy, literature, political economy* and significant political events like the *'Partition of Bengal.'* The essays give us an insight into the genius and massive scholarship of the saint-philosopher Ranade. His first-rate mind applied itself to the different subjects with a thoroughness all his own. Among the thirteen essays, five are critical reviews of standard books of the last forty years by eminent men e.g. Dr. B. Seal's *The Positive Sciences of the Hindus;* Dr. Radhakrishnan's *Indian Philosophy;* Sri V. J. Kirtikir's *Studies in Vedanta;* Dr. Ananda Coomarswamy's *Buddha and the Gospel Buddhism* and Dr. J. S. Mackenzie's *Elements of Constructive Philosophy.* The reviews are models of classical reviews. Reading them stimulates, instructs and enhances not only our powers of appreciation but also our critical ways of thinking.

The first essay on Indian Philosophy describes the creative need to "interpret, correlate and undertake a comparative and constructive study of the systems of Indian Philosophy" to bring out their special significance. Our author laments the unqualified criticism of Indian philosophy, founded on ignorance, as "dogmatic, unscientific otherworldly, fostering a cloistered virtue, pessimistic, and rigoristic." Professor Ranade analyses the causes which have helped the neglect of the study of Indian Philosophy and eloquently pleads for their removal. He cries a halt to "the textual and translation work and asks us to interpret the spirit". He pleads fervently for the comparative method. The essay on Carlyle is splendid. Reading the book is a rewarding experience.

Dr. Ranade is rather harsh on the Hindu traditional habit of writing commentaries on commentaries, though such a system grows from age to age. He holds that "as we ascend higher on the scale, we descend lower in import. Words are confounded with things; explanation of the text is superior to the understanding of the problem" (p. 6). He cites as examples of such commentaries *Bhamati* and *Kalpataru.* The wise Panditic tradition has made it amply clear the commentaries do not leave us in ignorance on any point. Our busy age may not find time for it. That is no argument for their non-excellence.

Dr. Ranade's essays are as intellectually stimulating as his books on mysticism are soul-stirring.

—*Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao*

THE INDIAN NATIONAL EDUCATION. By Swami Chidbhavananda. Published by Tapovanam Publishing House, Tirupparaitturai. 495 pages. Price: Rs. 7.

IT appears a candidate from Madras appearing for the I.A.S. was asked what rivers he had crossed while he was in the train from Madras to Delhi. The student replied that he had not taken note of them. He was then asked how he spent the time in the journey. His answer was that he was poring over a book on General Knowledge. (p. 377). Citing this incident as typical of the malady affecting the products of modern Indian Education, Swami Chidbhavananda pleads for a reorientation of the whole system right from the Kindergarten to the University stage.

He covers a large number of topics including adult education, the status of the teacher, the language issue, nationalisation of text-books, mid-day meals, education of women etc., and emphasises the need for the restoration of the values special to the genius of the Indian Soul. He advocates the extension of the Gurukula principles in forms suited to the present conditions and calls for multi-purpose schools so

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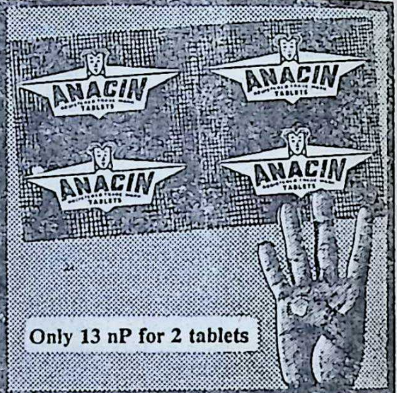

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—*M. P. Pandit*

SANSKRIT

VEDANTA PRAKRIYA PRATYABHIJNA. By Sri Satchidanandendra Saraswati Swamigal. Published by Adhyatma Prakasha Karyalaya, Holenarsipur, S.R. 822 pages. Price: Rs. 16.

WE have almost grown to expect from the versatile Swamiji, through the enlightened publishers, original contributions on the Vedanta, setting out the main tenets of Monism. Two such works have already been noticed in these columns. Highly scientific in treatment, the mass of erudition which he brings to bear on his treatment of many a difficult text assumes a clarity and illumination which is a sheer delight.

The book under review takes up for elucidation the uniqueness of the Vedantic method. A thought-provoking Introduction both in English and Sanskrit describes the method, points out the futility of an independent study of the Prasthanathraya, followed by a lucid and racy account of the history of Vedantic thought in the pre-Sankara, Sankara and post-Sankara periods.

Sufficient internal evidence is gathered from Sri Sankara's works to warrant the conclusion that there must have existed a school or schools of Monism of a sort in the pre-Sankara days. It is significant that no such evidence can be culled out from the works of other Acharyas to postulate the existence of dualistic or qualified Monistic schools in the same period. The point lends force and strength to the view that Sri Sankara did have a tradition to look up to and work upon.

Sankara's position vis-a-vis the so-called critics of Monism remains unassailable for the reason that the latter's attacks are directed not against the traditional Monism which he had sought to expound. Incidentally it may be mentioned that even in Sankara's days and much later, criticisms and counter-criticisms relating to Monism were offered, and many of these were unrelated to the doctrine expounded by Gaudapada, Sankara and the Vartika-kara. The author shows how both the attack and the defence were conducted on a plane, which though monistic in name, was in content and character, far removed from Sankara's traditional Absolutism. The uniqueness of Sankara's method consists in आद्यारोपापवाद (superimposition first and then its negation). This is well brought out in this sparklingly original work.

Students of Vedanta, particularly those of the Advaitic school, are indebted to the learned author for this signal service by Truth. We look forward to part II of the work where the Swamiji has promised to bring his survey down to the modern times.

—*Acharya T.A.V Dikshitar.*

TATTVASUDHA (Answer to *Satabhusani*). By Vidvan E. S. Varadacharya, Asst. Professor of Mimamsa, Maharaja's Sanskrit College, Mysore. 1959. Price: Rs. 5.

Mm. ANANTAKRISHNA SASTRI who has given the Sanskrit philosophical world many scholarly editions of the classics of the Samkara school of Vedanta has a flair for scholastic controversies. With irrepressible energy he had lately launched upon a spectacular literary campaign of publishing voluminous refutations of some of the standard polemical works of the other Vedantic systems. Three refutations of his criticism of Jayatirtha's *Nyayasudha* have come out. The present work is part 1 of the refutation of Sri Sastri's attack on the *Satabusani* of the celebrated Vedanta Desika (1268-1369) of the Ramanuja school.

In one sense Mm. Sastri has tried to keep alive the spirit of fresh thinking among those who profess intellectual conviction in the different schools of thought, by his new lines of criticism. He is a philosophical sportsman, prepared to "give and take", in the polemical sense. His adversaries too appreciate his attitude and are ready to meet him on his own ground.

In the work under notice, Sri Varadacharya after an informative Introduction, takes up the thesis of Nirvisesadvaitavada of Samkara and attempts to show how it cannot be said to do any justice to the spirit and letter of the *Brahmasutras.* He enters into the intricate details of interpretation of various *adhikaranas* and shows how Mm. Sastri's strictures on Ramanuja's interpretations of the Sutras and the doctrines of the Sutrakara are unsustainable as upheld by Vedanta Desika. The discussions are carried on with a full command of the intricacies of thought and doctrinal details of the respective schools. Many of Sri Sastri's statements and *Praudhivadas* are vigorously sought to be disproved. (pp. 10-11; 27; 54-55; 76; 84; 143).

With a commendable breadth of vision, the author has utilized certain authorities and arguments from the works his *"Sannikestamata"* (pp. 34-35; 41; 48; 49; 51; 113). His frequent references to the Upanishad-Bhasyas of Samkara and to the works of Mimamsakas, Buddhist and Jain writers indicate the range of his specialisation. He has also raised many fresh objections of his own against the Sutra-interpretations of the Samkara school. His exposition of Ramanuja's version of "Brahmopadanatva" as "Mukhya" (pp. 67-69; 71; 81) deserves to be most carefully considered by the followers of other schools of Vedanta. The point has no doubt been argued by Ramanuja himself in his *Sribhasya;* but has not received the attention that it deserves. The language of criticism here is much more restrained than that of Sri Sastri. The work is sure to be read with pleasure and profit by all students of Vedanta who can understand a philosophical work in Sanskrit in the original. An index of topics and a table of contents could have been given. We look forward to the appearance of the remaining Parts.

—*Dr. B. N. K. Sharma*

TELUGU

MANA SAMSKRITI (*Our Culture* by Sri C. Rajagopalachari). Translated into Telugu by Sri B. Radhakrishna Murthi. Published by Cultural Books Private Ltd., 45, Sundararaja Perumal Koil St., Madras-11; 58 pages. Price: Re. 1.

RAJAJI needs no introduction to the readers. His masterly exposition of any complex topic is inimitable. The book under review is a Telugu translation of the three lectures delivered by him under the auspices of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, which were later published as a booklet entitled "Our Culture". In these lectures Rajaji has very clearly defined the comprehensive term "Culture" and then proceeded to explain the fundamentals of Indian Culture. He says "The culture of India is based and bound up with self-control. It is the characteristic fundamental of Indian thought". The elder statesman-thinker has taken pains to bring home to the reader how the joint family system, caste, religion and philosophy have helped in their own way to nurture and enrich the culture of our mother land. The translation is simple and effective and the book will be heartily welcomed by Telugu readers.

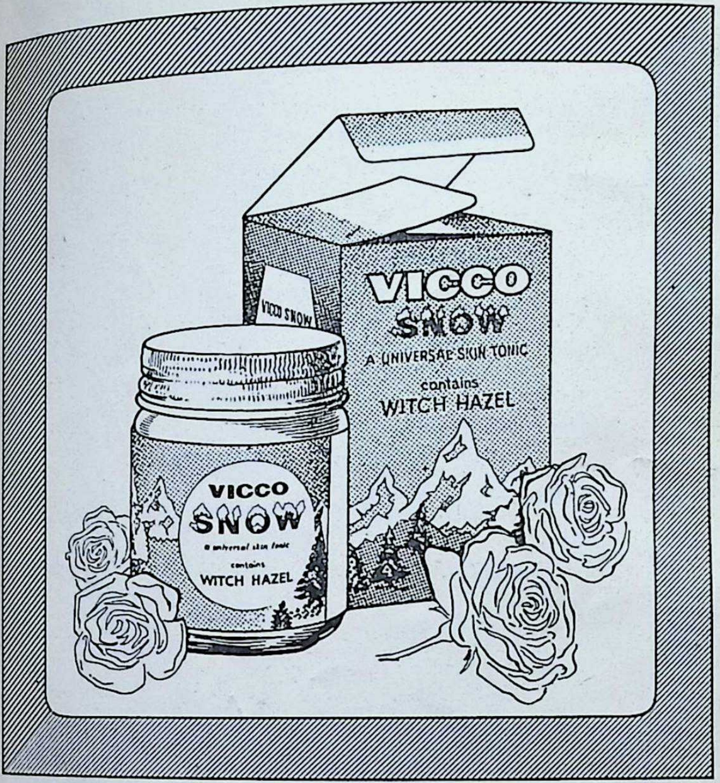
—*Prof. A. C. Kamakshi Rao.*

NOTES & NEWS—*Contd.*

PASUPATINATH YATRA

THE fourth of Bhavan's Samskritik Vikas Yatra and the second to Pasupatinath started on the 6th of this month when the party was given a warm send-off at the Bhavan at a function held in the morning. After Ganapati *puja* and prayers, Acharya T.A.V. Dikshitar and Prof. J.H. Dave addressed the *yatriks* on the nature and meaning of Yatras. Kulapati Munshiji in his address to the *yatriks* explained that this Yatra not merely helped fulfil religious aspirations but was a national work too by making people from all parts of India gather together and see the far-flung regions of the country and its neighbourhood.

Edited by S. Ramakrishnan and printed and published by him for the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Chowpatty Road, Bombay 7 at Associated Advertisers & Printers, 505, Tardeo Arthur Road, Bombay-34
Managing Editor: J. H. Dave; Associate Editor: V. A. K. Ayer.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VOL. XI NO. 16
FEBRUARY 28, 1965

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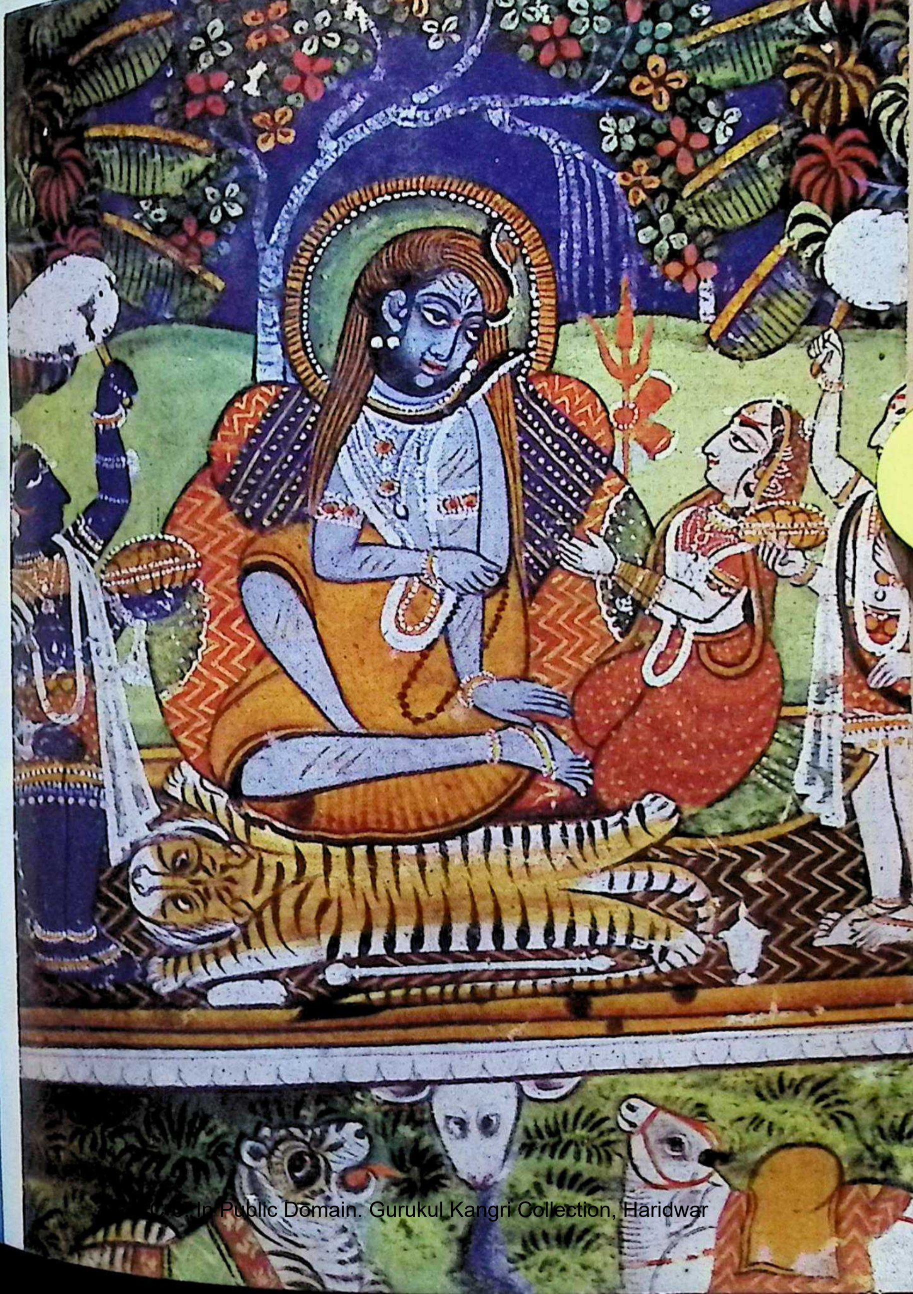

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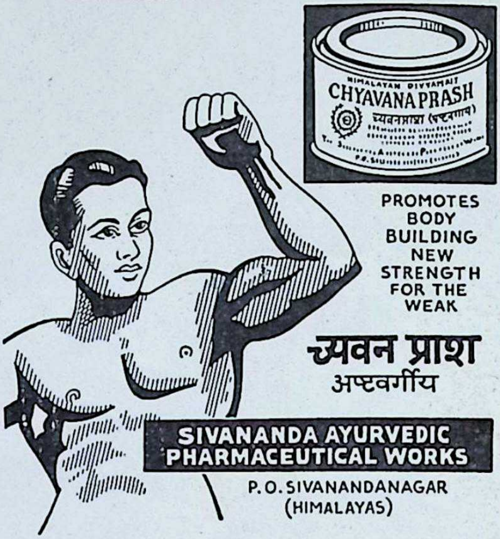
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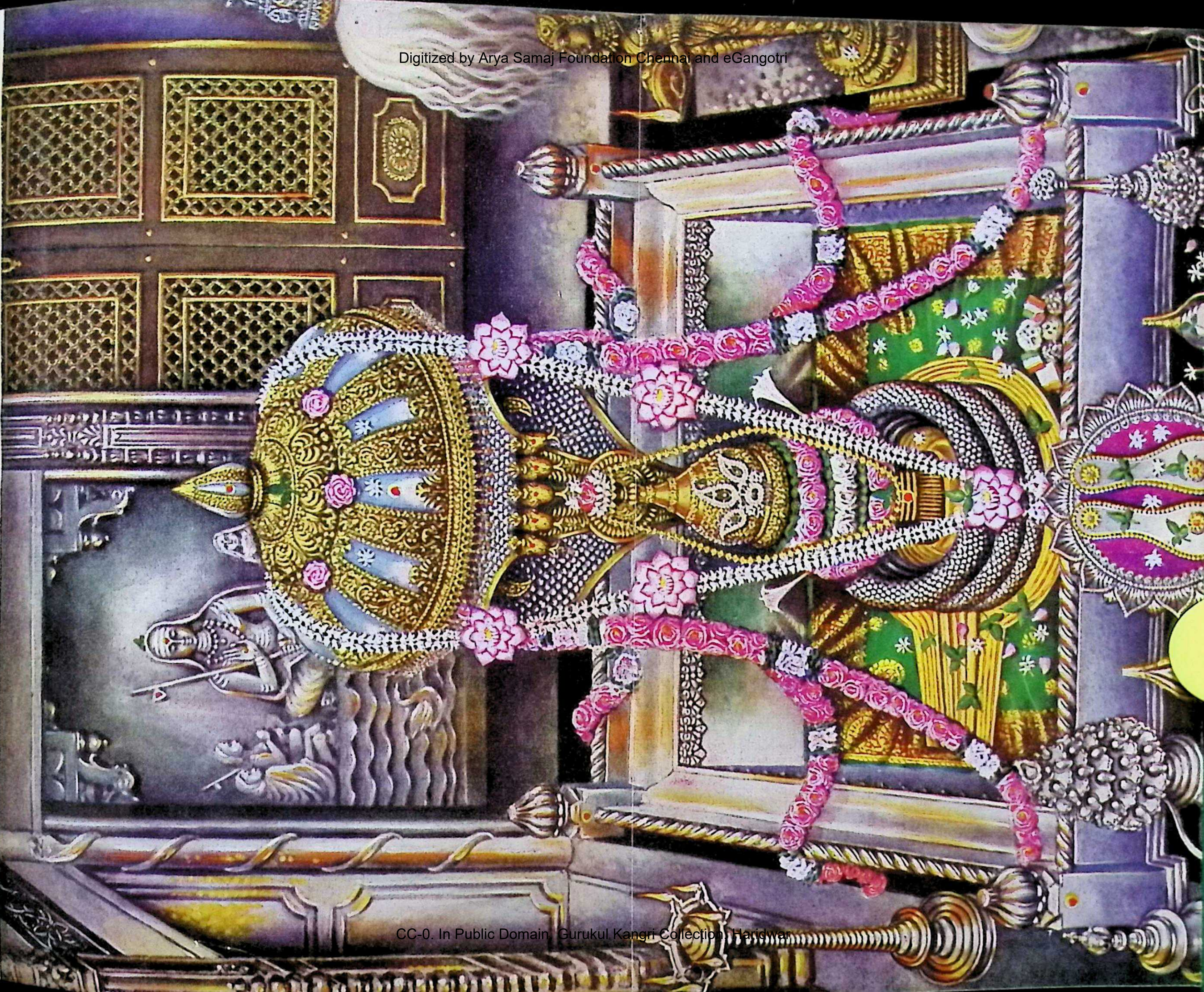

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FEBRUARY 28, 1965

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FORTNIGHTLY

Devoted to Life, Literature and Culture

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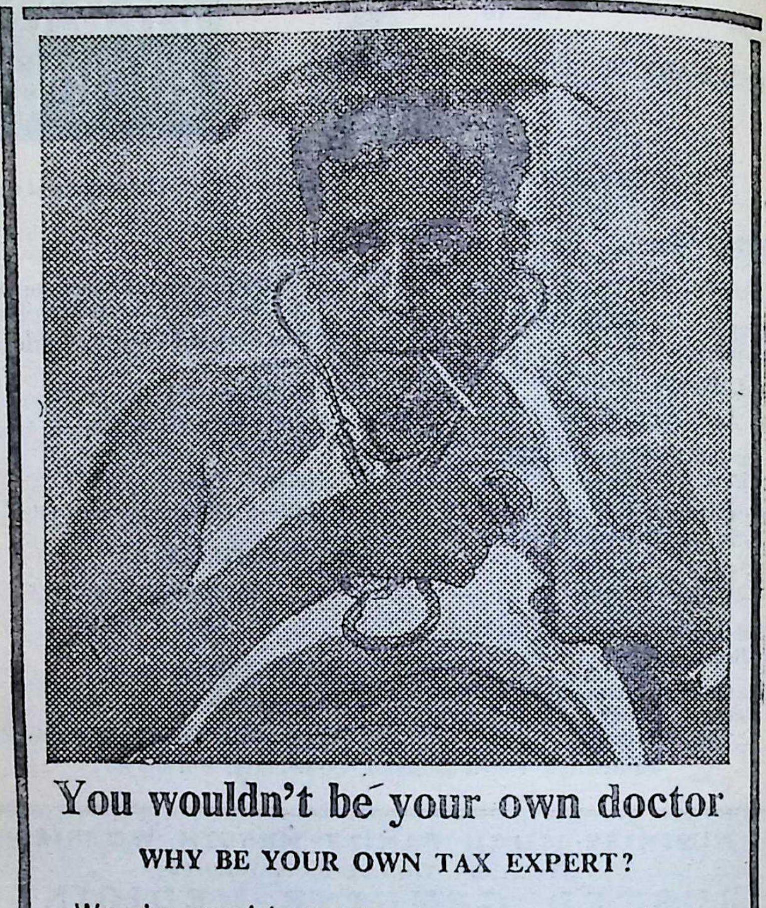

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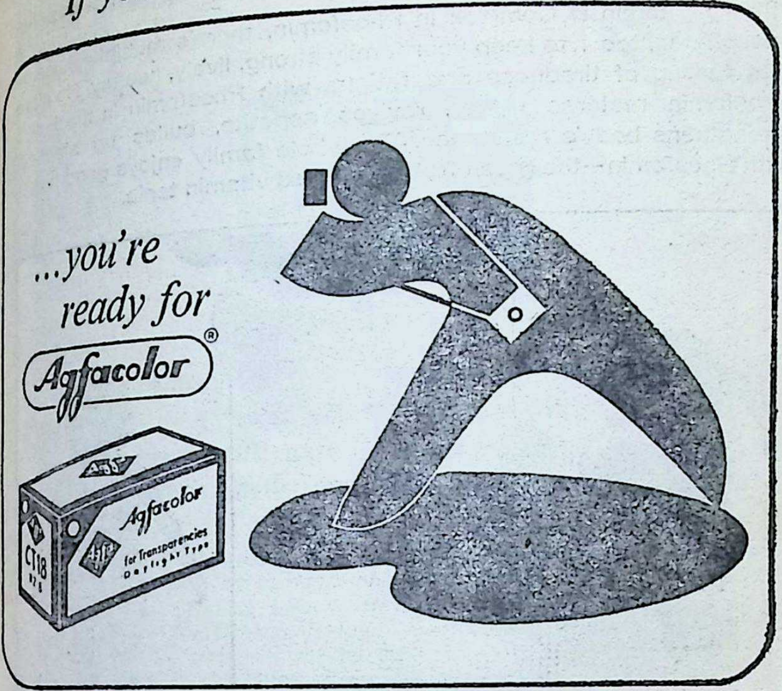

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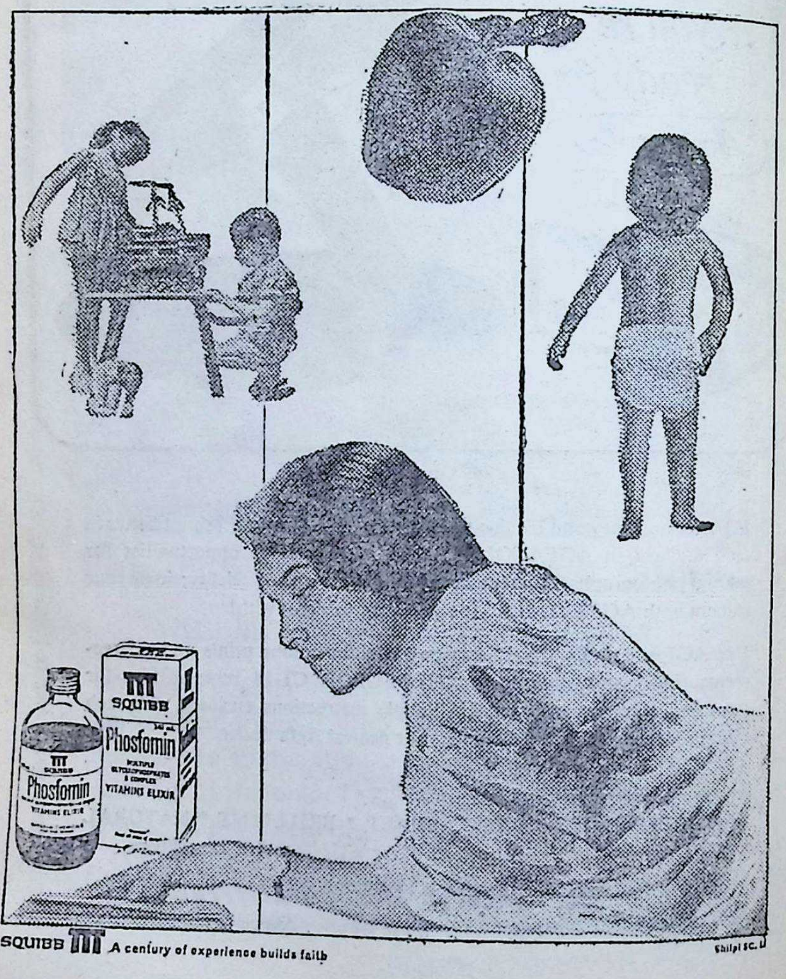
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PRAYER TO SIVA

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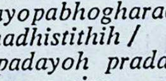
पूजा ते विषयोपभोगरचना निद्रा समाधिस्थितिः ।
संचारः पदयोः प्रदक्षिणविधिः स्त्रोत्राणि सर्वा गिरो
यद्यत्कर्म करोमि तत्तदखिलं शंभो तवाराधनम् ॥

Aatma tvam girija matih sahacharah
praanaah sareeram griham
puja te vishayopabhogharachanaa
nidraa samadhistithih /
Sanchaarah padayoh pradakshinavidhih
stotraani sarvaa giro
Yadyatkarma karomi tattadkhilam
Shambho! tavaaraadhanam//

You are my soul; Parvati is my intellect; my life-breaths are your following; my body is your home. All my actions based on sense pursuit constitute your worship; my sleep is my *samadhi* state; all my walking constitutes your *pradakshina* (circumambulation); all that I speak is your praise; indeed whatever action I perform, all that, O Siva, constitutes your worship.

—*Sri Bhagavatpada*



Vol. XI No. 16

No. 330

KULAPATI'S LETTER
on Life, Literature & Culture

WHITHER INDIA ?

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.
FEBRUARY 28, 1965

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

TILL 1947, we were united in winning freedom.

On August 15, 1947, when the transfer of power took place, we were fired by memories of our ancient heritage. We also looked forward to a glorious destiny by welding ourselves into a powerful and united nation.

In less than 13 months, thanks to the sagacity and statesmanship of Sardar Patel, the miracle of integrating Princely India was achieved.

Feudal India, comprising 562 "Indian" States, covering an area of over 587,000 sq. miles (48%) in area and 80 million people, was absorbed in the democratic structure which was being raised by the Constituent Assembly.

By the end of 1948, Hyderabad was integrated with India and the last vestige of the Moghul India disappeared.

On November 29, 1949, when the people of this country gave the Constitution unto themselves, we were one in unity of purpose and mission to build up a great democratic Republic.

In March 1950 the Planning Commission was appointed with the object of laying the foundations of a Welfare State on a common economic base for India as a whole.

On December 15, 1950, died Sardar Patel, "the captain of our forces in the struggle for freedom...the builder and consolidator of New India".

In 1951-52 the first General Elections were held in a remarkably peaceful and orderly manner, winning us universal acclaim.

In 1952, the clamour for a separate linguistic State for Andhra was intensified and reached its climax when Sri

Potti Sriramulu fasted unto death on this issue. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru impulsively yielded and the new Andhra State was established. Many of us warned him against ushering in an era of linguistic chauvinism—a warning which remained unheeded.

Sure of his own ability to keep India together, Jawaharlal Nehru departed from the stand that he had taken as a member of the J. V. P. Report. Even though a keen student of history, he did so, discounting its lessons.

This unfortunate decision sparked off a chain-reaction throughout the country.

In December 1953, the States Reorganization Commission was set up to carve out linguistic States in the country. It submitted its report in September 1955. Its implementation resulted in re-drawing the political map of India, reducing the number of States from 26 to 16 by converting administrative units into linguistic States.

The surrender to linguism stage by stage was dictated more by political exigencies of the moment rather than by sound judgment and long-term national interests. Robust nationalism was replaced by aggressive linguism, which emerged as the most powerful disruptive sentiment in the country.

Today, after 17 years of freedom and three successive Five Year Plans, almost all of our States have developed an animus against one or the other State of the Union and the Union itself. We have the distressing spectacle of distrustful States running a cold war against one or the other as if they were independent nations. Regional selfishness has got the better of us. As a result, parochial outlook has come to dominate public thinking.

Claims are made over river waters; demands for *lebensraum*. Surplus stocks of food-grains are hoarded by some States, regardless of starving conditions in other parts of the country.

The image of India, one and indivisible, has been increasingly blurred. The sentiment "India first and last" has been replaced by "my State first and India next" attitude.

A broad, national outlook, spirit of sacrifice and the quest for common good which characterized many great and eminent Indians whose achievements have adorned the golden pages of our recent history, are almost disappearing.

A distinguished foreign visitor and friend of India sadly confessed that "wherever I went throughout the length and breadth of India, I met only Bengalis or Punjabis or Maharashtrians or Tamilians, etc., but not an Indian".

Under the cover of secularism, pedlars of hatred and poison preach the gospel of Godlessness.

In the name of progressivism, religion, morality and self-restraint are relegated to the background. Hedonism—the cult of pleasure-hunting—is allowed to be popularised by media like novels and pictures which invest crime and sex with glamour.

We are now rearing up a generation solely fed on material values, the end-result of which one shudders to contemplate.

Members of the Constituent Assembly hammered out our Constitution with forethought and mature consideration, cutting across narrow considerations of caste, class, creed, party, religion or region.

During the last fifteen years, the Constitution was amended 17 times. Several of such amendments were not the outcome of a pragmatic approach to the needs of national consolidation, but of a misplaced zeal to re-construct society on an outdated ideology derived from Marxism.

More than once, Constitutional amendments were made to circumvent the decisions of the Supreme Court. It is forgotten that every time a decision of the Supreme Court is flouted or circumvented, the foundations of our democratic State begin cracking. Now, on every issue, Constitutional amendments are sought on the plea that if there are 17 amendments, there is no harm in making 18th, 19th, or umpteenth amendment. Then the Constitution will be all holes and no cloth.

Some others want the elimination by omitting Part XVII of the Constitution and turn India into a linguistic jungle.

The claim of some public men that our Legislatures are sovereign in the sense in which the British Parliament is sovereign, if accepted, would destroy the sanctity of the Constitution and the key role of the judiciary as the guardian of the Rule of Law.

No wonder the public have started losing faith in the sanctity and inviolability of the Constitution. Premeditated burning of the Constitution some years ago was tolerated; later the leaders of the Party which organized this sacrilege were wooed and their support secured.

A crisis of confidence prevails the economic front too, leading popular frustration. Over-taxa hampers production, leading to bla market. Enterpreneurship, ceasele being hounded by Marxists and qu Marxists, is hesitant and shy. P duction, both agricultural and ind trial, has fallen far short of requ ments.

A war of attrition between cap and labour threatens to destroy t economy. Prices of essential comm dities are spiralling and inflation threatening the foundations of our e nomy.

Under the hypnotic effect of Pa chashila and bhai-bhaism, we lived in Pandit Nehru's words—in "an a ficial atmosphere of our own cr tion". We flaunted our eternal frie ship for expansionist China. To a pease the Chinese Dragon, we look on placidly when the buffer State Tibet was ruthlessly swallowed China.

"Our credulity and negligence"— quote President Dr. S. Radhakrish —led to a military disaster in our n thern borders in October 1962.

Now the Chinese are in possess of thousands of square miles of territory. We have still no posi policy to repel the aggressor. We s maintain diplomatic relations w China under the delusion that if go on humouring her, she mi change her behaviour towards us. T attitude is in line with the belief wh our elders held that if they offe milk to the snakes on the Na *Panchami* day, the serpentine co munity would leave us unharmed.

The NEFA debacle has destroyed whatever prestige we had in the international world as potentially a powerful State. The Afro-Asian nations did not even accept Prime Minister Shastri's suggestion to protest against China for its intention to explode an atomic bomb.

China is at our throat and still we do not recognise Taiwan. We side with the Arab nations in their quarrel with Israel; many countries friendly to Arab nations have recognised Israel, but not we. Malaysia, a democratic country within the Commonwealth, stood by us at the time of the Chinese aggression; yet we have taken no active steps to help it against the "confrontation" policy of Indonesia supported, as it is, by China.

Our foreign policy in the last 17 years has been a ghastly failure. It has landed us in such a position among the non-aligned nations that treacherous China has more friends among them than we.

But for the American aid on a grand scale we would have been nowhere, and yet we hesitate to own it unequivocally, lest we might lose the esteem of friends who had not helped us in the past and are not likely to help us in our struggle for survival.

There can be some justification to the non-aligned in a fight between other nations. But when we ourselves are attacked, how can we afford to be non-aligned? What has to be defended and saved is not non-alignment but territorial integrity and independence.

The root cause of all this has been the lack of imagination and vigour in our leadership. It has not been able to release a single policy which would enthuse our people and lead them to close their ranks; it only lives from hand to mouth.

On top of all these, an unprecedented national crisis now faces us in the issue of the official language of the country. It is the result of the Union Government doing very little for fifteen years to create a favourable climate for the change-over to Hindi, nor having the courage to fight for the position that English as an associate language is essential for us for a long time to come.

It is forgotten that Hindi was accepted by the Constituent Assembly as an instrument of unity and looked forward to by many non-Hindi States as a main factor in integration.

It is a sad commentary on our statesmanship and on our handling of vital matters that Hindi, which was being learnt year after year by lakhs and lakhs of people in non-Hindi States as a patriotic duty, has now come to be looked upon as an unwanted imposition.

Nay, the poison has gone much deeper; there is even talk of secession from the Union.

During the last seventeen years, from our steady ascent to the "finest hour" of morning glory in 1950, we have descended into the twilight of humiliation and frustration, with the darkness of disintegration of national life staring in one's face.

The conclusion is inescapable: Most of our troubles have issued out of a policy of drift followed during the last fifteen years; it has created problems, but failed to solve any.

Perhaps, one exception must be

made; one problem was solved which revolved round our strained relations with Nepal. The credit for solving that problem mainly goes to Shri Lal Bahadur Shastri who, before he became Prime Minister, restored the friendship between Nepal and India.

The country needs a pragmatic, clear-cut policy. To let things drift is to let things crystallise adversely. Such a drift, if not arrested in time, would lead to the liquidation of democracy, and even put our independence in jeopardy.

One of Napoleon's sayings comes to my mind; I am quoting it from memory: "The first mistake can be forgiven, a second one unforgivable". We have, however, been living from mistakes to mistakes, and whenever we have failed, we sanctimoniously claim that though we might have failed, we were always morally right!

It is equally unpardonable to make a pretence of meeting a situation by ways and means which one knows in one's own heart to be inadequate or ineffective.

When trouble strikes, the solution is not activity, but action. The fence would not become any easier to jump by taking a longer look at it.

For the moment, all our problems are over-shadowed by the language crisis. Patched-up solutions will not do. Men and institutions, true and good, pledged to the stability and integrity of the nation, should sit together and evolve a suitable solution.

Under no circumstances should the plenary powers of the Centre be cut down; it is the only guarantee to achieve national solidarity and ensure our independence. We must transcend narrow loyalties and politics.

संगच्छध्वं सं वदध्वं सं वो मनांसि
जानताम्।
देवा भागं यथा पूर्वे संजानाना
उपासते ॥१॥
समानो मंत्रः समितिः समानी
समानं मनः सह चित्तम् एषाम्।
समानं मंत्रं अभिमंत्रये वः
समानेन वो हविषा जुहोमि ॥२॥
समानी व आकूतिः समाना
हृदयानि वः
समानम् अस्तु वो मनो यथा वः
सुसहासति ॥३॥

Assemble together, speak together,
let your minds be of one accord;
As the ancient gods unanimously sit down to their appointed place.
The purpose is common; the assembly is common,
common is the mind; so be their thought united.
A common purpose I lay before you,
and with your common oblation I worship.
Common be your resolve,
be your minds of one accord
Let the thoughts of all be united
so that all may happily agree.

—*Rigveda* X, 191. 2, 3, 4.

To snatch opportunity out of crisis is the stamp of real statesmanship.

Yours sincerely,

K.M. Munshi

EDITORIAL

Lead, Kindly Light

INDIA is passing through an unprecedented crisis.

We, the people of India, are heirs to a hoary heritage, enriched and handed down to us from generation to generation from the dawn of civilisation. Catholicity, forbearance and tolerance; freedom from fear, fanaticism and dogma are the distinguishing features of our heritage. Our forbears did not confine their thoughts to the narrow limits of their village, district or region; they lived for the whole of India; nay the welfare of the entire universe was their constant prayer:

Lokāssamastāh Sukhino Bhavantu

[May the entire universe fare well.]

We are welded together by strong bonds of culture, common ideals and tradition. We should not permit the sledge-hammer blows of aggressive linguism to pulverise the foundations of the unity of India. We should not permit the breaking up of India into fragments by erecting sectarian, linguistic or regional walls. We should not forget the lessons of history. The springs of our patriotism shall not be allowed to dry up. We shall not desecrate or mutilate the sacred image of Mother India, one and indivisible.

As the Ramayana *says:*

Jananī Janmabhūmischa Swargādapi garīyasi

[The mother and the motherland are greater than heaven itself.]

The fundamental unity of India is not a recent growth or discovery. It has a history running back to remote antiquity.

Sanskrit literature is replete with references to the intense passion for the motherland. It also reveals the conscious attempts on the part of our Rishis, profoundly wise, selfless and far-seeing, to visualise and propagate the unity of the motherland; to transfigure India into a living deity and enshrining her in the loving heart of every worshipper.

Gaṅge ca Yamune caiva Godāvari Sarasvati
Narmade Sindhu Kāveri jalesmin sannidhiṁ kuru

[O ye Ganga, Yamuna, Godavari, Sarasvati, Narmada, Sindhu and Kaveri, come ye and enter into this water of my offering.]

Since several centuries this sloka *is being repeated by millions of devout Indians from Kashmir to Kanya Kumari, from Kohima to Kathiawar during their baths and worships.*

Ayodhyā Mathurā Māyā Kāśī Kāñcī Avantikā
Purī Dvāravatī caiva saptaitā mokṣadāyikāḥ

is another Puranic *couplet in which the whole of India is represented as the land of seven principal* Mokshapuris *[Ayodhya, Mathura, Maya (Hardwar), Kashi, Kanchi, Avantika and Puri] which it is incumbent on every devotee to visit and which cover between them practically the entire length and breadth of the country.*

The following passage beautifully enumerates the various places of worship scattered throughout India:

Saurāṣtre Somanāthañca Śrīśaile Mallikārjunam
Ujjayinyāṁ Mahākālam Oṁkāramamareśvare

Kedāram Himavatpṛṣṭhe Ḍākinyām Bhīmaśaṅkaram
Vārāṇasyāñca Viśveśaṁ Tryambakam Gautamītaṭe

Vaidyanātham Citābhūmau Nāgeśaṁ Dārukāvane
Setubandhe ca Rāmeśaṁ Ghuśmeśañca Sivālaye

Etāni jyotirliṅgāni sāyaṁ prātaḥ paṭhennaraḥ
Saptajanmakṛtaṁ pāpaṃ smaraṇena vinaśyati

[Somanatha in Saurashtra (Gujarat); Mallikarjuna in Srisaila (the Palni Hills in Madurai); Mahakala in Ujjayini (Ujjain); Omkar in Amaresvara (near Mandaleshvara and Mahishmati); Kedara (Kedarnath situated on the heights of Himalayas); Bhimashankara in Dakini (unknown); Vishvesha in Varanasi; Tryambaka on the banks of the Gautami (Godavari). Vaidyanatha in Chitabhumi or Parali (Vaidyanatha); Nagesha or Kamesha in Darukavana, Ramesha in Setubandha (Rameshvaram); and Ghushmesh in Shivalaya (unknown). Reciting and recalling the names of these holy places the accumulated sin of seven births is nullified.]

Centuries-old tradition has fixed India's four most meritorious pilgrim centres in the four extreme points of the country: Badri-Kedar in the North, Rameswaram in the South, Dwaraka in the West and Jagannath in the East.

Our traditional tirthas *are the Svetaganga in the East, Dhanushtirtha in the South, Gomatikunda in the West and Taptakunda in the North of India.*

Our four sacred traditional tanks (sarovar) are Pampa, Vindu, Narayana and Manasa in the South, East, West and North respectively.

As prescribed by our ancestors thousands of years ago, sacred water from the Ganga at Kashi in Uttar Pradesh is still brought for worship at Rameswaram in Tamil Nad and several other temples in different parts of India. Millions of Indians even today consider a yatra to holy Kashi incomplete without a pilgrimage to Rameswaram and vice-versa.

It is significant that Adi Sankaracharya who was born in Kerala and who flourished in the eighth century established his centres of spiritual inspiration in different corners of the country so that the entire country will be looked upon and develop as one common spiritual and cultural entity.

The tradition of unity prescribed by Sankaracharya continues to rule. A Namboodiri from Kerala in the Southernmost part of India still performs the puja in Badrinath in the high Himalayas.

India has thus been moulded both by nature and nurture and spiritual significances and tradition to be one and indivisible. Beneath our patent geographical unity, there lies the underlying spiritual unity founded on the rocks of ages.

Let us bury our petty feuds and narrow self-interests—linguistic, regional, political and sectarian—which seek to separate people from the people, region from region, one language from another.

Let us uphold the fundamental unity sanctified by tradition, forged by the "collective unconscious" of Bharatavarsha and rapturously sung and assiduously built up by our sages and statesmen from generation to generation.

In the wake of the linguistic riots in Assam in 1961, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, at the instance of some veteran and tried servants of the nation, convened a National Integration Conference. It settled down to serious work, but consequent upon the upsurge of unprecedented solidarity at the time of Chinese aggression, its task was considered fulfilled and so dissolved.

The present crisis is a much more serious one, fraught with ghastly possibilities. If not tackled with vigour, vision and statesmanship, it would lead to the disintegration of the nation.

The National Integration Conference should therefore be made more representative and convoked at once.

It is not enough to somehow tide over the crisis for the moment. Whatever the cost, we must be firmly resolved not just to drift. To yield to that enervating temptation any more is to make disaster certain.

We can no more be complacent. It is the prime duty of the Union and the State Governments to devise and implement measures to strengthen national solidarity. This is a task in which the services of men of goodwill from all walks of life should be harnessed.

We must forsake our quarrels and differences for the well-being of ourselves, for the well-being of our children, for the well-being of our race. This is a time when transcending narrow loyalties, all Indians must speak for the motherland.

National solidarity is the base on which the whole national edifice depends. It is as vital as Defence.

A separate ministry in the direct charge of the Prime Minister, assisted by a representative, compact, composite Standing Committee, is the minimum first step.

A nation without religion is a rudderless ship. Spirituality is the life-blood of this sacred land, sanctified by the footprints of great sages. It is our precious inheritance. We should no more neglect it or be passive about it. We should strengthen ethical and spiritual values. This is the strongest foundation for all plans—be it for defence, self-sufficiency in food or economic prosperity. If we build our life on them, decadence will be warded off; disunity will disappear; India will be rejuvenated. National solidarity, without which we cannot solve any of our basic problems, will then emerge triumphant, strong and sturdy, expurgating the poisons of regionalism, parochialism, casteism, class hatred and the like.

One thing is certain: The eternal fountain-source of our religion, philosophy and culture, the Vedas, Upanishads, Epics *and* Puranas *and the holy places which have withstood the shocks and ravages of several foreign invasions and upheavals in the past will not fail us now. They have preserved our culture and unity; they have led to the rejuvenation of our faith; even today they attract the devotion of millions of Indians from all parts of the country and they will continue to do so.*

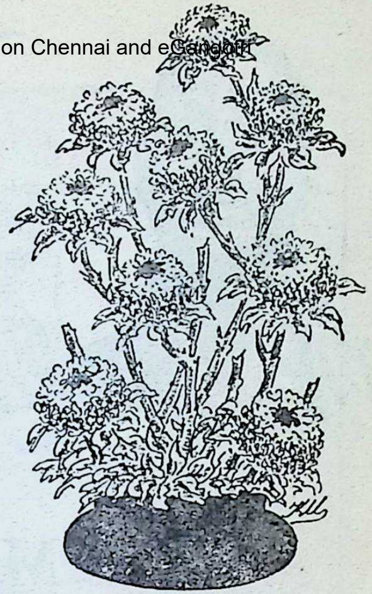
Who lives if India dies? Who dies if India lives?

This grisly language crisis is putting our existence as a nation into jeopardy. It is high time that we cried halt to this harum-scarum brawl.

Oh Lord:

'Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou us on'.

WE ARE ONE



AN old Vedic sage said to his disciple: *Kas twam asi?* "O Child, who art thou?"

And the chela's answer was: Gurudeva, *aham asmi para-brahma:* "Blessed Teacher, I am the Boundless!"

"Child", answered the Teacher, "do you see that glorious star? Do you discern in the splendour flowing forth from the bosom of that star any difference from the flame, the splendour, which burns within yourself?"

"O Gurudeva," said the disciple, "between the fire and splendour and life in yonder star, and the fire and splendour and life in my own self, there is no difference, for essentially we two are one."

"Well said, O Child, well said; and between the flame of life and consciousness and inspiration that burns in your own soul, and that which illuminates and invigorates the souls of your fellows, do you see any difference?"

"Master, I see no difference between the flame within me and the flame within you or within others, for we are one."

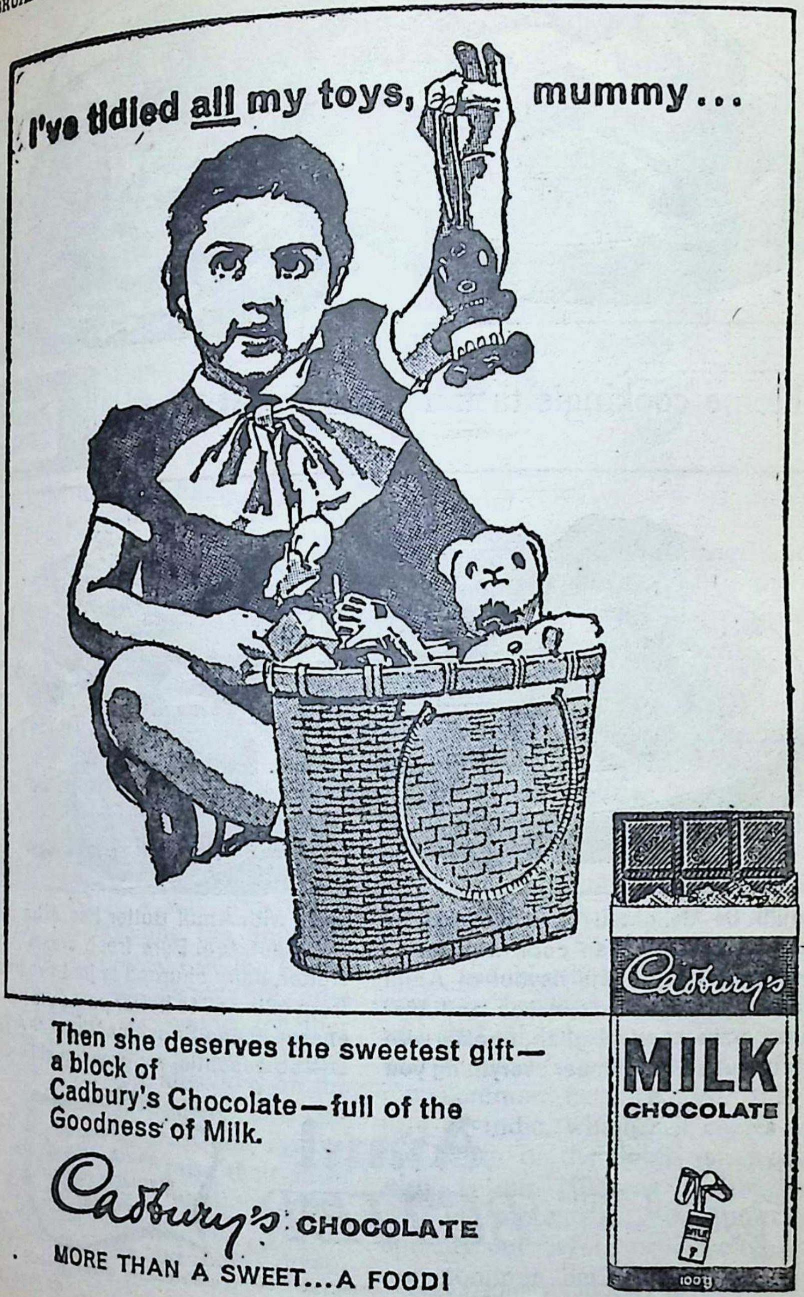
[G. de P.'s translation of an old Vedic teaching.]

[Swami Rama Tirtha was born in the Punjab in 1873 and died in 1906. Like Swami Vivekananda a little before him, Swami Rama was a dynamic patriot-saint. "Swami Rama's teachings," Mahatma Gandhi said, "have got to be propagated. He was one of the greatest souls not only of India but of the whole world. I adore his ideals."—Ed.]

I AM INDIA

Swami Rama Tirtha

The land of India is my own body.
The Comorin is my feet, the Himalayas my head.
From my hair flows the Ganga, from my head comes the Brahmaputra.
The Vindhyachalas are girt round my loins.
The Coromandel is my left and the Malabar my right leg.
I *am the whole of India,* and its east and west are my arms, and I spread them in a straight line to embrace humanity.
I am universal in my love.
Ah! such is the picture of my body.
It is standing and gazing at infinite space; but my inner spirit is the soul of all.
When I walk, I feel it is India walking.
When I speak, I feel it is India speaking.
When I breathe, I feel it is India breathing.
I am India.
I am Shankara.
I am Shiva.
This is the highest realisation of patriotism and this is Practical Vedanta.


I've tidied all my toys, mummy...
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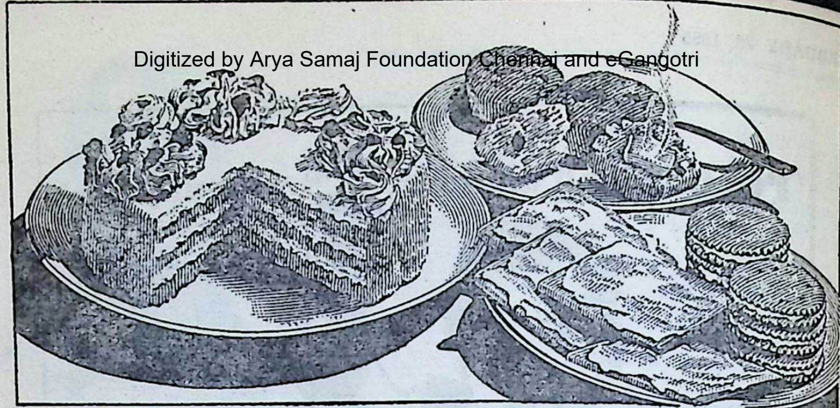

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...the whole of India from North to South is the common heritage of every Indian...

OUR COMMON HERITAGE

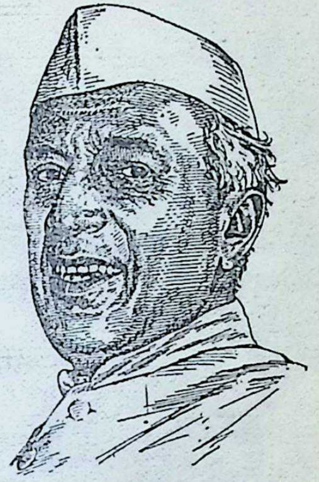
Jawaharlal Nehru

I DO not believe in all people being regimented to think in one way. I want free flow and free exchange of thought and out of that we sometimes find a bit of the truth.

Nevertheless, why do we differ often and quarrel with one another about the way and the path to be pursued? I want to say a few words about that to you.

Wherever I go I lay stress on something that is obvious, with which everyone should agree. I lay stress on the unity of India, not merely the political unity which we have achieved, but something far deeper, the emotional unity, the integration of our minds and hearts, the suppression of feelings of separatism. While all people agree about the unity of India, there are many people and even some parties that act in a way which can only result in breaking the unity of India. Why they do so I do not know. While, on the one hand, we, the people of India, are bound together by strong bonds of culture, common objectives, friendship, affection, on the other, unfortunately, there are inherent in India separatist and disruptive tendencies which raise their head whenever some new question arises.

I think that was the main reason for India's weakness and India's downfall.



So far as I am concerned and I hope, so far as you are concerned, there is no division between North and South and East and West of India. There is only one India of which all of us, you and I, are inheritors. It belongs to all of us. This southern part of India is not your private preserve. I have as much right to it as you. Likewise, the northern States of the Himalayas are not our private preserve. They are your inheritance also. They belong to you as much as to anybody else in India. So the whole of India from the North to the South is the common heritage of every Indian, and all India's history, from thousands and thousands of years till today, is our common heritage. All the culture of India, whether it comes from the North or the South or anywhere else, is our common heritage, and what is more, the great future that spreads out before us is going to be our common heritage.

□ □ □

From his speech on Dec. 26, 1955.

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The recent developments in Viet Nam are of vital consequence to India.

India turned a blind eye when China overran Tibet and she pays the penalty for her mistake by having to keep her army in eternal vigilance against an unscrupulous enemy.

Today India's S-E. defence frontier has shifted to Saigon. In the effective containment of the communists north of the 17th parallel lies the safety of democracy in the East.

—Ed.

THE STAKE IN VIET NAM

William P. Bundy

THE Geneva Conference agreements of 1954 brought new hopes of peace to South-East Asia. After years of intermittent warfare in the area, the way was prepared for free and independent national states to seek their own solutions to the eternal problems of building political and economic structures that would satisfy their people's aspirations.

The United States cared about South-East Asia then, and care today, because we know that what happens there will help determine whether we are to have the kind of world in which the common ideals of freedom can spread and nations can live and work together without strife. Our basic stake in South-East Asia is our stake in a peaceful and secure world as distinct from a violent and chaotic one.

However, the Geneva Accords left a situation with many seeds of future trouble:

North Viet Nam was militantly Communist, and had developed during the war an army well-equipped and highly skilled in both conventional and subversive warfare. From the start, North Viet Nam planned and expected to take over the south and in due course Laos and Cambodia, thinking that this would probably happen by sheer decay under pressure, but prepared to resort to other means.

South Viet Nam had no effective or popular leadership to start with, was demoralized and unprepared for self-government, and had only the remnants of the Viet Namese military forces which had fought against the Communists.

Apart from its natural self-sufficiency in food, South Viet Nam had few assets that appeared to match those of the north in the struggle that was sure to come.

Laos was less unified and was left under the Geneva Accords with a built-in and legalized Communist presence, a disrupted and weak economy, and no military forces of significance.

Such was the situation in 1954. Two things were clear—that in the absence of external help, communism was virtually certain to take over the successor states of Indo-China and move to the borders of Thailand and perhaps beyond, and that no power other than the U.S. could move in to help fill the vacuum.

The U.S. decision was to move in to help these countries. Besides South Viet Nam and more modest efforts in Laos and Cambodia, substantial assistance was begun in Thailand.

Appropriations to support these actions were voted by successive U.S. Congresses, and in 1954 the U.S. Senate likewise ratified the South-East Asia Treaty, to which Thailand and the Philippines adhered, along with Britain, France, Australia, New Zealand, and Pakistan. Although not signers of the treaty, South Viet Nam, Laos, and Cambodia could call on the SEATO members for help against aggression.

So a commitment was made that has guided U.S. policy in South-East Asia for a decade now.

It was not a commitment that envisaged a U.S. position of power in South-East Asia or U.S. military bases there. We threatened no one. Nor was it a commitment that substituted U.S. responsibility for the basic responsibility of the nations themselves for their own defence, political stability, and economic progress. It was a commitment to do what we could to help those nations attain and maintain the independence and security to which they were entitled—both for their sake and because we recognize that, like South Korea, South-East Asia was a key area of the mainland of Asia. If it fell to Communist control, this would enormously add to the momentum and power of the expansionist Communist regimes in Communist China and North Viet Nam, and thus to the threat of the whole free world position in the Pacific.

American objectives in Asia are those of the free nations of the area—that they should develop as they see fit, in peace and without outside interference. We would hope that this development will be in the direction of increasingly democratic institutions, and that there will be continued and expanded ties of partnership and contact with ourselves and with the other nations of the free world.

Asia confronts two central problems: the threat of Communist nations whose objective is domination and enslavement, and enormous economic and political problems.

To deal with these central problems, the free nations of the area need the help of the U.S. and of our major allies. The free nations of Asia cannot do the job alone. We cannot do it for them, but we have the resources and the military power to play a crucial role.

The peace and security of East and South-East Asia are indivisible. If the Communist powers succeed in aggression, they will be encouraged, free nations discouraged, and the inevitable process of evolution toward moderation within the Communist countries themselves postponed or perhaps prevented altogether.

A victory for the Communists in South Viet Nam would inevitably make the neighbouring states more susceptible to Communist pressure and more vulnerable to intensified subversion supported by military pressures. Aggression by "wars of national liberation" would gain enhanced prestige and powers of intimidation throughout the world, and many threatened nations might well become less hopeful, less resilient, and their will to resist would become undermined.

Let us go back to South Viet Nam in 1954 and trace the course of events to the present.

From 1954 to 1959 great progress was made. The nationalist feeling of the newly-formed country was aroused. It soon became and has remained clear that the great mass of the people of South Viet Nam do not wish to be ruled by communism or from Hanoi. On the economic and social front, education was vastly expanded, major land reforms carried out, and the economy grew at a rapid rate, far outstripping what was happening under the Communist yoke in the north.

Then, beginning roughly in 1959, Hanoi went on the march.

Seeing itself thwarted in both South Viet Nam and Laos, Hanoi began to send trained guerillas into the south and increasing the cadres assigned to assist the Communist Pathet Lao forces in Laos.

As early as 1957, a campaign of assassination of local officials had begun. In 1959, such activity was stepped up, guerilla units formed, and the real campaign got under way.

Local recruiting by the Viet Cong has been largely through intimidation. The whole campaign would never have been possible without the direction, personnel, key material, and total support from Hanoi, and without, too, the strong moral support, and key material when needed, provided by Peiping and, up to 1962 to least, by the Soviet Union.

Thousands of highly trained men coming from the north, along with crucial items of equipment and munitions—these have been from the start the mainspring of the Viet Cong insurgency. This has been all along a Communist subversive aggression, in total violation of the Geneva Accords as well as general principles of international behaviour.

Indeed, the true nature of the struggle has been publicly stated many times by Hanoi itself, beginning with a 1960 Communist Party conference in North Viet Nam which declared the policy of, as they put it, "liberating" the south.

By early 1961, South Viet Nam was clearly in difficulty. President Johnson, then Vice-President, visited the country in the spring. We stepped up our military supplies and tried to turn our training emphasis increasingly to the guerilla front. Then, in the fall of 1961, a series of key assassinations and raids on government centres by the Communists brought South Viet Namese morale to a critical point.

President Kennedy responded to the request of the South Viet Namese

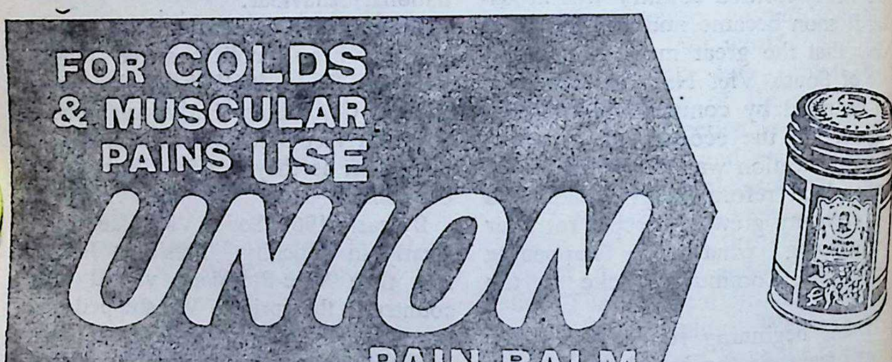
Government for American military advisers with Viet Namese units, and for Americans to furnish helicopters and air transport lift, combat air training, communications, and every possible form of aid short of combat units.

The economic front was equally important. A smaller but extraordinarily dedicated group of civilian Americans went into the dangerous countryside, unarmed and often unescorted, to help in the creation of fortified hamlets that soon became, and remain, a key feature of strategy. They brought to the villages the schools, fertilizer, wells, pigs, and other improvements that meant so much and would serve to show the government's concern for its people.

Under the advisory concept, the American strength in South Viet Nam rose to 12,000 by mid-1962 and eventually to the present 23,000. With our help, the South Viet Namese began to reverse the slow tide of growing Communist gains. By the spring of 1963, things seemed to be on the upswing, in the judgment of experienced observers from third countries.

Yet the present leaders wrestle today with a sustained internal security crisis brought on by the Viet Cong aggression, which has been slowly extending the areas of Communist control in the countryside, and the pace of guerilla and terrorist activity.

Resolution of the political situation is central to turning the war around and restoring an independent and secure South Viet Nam. That task must essentially be done by the Viet Namese people under a government that unites the divergent political interest groups and that gives effective direction to the campaign against the Viet Cong.



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KRISHNAVATARA

The Righteous War

THE BOOK OF BHEEMA

CHAPTER 14

Rekhaa's Mission

IN reply to Bheema's query on the situation in Hastinapur, Baliya lowered his voice and, in a conspiratorial whisper, said: 'Duryodhana has threatened to commit suicide if he is appointed the Yuvaraj under the Eldest or asked to take charge of any other principality.'

Bheema's eyes danced merrily. 'He will never commit suicide, take it from me. I will be glad if he does so. I am dying to repay the debt and give him obsequial offerings. When I was burnt to death at Varnavat, he did it for me. What does Grandfather feel about it?'

'He is determined to install the Eldest as the King. He is very unhappy at having banished you to Varnavat out of fear of a fratricidal war. He wants to expiate for the sin.'

'What about Uncle Dhritaraashtra?' asked Bheema.

'As weak and vacillating as ever, shedding tears whenever difficulties face him,' said Baliya, with a smile.

'What about Dushaasana, Karna and Aswatthaama? I did not see them at the reception.'

'Karna and Aswatthaama are leaving Hastinapur no sooner the Eldest is installed the King. Dushaasana has threatened Grandfather that, if the Eldest becomes the King, he and his brothers would leave Hastinapur and go to live with their maternal grandfather, Subala, at Gaandhara.'

'That is very good. We must help them to leave Hastinapur as early as possible,' said Bheema. 'Are they going to resist the installation?'

'How can they?' replied Baliya with

a grin. Grandfather has issued a mandate that anyone responsible for any untoward incident happening before the Eldest is installed, would be banished from Hastinapur.'

'What about the Kuru warriors?' asked Bheema.

'Grandfather called them together and got a pledge from them to support the installation of the Eldest.'

'That is good,' said Bheema.

'But you, little master, have outwitted them all,' said Baliya with pride. 'You have brought with you such a formidable contingent of warriors headed by Vaasudeva and Balaraama that no one would dare to create trouble.'

'That was my doing,' said Bheema, happy with himself. 'I pressed Krishna to come here with all the guests. I got Drupad, our father-in-law, to give us as big a force as he could. If the enemies raise so much as a finger against us, I will.....' By a sweeping gesture, he conveyed how he would smash their heads.

He put his finger on his forehead and, as a new thought struck him, asked with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes: 'Baliya, can you help them to leave Hastinapur before they change their mind?' After a pause, he added: 'Can your kinsman be relied upon?'

'Certainly, little master. I have already consulted them. If need be, we are ready to lay down our lives for you,' replied Baliya. 'To live under Duryodhana is not a happy lot. His uncle Shakuni's spies are everywhere. Some of our people had decided to go back to our homeland, when you, little master, and your brothers were brought back to life.'

'How many bullock carts do you and your kinsmen possess?'

'Over 200.'

'Can you send your kinsmen with their carts to Dushaasana day after tomorrow, early in the morning?' asked Bheema.

'Yes, I can. But why? What should they do?'

Bheema had a sly expression on his face. 'They should go to Dushaasana and say: "Master, we learn that you are leaving for Gaandhara. We have come to cart away your belongings."'

'That would be great fun!' exclaimed Baliya, rubbing his wrinkled palms against each other vigorously. 'But, if Dushaasana asks as to who told them to come, what should they say?'

Bheema thought for a while, patted the back of Baliya and said airily: 'Tell him that these are the orders of the venerable Grandfather. Nobody would have the courage to go and enquire of him whether he issued the orders or not,' said Bheema. Both of them laughed heartily.

Maalaa waddled in apologetically to carry away the banana leaf in which the meal had been served to Bheema. 'Father,' she addressed her father-in-law, 'Rekhaa, the foster-mother of Princess Bhanumati, wants to see you urgently. She is waiting outside.'

'What does she want to see me for? Ask her to wait till my little master leaves,' said Baliya.

'She says that she wants to meet you when the little master is here,' replied Maalaa. 'She has an urgent message to give him.'

Bheema was surprised. 'What does she want with me? It must be some trick of Duryodhana's. Let us see what it is. Ask her to come in.'

Maalaa ushered in Rekhaa and left. Bhanumati's nurse prostrated herself before the Prince and Baliya, and invited by Bheema, squatted before them.

'Are you the foster-mother of Bhanumati?' asked Bheema.

'Yes, lord.'

'When did you come to Hastinapur?' asked Bheema.

'I came here with the noble Princess of Kaashi when she came here after her marriage, lord.'

'What do you want?' asked Bheema.

Rekhaa looked on all sides to ascertain that no one was within earshot and, in a low voice, said: 'A lady who wants to remain unknown wants to meet you, lord.'

Bheema, with mock solemnity, threw up his hands in despair: 'Oh, great God, why do women persist in pursuing me? Can I not have some peace?'

Having expressed his helplessness and invoked divine guidance, he asked: 'Rekhaa, why does she want to meet me?'

'I was told only this much by the noble lady: "Rekhaa, go and tell King Vrikodara that I want to meet him. I want to see him in a matter of life and death."'

Bheema's face dissolved in smiles. There could only be one woman in Hastinapur who would refer to him as King Vrikodara—Jalandhar*aa*, the Princess of the flying, lotus feet. But he wanted to be sure that the message really came from her.

'King Vrikodara!' Bheema exclaimed. 'Is she a Rakshasi by any means?' he asked.

'No, no,' replied Rekhaa. 'The noble lady is an Aryaa, young and beautiful.'

'If she is married, I won't meet her in the absence of her husband,' said Bheema sententiously. 'The Master, the Best of Sages, has taken a pledge from me never to see married women alone. Such meetings are dangerous.'

Baliya laughed, and slyly looking at Bheema, asked: 'Little master, dangerous for the woman or the man?'

'Ah, it is a difficult question. So far as I am concerned, the danger is always to me; every moment I fear that I am being fascinated,' replied Bheema and laughed uproariously. Then he returned to Rekhaa and asked: 'I ask you again: is the young lady married?'

'The noble lady is unmarried, lord,' said Rekhaa, who could not suppress a smile.

'Ah, that is worse,' said Bheema expansively. 'Go and tell her that King Vrikodara is in the habit of eating a young lady as part of his morning meal.' His eyes twinkled merrily as he recollected his talk with Jalandhar*aa* in Drupad's palace.

Baliya and Rekhaa laughed irrepressibly.

'Where and when will you see her, lord?' asked Rekhaa. 'The noble lady wants to see you alone and urgently.'

'I don't like young ladies meeting me secretly,' he replied. 'It will ruin my reputation, or whatever is left of it,' Bheema remarked.

'The noble lady was sure that you would see her. She said: "King Vrikodara always helps people in distress."'

'I know, I know. I always do it. But every time I have done it, I have placed myself in difficulty,' said Bheema, and continued: 'All right, I will make an exception in this case. Will you tell the lady to come to Baliya's house just about the time the drums announce midnight?* But, will your 'noble lady' have the courage to come at that time of the night?'

'She will, I am sure,' said Rekhaa. 'I will be with her.'

'I will tell you what you should do,' said old Baliya. 'Maalaa returns to the Akhada after the Most Venerable Mother goes to bed some time before midnight. I would ask her to wait for you and the noble lady near the gate of the backyard of the mansion in which the Venerable Mother lives. Someshwar will be there to escort you.'

After Rekhaa left, Baliya asked Bheema: 'Little master, I want you to confer a favour on me.'

'What is it? Ask and it shall be given unto you,' said Bheema, in a lordly manner.

Baliya lowered his voice: 'All these years, I have waited to have the *darshan* of Lord Krishna V*aa*sudeva. You must arrange for me to pay him my respects. This is my only opportunity in life.'

Bheema assumed an injured air. 'Even you, old Baliya, have gone mad after my cousin?' protested Bheema.

'Don't forget, little master, that he is the greatest expert in *mull vidya* (the lore of wrestling). At sixteen, he destroyed the powerful *mulls*, Kamsa and Chanur. I wish he would bless my *Akhada* by having a wrestling bout here.'

'All right, have your way. I will send Gopu to fetch you when a suitable opportunity arises tomorrow. I will get him here to wrestle with me or your son Someshwar or Gopu, if you like. You know he holds me in great affection and respect and I treat him as my pet younger brother.'

'Oh, if he blesses my *Akhada*, I would not have lived in vain.'

After leaving Baliya's house, Bheema crossed over to the large, spacious grounds on which stood the mansions occupied by the royal family. His steps were springier than ever. The prospect of seeing the Princess of the flying, lotus feet by herself at night brought a warm glow to his body. The face of Jalandhar*aa*, as she lay in his arms with her head on his shoulder when he carried her to Dhaumya's *ashram* at Utkochaka, rose before him.

The palace grounds were full of people who had come in the procession and stayed back to pay their salutations to the distinguished guests or to join the banquet which was to follow. Cries of victory were heard from some parts of the ground now and again; the distant rumble of drums could still be heard.

The grounds wore a festive look and the heart of Bheema was full of exultation.

The palace grounds were shaded by the ample foliage of ancient trees, some of which Bheema recognised as his old friends. He had climbed several of them in his boyhood. Heartily, though silently, he greeted them.

As the first mansion which he came to was that of the Most Venerable Mother, he decided to pay her his respects.

[*To be continued*]

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* In ancient India, the lapse of each *muhurt* (one hour and a half) was announced in palaces, temples and camps by the beat of drums and blowing of fifes.

The Greatest Personality I have Known in My Life

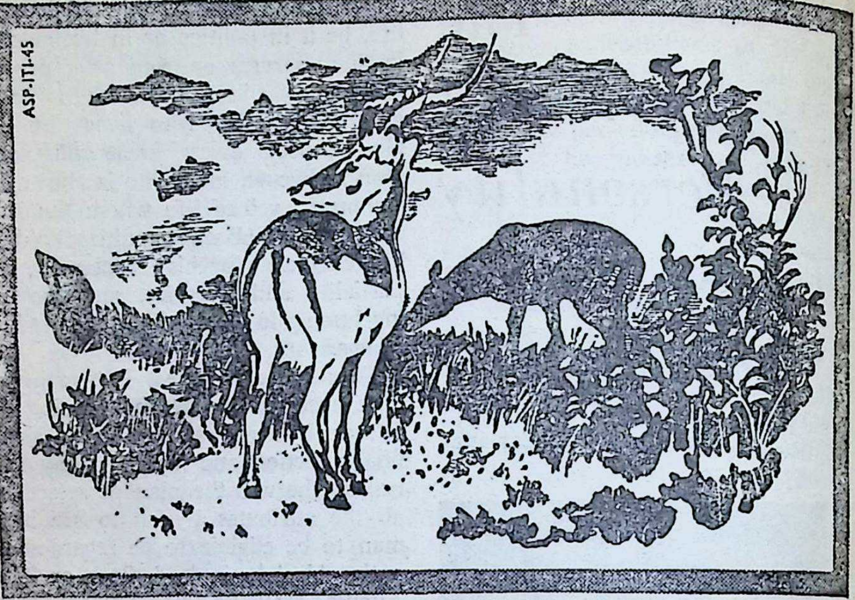
General K. M. Cariappa

"GREAT Personalities" and "Greatest Personalities" to my way of assessment of a person's eligibility to be regarded as such is not merely that man on whom God had or has given His blessings to have the opportunities to hold high offices in life, be it in politics or in business or in State service or even as a private individual. I regard him to be a great personality who lives the life God expects every great and good man to live—a man who is above the common level of life whom the rich and poor of all communities hold in high esteem for his efficiency, impartiality and integrity, and for being human in his dealings with fellow beings.

To me the Greatest Personality I have ever known in my life is my Father. I do not say this out of sheer filial affection and loyalty. I say this because he was the man possessed of all the attributes I wish to see in a man to be eligible to be regarded as such. Alas! he is dead. Born on 28th August 1869 he died on 1st May 1954. Death came to him with no pain and lingering. A brief period of three days' illness and then he left us for ever.

My Father was blessed with inexhaustible goodwill for all—consideration for the well-being and good of the other man. He bore no ill will to anyone—not even to one who may have been ungrateful or disloyal to him. He was kind to his "enemies" because he always was armed with the strong weapon of himself being a man of very high integrity, of honesty, of truthfulness. Bribery and corruption, with words or material gifts, used to drive him wild with rage.

He was a man with a great sense of duty. Fifty years ago when there was hardly a motor vehicle in Coorg —everyone rode horses. One eve-



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ning he had news of the death of one of his very close elderly relatives whose house was some twenty miles away. It was getting dark. The following morning he had an important inspection. He was determined to pay his last homage to his departed relative and he certainly was not going to have the inspection cancelled. So he rode during the night the twenty miles to see the last of his relative and rode back twenty miles to be "on parade" for the inspection. Duty done.

On another occasion a very close friend of his whom he had known for many years was to be tried for some civil offence, by him as a Magistrate in his court. He had his friend to a meal in his house before the trial. Nothing was discussed then about the case. In the afternoon at the trial he found the man guilty, convicted him and sentenced him to three months imprisonment. There was no condoning of the crime because the offender was an old friend of his. When the man came out of prison he had him to a quite meal in his house. This to me is the highest sense of duty.

He was very strict on discipline; punctuality, good morals, correctness in one's turn-out. Prompt obedience of orders and implementation and observing of policies and methods laid down in public and in private life were all a MUST to him in everyone. He set an example in this respect —one hundred per cent. He always said what he meant and meant what he said. He abhorred flattery, hypocrisy and insincerity.

Asking for favours and being under someone else's obligation were most repugnant to him. I well remember his telling me: "My son, live your life on your own merits. Do not ever ask for favours, nor be under anyone's obligation." This was a great helpful commandment to me in my life. He could look anyone straight in the face with a clear conscience. He never once used his authority to be vindictive to his subordinates or to "feather his own nest" or to favour his own relatives and friends. He protected the "less fortunate ones" in life in whatever humble manner he could. He was under no one's obligation not even of God, because he lived and led the life which God expects all good and great men to do. He was religious without being fanatically orthodox. He respected all religions. He never had the slightest tinge of ever being communally minded. All classes of people, were they Hindus or Muslims or Christians, received his blessings and help if they needed it—provided they were good people. He preached and led a life of self-respect and dignity.

His service to the country in pre-freedom days was confined only to the boundaries of our small state of Coorg. I do not know of any single person who was loved and respected by almost everyone, rich and poor, of all classes, both during his life time and after his death as my Father was and is.

So my Father is the Greatest personality I have ever known in my life.

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The author with Sri and Smt. Abhaya Khatau and Sri Pohekar in Israel.

I Meet the President

LILAVATI MUNSHI

AFTER visiting the garden, we went to the Ruppin Agricultural Institute. We had our lunch there. A young American who had newly joined one of the Kibbutz for a refresher course met us at lunch. It is not only the man with high degrees, but also practical workers in the field who are allowed to join this institute. After a talk with the head of the Institute, we went to the College horticultural garden under the charge of Ruth Benjamin—a very nice person. We had a good exchange of ideas on flowers and trees.

Before reaching Tel Aviv, we went to an Agricultural school at Kfar Batia of Rannana Village to see Mrs. Hemi's sons. The mother had asked me to see them. We met the boys. The ground of the institution was well cultivated and gave a landscape-like appearance.

When we reached Tel Aviv, it was evening and quite dark. After dinner we went to see a drama called 'The King and the Cobbler'. It was a drama on the life of King Solomon, the wise. It was beautifully presented.

There are many communities in Israel. Besides Jews there are Arabs, Christians and Dreuz. They get the

Continued from last issue

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same education and other facilities as the Jews. Their children are allowed to have their own religious instructions. The education is universal and compulsory. At the age of 18, all boys and girls have compulsorily to undergo military training, boys for 26 months and girls for 18 months. As all young people get military training, they can be mobilised at any given moment. It enables Israel to dispense with a big standing army.

Next day, we went to see Mrs. Beba Idleson, Deputy Speaker of the Knesset (Parliament), who is also the Chairman of Women Workers' Council of 'Histadrut' (labour organisation). I found her very efficient and kindly. Thousands of women are members of the women's wing, which runs a number of social welfare organisations. After talking to me for some time, she introduced me to another elderly lady. After explaining the work of the Council for some time, she took us out to see some of the institutions the Women's Council was running—an orphanage, a Kindergarten school and a girls' vocational school where with general education, other arts and crafts like dress-making, hair-dressing etc. are taught. All these institutions appear to be well run. I may add here that nobody outside Israel is allowed to adopt an orphan child, for Israel needs all the man-power.

In the afternon, we went to see the Maskit which is a home craft development centre. The place was like our cottage Industries Emporium. The display was very good, but I think our Indian home crafts are in no way inferior, if not better.

In the evening, accompanied by Mrs. Velerian—I doubt if I remember the name rightly—I went to see some centres run by the Wizo, which is another big voluntary social women workers' association. First we went to a women's meeting where I was made to speak a few words, and then to a youth centre, where all the children of the locality come every evening, play games, or learn crafts like carpentry, clay-making, weaving, dress-making, or read in a library. This way they are kept out of the streets.

On the 17th, we started to go to Jerusalem. Both sides of the road were dotted with prosperous towns and villages.

There is a road near Jerusalem passing between the hills. I was surprised to see every now and then broken motor cars on each side of the road. On each one of them, dried flowers and wreaths were seen. On enquiry I found that these were monuments of the heroes of the siege at Jerusalem. These heroes were going at night with food and water to sustain the people of Jerusalem. Arabs from both sides of the hills shot at them. Many of them fell at different points. Even then, some of the heroes reached Jerusalem with provisions and sustained the fight. The story is a saga of heroism. The broken cars which carried these heroes have been put on both sides of the roads and kept as monuments. Dates are written on them or on roadside stones and the members of the family of the deceased as well as others put flowers on those monuments on the dates of their death or on Indepen-

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dence day. No better memorial could be thought of.

We reached the Hebrew University at 9 a.m. in the morning. It is on a hill commanding the view all round. A lady guide was waiting for us and took us round and showed us the halls, the library with a million books, beautiful grounds, spacious halls and what not. Everything latest in the line of study and invention can be found in this temple of learning. We spent some time with Prof. Ayalon, the head of the Department of Asian Studies and with Dr. Gelblum who had stayed in India for two and half years and had spent a few months in Vinoba Bhave's company. He had also written an article on Gandhiji, a copy of which he gave me. Thereafter we went to a museum which is being built. We were shown round the empty halls by a lady professor who explained what they were going to do when the building was ready. Both these are fabulous places.

We also went to visit 'Yad Vashem' which is a Martyrs' memorial to commemorate those who were killed by the Nazis during the war. It was a very solemn place, but I do not know how to describe it properly. Probably I saw the place next day.

At 12 we reached the hotel. Mr. Yerucham Cohen, Deputy Director, Asian Department, Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and Mr. Dov Pashtan, Department of International Cooperation, Ministry of Foreign Affairs, both came to lunch. We talked about many things including agriculture. They were nice and were interested in the Bhavan's agricultural project. They said they would come the next Sunday to meet me again.

I was supposed to call on Mrs. Golda Meir, Minister of Foreign Affairs, the same evening as she had invited me to the International Conference. But two or three days before I came to Jerusalem, she was taken ill and removed to the hospital. During the time of my stay, she was in the hospital and not allowed to see anyone. I therefore missed meeting that great woman.

After lunch at about 4, we again started and went to see the border dividing Jerusalem in two parts. The distant hills, buildings and the old church on the Jordan side were visible on the horizon.

Thereafter at 5, we went to Knesset (Parliament) building where I was invited by Mrs. Beba Idleson, the Deputy Speaker. She is of Russian origin.

The present Parliament house is small. A new one is being built. A member was asking questions. After sitting in the Speaker's gallery for some time where Mrs. Idleson joined us, we went to the members' gallery and took tea with her.

After leaving Knesset, we went to a departmental store.

On the 18th morning, I called on the President, Mr. Zalman Shazar, and his wife who gave me an interview for about 45 minutes. He was very much interested in the talk about India and suggested an exchange in the cultural and educational fields. He also showed eagerness to cultivate friendship with India. Mr. Gabbriel Doron, Director of the President's Office, who was for some years the

Consul General of Israel in Bombay. Mr. Cohen and Mrs. Erman were present.

The President and his wife are very kindly persons. Mrs. Shazar is an editor of a women's magazine, and herself an author.

The President's house was not very ostentatious. It was well-furnished, but probably not bigger than some of our Deputy Minister's houses at New Delhi.

After seeing the President, we went to a family and community health centre. A member of Hadassah was waiting for us.

After that, we went to see Hadassah Hebrew University Medical Centre. A hospital is attached to the medical college. The building design and the equipment are the latest. At one end is the hospital and the other half is the College. One can go round the whole building without coming out of it. In the general ward, each room has only four beds. The oxygen concealed in the wall near each bed comes out from an instrument. Each bed has a radio connection as well as a telephone system through which the patient can communicate with the nurse or the doctor. The doctors also have a small gadget in their pockets for radio telephone communication. They get messages through this telephone wherever they are and can go to any part of the building whenever they are wanted.

This is one of the best hospitals I have seen. In this hospital there were a number of women voluntary workers from Hadassah—another voluntary women social workers' organisation with a membership of thousands—who come daily to help the hospital staff. They also run many institutions throughout the country.

Thereafter we visited a vocational high school for girls where I met Mrs. Laudau, the chairman, the wife of Chief Justice Laudau who tried Ichman—the famous killer of Jews, Mrs. Myriam Granott, the former Chairman, Mrs. Mimi Jaeger probably the Vice-Principal of the school and some other ladies. This school is very well equipped. Here girls are taught weaving and even carpentry. They produce very good finished articles. They are also taught cooking to which a restaurant is attached. The cooking and the management of this restaurant can be well compared with our College of Catering in Bombay.

In the evening we went to a lady's meeting in a private house. A lady from South Africa was speaking and demonstrating the flower arrangement which was the subject for the evening. Her flower arrangement and demonstration were both excellent.

At night we went to see a cinema called "Fall of the Roman Empire". Too much of cruelty and killing is shown in the picture. Mr. and Mrs. Abhaya Khatau and Mr. Pohekar met us in the lobby.

Mr. Khatau's exhibition of painting was to be held on the 22nd. They told me that they were going to Beersheva and Dead Sea the next day. I was also going in the same direction. I expressed a wish that it would be better if we all went together. So, on the 19th at 11 a.m. instead of going with Mrs. Erman I started with Mr. and Mrs. Khatau and Mr. Pohekar with a common programme for two or three days. Our guide was Mr. Raphel. [*To be continued*]

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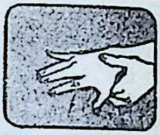

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Maha Sivaratri

M. V. Sridatta Sarma

THE term Siva is indicative of prosperity and fortune (*Kalyana*), which in its turn is expressive of or synonymous with deliverance (*Muktivachaka*) from the trammels of empirical or mundane existence. When one is deeply immersed in sorrow, the mere utterance of the term Siva will ward off all ills. Says the *Brahmavaivarta Purana* thus:

पापघ्ने वर्तते शिश्च वश्च मुक्तिप्रदे तथा ।
पापघ्ने मोक्षदो नृणां शिवस्तेन प्रकीर्तितः ।।

"The syllable शि is indicative of the removal of sins, while व denotes emancipation from worldly ties."

—*Brahma Khanda*, Ch. VI

By virtue of the functions that He performs—destruction of straits as also the conferment of beatitude—He is known as Siva.

Again:

शिवेति च शिवं नाम यस्यवाचि प्रवर्तते ।
कोटि जन्मार्जितं पापं तस्य नश्यति निश्चितम् ।।

By the utterance of the word Siva with devotion, it is quite certain that all sins accrued by a being in several births will be liquidated.

In Madhaviya (*Skanda*), it is mentioned that there cannot be a more exalted form of worship than that of the Supreme Spirit (Paratpara) on the Sivaratri.

In *Vipra Sruti,* Siva gives directions to His spouse Uma thus: "Oh chaste lady, one should observe with devotion the worship of Siva on the Sivaratri".

"The seas may dry up; the lofty Himalayas may shrink in size, or both the seas and mountains may change their positions. But the worship of Siva on the Sivaratri will remain constant. Any of my devotees, who observes a fast on the Sivaratri obtains for himself a high position (*ganatva*), which is of an everlasting nature. After enjoying all pleasures in life, the devotee will obtain for himself deliverance. He will enjoy bliss with Siva." (*Skandapurana*).

Says the *Sivapurana* thus: "A person, who remains awake without sleep on Siva's night (Sivaratri) will eventually hold an equal position with Siva, even though he does not offer worship."

Sri Appayya Dixitar in his *Kuvalayananda* hints about the merit that is accrued to a person by observing Jagarana on the Sivaratri.

(रात्रिः शिवा काचन सन्निधत्ते विलोचनेः जागृतमप्रमत्ते। समानधर्मायुवयोः सकाशे सखा भविष्यत्यचिरेण कश्चित्॥)

The offering of *bilva* leaves to Lord Siva on Sivaratri is held to be efficacious. It is said that the aspirant will live for such tenure consistent with the leaves offered. In short, he will be blessed with longevity.

The worship of Siva in Chaitra or Magha month is enunciated in the *Brahmavaivarta Purana*. It may be for the full month, or a fortnight, or ten days, a week or a single day. But certainly will such worship bring forth its own reward.

In the *Atharvasikha Upanisad,* it is laid down that if a person concentrates for an instant in the ether of his heart on Siva steadily, he will attain greater merit than could be achieved by a hundred and seventy-four sacrifices. It is this person, who could realise the path of Omkara, by the knowledge of which the fruits of all the paths of knowledge and meditation could be gained.

Meditating on Siva, counting the beads repeating the sacred five-lettered mantra (नमःशिवाय) is considered to be efficacious in warding off all sins and evils. A description of this sacred *mantra* is contained in the Chidambara Rahasya of the *Parasara Samhita* (*Skanda Purana*). It is stated that this *mantra* had its origin from the feathers of the parrot held by Devi. The five syllables in their turn signify the five faces of Siva or the five elements. Their import is as follows: न stands for Isaṇa and indicates Akasa or ether. मः denotes Tatpurusha, symbolising Vayu or air. शि corresponds to Aghora or the fire element. वा denotes the watery element or Vamadeva. य is the Sadyojata or the element of the earth. The five faces of Siva also indicate the Pancakrtyas or His five-fold activity: projection, maintenance, dissolution, veiling or covering (*Avarana*) and removal (Tirodhana) as described in the *Saiva Siddhanta*. They also convey the idea of the five *tanmatras* i.e. the subtle and primary elements: *Sabda* (sound), *Sparsa* (touch), *Rupa* (form), *Rasa* (taste) and *Gandha* (odour). The five faces are also called Panchabrahmas.

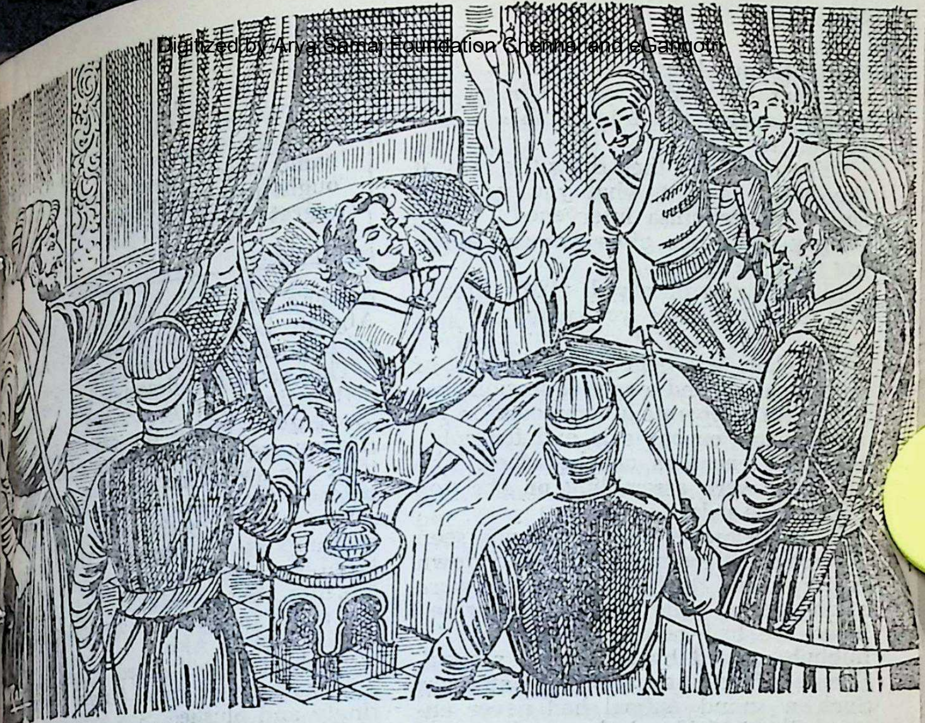
"A person who always mutters the prayers with the *mantra* of the Panchaksari, or in whose tip of the tongue lies this sacred *mantra* will lead an accomplished life. No matter if such person is in distress, or expelled from society, or reduced to wretchedness, or is born in the lowest rung of society. He will in the long run attain the final beatitude by the recital of the five-syllabled Vidya, which is indicative of knowledge and illumination." (Vimalagama: *Panchaksari Kalpa.*)

Says that person who has the intuitive perception thus:

शिवो दाता शिवो भोक्ता शिवः सर्वमिदं जगत्।
शिवो यजति यज्ञैश्च यः शिवः सोऽहमेव च॥

"This Siva is the giver and it is Siva that is the enjoyer. It is Siva that extends Himself in this entire Universe (by His manifestations). It is Siva that performs the Sacrifice. For that matter, I am that Siva alone."

—*Saivagama*



....four daggers pointed at his heart....

Noorjehan

A Short Story

continued from last issue

Ranjit Desai

Translated from the Marathi Original by R. K. Dalal

IV

IT was morning. The most powerful Iranian nobleman, Sardar Ali Kulkhan was coming with his retinue to pay respects to Akbar. He was known by the name of Sher-e-Afghan.

He was coming into the city along the banks of the Jamuna when he heard the clatter of horses' hoofs in the distance. He turned his eyes in the direction from which the noise came. He saw a white horse galloping through the bushes. It took him a while to find that the rider of the horse was not a man, but a lady.

He again saw the same horse galloping ahead of him. At a sign from him the retinue also spurred their horses to overtake the rider in front of him. The hoofs of the horses raised a cloud of dust. The two horses raced, until in the twinkling of an eye, Sher-e-Afghan overtook the white horse ridden by the lady. He took hold of the lady's horse. The lady was no other than Meherunnisa, and he was struck by her extraordinary beauty and looked at her completely charmed.

"Leave off my rein," Meherunnisa demanded.

The words brought him to his senses. He left off the rein and said: "I thought..."

"What did you think?"

"I was proceeding towards the fort. I suddenly heard the clatter of hoofs. I saw the horses galloping away. I thought your horse had perhaps shied and that if I didn't run to help, you might possibly get into trouble. So I rushed to help."

"You came and then drew the rein of the horse, is that what you want to say?" Meherunnisa intervened.

They could see other horses galloping towards them.

Meherunnisa observed: "My friends are following. Now you may go."

* * *

The court was held on the 'minar' of an old palace, and a special session was held with a separate accommodation for the 'zenana' on one side and for noble men and courtiers on the other. The courtiers were assembling on the top floor of the palace.

Down below in the trench was seen a ferocious tiger moving up and down roaring aloud, and all assembled were staring at his yellow and black striped body. He had become restive at the hubbub created by the crowd around. Sher-e-Afghan had brought that tiger. Such a grand animal had never entered Shahi Maidan before and no one could say who would succeed in the fight between an elephant and the tiger.

Just then the Emperor was announced and everybody looked in that direction. All bowed their heads respectfully to the King who acknowledged the greetings with a raised hand. Seating himself on the throne, Akbar called for Sher-e-Afghan. Sher-e-Afghan bowed before the Emperor, who addressed him: "You have brought an excellent animal. You must have undergone a lot of trouble to capture and bring him here, isn't it?"

"In the service of Your Majesty nothing is too difficult."

Just then a sharp gust of wind blew inside the Court. As the clothes fluttered among the 'zenana' section, there was a little squall. Amongst the ladies present was also Meherunnisa. Her scarf flew off with the veil. Her face was uncovered and her beauty flashed among the spectators like a diamond.

That blue scarf had flown out in the open. Sher-e-Afghan, who was standing nearby, had a full view of Meher. Akbar's eyes caught the sight. Sher-e-Afghan bowed to Akbar and Akbar acknowledged the courtesy.

A CORRECTION

In the last issue the author's name was wrongly printed. It ought to be Sri Ranjit Desai. We regret the error.

—Ed.

That scarf had descended in the cage of the tiger, and to retrieve it, one had to venture inside the cage. Sher-e-Afghan, without a moment's hesitation, took his sword between his teeth and entered the cage. When the tiger saw someone entering the cage, he got ready to jump at the intruder. There was a terrible growl. Before he could pounce on him, Sher-e-Afghan had retrieved the scarf and the veil and placed them at the feet of Akbar.

"Meherunnisa!" called Akbar.

Meherunnisa came forward hesitatingly and blushed. She took her scarf and veil and quietly returning to her seat, quickly wore the scarf round her head and lowered the veil.

Turning to Sher-e-Afghan, the Emperior said, "Sher-e-Afghan, you are indeed brave like a tiger. We are pleased. Ask for a boon and it shall be given."

Sher-e-Afghan's face was radiant. Turning for a moment his glance towards the ravishing beauty of Meherunnisa, he replied:

"Your Majesty, to be able to win the admiration of an Emperor is enough reward for me. But lest my silence be taken as impolite, I..."

"Ask, Sher—don't be embarrassed in the least," he said.

"If it pleases your Majesty, I crave the hand of that beauty, whose sight is enough for me to defy hundred deaths."

"Well done, Sher-e-Afghan!" exclaimed Akbar.

He sent for Ghyasbeg, who came before him and bowing low, asked: "What may your Majesty's command be?" he said.

"Ghyasbeg, our Meherunnisa is now of a marriageable age. She should be settled in life with a good husband. This Sher-e-Afghan, one of our noblemen, is a suitable match for her. Have you any objection if I give her in marriage to him?"

With head bowed respectfully, Ghyasbeg said: "Meherunnisa is your daughter, Your Majesty. Do as your Majesty thinks fit."

A smile flickered on the face of Akbar. He turned to Sher-e-Afghan and said: "Sher-e-Afghan, to-day we give our dear daughter's hand in marriage to you. You are not only a nobleman of this Court, but we appoint you as Governor of Burdwan from to-day."

Sher-e-Afghan bowed thrice before Akbar in acknowledgment.

During this disturbance no one noticed how Meherunnisa slipped out of the Court.

Two days later Meherunnisa's marriage was celebrated. Meherunnisa became the wife of the Governor of Burdwan.

Taking Meherunnisa with him, Sher-e-Afghan left for Burdwan with his retinue. The King had given his choice elephant to the couple for the journey, so that his darling daughter may have a comfortable long journey. Sher-e-Afghan was on horseback while Meherunnisa was riding the elephant. But the sultry weather and the dodling seat on the elephant had tired Meherunnisa out.

When they camped at a place in the evening Meherunnisa felt a little better. The constant ringing of the bell hanging from the elephant as he trudged along also had frayed her nerves. She was resting in her tent. Candles had been lighted in the camp. Rich carpets had been spread. Maids were moving about. Meherunnisa rested on a couch, while her maids were waving the fan to make her cool and comfortable. Just then Sher-e-Afghan entered her tent. The maids left the place with bowed heads. Meherunnisa, who had closed her eyes, opened them and saw Sher-e-Afghan before her. She got up from her resting position and sat up.

Sher-e-Afghan said: "You must be dead tired, aren't you?"

Meherunnisa gazed at Sher-e-Afghan, his flowing hair, pointed nose, his fine skin and bright eyes.

"What are you looking at?" he asked her.

She got up from her couch and said: "I am looking at you, of course!"

"Why?" he asked. "What is there to look at in me?"

"There is a lot," she replied; "one who could by presenting a tiger to the King capture a tigress—such a person must indeed be an extraordinary one."

At these words, Sher-e-Afghan came near Meherunnisa and asked: "I do not understand you." So saying, he lifted her bent face by the chin and asked "What do you mean?"

"I am not accustomed to flatter women," he added a little gravely. "Do not, therefore, expect me to flatter you. I have won you through your consent at the hands of His Majesty. Not only have I played with my life in order to secure you, but I always try to capture what my heart craves for. I don't care two hoots for others. To-day you are tired—rest; but remember I shall not tolerate any such liberties with me again. Do you understand?"

So saying, he let Meherunnisa's raised face drop and quietly left the tent. Meherunnisa was stroking her chin that Sher's stern fingers had lifted up, and she had been terribly cut up by his rough words of insult. She collapsed on the couch and began to weep.

Next day when the order was given for departure, Meherunnisa put on her veil and came out of her tent. She glanced at the elephant she had to ride.

V

JUST then she heard the clatter of an approaching horse. She saw him coming, through her veil. Drawing near, he dismounted and said: "Begum, don't ride the elephant to-day. The camp has already proceeded further and these men will come later."

Meherunnisa didn't understand the arrangement. At a sign from Sher-e-Afghan, two horses were brought duly

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stirrupped and saddled. Pointing to Meherunnisa one of these, he said: "Mount."

Casting a further glance at her husband, she mounted the horse, followed by another. When Meherunnisa and her husband had mounted, both the horses began to gallop forward.

After covering a short distance, Sher-e-Afghan said: "Begum, there is nobody else here—why not throw off the veil."

At this, she uncovered her face. She was dressed in a silk blouse and close narrow-fitted pyjamas. She arranged her braid and casting a glance at her husband, spurred the horse into a sharp gallop, closely followed by her husband. For some time as the two horses sped like arrows, you could not hear the clatter of their hoofs. As Sher-e-Afghan's horse tried to overtake her's, she egged on her horse to outstrip. Just then a brook appeared and the horse had to jump to negotiate it. When the horse jumped across, the right forefoot of the horse got stuck up in soft mud and Meherunnisa was flung with an impact on the grass sward on one side. Sher-e-Afghan followed her and she thought he would dismount to come to her and lift her up. But he did nothing. He stood there, laughing at her. Angry and insulted, she too forgot to get up but kept watching him on the horse.

Sher-e-Afghan, with a laugh said: "Begum, to ride a horse is not always a safe game. If one falls, one quietly lifts himself up without a care for one's injuries. You should hold the rein of your horse. You are fortunate that the horse is still standing near you."

Meherunnisa was surprised at the indifference of her husband and his rude behaviour. "Now, get up, will you?" ordered her husband.

At these words she picked herself up and stood straight, though her right foot had been sprained, which fact she didn't want to show up. Her horse also began to limp. She found that the horse had injured its right leg.

"What's the matter?" asked Sher-e-Afghan.

"The horse limps," she said.

The irony on the face of Sher-e-Afghan had not disappeared. She could not bear his look. "We have still to cover a long distance."

"What then?" she asked.

"There is one way out. The day is advancing further. If you agree to sit on my horse in front of me, we can travel at ease. If you don't mind, we can both travel comfortably together. Do it if you prefer it, otherwise the only way left is walk with your limping mount."

Meherunnisa said nothing, but approached where Sher-e-Afghan's horse was standing, and stood before him with downcast eyes. He bent from his horse and lifted her up in an instant. The next moment she was riding in front of Sher-e-Afghan. The other horse was led by the rein and so the horse with double riders moved forward. Sher-e-Afghan had his left hand entwined round her, but Meherunnisa was not happy with his touch.

"Will the horse's leg be well again?" she asked.

Laughingly he replied: "What if it doesn't? It is a noble animal. Only, it may feel embarrassed to show its limping leg to the world."

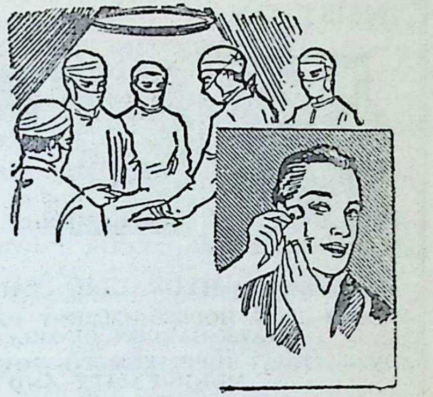
"I don't understand you," said Meherunnisa.

"Begum, look, your leg was sprained, but did you show it?"

Meherunnisa felt ashamed. She said nothing.

It was soon midday and becoming hot. She felt uncomfortable at the grip of Sher's fingers on her body. The touch was making her uneasy, though she knew she had been in his embrace all this time. The hand was powerful to protect her. Though mentally she felt the dislike, physically she seemed to feel happy. She almost felt that she needed his manly love. So, she herself didn't know when she slipped her head and rested it against Sher-e-Afghan's chest.

Sher-e-Afghan reached Burdwan with his Begum. She soon lost all her repugnance for him. In fact, she began to feel drawn to him. Days were spent



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One evening the two were sitting on the balcony of their palace when a messenger from Delhi was announced. The messenger presented himself before them, with Akbar's present of sweetmeats for Meher. He had sent them both his good wishes. In the letter he also described his experience of a tiger hunt.

Both were happy to receive a letter from Akbar and the present.

Meherunnisa suddenly asked Sher-e-Afghan, "How adventurous must a tiger hunt be?"

"What danger is there? It is just like the hunting of other wild animals."

Taking Meherunnisa in his embrace, he spoke softly: "You are interested in tiger hunting, aren't you?"

"Can I do it?"

"Why not? But first we must reply to the Emperor's letter." And in order to give a reply to the Emperor's letter, he left the balcony.

A fortnight had elapsed, and one day Sher-e-Afghan said: "Meherunnisa, tomorrow we leave for the hunt."

"What hunt?" she asked.

"The tiger hunt, of course."

"Really?"

"You yourself had expressed the desire to go out hunting a fortnight ago, didn't you? I was busy with State affairs and couldn't fix up one for you."

Next day, with six elephants, hundred mounted horses, Sher-e-Afghan and Meherunnisa set out from Burdwan and after two days of travel they reached the place of hunt. Meherunnisa was surprised to see a place where grass had grown long and thick. While resting in her tent, Sher-e-Afghan told Meherunnisa: "Begum, good news! For the last two days two asses tied up as a decoy have been killed, suggesting the proximity of a tiger in the neighbourhood."

"But why the decoy of an ass?"

Sher-e-Afghan laughed and said: "In order to allure him".

As the days passed, Meherunnisa began to feel nervous.

One day the messenger brought the news of an overnight 'kill' by the tiger. Elephants were kept ready and riders too. The sun was rising above the horizon, when the party moved out.

The elephants went on trumpeting and the party of beaters raised hunt cries. Meherunnisa looked out with wide open eyes, filled with fear and expectation.

Amidst the uproar they heard the growl of a tiger. Elephants had quickened their pace to give a fight. Sher-e-Afghan ordered that his elephant should lead the party.

The tiger was running fast straight. Finding himself at bay he turned back and pounced upon the leading elephant. Finding Sher-e-Afghan in danger, Meherunnisa, who held a gun, fired a shot. The tiger collapsed with a roar.

Sher-e-Afghan offered his own gun to Meherunnisa who was completely terrified to fire once again. So she requested her husband to fire.

"Begum, the 'kill' is yours, you shoot," said Sher-e-Afghan.

Meherunnisa raised her gun. Sher-e-Afghan unsheathed his sword and the mahout spurred the elephant with goad. The wounded tiger got up and took a leap and dug deep his claws into the elephant's flesh. At that instant, Meherunnisa pulled the trigger of her gun and shot at the tiger from a close range. The tiger fell off in a heap.

Meherunnisa kept watching at the wounded tiger at her feet. She was not quite sure of the tiger's death. Sher-e-Afghan, standing behind her, was laughing and spoke exaltingly: "Begum, my congratulations on your 'hunt'."

"Oh! I have hunted a tiger! This is my first quarry, isn't it?"

"Not the first quarry—it is the second," taunted Sher-e-Afghan.

"Second? How?" she queried.

"The first 'kill' was of a tiger on the banks of the Jamuna, where we first met—isn't it?"

At this, Meherunnisa felt abashed. Displeased, she pouted and said: "Now, now, don't try to pull my leg with flattery."

The tiger-hunt demolished whatever

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little dislike she had previously felt against him. They loved each other's company now in complete happiness and love. They often felt that besides the two of them nothing else existed in the world.

In course of time Meher gave birth to a daughter. Their love had by then reached its peak. The girl was fast growing, and when she was three years old she would sit in front of her father on the saddle whenever he was riding a horse.

One afternoon, Sher-e-Afghan and Meherunnisa were playing chess in their palace. The curtains were flapping in the wind. Meherunnisa was leading the game. Sher-e-Afghan was engaged in avoiding a kill of his pawn by a shrewd, diplomatic move. Meherunnisa was gazing intently at her husband's face in order to divert his mind. Sher-e-Afghan moved his 'camel'. At this Meherunnisa gleefully clapped her hands.

"My love! You have lost. I have won!"

"How?" he asked in abashment.

"I will just show you." So saying, she lifted the pawn. Just then, the attendant entered.

"Pardon, Sir, for the intrusion. But sensational news has arrived from Delhi."

"What?" both asked in fear. "Say what it is."

"The Emperor Akbar just breathed his last."

"O God!" So saying, Meherunnisa swooned and fell down on the floor.

Sher-e-Afghan struck his forehead with his hand in despair, and gazing at the rays of the setting sun, exclaimed: "The sun has set, but wherefrom is this light?"

VI

AFTER the death of Akbar, Salim came to the throne and assumed the name Jehangir. He was proclaimed the Emperor of India.

Sher-e-Afghan held a post of high position in the regiment of Salim. So, Sher-e-Afghan was happy at his accession to the throne. He was in fact preparing to go to Delhi for the coronation. He began to collect presents of gold and silver for which Burdwan was famous. Orders were given for these costly presents to be made.

One day, however, Kutubuddin arrived at Burdwan with his troops from Delhi. He was received by Sher-e-Afghan as a royal guest and 'najrana' was offered at his reception. And he brought him in his hall as an honoured guest. Preliminaries over, Kutubuddin said: "The Emperor has a special message for you."

"What is it? Tell me. I am anxious to know what His Majesty says."

"I shall tell you, provided there is no one except you and me in the hall."

Sher-e-Afghan gave a sign to the attendants to leave the hall.

Kutubuddin was in deep thought and embarrassed as to how he should deliver the news, but then he recovered his presence of mind and quietly said: "Sher-e-Afghan, my request to you is to hear me peacefully. Jehangir's desire is that you obtain a divorce from your Begum, for his desire is to make her the Empress of India. If you accept, then the governorship of the whole of Bengal is yours."

Sher-e-Afghan got up angrily and asked him to stop, and instantly his sword came out from the scabbard.

"Silence!" roared Sher-e-Afghan, and immediately hundreds of men drew swords which quickly flashed out of their scabbards.

Kutubuddin protested loudly, saying: "Sher-e-Afghan, better sheath your sword and listen. If you refuse the Emperor's orders, the whole of Burdwan, with you, will be turned to ashes."

Thinking discretion to be the better part of valour, Sher-e-Afghan said: "You go; my reply to these orders will follow."

Kutubuddin thereupon left for his camp.

Sher-e-Afghan got extremely upset and uneasy at the turn of events. For the whole day he kept inside the palace and didn't move out. When Meherunnisa entered the hall, she saw Sher-e-Afghan in a care-worn state.

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and looking at his face, rushed to him and inquired: "What's the matter with you? Aren't you well?"

Heaving a deep sigh, he made Meherunnisa sit by his side, "Begum, sit down by my side. I have to speak to you."

Meherunnisa took her seat. Sher-e-Afghan began addressing Meherunnisa as follows:

"Jehangir has sent Kutubuddin here. Do you know why?"

"No, why?" she asked, becoming curious.

"Jehangir wants you to be his queen and for that reason I should obtain a divorce and send you to Delhi."

Meherunnisa could hear no more, so she requested him not to say any more and began to cry bitterly. "I can't bear to hear any more."

She was trembling all over. They sat there long, watching each other. When she had recovered a little from her shock, he said, "Begum, when Kutubuddin uttered these words, I would have slashed out his tongue, but..."

"But, what?" she queried anxiously.

"I thought I should first sound you and get to know what you think of this proposal. Will you become the Queen of India?"

She could not credit her ears as she heard her husband utter these words, and she firmly said: "I am already a queen here too."

"You will have all the power and prestige of an Empress."

"All these I have already here."

"Begum..."

Before he could say anything, Meherunnisa interrupted and asked: "May I ask you a question?"

"Yes, you are at liberty."

Wiping her eyes that were streaming with tears, she asked: "Is it that you are tired of me?"

Sher-e-Afghan quickly enveloped her in his warm embrace and kissed her, and said: "No, darling, never! Now listen, don't worry at all. Kutubuddin will have his reply tomorrow from me."

"But have you counted the consequences of a refusal?"

"Whatever it be, my sword is ready to fight the force of the Delhi Emperor. I rule here over my kingdom. Delhi is far off. You need have no fear or anxiety. We will face it."

Next day Kutubuddin came to the palace and asked: "What shall I tell the Emperor?"

"Yes, this is my reply: Instead of surrendering my Begum and ruling over Bengal, I would rather retain my queen and fight the Emperor to the last ditch."

"Sher-e-Afghan!" shouted Kutubuddin in a mighty rage.

"Don't shout, Kutubuddin! I know you have become the governor of Bengal and so left Delhi. I have no doubt about it, except one..."

"What?" snapped Kutubuddin.

"May I know whether you have brought your Begum with you or whether you left her in the care of your Emperor Jehangir?"

At this insult, Kutubuddin drew his sword from its scabbard to challenge. But Sher-e-Afghan advised him: "Kutubuddin, you had better sheath your sword. You are my guest. Before you are insulted any further, it would be better if you leave the place at once."

Becoming red with suppressed rage and smarting under the insult, Kutubuddin left the palace.

Sher-e-Afghan called his advisers and asked them to prepare for war and sent messengers to the four corners to his supporters. Kutubuddin had camped outside with his troops. Kutubuddin very well knew that in his governorship of Bengal if there was any revolt, the Emperor would never tolerate. Hence before Sher-e-Afghan got powerful, something had to be done quickly in the matter. So he took selected soldiers from his troops and entered the palace of Sher-e-Afghan by night.

Confusion reigned in the palace at the sensational turn of events.

Sher-e-Afghan was sleeping in his bed. The lights were dim. Midnight had set in. The doors of the bedroom were opened stealthily. At the stir Sher-e-Afghan opened his eyes, but before he could leap from his bed, four daggers pointed at his heart. In a moment Sher-e-Afghan was dead.

[*To be continued*]

K. M. MUNSHI

Prithvi-Vallabh

THE BELOVED OF THE EARTH

Translated from Gujarati by H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

THE STORY SO FAR: Munj, the great Paramara conqueror of Malva who had routed Tailap, the king of Telengana, eighteen times, was finally vanquished by Bhillam, Tailap's Commander-in-Chief. He was taken prisoner and brought to Manyakhet, the capital of Telengana, and imprisoned in the palace-cellar. Mrinalvati, the widowed sister of Tailap, went to the prison to sense how he reacted to the humiliation. Munj's unconcerned manner exasperated Mrinalvati who is strangely disturbed by his personality. She ordered the hand that touched her to be branded.

CHAPTER 20

A KING IS HUMBLED

FROM early morning, Tailapraj's court hummed with activity. Warriors, courtiers, high civil and military officers started streaming in very early.

Paadaprakshalan, or the washing of the conqueror's feet, was a time-honoured ceremony. Captured kings were usually required to go through it. Those who went through it without demur were allowed to return to their kingdom as tributaries of the emperor, but those who refused to comply, were either crushed under the feet of an elephant or were imprisoned for life.

Tailap, who had been defeated many times by Munjraj, had been able to retain his kingdom of Telengana after washing Munj's feet. It was now Munj's turn to wash Tailap's feet and to retain his kingdom of Avanti.

Everyone expected Munj to refuse to submit himself to this punishment. The person of a captured king was regarded as inviolate. Tradition did not allow him to be destroyed without sufficient cause. Tailap knew this and had decided upon this particular form of punishment for that very reason. If Munj submitted himself to the penalty, his reputation would be destroyed for ever and Tailap would automatically be accepted as the undisputed ruler of the world, but if he refused, Tailap would have the right to inflict upon him any punishment that he chose.

Throughout the capital everyone asked himself only one question: Would Munj wash Tailap's feet? Some hoped he would accept the punishment, for then his life would be spared and Tailap's reputation would grow. Others hoped that he would not, so that whether the punishment meted out to him was imprisonment or death, Tailap's reputation would still grow. But those who had been attracted by his handsome looks and his powerful personality hoped that somehow Munj might be spared without the ordeal though none dared to give expression to such a hope.

Everyone who had the right, attended the royal court. No one wished to lose the opportunity of witnessing so unique an occasion. Soon the court was full and there was hardly an inch of space unoccupied.

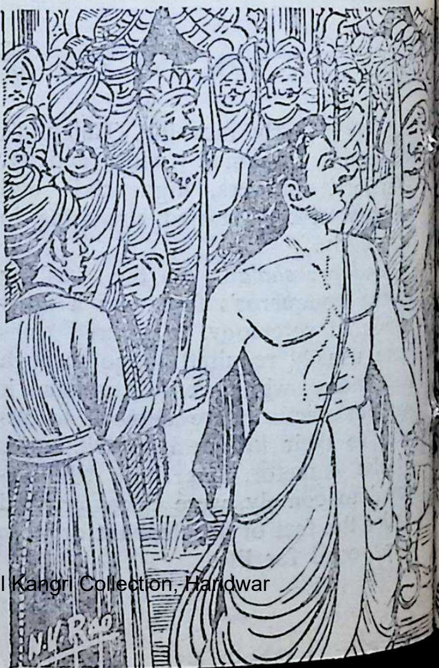
After all had arrived, Tailapraj came in accompanied by Mahasamant Bhillamraj, the commander-in-chief, and followed by Prince Satyashray.

Close to Tailapraj's throne was a door through which Mrinalvati, Jakkala and Laxmidevi entered. Mrinalvati's face was pale and stern and her eyes shone fiercely. So stern was her expression that everybody was convinced that that was going to be a fateful day for Munj.

Tailapraj looked all around him proudly, twirling his moustaches. He directed two of his generals to bring in the prisoners. The first to be led in were the captured kings; among them Munj walking in front. His hands were tied behind his back.

Munj's stride was firm and dignified as if he was walking in a triumphal procession. His dishevelled hair added to his attractiveness. His proud mien heightened the effect of his powerful personality. The way he carried himself was enough to prove that he was a man accustomed to exercise authority. He walked in like a god; the courtiers and everyone else seemed like pygmies in comparison.

As soon as Mrinalvati saw him, she felt both angry and embarrassed, a curious mixture of emotions. The memory of the previous evening made her blush like a young girl, however much she had tried to hide her feelings.



In the light of the day, with surreptitious glances, she studied every feature of Munj's heroic face and figure—the better to recreate the image before her mind's eye.

Munj was made to stand in front of Tailap. He stood indifferently, a haughty smile upon his face.

At Tailap's command, the bards of his court sang a song in his praise. As soon as that was over, Tailap turned towards Bhillamraj and asked: "What happened to the poets whose freedom you secured yesterday?"

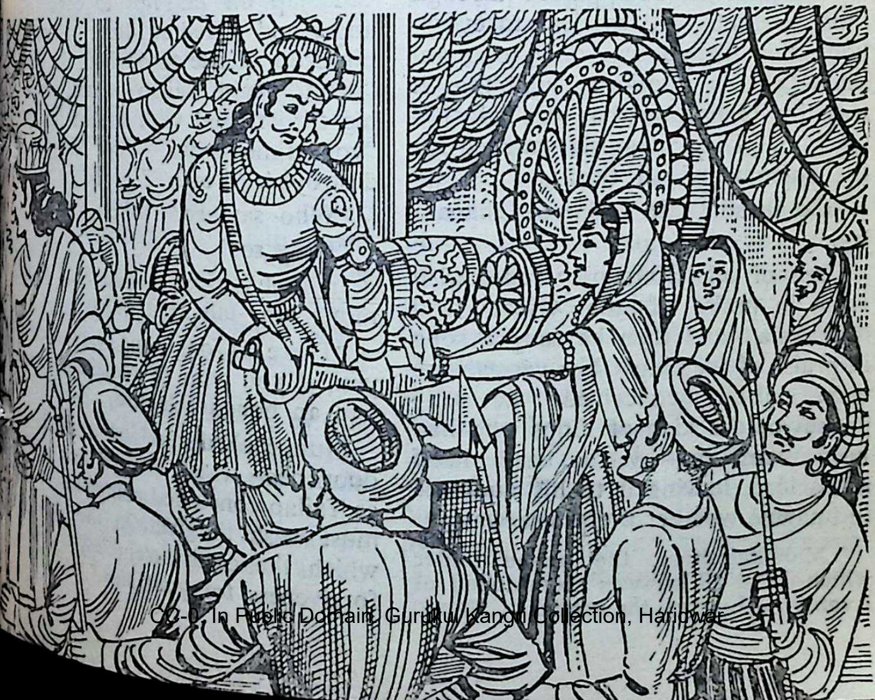
"There they are," replied Bhillam, pointing towards Dhananjay, Rasnidhi and his friends.

"Tell them to recite something. These poets of Ujjain have lauded Munj to the skies. Will they not now sing something to describe his woeful plight?"

Bhillamraj was annoyed, as he could not ignore the orders of his king in open court. He went up to Dhananjay and gave him Tailap's message. The poets were horrified. They turned instinctively towards Rasnidhi for guidance. Rasnidhi immediately asked Dhananjay to comply, saying, "You are the favourite of Goddess Saraswati."

Dhananjay nodded and without uttering a word, moved towards the throne. As he passed by Munj, the latter looked at him with a smile. "Dhananjay, the honour of Avanti is in your hands. See that you do not let her down."

"Are you not ashamed to raise your swords against an unarmed king?"



"As your Majesty commands" murmured Dhananjay, bowing humbly.

This brief interchange of words irritated Tailap. With a frown on his face, he asked in a contemptuous tone, "What is your name?"

Before Dhananjay could answer, Munj interjected in a loud voice: "Do you not know? He is Dhananjay, the poet of poets and the best among the poets of Avanti. So great is his fame that he must indeed be an ignoramus who has never heard of him. Even the Goddess Saraswati lays aside her *veena* when she has an opportunity to listen to his poetry."

"I did not ask you for his qualifications," remarked Tailap angrily.

"I do not deny it," replied Munj coolly. "But surely it is not proper in a cultured society to ask a man to sing his own praises."

A tremor of fear passed through those present. It was clear to everybody that Tailap was only too conscious of his inferiority, and that it was this realisation that was infuriating him. They anxiously watched for the outcome of all this.

"Go ahead," said Tailap to Dhananjay.

First of all, Dhananjay repeated a verse in praise of the Great God Mahakala* and then he sang a song in praise of the king. The verses were very skilfully conceived; he sang praises of the king of kings who had been recognised by the earth itself as its lord, leaving it to his audience to imagine whether the praise was for Tailap or for Munj. Tailap understood what the laureate had done, but he suppressed his anger and congratulated him before dismissing him.

Dhananjay bowed with folded hands and went back to his seat.

Mrinalvati watched and listened attentively to everything that was going on. She felt secretly proud at Munj's bearing and the way his presence dominated the court. She was afraid, at the same time, lest Tailap should order Munj to be killed, for, she saw that Tailap's anger was rising every moment, his eyes as usual betraying him.

As soon as Dhananjay had resumed his seat, Munj looked at Tailap and asked: "Well, Tailapraj, what did you think of the poet?" The question was asked in a completely indifferent and half-mocking tone.

Tailap bit his lips to control his anger and glared at Munj. There was pin-drop silence throughout the court. "Munj," said Tailap at last, clearing his throat, and with fire in his eyes, "your time is up. Your kingdom is destroyed. You..."

"Who says so?" asked Munj.

"I say so."

In reply, Munj smiled as if to humour him but kept quiet.

"There is only one way open to you, if you wish to remain alive and live an honourable life..."

Munj looked carelessly towards the door near which Mrinal was sitting, as Tailap concluded pompously: "You must wash the feet, at the touch of which the earth trembles, and beg forgiveness for your sins."

---

* Mahakaleshvar, the name under which Lord Shiva was worshipped at Avanti or Ujjayini, the capital of Malva.

Munj's handcuffs were removed by two soldiers. An officer came forward with water in a golden jar. Tailap, anxious to have his feet washed, put one of his feet down on the step below the throne.

The moment he was free from his handcuffs, Munj stretched out his arms and looked up with an arrogant air. The officer who was waiting ready with the jar of water, requested him to perform the ceremony of washing the conqueror's feet.

Munj turned to him with a look of surprise in his eyes. "Samantraj, where are the sacred feet of Lord Mahakala whose magnificent dance shook the three worlds? Where is He? Show Him to me so that I, the Beloved of the Earth, may wash His feet and earn merit thereby."

The poor man with the jar in his hand stood petrified and speechless. Tailap scowled deeply in unspoken anger. Mahasamant Bhillam in his anxiety to find some way out said in a persuasive tone: "Lord of Avanti, I request you to wash the feet of the king. That is the traditional right of the conqueror."

Munj laughed scornfully. "Syunraj, am I to wash the feet of Tailap whose hands are not yet dry from washing Prithvi Vallabh's feet several times! Have you taken leave of your senses?" There was contempt in his words and his eyes.

Mrinalvati, who was sitting by the door, gazed fixedly at Munj, her heart beating fast with feelings she could scarcely understand.

Tailap had had enough. He was no longer able to control his anger. Sparks flew from his eyes. He stood up and shouted in a loud voice: "You arrogant sinner! Has not your pride been destroyed?"

With the patronising air of a grown-up addressing a wayward child, Munj retorted: "Do you really think that by such futile antics you will become the Beloved of the Earth?"

"How dare you, you miserable wretch! Wait till I teach you a lesson!" roared Tailap.

Almost everyone in the court had stood up by now. Tailap, his eyes wide and cruel, looked all around him angrily. He shook with anger. He called out to his officers: "What are you waiting for? Seize this miserable man, and make him wash my feet."

Four or five of the officers, in obedience to these orders, rushed towards Munj, but he stood his ground, unmoved and impassive. With his magnificent body drawn up to its full height, his fearless eyes and proud mien, he inspired awe among his assailants and held them back.

Mrinal saw all this and realised how distinctive, how superb, how incomparable was Munj's personality. She felt a personal pride in Munj's triumph, and waited anxiously to see him emerge victorious. She closed her lips firmly and in her eyes shone the same light as in Munj's.

Perplexed, the officers first looked at Munj and then at Tailap, but not one of them dared to go close to Munj and lay a hand on him. Impatient and infuriated, Tailap hissed: "Shame on you all. Why do you stand and stare? You, Satyashray, have you too lost your manhood?" Thus egged on, the prince and the officers took a step forward. Bhillam stood by watching.

"Come, why are you afraid?" taunted Munj. Hesitatingly the officers came on in a bunch but Munj pushed them away effortlessly.

There was pandemonium in the court. Humiliated, Tailap called upon all his officers to seize Munj. At last a group of eight or ten succeeded in pinning Munj's arms. The wound in his branded hand opened. The sight of it dismayed Mrinal, who shut her eyes and sighed deeply. She could bear the scene no longer and got up.

It was one thing to seize Munj, but another to make him bend and wash Tailap's feet. Like a mountain peak, he stood unbent, towering over everyone else. When they could not make him bend, they began to drag him.

Munj was amazingly strong. He smiled and defied his tormentors at first with ease, but then against the strength of numbers he found it difficult to keep his balance. There flickered on Tailap's face a cruel smile.

Suddenly Munj bent and rushed forward. This sudden action took the officers by surprise and they lost their hold. The officer with the jar of water stood by motionless. Munj rushed forward with bent head and with a thrust of his shoulder, pushed the jar of water out of the man's hand. The jar flew into the air and its contents fell on Tailap, drenching him from head to toe.

All this happened in a second. The officers stood dumbfounded. Tailap tried to save his crown from falling off. Munj alone, free for the moment, laughed uproariously.

Mrinal now came out and stood near the throne.

Tailap presented a pitiful picture, for he had been publicly made an object of ridicule. Infuriated, he roared and pulled out his sword from its scabbard. A hundred more swords were immediately drawn, surrounding Munj. He stood as fearless as ever.

Tailap gave the order to kill him and the swords rattled. Suddenly, a voice called out: "Stop! What are you doing?" It was Mrinal, looking like an angry goddess, who had uttered the command. Her eyes and voice had the authority of a born leader—an authority none in Telengana dared defy. The officers lowered their swords.

Tailap looked shamefaced.

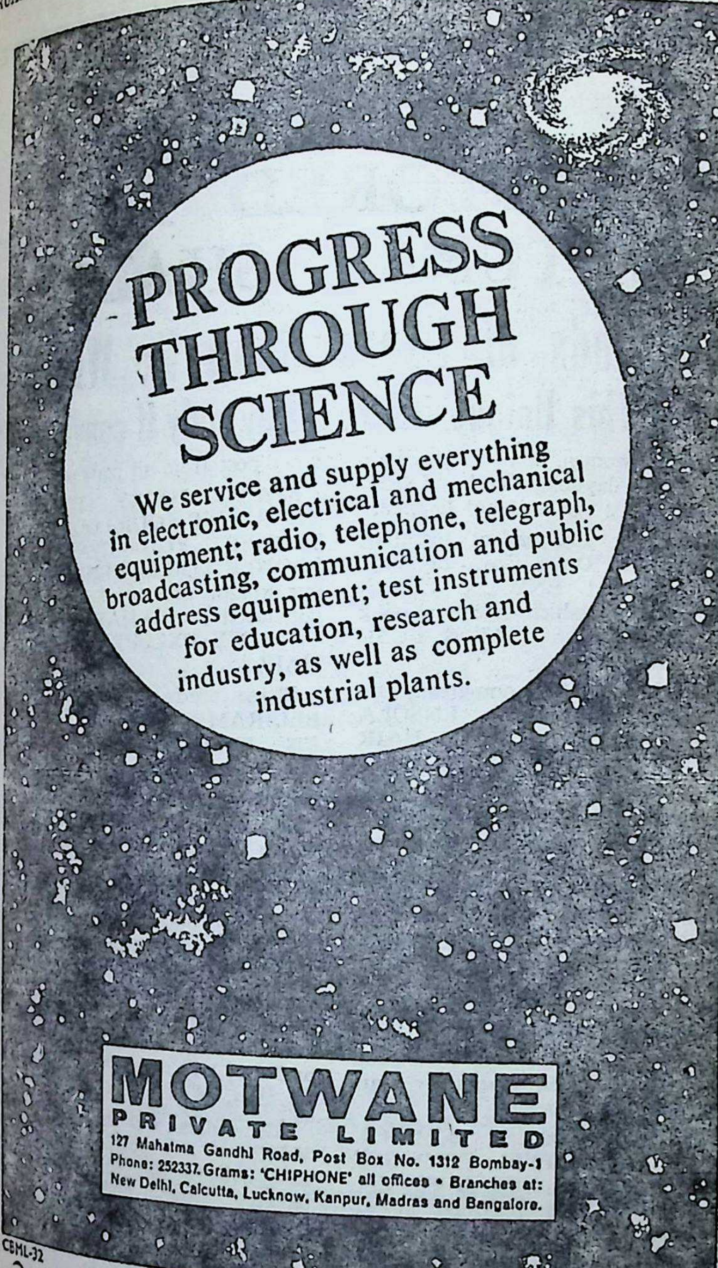
"Do you realise what you are about to do?" repeated Mrinal, trembling with anger. "Are you not ashamed to raise your swords against an unarmed king? Do you want to destroy the fair name of Telengana? Tailapraj, this does not befit you. How can such a thing happen in your kingdom so nobly run?"

There was complete silence. Munj continued to smile.

"The court is over for the day," Mrinal ordered and told the courtiers, "And you can go home. We will decide about Munj's fate later. Come, brother."

Tailap looked a little angrily at Mrinal, only to give in the next moment. He lowered his head and preceded by his sister, withdrew to his apartment.

[*To be continued*]



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NOTES & NEWS

SECOND FLOWER SHOW

THE second flower show organised by the Bombay Agri-Horticultural Society and Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan was declared open by Dr. P. V. Cherian, Governor of Maharashtra, on February 5 at the Bhavan's campus at Andheri, Bombay. It was a huge garden-*cum*-vegetable and flower show where for the second time captivating flowers from Israel and all over India were exquisitely displayed.

Dr. Cherian in his address expressed great pleasure at being invited to participate in the show and said: "Flowers and flower trees bring joy and happiness to the eye and the heart, and those who engage themselves in this interesting hobby deserve all praise." Congratulating the Society for holding the second show in the suburbs, Dr. Cherian said that in the city proper there was not enough space to grow flowers and vegetables but in the suburbs there was ample scope to indulge in this fruitful activity. He was very happy that the Society and the Bhavan had made a fine use of the magnificent Bhavan's campus to grow a large variety of vegetables and flowers.

Paying a tribute to the noble work in countless spheres of Dr. and Smt. Munshi, the Governor said that the amount of work they were doing in many fields was "astonishing". He complimented Smt. Munshi for the very heavy and tireless work she had put in for days and nights to make the show successful. The Governor said that he was so charmed by the beautiful display of flowers that he felt he knew nothing of the art of flower arrangement before he came to Bombay.

Earlier, welcoming the Governor and Smt. Cherian, Smt. Lilavati Munshi, President of the Society, reviewed the work of the Society and explained the significance of holding the show in the suburbs. She expressed concern that the gardens in Bombay were disappearing one by one and hoped that the Society's work would contribute towards halting this process. She thanked all those who offered help and co-operation to make the show successful. She particularly thanked Dr. and Smt. Cherian for their great interest in the Society's work. Sri Navin Khandwalla, Vice-President of the Society, proposed a vote of thanks.

On February 7, Kulapati Munshi gave away the prizes to the winners in both the flower shows.

The coveted Governor's Cup was awarded to the Atomic Energy Establishment. The Israeli Consulate won Smt. Tara Cherian's Cup whereas Mallika Florists of New Delhi won the Society's Cup. Singhania Rolling Cup went to Aarey Milk Colony and M/s. Larsen and Toubro won Ghyanchand Rolling Cup. Sri Lalbhai Patel Cup was awarded to Poona Agricultural College, the Palekar & Co. Cup to Anand Institute of Agriculture and Sri D. T. Desai Cup to Sri Kantilal Mehta. Over 60 other prizes were also awarded.

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PILGRIMAGE TO BADRINATH & KEDARNATH

We have great pleasure in announcing a yatra to hallowed Badrinath and Kedarnath during the middle of May, 1965.

Badrinath and Kedarnath are two of the most sacred spots in Bharat Varsha and it is the ardent desire of every Indian to visit these places at some time or other in his life. The Bhavan has, therefore, sponsored this trip to Badrinath and Kedarnath under our Samskritik Vikas Yatra scheme and it is hoped that Members and friends of the Bhavan would heartily welcome this move and participate in the yatra.

The trek to Badrinath and Kedarnath through the exhilarating atmosphere of vast Himalayan spaces, enjoying the wondrous sight of rivers, rivulets, valleys, heights and snow-clad peaks, joyously sighting the holy spots and shrines is most thrilling, invigorating, inspiring and soul-stirring. Situated in the Himalayas at an elevation of 11,735 feet above sea level, the well-kept and attractive temple of Siva at Kedarnath houses one of the twelve Jyotirlingas.

The range of mountains on which this ancient shrine stands is known as the range of Rudra Himalaya. With green trees and creepers and flowering plants all around, water rushing over scintillating boulders, the snow-capped mountains rising on all sides, the mountain scene will be really gorgeous. Pilgrimage to Kedarnath is considered a prerequisite for attaining the full fruits of one's pilgrimage to Badrinath. The image of Lord Kedarnath is in the form of a huge rough stone. Pilgrims apply ghee and then embrace the Jyotirlinga of Kedara Prabhu.

Badrinath is at an elevation of 10,284 feet above sea level. Situated on the right bank of Alaknanda, the temple of Sri Badrinarayana is about 45 feet high and faces East. There is a golden kalasa on the top. Inside the temple, Lord Narayana is seated in Padmasana with two hands in yoga mudra. The image is of black saligrama stone about three feet high. Sacred bath at Tapta Kunda, the performance of sraddha at Brahma Kapala, and worship of Lord Badrinarayana are considered essential features of a pilgrimage to Badri.

The following are the important places that will be covered during the yatra:

AGRA
MATHURA
NEW DELHI
HARDWAR
RISHIKESH
KEDARNATH
BADRINATH
AYODHYA
ALLAHABAD
VARANASI
GAYA

The yatra will be of 30 days duration commencing from Bombay on the 16th May 1965 and returning by 16th June, 1965. The yatra will be conducted in a specially reserved Third Class Bogey which will provide comfortable sitting accommodation during day-time and facilities for sleeping during nights.

The fare per person for the entire yatra, inclusive of food, sightseeing expenses, accommodation and bus fare and cooly charges during Badri-Kedar yatra will be Rs. 750/-.

You and your family and friends are cordially invited to participate in the above yatra. For further particulars, please write or contact personally the Samskritik Vikas Yatra Vibhag, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Chowpatty Road, Bombay-7 (Telephone Nos. 77451 and 78702).

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KASI — 5

शान्तं पद्मासनस्थं शशधरमकुटं
पञ्चवक्त्रं त्रिणेत्रम् ।
शूलं वज्रं च खड्गं परशुमपिवरं
दक्षिणाङ्गे वहन्तम् ।।
नागं पाशं च घंटां डमरुकसहितं
चाङ्कुशं वामभागे ।
नानालङ्कारदीप्तं स्फटिकमणिनिभं
पार्वतीशं भजामि ।।

I pray unto the Lord of Parvati who is calm, in Padmasana pose, wears the moon on his head, holds in his right hand the trident, the *vajra,* the sword, the axe and also *vara-mudra;* carries in his left the serpent, the noose, the bell, the drum and the spear; who shines resplendently like *sphatika* in his myriad jewels.

THE above is the *dhyanasloka* with which Lord Visvanatha is prayed in His five-faced aspect which is given as the first illustration.

Lord Visvanatha proper is in the form of a Linga.

The origin of the Sivalinga is attributed by the Puranas to the Darukavana episode. The falling Linga was so powerful that it pierced all the worlds. The terrified Devas headed by Brahma and Vishnu went to Lord Siva and prayed to Him to recall it.

Pleased with their prayer, the Lord called it back and handing it to Brahma, asked him to commend its worship by all the four Varnas for prosperity. Brahma accordingly divided it into four kinds of Lingas for the worship of the four castes. Brahma also wrote out the methods of proper worship.

As divided by Brahma, Saiva, Paasupata, Kaalavadana and Kaapali were the names of the four-fold Linga. Brahma entrusted Sakti Rishi (son of Sage Vasishta) with the *puja* of the Saiva Linga. Later Rishi Gopayana became Sakti's *chela* in Saiva worship.

Rishi Bharadwaja was entrusted with the task of worshipping the Paasupata Linga. King Rishabha became his disciple. Rishi Apastamba was made the head-priest and Kalavadana Linga. Kubera became his disciple. The last mentioned Linga was entrusted to a *tapasvin* called Kundodara who was a *shudra* by caste.

All those entrusted with Linga-worship thus started in right earnest at the Chitra-vana itself.

At Kurukshetra, hundreds of Lingas are said to have been established by great rishis and worshipped. They were stalwarts like Sanatkumara, Takshaka, Vishwakarma, Ravana, Vibhishana, Mrikandu, Parasara, Vedavyasa, Kartaveerya, Hanuman etc. Indeed Lord Vishnu got his powerful Sudarsana Chakra by worshipping a Sivalinga here.

It is said that more than one Sivalinga should not be worshipped in a single house, even as two Saligramas. To wit:

गेहे लिङ्गद्वयं नार्च्यं शालग्रामद्वयं तथा ।
(*Varaha Purana*)

No one should eat any *prasad* given in a Siva temple; but when a Saligrama is worshipped along with

---

Kasi: *Panchamukha Visvanatha. This* alankara *is performed on two occasions in the year: on Shravan day and Annakoota or Kartik-Shukla-Pratipad.*

»——→

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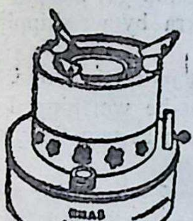

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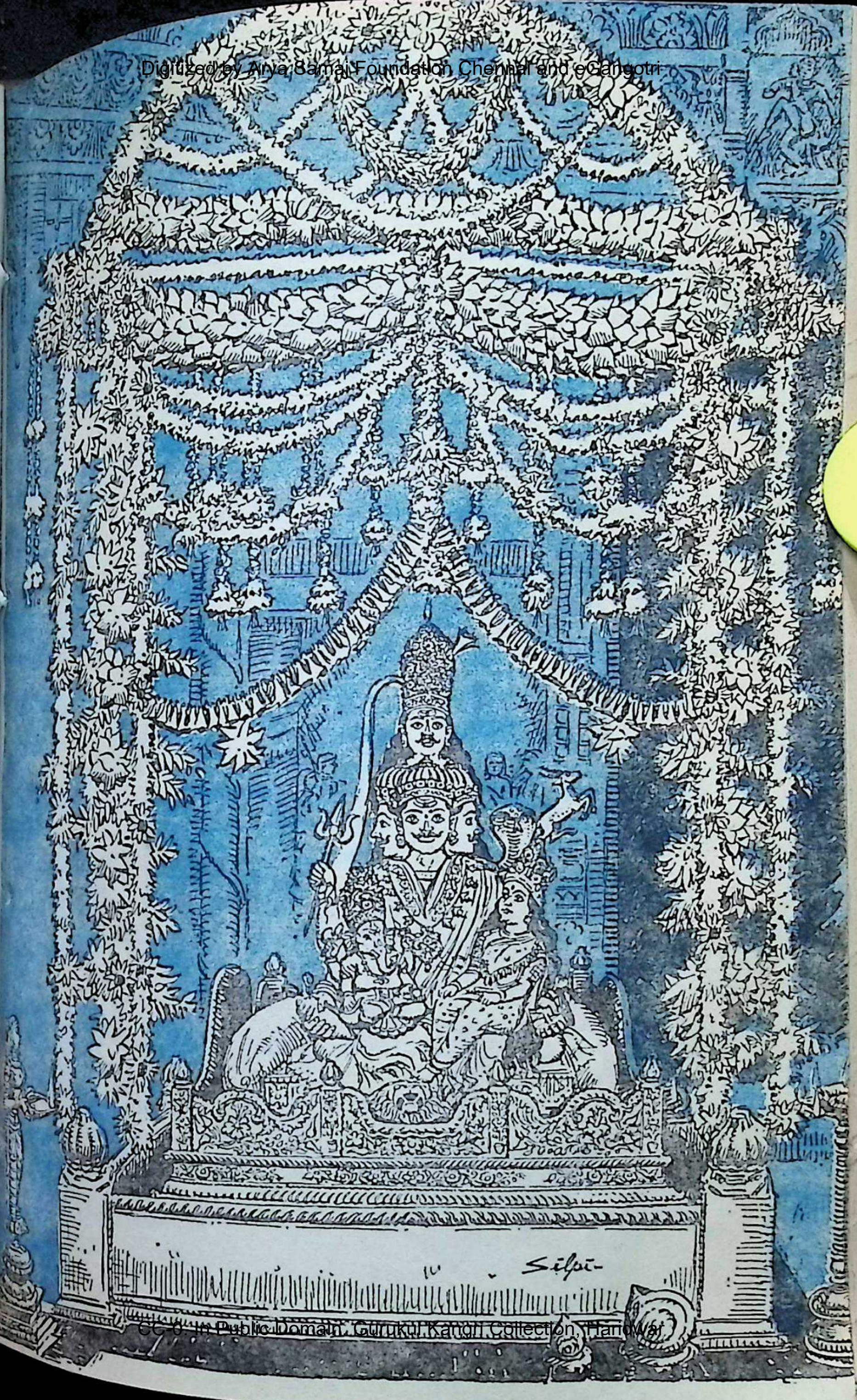
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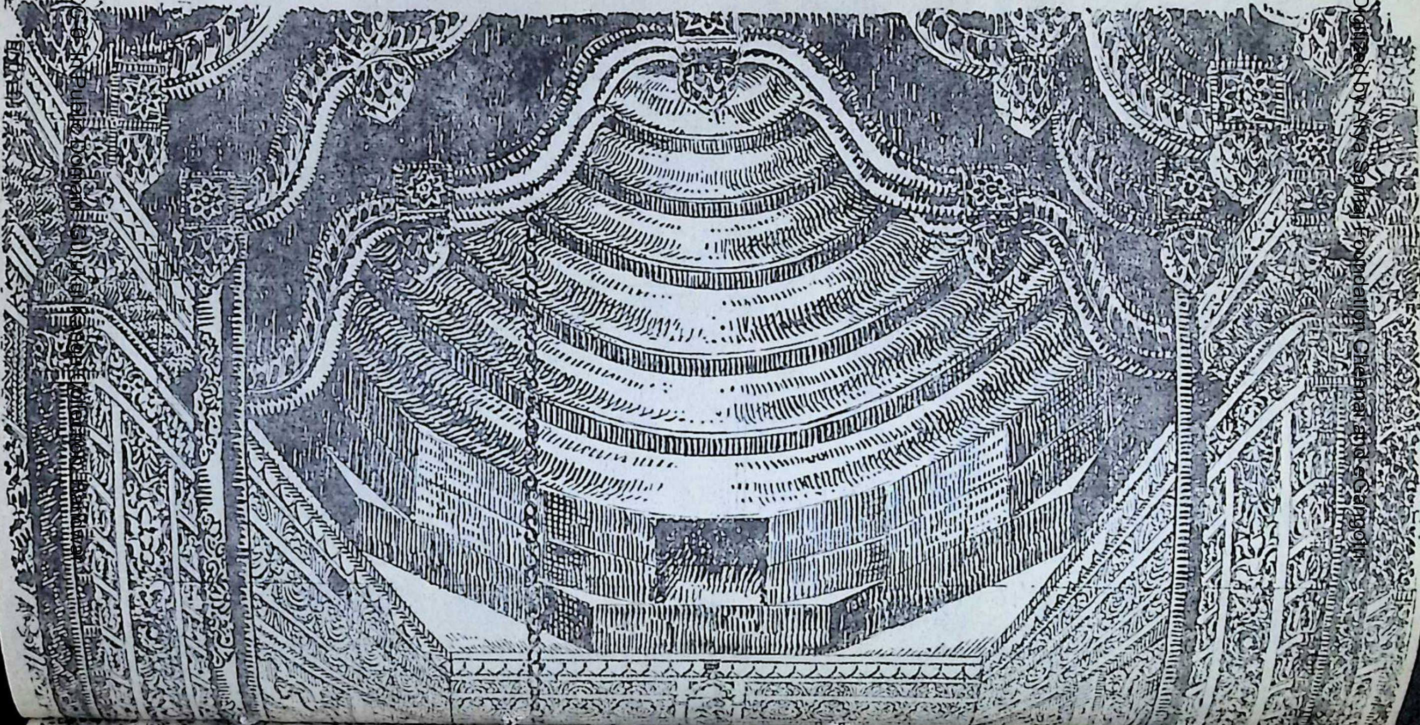
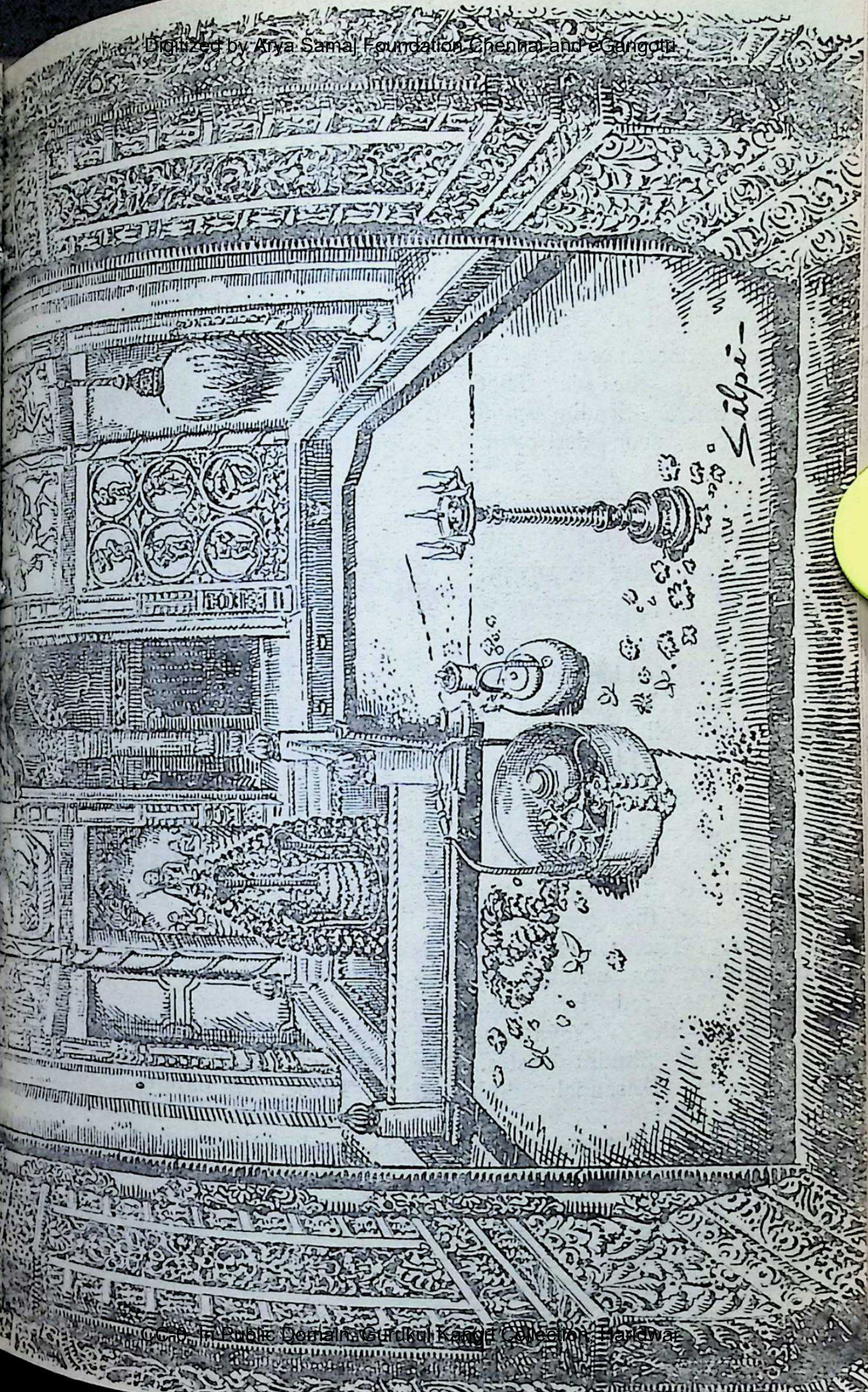
Kasi: *Complete view of Sri Visvanatha's Garbhagraha (sanctum) at the time of Sandhya-arti (Saptarishi* puja:—*seven priests wave artis).*

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the Sivalinga, it is permissible viz:

अभक्ष्यं शिवनिर्माल्यं पत्रं पुष्पं फलं
जलम्। शालग्रामशिलायोगात् पावनं
तद्भवेत् सदा।

(*Varaha Purana*)

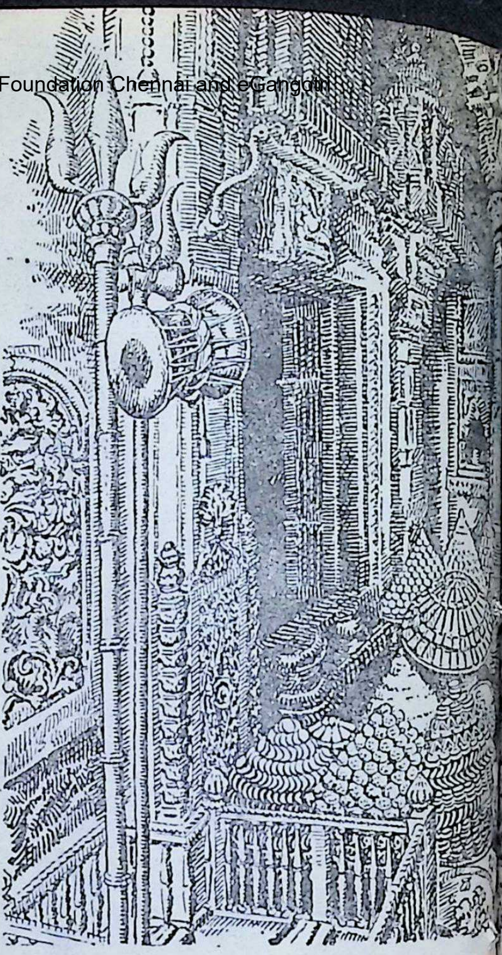
Worship of Siva is indispensable for each home and country. It is said all other *pujas* become valueless without it. One who does not do it becomes a कुंभीर—a shark in the sea. That country where Sivalinga-*puja* is absent, is soon destroyed. Again:

लिङ्गपूजां विना देवि! अन्यपूजां करोति
यः। विफला तस्य पूजा स्यादन्ते
नरकमाप्नुयात्॥ यद्राष्ट्रं लिङ्गपूजायां
रहितं सततं प्रिये। तद्राष्ट्रं पतितं
मन्ये......

Every house that has Sivalinga *puja* is each a Varanasi. That family will swell with prosperity as Lord Siva is आशुतोष or easily pleased.

Four kinds of Lingas are said to be extant, depending upon the colour of the stone—the white, the red, the green and the black. The white variety is recommended for worship by the Brahmin, the red by Kshatriya, the green by the Vaishya and the black by the Shudra castes. The Linga made of sandal admits of worship by all.

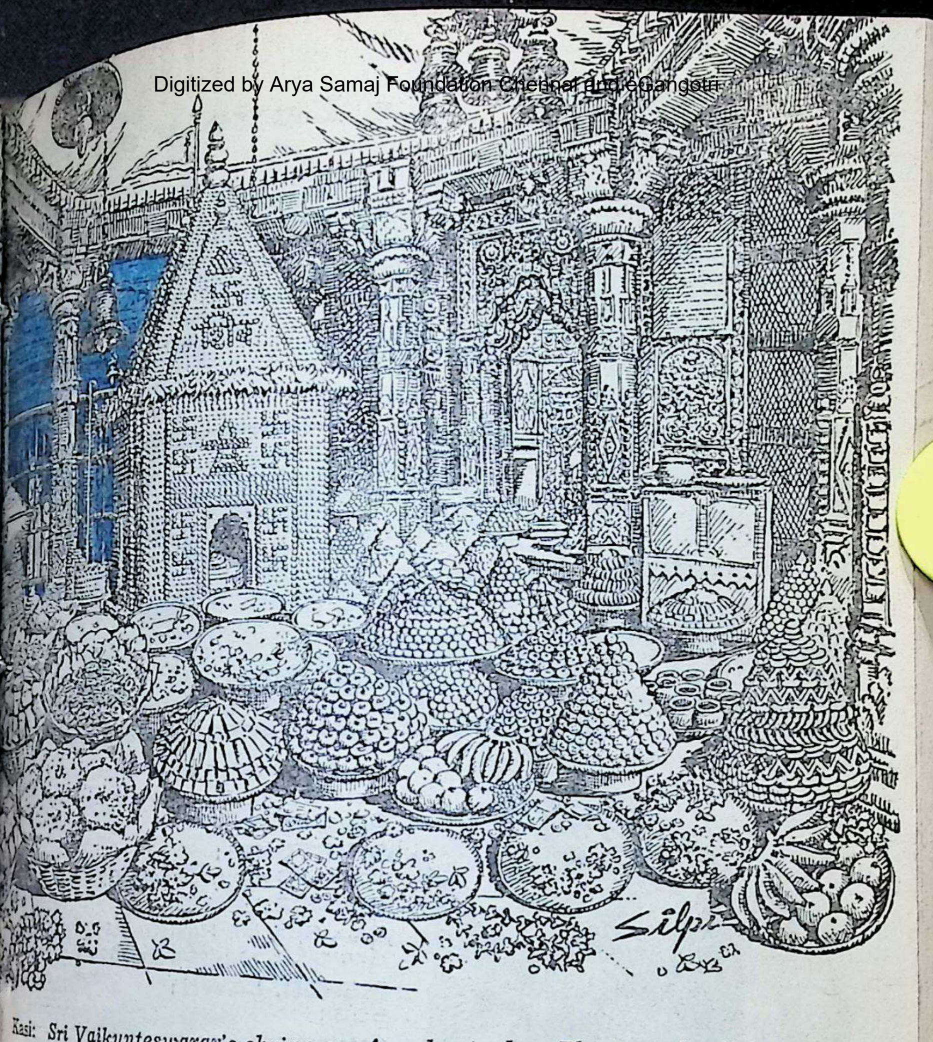
Siva is said to have five faces: Sadyojata, Vamadeva, Aghora, Tatpurusha, and Isana. The first face is said to be clear like crystal, the second is said to be green coloured, Aghora is black coloured and Tatpurusha is red. They are said to produce in the worshippers temperaments equivalent to their colours.



Kasi: *Full view of Sabha-mandap and Laddoo temple on Annakoota day.*

Those faces have to be contemplated as follows: the first in the west, the second in the north, Aghora in south, Tatpurusha in the east, Isana at the centre.

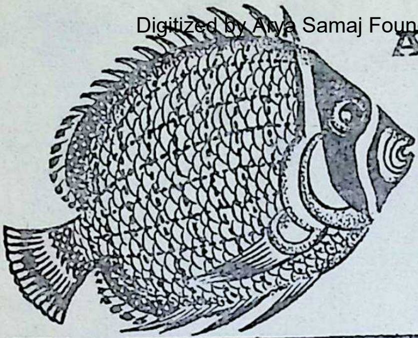
The reason why the *nirmalya* of Siva temples should not be eaten is as follows. The central face of Siva called Isana is always facing upward. It



Kasi: *Sri Vaikunteswarar's shrine* on *Annakoota day. The* prasad *will be distributed to devotees after* neivedya.

of the nature of Kalagni or universal fire and is extremely potent (more than the nuclear reactor). It was that face that swallowed the Great Poison that rose from the Milky Ocean during the Great Churning. That poison continues to reside in the neck relating to that head of Siva. As such, that face is dangerously powerful.

Any flower, plant or water that is offered on that head of Siva naturally touches that face, and hence becomes dangerous with potency (really it becomes Brahma-maya) and no mortal or ordinary god can possibly hope to wear and use it with impunity. Should however that *nirmalya* be first dedicated to Vishnu, the only competent God to absorb that potency (as mentioned already) 'the *nirmalya* can later on be partaken by others' uttering Vishnu-*mantra*.



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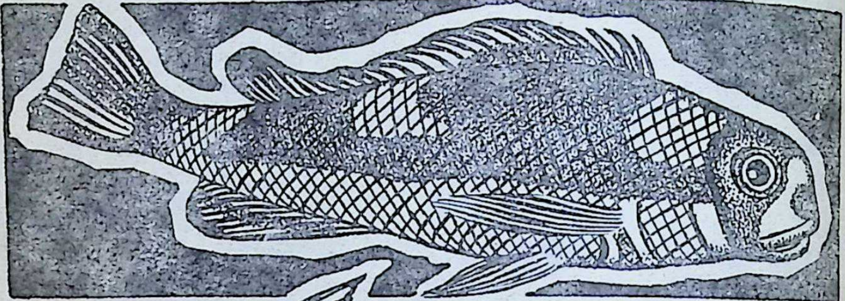

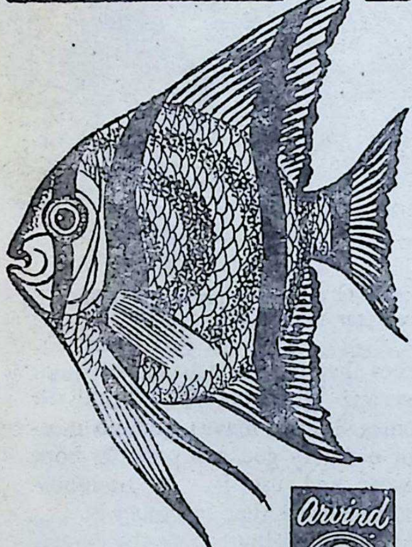

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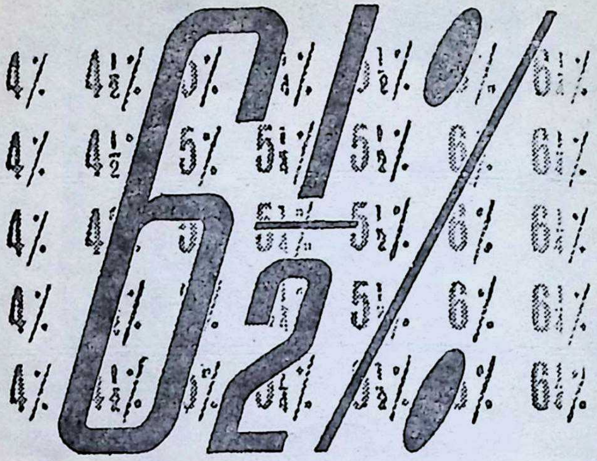

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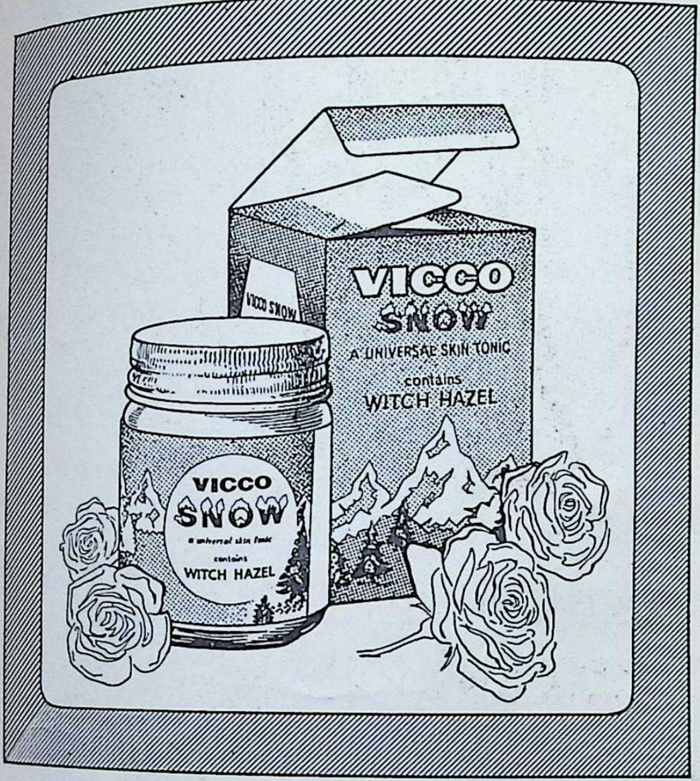
Managing Editor: J. H. Dave; Associate Editor: V. A. K. Ayer.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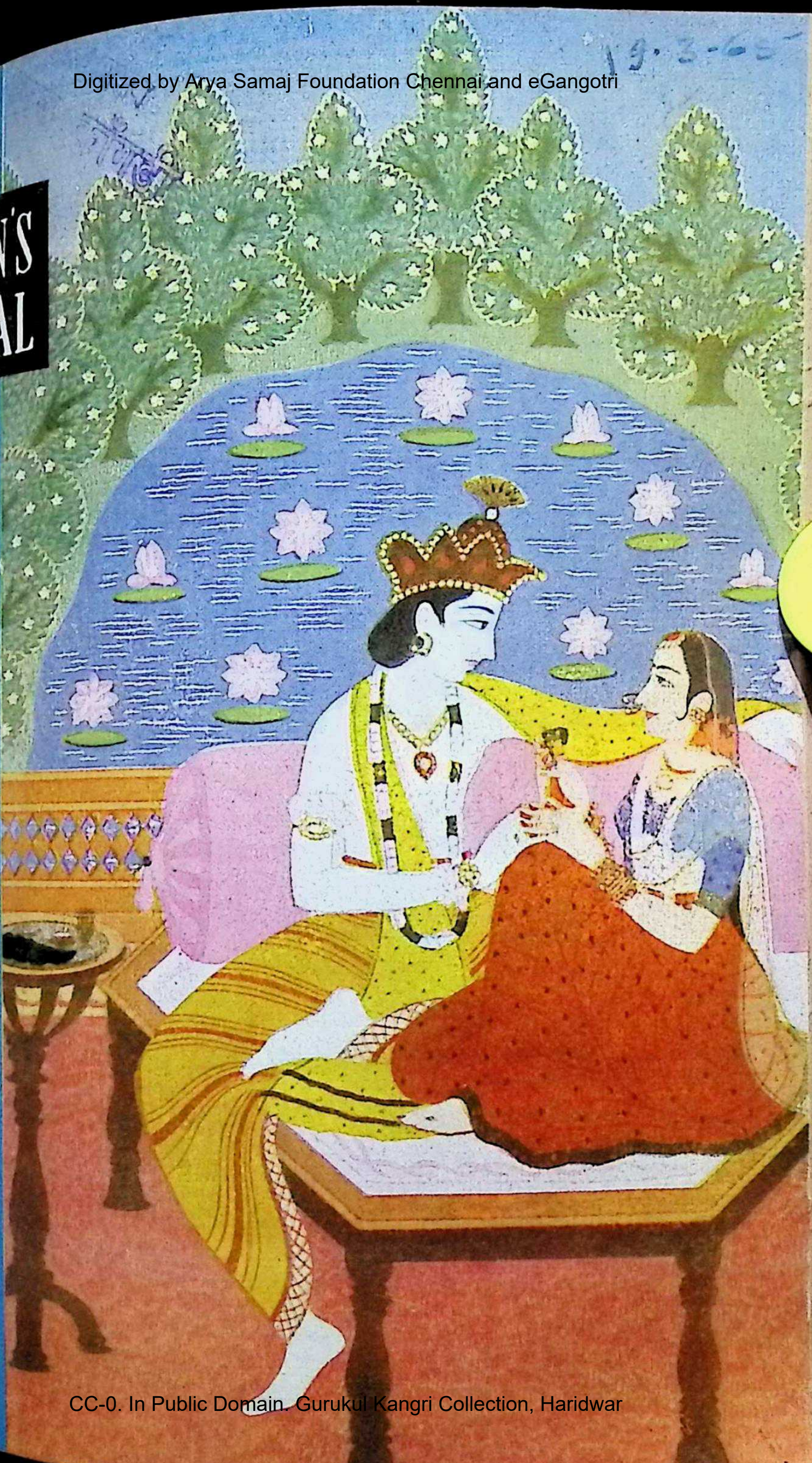

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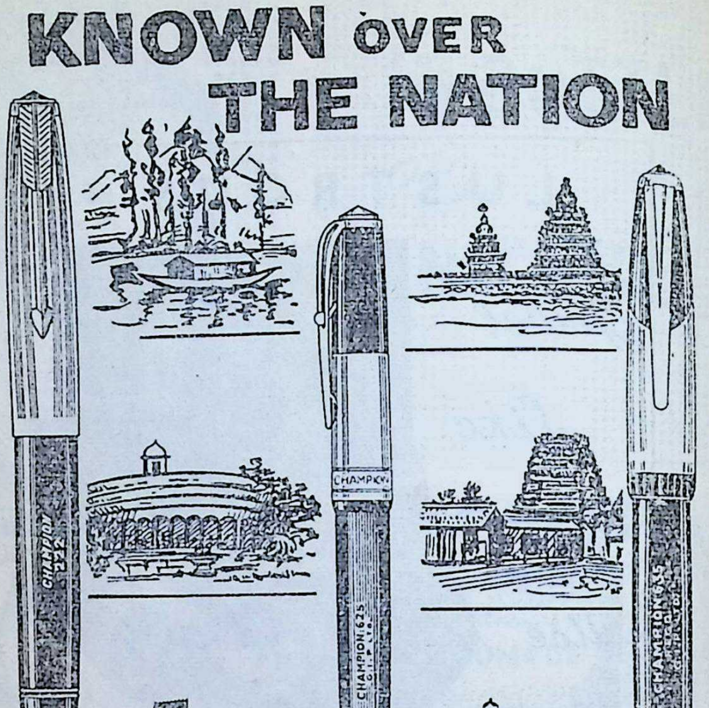

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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

FORTNIGHTLY

Devoted to Life, Literature and Culture

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Badrinath and Kedarnath are two of the most sacred spots in Bharat Varsha and it is the ardent desire of every Indian to visit these places at some time or other in his life. The Bhavan has, therefore, sponsored this trip to Badrinath and Kedarnath under our Samskritik Vikas Yatra scheme and it is hoped that Members and friends of the Bhavan would heartily welcome this move and participate in the yatra.

The trek to Badrinath and Kedarnath through the exhilarating atmosphere of vast Himalayan spaces, enjoying the wondrous sight of rivers, rivulets, valleys, heights and snow-clad peaks, joyously sighting the holy spots and shrines is most thrilling, invigorating, inspiring and soul-stirring. Situated in the Himalayas at an elevation of 11,735 feet above sea level, the well-kept and attractive temple of Siva at Kedarnath houses one of the twelve Jyotirlingas.

The range of mountains on which this ancient shrine stands is known as the range of Rudra Himalaya. With green trees and creepers and flowering plants all around, water rushing over scintillating boulders, the snow-capped mountains rising on all sides, the mountain scene will be really gorgeous. Pilgrimage to Kedarnath is considered a prerequisite for attaining the full fruits of one's pilgrimage to Badrinath. The image of Lord Kedarnath is in the form of a huge rough stone. Pilgrims apply ghee and then embrace the Jyotirlinga of Kedara Prabhu.

Badrinath is at an elevation of 10,284 feet above sea level. Situated on the right bank of Alaknanda, the temple of Sri Badrinarayana is about 45 feet high and faces East. There is a golden kalasa on the top. Inside the temple, Lord Narayana is seated in Padmasana with two hands in yoga mudra. The image is of black saligrama stone about three feet high. Sacred bath at Tapta Kunda, the performance of sraddha at Brahma Kapala, and worship of Lord Badrinarayana are considered essential features of a pilgrimage to Badri.

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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

PRAYER FOR KNOWLEDGE

ओं वाङ्मे मनसि प्रतिष्ठिता। मनो मे वाचि प्रतिष्ठितं।
आविरावी र्म एधि वेदस्य म आणीस्थः। श्रुतं मे मा प्रहासीः।
अनेनाधीतेनाहोरात्रान् संदधामि। ऋतं वदिष्यामि। सत्यं
वदिष्यामि। तन्मामवतु। तद्वक्तारमवतु। अवतु माम्।
अवतु वक्तारमवतु वक्तारम्। ओं शान्तिः शान्तिः शान्तिः॥

May my speech become established in my mind. May my mind become established in my speech. (May my speech and mind become one). May You, Lord! become manifest to me. May my mind and speech impart to me superior knowledge (of the Vedas). May I never forget that knowledge. I shall learn superior knowledge night and day. I shall speak the natural law (*Rita*). I shall speak the Truth (*Satya*). May *Rita* and *Satya* protect me. May they protect my preceptor. Protect me. Protect the preceptor and me. May not the three-fold afflictions affect me.

—*Rigveda Shanti-Path.*

Vol. XI, No. 17

No. 331

KULAPATI'S LETTER

on Life, Literature & Culture

● OF NOVELS, GOOD, BAD AND INDIFFERENT (Contd.)
● HISTORICAL, PSYCHOLOGICAL & OBSCENE

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVA
BOMBAY.
MARCH 14, 1965.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

AS I stated in my Kulapati's Letter No. 327 dated January 17, 1965, I shall now deal with the other aspects of the novel.

I am an addict of the historical novel. In the judging of such novels, we must realise the limitations of historians. Not even the ablest of the tribe can depict a period of the past with absolute accuracy. The materials necessary for recreating it are never completely available at a given time. Even if available, they assume different colours as they pass through the prism of the creative author's imagination.

It should never be forgotten that a historical novel is not history; it is a novel cast in the historical mould. The choice before a historical romanticist lies between two alternatives: Either he fills his novel with a detailed description of a dead past and p jects his imagination to body for men and women as they would ha actually acted, spoken and lived i their days—which is an impossibili

The other alternative for the his rical romanticist is to create, wi the framework of historical events environment, characters based on ing men and women reacting to c tain situations which are common humanity in every generation.

The secret of a successful novel, I said, lies, apart from the story, its living characters. By the very ture of things, the novelist knows o the men and women of his own wo and time. And if his characters h to be invested with a quality of livi ness, they must be built upon knowledge with only such changes would create the illusion that they

THE LANGUAGE CRISIS

I am glad that the deliberations of the Congress Working Committee and the Chief Ministers' Conference have set the pace for ushering in reason and sanity in place of vehemence and violence on the language crisis. I welcome the statement of the Prime Minister.

Hindi was given recognition as the All-India link language not only in the Constitution in 1949 but even from the twenties when we were fighting for our freedom. This is as it should be and nothing should be done to water down or alter that position. In the interest of national unity, a suitable formula should be devised within the framework of Part XVII of the Constitution and such formula given statutory recognition. Linguism should not be allowed to overshadow the overriding needs of national integration.

We must also take note of realities and practical difficulties. The language issue at present has inflamed the "tribal instincts" in us.

English is a well-developed international language. It has been the country's official language at the Centre and in the States for over a century. We must realise that it has been, and continues to be, the binding force of the intelligentsia of the country. It has been, and will have to continue to be, the medium of our higher education for many more years to come. It is our window to the world outside.

Unfortunately, we have to pay the price for not taking vigorous steps, as envisaged by the Constitution-makers, to develop Hindi during the last fifteen years to enable it to replace English as the official language of the Union.

Bilingualism in administration, quota system in the Services, regional languages for administration in the States and for the U.P.S.C. examinations, are all matters affecting national solidarity, and nothing should be done which would create linguistic fragmentation of our All-India Services which have been the framework of Indian unity during the last hundred years. On these issues, we should not take snap decisions or be guided solely by regional interests. That would surely lead to the balkanisation of the country.

Our very survival as a nation is threatened by this language crisis. A formula evolved by politicians alone will not meet the situation. A real national consensus has to be evolved. I, therefore, heartily welcome the Prime Minister's proposal to revive the National Integration Conference. For this purpose, the Conference should be made more representative and broad-based, bringing into it distinguished men and women from all walks of life.

—*K. M. Munshi*

Bombay,
27-2-1965.

---

ged to the period of the novel. Therein lies the art of creative craftsmanship. Such has been the art of the great masters—Scott, Dumas, Hugo and Tolstoy.

There is a new kind of historical novel illustrated by the series *Roger Brook in The French Revolution*, written by Dennis Wheatley. Through the adventures of the hero, the author tries to give an exhaustive history of the period. But such novels, in spite of some real incidents from which the story is woven, fail to pass the test. The stories, as a rule, do not grip the imagination. Too many details of contemporary history come in the way of its being interesting as well as entertaining.

The Tale of Two Cities by Dickens is a novel of the French Revolution which throbs with human interest. *The Rising Storm* by Dennis Wheatley is the 'Reading about the French Revolution without Tears'. Such novels do not bring tears, it is true, but it brings to the reader what the novel is intended—to save him from boredom.

I repeat that one of the essential qualities of a novel should be that it should create unfailing interest.

Once when one of the plays of Alexandre Dumas was being staged, the author sitting in the auditorium saw two persons engaged in conversation. He immediately took the hint; there must be something boring in the scene being enacted on the stage. He went home, tore off the scene and rewrote another. His maxim was that if any part of the story or drama fails to grip the attention of the reader or the audience, it should not have been written.

There is a rage for writing what are called psychological novels—a fashion perhaps started by Freud's disciples. They are intended to portray the state of mind of the heroes or the heroines when they are in endless suspense, in doubt or suspicion, in moods or day-dreams. The reader has to wade through pages and pages before he is let into the secret of the dominant mood. These works are the products of a morbid, prurient mind, or anyway intended to cater to such minds—minds which are becoming common among the idle rich or the women of leisure in modern society. I cannot reconcile myself to call them nove rightly so called.

In order to secure a ready mark many novels revolve around what called the problems of sex—in fa around uninhibited sexual indulge of the farm-yard variety. It stimula the pruriency to peep into the secre of bed-rooms, particularly when it shared by someone else's wife.

Sex, no doubt, is an important e ment in human affairs; love is powerful motive—sometimes the m powerful in life, and as such, it an appropriate element in a true p trayal of life. But any produc which is the outcome of, or wh fosters sex obsession by presenti salacious details through liter craftsmanship, is not a novel, howe numerous be its readers.

Such fiction dominated by sex, as someone has called 'sex tionalism' instead of sensatio lism, has become a cult w a large class of literary men the West; and in this, as in m other things, our authors follow t West. It is popular with readers b cause for the time being it give transient warmth of a vicarious se ality. There is nothing beautiful ab them; nothing ennobling; noth human, unless the satisfaction of t sex instinct is considered the be-all a end-all of creative art.

I cannot understand how or w critics have gone into ecstasy o *Lady Chatterley's Lover* or *Lol* The penmanship is elegant, no do The craving for a morbid, sen life is recreated in its filthiest de in them. That is all about them.

From country to country—in

countries, of course—the amoral intellectuals are up in arms against their right to cultural freedom, that is, in this case, freedom to gloat over sex-details, with *Lady Chatterley's Lover* as the banner of revolt.

The judiciary is held up to ridicule, threatened or persuaded against banning such books. With consummate sophistry, they rely upon semantic jugglery to establish that what is obscene is not pornography. Obscenity is defined in such a subtle manner as to leave no distinction between pornography and obscenity.

Luckily, the Supreme Court of India and many other courts and governments in many parts of the world have emphatically declined to follow this banner.

With such a banner running riot in several countries, we may come to a stage when sex indulgence in open streets may some day be considered a respectable feature of civilized life, as in ancient Sparta.

The position to my mind is simple: Indiscriminate sex indulgence, whether homo-sexual or hetero-sexual, breaks up the family and disturbs the inviolability of marriage. It is, therefore, a social and moral danger. It is also a danger to the spiritual growth of man and woman and destroys the beauty of the secure intimacy in married life.

Whatever invests this evil with glamour, in the end, destroys social stability and the dignity of the individual.

Anything which portrays, however artistically, such sexual indulgence in salacious detail, is anti-social and anti-moral and subversive of the spiritual growth in men; it is, therefore, obscene.

As I said, I am not averse to the treatment of sex in a novel. The test is: Is the creation beautiful? Does it leave an impression of harmony? Does it give me a sense of fulfilment? Having read it, do I feel better than what I was? If one has to read about the facts of life, I would certainly prefer *The Body's Rapture* by Jules Romains, where sex life in all its frankness is treated with rare beauty.

Modern life is dominated by mass media and their corollary, the art of advertising. Most authors fall a prey to the lure of propaganda. Novels are often turned out to carry on propaganda on behalf of official schemes or favoured "causes." But to a man of good taste, any literary work which stinks of salesmanship is anathema, as is found by experience in Soviet Russia.

In Soviet Russia, the State sees to it that the novels are written to laud the glories of Communism; that the literary artist becomes the salesman of its shibboleths. Most of the authors are forced to sell their literary skill for State patronage or out of fear of the State. At the same time, quite a few of them feel, that, by so doing, they betray the mission of their life. Many sensitive writers, who have openly been found to praise Communism, therefore, satisfy their artistic conscience by feeding an underground literary world. Manuscripts in hundreds circulate from hand to hand, to be read out at private gatherings.

Against this murky background, Pasternak's *Dr. Zhivago* stands out as a brilliant exception. It is not propaganda, nor is it intended to be an attack on Communism; it presents contemporary life in all its nobility, pathos and tragedy, and the Soviet way of life stands condemned by the creative art of a sensitive genius.

True beauty is not running away from reality. Equally, true beauty is not wallowing in dirt. If a novel has to be a thing of beauty, it has to be realistic enough to create an illusion of actual life. At the same time, it should have been drawn in the colours of the inner richness of the author.

I hold by the creed which I declared 40 years ago: A real artistic creation should not be fettered by the fashions of the day or the demands of good conduct as accepted by contemporaries. This warning is appropriate to the present age when State or a vast sensation-hungry lic lays down what should and sh not be written.

At the same time, a work of must be beautiful, that is, it rescue us from the ugliness of purify our emotions and invest with a sense of fulfilment.

A real novel, therefore, must press the reader with the beauty life. To artists not gifted with creative power, it may not be given reach that ideal, but any work of that does not try to grope towards is a failure.

Yours sincerely,

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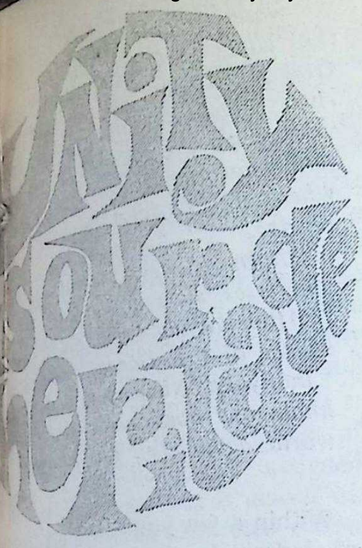

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> **I will tell you all the holy places. Ganga is the holiest of holy places. Though easily accessible at all places, Ganga is specially sacred at three places viz. Haridvara, Prayaga and at the confluence of Ganga and the ocean. Prayaga is the holiest of all places and bestows bliss and salvation on the departed souls for whom* pindas *are offered here. It destroys sins and fulfils the desires of those who reside here. Varanasi is the holy place where Kesava—Visvesa (is worshipped). Kurukshetra is the sacred place that confers prosperity and salvation because of charity etc. distributed here. Prabhasa is the greatest Tirtha as Lord Somanatha resides here. And Dvarka is a beautiful city, the giver of worldly happiness and emancipation. There are the great tirthas viz., the sacred eastern Sarasvati, Sapta—Sarasvata, Kedara, the destroyer of all sins and the excellent Sambhalagrama, Badarikashrama of Nara-Narayana (the incarnation of the God whose abode are the 'waters') is the tirtha of Badarikashrama. Svetadvipa, the city of Maya, Pushkara of the Nimisha forest, Ayodhya, Chitrakuta, a holy place of the Aryas and Gomati are all great Tirthas. The great tirtha Vainayaka, the great Ramagiryashrama, the city of Kanchi, Tungabhadra, Srisaila, Setubandha Ramesvara, Kartikeya Tirtha, Bhrigutunga, Kamatirtha and Amarakanthaka are holiest of all places.*

---

* Tr. Dr. R. K. Mookerji

Mahakala in Ujjayini and Lord Sridhara in Kubjaka; the great Tirtha Kubjamraka and Kalasarpi fulfilling all desires, Mahakesi and Kaveri, Chandrabhaga (the Chenab) with Vipasa (the Beas), Ekamra and Brahmesa, Devakotaka, the beautiful city of Mathura, the great river Sona, the great Tirtha Jambusara (the lake Jambu) are all Tirthas that should be known because Surya, Siva, Ganesa, Devi and Hari stay there. The merit of bath, utterance of Mantras, penances, worship Sraddha and Pinda—offering for the departed practised at these and other holy places become eternal.

The great Tirtha of Pasupati (The Lord of animals) Salagrama will give everything. Varaha with a mouth like that of a Koka i.e., wolf and the banyan tree is called Svamin Mahavishnu in Mohadanda and Madhusudana in Mandara. Kamarupa is the great Tirtha where Kamakhya lives. At Punyavardhanaka, Kartikeya lives and there are Tirthas named Virajanta and Sripurushottama. Mahendra mountain, the great river Kaveri, the Godavari and the Payoshni conferring boons, the Vindhyas, the killer of sins, the most excellent variety of the Narmada, the supreme tirtha Gokarna, the city of Mahishmati, the best Kalanjara and Sukratirtha are all great holy places. Sarngadhari (Vishnu) in Dandaka grants purity and salvation. Virajatirtha confers everything and Svarnaksha is very great. Nanditirtha bestows emancipation and the merit of pilgrimage to crores of Tirthas. Nasikya is great and then comes Govardhana, Krishnaveni, Bhimarekha, Gandaki, Iravati, Bindusara filled with the water of the feet of Vishnu (i.e. equal to Ganga), Sriranga of God Hari, Tapti and the greatest river Mahanadi, Saptagodavara (seven streamed Godavari), the mountain Kona and the river Parama where the Goddess Mahalakshmi resides.

Oh Indra! Devi, the chief of the goddesses, stays at Sahyadri.

After bathing at Gangadvara (the source of the Ganga), Kusavarta, Vindhyaka, Nilaparvata and Kanakhala one does not come to this world again (i.e., gets salvation).

* * *

Within a few years after the advent of independence, followed the integration of the Indian States and the consolidation of the country, the like of which was not seen even in the glorious days of Samrat Ashoka. This great achievement was wrought without sound and fury, thanks to the silent but determined and pragmatic leadership of Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, whom "history will record in many pages and call him the builder and consolidator of new India; who gave us sound advice both in times of trouble and in moments of victory; a friend and colleague and comrade on whom we could invariably rely, as a tower of strength which revived wavering hearts when we were in trouble".*

The paramount duty of the Government and people of India is to protect our hard-won freedom and consolidate it. Every plan or reform, big or small, must be measured by this yardstick. If we relegate freedom and consolidation to the background, if we allow the interests of a community or group or language or State to supersede the interests of the country as a whole, the nation will disintegrate and collapse. The time has come for every Indian to turn the searchlight inwards and find out for himself or herself whether he or she stands and works for the nation as a whole or for a particular community or group or language or State. How can we be so short-sighted as to forget that India is something bigger? Our loyalty should be to the nation first and everything else afterwards.

---

* Jawaharlal Nehru.

It is high time that the issue of unity and consolidation is assigned supreme importance and is placed on a national platform. Concerted action is called for. In order to implement a comprehensive programme for unity and consolidation if we have to surmount difficulties—constitutional, administrative and political—we should brace ourselves and push them through with imagination and vigour. It may not be an exaggeration to say that it is a question of now or never.

गायन्ति देवाः किल गीतकानि धन्यास्तु ते
भारतभूमिभागे ।
स्वर्गापवर्गास्पदमार्गभूते भवन्ति भयः पुरुषाः
सुरत्वात् ॥

Thus do the gods sing the glories of Bharatavarsha: "More fortunate than we are they who are born in that land wherein lies the veritable road to heaven and salvation."

—*Vishnu Purana*, II, iii, 24.

We should not cast aside our ancient heritage of unity.

The enemies of our freedom are within ourselves, not outside.

United we stand; divided we fall.

ALL-INDIA OUTLOOK

It is of the utmost importance that, in building the future, we should develop an all-India outlook. The provincial outlook is not going to pay the province, much less India. I may come from U.P., my ancestors might have come from Kashmir, but I consider myself an Indian; I feel that I have inherited every great deed and tradition of India from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas.

Which province or State is there in India which does not have a proud tradition of its own? Go to the South, to Tamil Nad; they have a great language and great traditions, military and the rest. Go to Andhra, and they will tell you about the famous Andhra empires of old. Go to the Malayalees; to the Kannadigas. Whether you go north or south or east or west, each area, each part of India has great traditions, great stories of the past, great culture, even military glory.

I inherit all this legacy. Do you think that I can confine myself to the city of Allahabad, although it is an ancient city, because I was born at Allahabad? I claim to have a right to the glory of Andhra, Tamil Nad, Maharashtra, Gujarat and every other part of India.

—*Jawaharlal Nehru*

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Charles Frankel has been Professor of Philosophy at Columbia Uuniversity since 1939. He also teaches at the New York School of Social Work. He is author of The Faith of Reason, The Bear and the Beaver, The Case for Modern Man, *and* The Democratic Prospect.

The following is an excerpt from the concluding chapter of the last mentioned book. —Ed.

Why Choose Democracy?

Charles Frankel

ONE thing that can be said, quite simply, is that the authoritarian path closes up behind the traveller as he moves. The virtue of liberal democracy is that it permits second thoughts. To choose an authoritarian regime is to bet everything on a single throw of the dice; if the bet is bad, there is no way out save through violence, and not much hope in that direction. To choose a liberal approach, while it does not guarantee against errors, guarantees against the error so fatal that there is no peaceful way out or back. But there is another reason as well. The reason for choosing democracy is that it makes democrats.

Imagine a regime wholly committed to the welfare of those it rules. Imagine, against all the practical difficulties, that it is intelligent, honest, courageous, and that it does not have to enter into any deals with any of the international blocs that dominate the modern scene. And imagine, too, that this regime aims, in the end, to bring democracy and liberal values to the country it rules. But assume only that it claims, for the present, to be the one true spokesman for the public interest, the only group in the society that knows what truth and justice mean.

What is the consequence? The consequence is that a democratic attitude is impossible. That attitude has been described in various ways—as a love for liberty, equality, and fraternity, as respect for the dignity of the individual, as a consistent regard for individual rights. The descriptions are not wrong, but they overintellectualize the attitude. At bottom, the democratic attitude is simply an attitude of good faith plus a working belief in the probable rationality of others. And that is what political authoritarianism destroys.

Once a society is governed by the doctrine that some one group monopolizes all wisdom, it is divided into the Enlightened and the Unenlightened, and the Enlightened determine who shall be accorded membership in the club. In a modern State this makes almost impossible the growth of that mutual trust between opposing groups which is a fundamental condition for the growth of a strong political community that is also free.

The competition that takes place in a democracy is an instance of co-operative competition. It is a struggle in which both sides work to maintain the conditions necessary for a decent struggle. Accordingly, it rests on the assumption that there are no irreconcilable conflicts, that differences can be negotiated or compromised, if men have good will. Such a system requires men to deal with one another honestly, to make a serious effort to reach agreements, and to keep them after they have been made. It requires them to recognize, therefore, that the other side has its interests and to be prepared to make concessions to these interests when such concessions are not inconsistent with fundamental principles.

A democratic ethic does not ask men to be fools. They do not have to assume that their opponents have put all their cards on the table. But democratic competition is impossible if the parties to the competition cannot assume that their opponents will recognize their victory if they win and will co-operate with them afterwards. The intention to annihilate the opposition or to win at all costs destroys the possibility of a regulated struggle. In this sense, democracy is an exercise in the ethic of good faith. It is a system that makes it possible for men, not to love their enemies, but at least to live without fearing them. That kind of mutual trust between enemies is what authoritarianism destroys.

No doubt, such an argument may seem pathetically beside the point to men who live in societies that have been torn by distrust for centuries and that have known government only as a name for cruelty and dishonesty. If such men succeed in installing democratic regimes in their countries, they will do so by recognizing their enemies and distrusting them. But the harshness that goes with any deep social revolution is one thing if it is recognized as a bitter and dangerous necessity and is kept within limits. It is another if the violence is doctrinal, and the assumption is made that men can never co-operate unless they have the same interests and ideas.

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PART IV

KRISHNAVATARA

The Righteous War

THE BOOK OF BHEEMA

CHAPTER 15

Shadows of the Coming Strife

THE mood of the Most Venerable Mother, oppressed by the difficulties of the situation, was lifted no sooner she saw this giant of a great grandson of hers, coming with the happy air of an overgrown boy. She welcomed him with a smile on her lips and an affectionate sparkle in her eyes.

When Bheema prostrated himself before her, the Mother departed from her usual way to blessing with extended right-hand and slapped his back heartily.

'What have you been doing all this time, Bheema?' she asked. 'You ran away from the burning house, married a Rakshasi without my consent, got a son whom you never brought before me and, by your unfraternal conduct, deprived Duryodhana of Draupadi. What a wicked boy you are!'

'Oh, Mother, you have many more eyes than the thousand eyes of Lord Indra, the God of Rain. You have more wisdom than all the ancient Seven Sages* put together. But still you never see the good things that I do,' Bheema said and heaved a sigh. 'It is just my luck, dogged as I am by sinister planets.'

'And you ran away from the procession and came to me only after you had been to Baliya,' the Mother commented. 'When will you learn, my son, to behave like a Kuru prince?'

Bheema looked up and said: 'Mother, I have been wondering all the time: when will the other Kuru princes learn to behave like me?' Then with merry twinkle in his eyes he added: 'If I had not gone to Baliya, he would have died before seeing me return hale and hearty.'

---

* The primeval Seven Sages, after their disappearance in life. became the Seven Stars of the *Ursa Major*.

'You mean,' said the Mother, trying to suppress an outburst of laughter, 'that I am not going to die even though all of you wish me to?'

'Oh, Mother, don't talk like that. I know that the God of Death is so afraid of you that he would not dare to approach you. We are all helpless in the matter.'

The Venerable Mother could not contain her laughter. Then she became serious: 'Bheema, you know that Grandfather feels very unhappy that he should have banished you to Varnavat in a moment of weakness and sent you to death. He thinks the Great God, in His mercy, alone kept you alive. He now wants to set right the wrong and install Yudhishthira as the King.'

'I know that Grandfather loves us; besides, he is so just,' said Bheema. 'But he wants to avoid strife between us and our cousins.'

'Is it not natural for him to feel that way?' asked the Mother.

Bheema laughed. 'Oh, Mother, can't you see that there can be no end to the strife between Duryodhana and me? He is *adharma*; I am *dharma*,' he said boastfully.

The Mother could not help smiling 'O Bheema, you are a great boaster.' Then in a playful way, she added: 'But, please, for once, tell me the truth: Are you not a quarrelsome fellow?'

'Even you say this, Mother!' exclaimed Bheema in an injured tone and said: 'If I had not been peaceful by nature, I would have killed Duryodhana long ago.'

'Don't try to be unlike yourself,' admonished the Mother. 'You are a very good boy, kind-hearted, generous and brave. But, please, don't start a quarrel with your cousins.'

'Venerable Mother. I never seek a quarrel, but, when the quarrel seeks me, I have to get the better of it,' protested Bheema.

'My son, you have ample reasons for feeling that way. But you must learn to conquer evil by good,' advised the Mother.

'You won't believe it, Mother, but I always try to do it,' said Bheema with an air of innocence. 'I learn that Duryodhana wishes to commit suicide if the Eldest is installed the King. His brothers also want to leave for Gaandhara. You can rely upon me to do everything to make their exit as peaceful as I can,' said Bheema. He paused for a moment and then began to laugh at his own cleverness. 'Give me your blessings,' he added.

'My blessings are with you, son,' said the Mother and as she saw him looking intently at her, she asked: 'What are you thinking?'

'You would get angry, if I told you,' Bheema said with a mischievous smile.

'Since when have you been concerned about my anger?'

'Then listen, Mother. I wish you were my mother.'

The Mother burst out laughing. 'Wicked boy. Why?'

'Then I would have inherited the gorgeous crown of white hair, which you have.'

The Mother slapped Bheema playfully, as Bheema took leave.

Bheema went into the next mansion where Grandfather Bheeshma lived. "Now for the terrible old man," he muttered to himself.

When Bheema was announced, Bheeshma asked the chamberlain to bring him into the room where he was preparing for the banquet.

The Grandfather, straight and muscular, with his snow-white mane and beard, always reminded Bheema of some mighty peak of the Himalayas. He prostrated himself before him, rose and stood with joined hands.

'My blessings, son,' he extended his right-hand in blessing. Bheema bowed low prayerfully as if before a deity.

'Do you know my decision?' he asked in a gruff voice.

'Yes, Grandfather,' said Bheema who continued to stand with his hands joined in reverence.

'Have you the strength to face the difficulties which my decision might create?'

Bheema, with assumed humility, said: 'Ordinarily I have the strength of an elephant, but when I have your blessings to back me, I get the strength of *Airaavata** with all its seven trunks.'

'You are very modest indeed!' Even the stern old man could not maintain his grimness when this youngster was with him.

'Oh, I am modesty itself, Grandfather. In saying what I did, I only told you the truth. If I had been boastful, I would have said the strength of a hundred thousand elephants.'

'It is clear that your staying with the Rakshasaas has not improved you, Bheema.'

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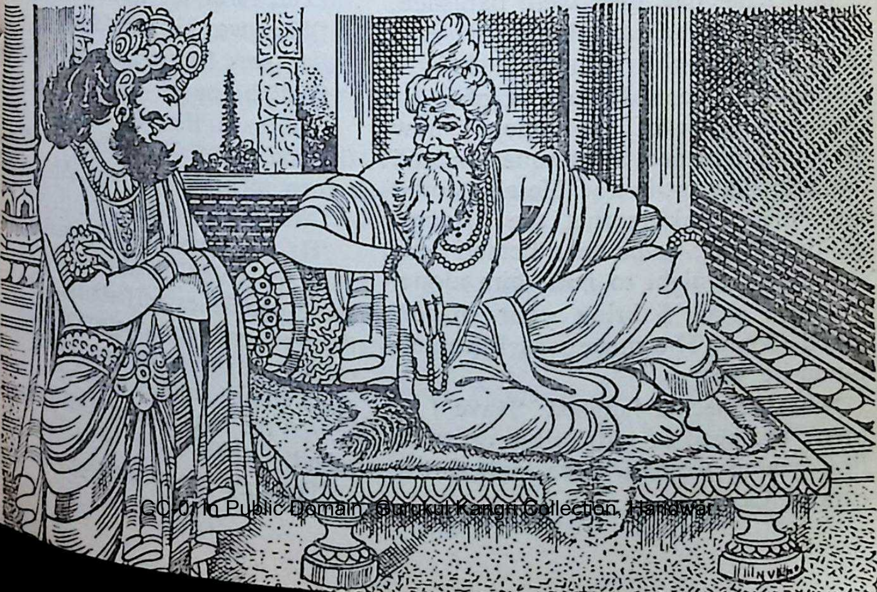
* *Airaavata* was the name of the elephant of God Indra and had seven trunks.



"...when I have your blessings to back me, I get the strength of Airaavata..."

'Forgive me, Grandfather, but you can see that there is no scope for further improvement in me. I have grown so big,' he said and looked at his own muscles with admiration.

The flicker of a smile played on the lips of Grandfather: 'I admit there is little scope of your improvement. Now, run away and get ready for the banquet.' Then he added: 'And if strife comes, be ready to meet it.'

'I always keep myself in readiness for strifes.'

Having taken his leave of Grandfather, he proceeded to the mansion of King Dhritaraashtra, where he paid his respects to his uncle and aunt, Gaandhari.

The interviews were brief and formal. The behaviour on both sides was correct, but none too cordial.

* * *

When he returned to the mansion where the Five Brothers, Mother Kunti and Draupadi were staying and where they had lived from their childhood to the day they were banished, he could not help thinking: "It is a great victory—this coming back."

They had been driven out of it by the cruel order of banishment; now they had returned as conquerors and as Drupad's sons-in-law. He also could not resist thinking that the Princess of the flying, lotus feet herself was coming that night to meet him alone.

'Lord, shall I bring your mace?' asked Gopu. The mace was Bheema's favourite weapon.

'Idiot!' Bheema laughed. 'Have I to break the head of old Baliya or some fine young woman?' He pulled the ears of Gopu.

A funny idea struck him: Suppose he were to break the head of Jalandhar*aa!* It would be great fun, he chuckled. Then he would take her in his arms and cry, as he had never cried before.

The cup of his happiness was overflowing.

In a waking dream, he saw Jalandhar*aa* living in this mansion as his wife and their children. Of course, he would have some children by Draupadi too. It would be a wonderful family of heroes which he would bring up: A great day! "Duryodhana, if he is not dead by that time, will be burning with jealousy when he sees his wife's sister marrying me," he said to himself.

Everyone, except Mother Kunti, was preparing for the banquet. Arjuna who was very fastidious about his dress and ornaments, was very particular about how he looked.

'Arjun, did you meet Guru Dronaacharya?'

'Yes,' was the laconic reply.

'What was his mood?'

'He sees fratricidal strife coming.'

'Will he be on our side?'

'He says that if his son, Aswathaama, leaves Hastinapur, he will also return to his principality, Ahicchatra.'

'And Kripaacharya?'

'He will leave with Dronaacharya.'

'Happy will be the day when all these people leave Hastinapur. We can then prepare to conquer new regions rather than waste our energy in quarrelling among ourselves. What about the Kuru warriors?' Bheema asked.

'They all expect a struggle after the

guests have gone, but most of them will stand by Grandfather.'

◆ ◆ ◆

Bheema went to the river, swam a little, had his bath, performed *sandhya* and joined the banquet given by Grandfather in honour of the occasion, where all the citizens of Hastinapur had been invited.

The shadow of the coming conflict was over every one in spite of the gaiety under which everyone was trying to forget his apprehension.

Bheema, however, enjoyed the banquet heartily, though his heart was waiting impatiently for the midnight when he would meet Jalandhar*aa*. Good food abundantly taken always heightened his normally buoyant spirit.

When the Five Brothers and Draupadi returned to their mansions, Yudhishthira and Draupadi went to sleep in a room. The other brothers were to sleep in the open courtyard; Bheema got Gopu to place his bedstead as far away as possible from those of his three brothers, Arjuna, Nakula and Sahadeva.

When night came and the lights were extinguished, he pretended to be asleep. And when his brothers went to sleep, he jumped out of his bed, fastened his sword and proceeded to Baliya's *Akhada,* followed by Gopu.

[*To be continued*]

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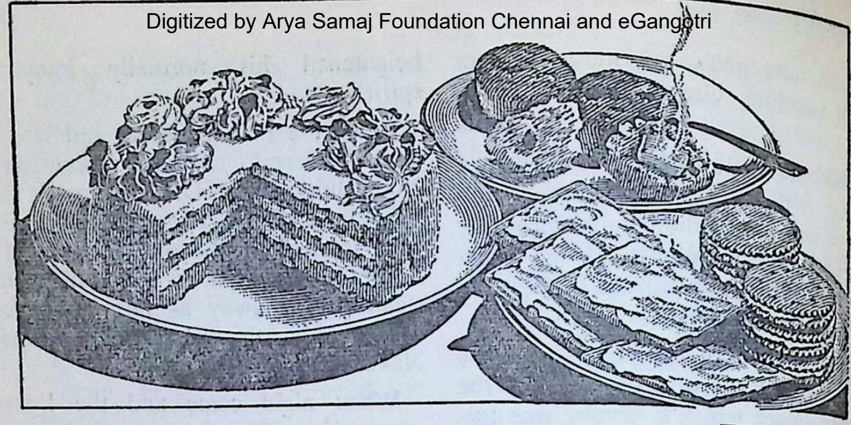

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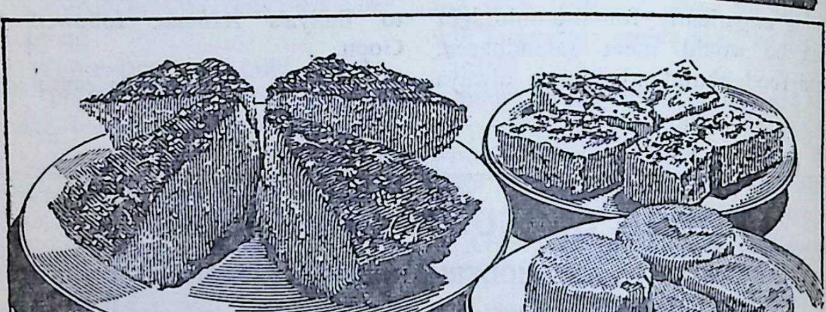

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Personalities I have known

Dr. R. C. Majumdar

IN deference to the request of Sri K. M. Munshi I propose to describe very briefly my own impression of seven distinguished Indians with whom it was my good fortune to come into personal contact. I have selected only those who are no longer bodily present among us but whose name and fame will long endure. It is not my object to describe their lives and achievements which are only too well-known. It will be my endeavour only to touch a few points in their character and personality which have left a deep impress upon my mind, to draw a very vague and very partial sketch, but not a full-size portrait. What I shall say is intended to convey neither a critical review nor a historical judgment, but simply a fleeting personal impression or fancy which knows no law and defies all reason.

With these few prefatory remarks I would place before you, my indulgent readers, my mental image of two great literary men and five politicians, leaving aside other categories for the present.

I begin with the oldest and the most renowned of the seven—Rabindranath Tagore. I have treasured in my mind the memory of the three days when he was my guest at Dacca. Though I had met him before, I never came so close to him and formed such a vivid impression of his very striking personality. The first interesting discovery I made was that he not only wrote poetry but lived a poet day and night. His talk, dress, toilet, manners and habits seemed to proclaim him a poet. His ordinary conversation—words coming naturally out of his mouth—was full of poetical touches. Though forty years have passed I

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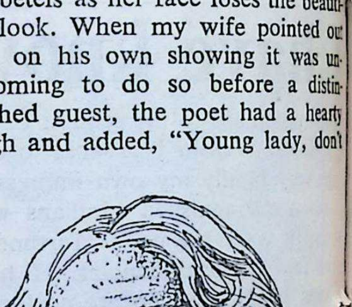
still remember a few. The nickname of my son was Rabi, but we took good care to ensure that no one must take that name so long as the poet was in my house. But my son, a boy of eight, volunteered the information to the poet. His immediate reply was "So, you have already stolen my name, I see I have to be careful so long as I am in this house."

Dacca is a typically medieval town full of narrow lanes and clusters of dingy houses. But the University quarters where I lived was outside the town,—the nice civil station founded by the short-lived Government of East Bengal and Assam. Once when I took the poet to the old town he told me on his return, "So, that town is really '*Dacca*', which means 'closed' or 'covered', and this should be named '*Khola*' (open).

At a students' meeting welcoming him, flowers were concealed in the electric fan overhead so that as soon as the poet sat, the fan was turned on and huge quantities of flowers fell on the poet's head. The poet immediately told me, "Today I have understood why Indumati died when the celestial flowers fell on her head!" So it was always a pleasure to hear him talk, whether in drawing-room or round dining-table.

Every morning he sat on an easy chair on the verandah, facing a mango-tree in full blossom. We tried to keep the children away from that place but my daughter went straight to him and asked him whether it is true that he writes poems. He answered, "Yes, I am guilty of that crime!" She said, "Why not then write a poem in my name?" He asked her nickname and immediately took a small piece of paper and wrote a poem using both her names. The poem has since been printed.

Tagore's keen poetic sensitiveness for beauty would not tolerate shabbiness in himself or others. Every day he changed his dress and asked me or my wife before going out whether there was anything amiss in the dress. In course of conversation he told us that when they were young they would never go to their father with betel leaves in their mouths. My wife took the hint and gave up chewing betels. But it did not escape his notice, and he took my wife to task for not chewing betels as her face loses the beautiful look. When my wife pointed out that on his own showing it was unbecoming to do so before a distinguished guest, the poet had a hearty laugh and added, "Young lady, don't



Rabindranath Tagore

forget that there is a gap of half a century between your youth and my youth which I may regret but cannot forget. So what was good in those days may not be good today". On his insistence she had to put on good dress and chew betels as usual.

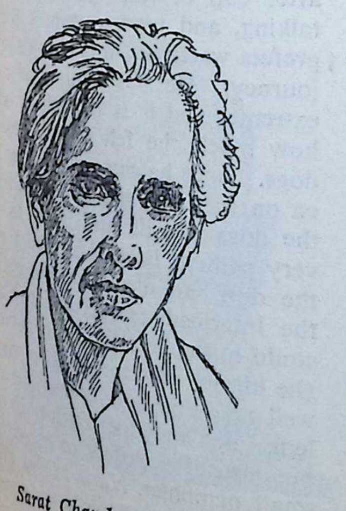
One day we had a small gathering in his honour and one young man was reciting a poem of Tagore's. Tagore's sensitive ears were so much pained by the bad reading that forgetting his usual decorum he asked the reciter to stop and then himself read the piece in his own inimitable way.

I was struck with his free and frank expression of views. I asked him why he always praised all kinds of writings. He answered, "Well, after all Mahakal (Eternal Time) would pass the final judgment, so why should I pain the man by any unfavourable opinion?"

He also made some very uncharitable remarks against his own institution at Santiniketan.

Rabindranath had almost everything that one could desire—beauty, fame, wealth, health, and charm in almost everything he said or did, and above all, a fine musical voice—a unique combination rarely found.

Sarat Chandra Chatterji who was a worthy peer of Rabindranath in fiction literature, had none of these gifts of nature. He was born poor, unattractive in appearance and lacked the grace and charm, so natural to the other. I came into close contact with him during his two or three visits to Dacca, and was attracted irresistibly by his personality in spite of these handicaps. It did not take me long to find out that if Rabindranath was a thorough aristocrat, Sarat Chandra was a thorough plebeian. But behind the plebeian exterior was a noble heart and a developed mind which elevated him to the high rank of cultural aristocracy. He rose from obscurity, and spent his early life almost as a tramp and vagabond, but the schooling of these miserable years furnished him with an objective experience of different types of human beings and varied aspects of their character that stood him in good stead in his literary career as a novelist. His conversation lacked the poetical charm of Rabindranath but he more than made up for it by the easy style and the very interesting manner in which he narrated his long experience of men and things. He did not feel at home in big gathering but was fully at ease in a very small company. I still remember how, night after night, my wife and



Sarat Chandra Chatterji

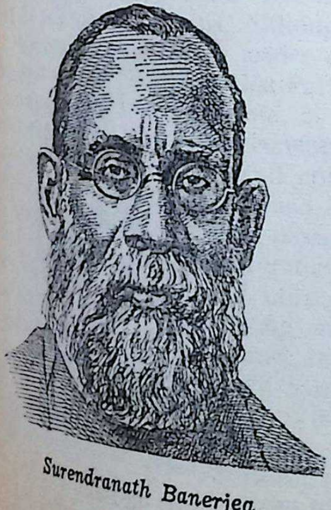
I sat for hours and listened, almost spellbound, to the events he narrated one after another which supplied him the plots of his novels,

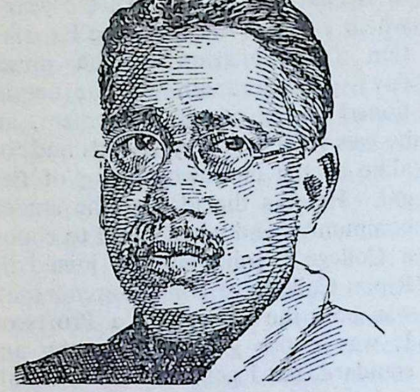
As is well-known he has been praised by many, and abused by many more, for his undisguised sympathy for the bad sort, particularly the fallen women. Many of the incidents he narrated were intended to demonstrate his basic idea that even the worst has some good features and the very best has many evils, and we should never judge a man or a woman merely by the good or bad points in her life and character, and what is still more important, we must view with sympathy both the good as well as the bad.

Once I asked him which one of his novels he considered the best. He replied, without any hesitation, *Grihadaha* (Burning of the House) the hero of which eloped with the wife of his best friend, but died while helping the plague-stricken during an epidemic. His famous novel *Charitrahin* (Without Character) shows the gradual moral degradation of a highly intellectual woman of a middle-class family, and one of the best monthlies in Calcutta, for which it was originally written, refused to publish it, though later the owner of the same issued many editions of the book. Sarat Chandra told me that once an unknown girl saw him and expressed gratitude for saving her. She explained that in her early youth she arranged to elope with somebody at midnight and in order to keep herself awake she began to read *Charitrahin*. When she finished it she was moved by the tragic fate of the remorseful heroine, and gave up the idea of leaving her home. After finishing the story Sarat Chandra said, "This is the object with which I write such novels, though people misunderstand me, but all the abuses hurled at me were more than compensated by the knowledge that I have saved at least one soul." Sarat Chandra told me that he had collected a large number of facts about women who had gone astray, with a view to publishing a big volume, but unfortunately the manuscript was burnt while his house in Burma was on fire.

Sarat Chandra was a very sparse eater, and openly expressed his disapproval of those who ate a great deal. Once he and Sir Jadunath were both in Dacca together to receive the Honorary Doctorate, and as they both sat at the same dining-table he could ill conceal his disgust at the fact that Jadunath, though old, should eat so much. But Sarat Chandra took cup after cup of tea, particularly while talking, and used to remark that he prefers waterway to land-route for his journey. He was sentimental to the extreme, and it is difficult to believe how much he felt for his two pet dogs. Once he came away from Dacca on receiving the news that one of the dogs was ill, and wrote to me a very pathetic letter informing me that the dog had died. He did not pass the Intermediate Examination as he could not collect the Examination fee (he himself told me), but he was very well read and had a very wide knowledge not only of English literature but also of a variety of subjects. His small pamphlet, *Narir Mulya* (Worth of a Woman) shows a wide and a curate knowledge of the status of women, and opinion of famous men about them in different ages and countries. One passage runs thus: "According to St. Augustine"—and mark, he is a saint—"the woman is the gate of hell." He was a protest personified against such views, and preached the nobility of woman through his novels. All his heroes and heroines and even minor figures are based, he said, on real life, and this is specially true of women and revolutionaries in his novels. No other book, except *Anandamath*, so deeply stirred the revolutionary youths of Bengal as did his *Pather Dabi* (Right to Way), and he told me the names of actual persons who inspired him in conceiving the hero Sabyasachi. The book was proscribed within a week but 5,000 copies had been already sold.

Of the great political figures whom I was privileged to meet the name of Surendranath Banerjea occurs first to my mind. The Swadeshi Movement in Bengal started in 1905, the year in which I passed the Entrance Examination (Matriculation of the present day). Surendranath was the unquestioned leader of the Movement, and he was referred to by friends and foes alike as the uncrowned king of Bengal. He was the idol of the student community, and when I had to choose a College I unhesitatingly joined the Ripon College, of which Surendranath was both the owner and a Professor. It was not a good College by any standard, but I got admitted in it only to have the privilege of sitting at the feet of Surendranath. Looking back to those days with all the experience I have gained since, I cannot say that he was a very good teacher, but he inspired us with noble ideas. He was the most eloquent orator in India of those days and people have designated him as Burke or Demosthenes of India. I listened to many of his public lectures and felt enthralled by his wonderful eloqence, almost unique in character, such as I have never heard during the sixty years that have passed since. He did not escape the fate which later overtook others, and was looked upon as almost a god. When he returned from Barisal after the Conference in which he was humiliated and penalised by the District Magistrate, crowds gathered at every steamer station to have his *darsan*, and when he landed at the Sealdah station at early hours of the dawn, his carriage was unhorsed and drawn by the students. So Gandhiji was neither the first nor the last god. Like Gandhiji in later days he was called the Father of the Nation. He was a

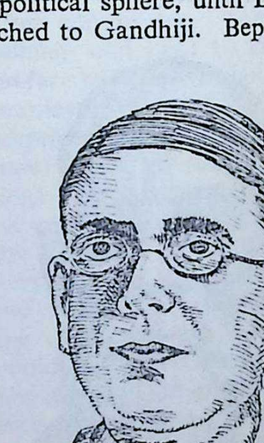

Surendranath Banerjea



Bepin Chandra Pal

pucca Sahib when he was dismissed from I.C.S., but I never saw him in public except in Choga and Chapkan. I also remember to have attended the *Annaprasan* ceremony of his son, accompanied by a big feast, when he moved round in *Dhoti* and *Chadar* with the sacred thread on his body. We could not, of course, dare to be intimate with him, and looked at him with awe from a distance, but he was always in a pleasant mood and very kind to his (and other) students.

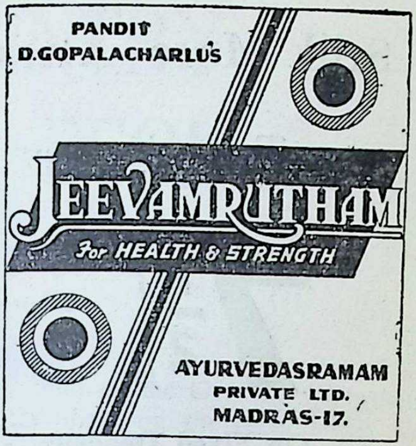
In point of eloquence, Bepin Chandra Pal was only next to Surendranath, but he had the added distinction of being equally eloquent in English and Bengali. Surendranath, so far as I can recollect, never gave any public speech in Bengali, but Bepin Chandra Pal's Bengali speeches in chastened language were listened to with rapt attention. While Surendranath appealed to our emotion, Bepin Chandra put before us a formidable array of facts against the Government, denouncing it in the most violent language. I now know that it was the zeal of a new convert, for up to the time of the Partition of Bengal, Bepin Chandra was a moderate politician like Surendranath, but then he joined the Extremist Party of Tilak and Aurobindo. In any case his logical exposition and violent denunciation made him a popular hero, and there is no doubt that he was the strongest pillar of the Extremist Party in Bengal. He lived quite close to our house in South Calcutta, and my brother was his friend, and so I often met him and argued with him. He was always patient and smiling and seemed to take pleasure in talking politics with youngsters like us. He was always in straitened circumstances, and my own impression is that C.R. Das was his great patron and helped him liberally with money. There was a close alliance between the two in the political sphere, until Das became attached to Gandhiji. Bepin Chandra



C. R. Das

was very much attached to Das, from personal sentiments as well as gratitude for what the latter had done for him. I could often detect in course of conversation how much he felt for this breach. But he was a man of principle—he did not believe in *Guru-vada* in religion or politics—and mere personal feelings could not deflect him from the course that he felt to be right. The final breach occurred at the Bengal Provincial Conference at Barisal (1921). I still remember his reply when my brother asked him about it: "They asked for magic, I gave them logic". Throughout his political career that was his strong forte, —he never yielded to magic but always clung obstinately to his logic. How far his logic was right is, of course, another matter. But it must be said to his credit that he was one of the very few nationalist leaders who were, comparatively speaking, free from sentimentalism and spirit of hero-worship which seemed to me to be the bane of our political life. He had to pay dearly for this. Although he was not only an active leader of the front rank in the Nationalist Party for many years, and also wrote, in a scholarly manner, on the fundamental basis of Indian nationalism and connected problems, he had no place in Indian politics after 1920, and passed into obscurity. Like Surendranath Banerji, Bepin Chandra Pal utilised his forced retirement in writing the events of his own life and time, and these two biographies are very valuable sources of information on the history of the growth of nationalism and the struggle for freedom in India.

[To be continued]



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THE COUNTRY OF YOUNG PEOPLE

Lilavati Munshi

Continued from last issue

FIRST we halted at a community centre at Ashkelon which is a prosperous town. Like Juhu in Bombay it has a sea-shore. Many people during the season come to bathe in the sea. Once upon a time it had been a Roman city. There were broken columns in the public garden. After having lunch at a hotel we started towards Beersheva—a new desert town with a population of sixty thousand.

We reached Beersheva in the evening and stayed in the "Desert Inn," a beautiful hotel in the heart of the desert. It is a modern city with a glittering shopping centre. Who can say that this is a city in the desert? The hotel was excellent with modern facilities. The food was good as indeed in all the hotels where I stayed.

From the balcony, lights in the desert city looked bright and beautiful at night.

On the 20th, after breakfast, we started for the Dead Sea. On the way the velocity of the wind was so great that the flying sands made the atmosphere darkish and very little could be seen. Villages on the way were sparse.

First we stopped at the Israel border of the Gaza strip. The border gate was like a railway gate. Two military men of the U.N.O. were doing sentry duty on the other side. We were told that the Commander-in-Chief in the Gaza strip was an Indian. We were also told that Arab refugees of Palestine were living in Gaza. We could not see the city as it was a little far away. These Arabs had left Palestine in 1956 after the clash between the Arabs and Jews. They were hoping to come back with the conquering army, but as the Jews won they could not come back and became refugees. These Arabs could have been settled in the portion of Palestine given to the Arabs by the U.N.O. just as the Jews were settled in the Israel portion. But the Arab countries want to keep them as they are. All the moneys belonging to the Arabs were given over to them by the Israelis at the time of the armistice. The present Israel boundary was decided at the time of the armistice by U.N.O. and signed by Egypt, Lebanon, Syria and Jordon along with Israel.

I had thought that Negav must be a desert, but to my surprise I found many Kibbutz flanking it and cultivation being done extensively. There are fruit-bearing trees and fields on both sides of the road. The water comes from very far, but it seems the Israelis do not mind spending money on bringing water to the desert from far away places.

Even in this desert the roads go up and down running between the sand-dunes upto half the way. They are well maintained. On one side Kibbutz are established, on the other side there are still sand-dunes.

Dead Sea is 1286 feet below sea level. Nothing can live in Dead Sea, not even fish, because the salt in the sea is 17 times more than the ordinary sea-water. A man cannot be drowned even if he wants to, because the water is very heavy with salt.

From a distance we looked at the Dead Sea and the factories. Here thousands of tons of potash and bromide from the Dead Sea water are manufactured and exported. Potash is very useful for agriculture. A portion of the water in the Dead Sea was looking green, because of chemicals. Nearly five hundred workers are daily brought to work in the factories. Houses have been built for them, but it is not possible for them to stay day and night at such a place. A portion of the Dead Sea has been made to dry up.

There was a small restaurant where we took drinks. Even in such a place we found souvenirs, photographs, picture post-cards and good food. The shop had a big glass front.

Nobody can live in Israel without working except when he is unwell or not fit for work. Everybody must work—both men and women.

But let us get along with our story.

On our way back it was unusually raining hard. In this country the rain starts in winter, from November onwards. Our car failed, but an army jeep came to our rescue. A rope was tied to our car and the jeep dragged it. We reached the hotel at one O'clock. After lunch we started for Tel Aviv.

I must again record some of my impressions and the information that I gathered from my talks with various people.

Israel is the country of the young. There are more young people than old. There is great stress on agriculture and tree-planting. Even in the houses there is invariably some green in a corner.

The new houses in Israel are modern and rise high. The first Kibbutz and other settlements had small houses—houses without a storey. Now they are building bigger houses and ownership apartments. Government gives generous loans to purchase houses on easy terms, repayment to be made over a long number of years.

The houses are modern. The standard of living is European in dress, food and housing. Theirs is by no means a poor society. It is likely to become more and more prosperous if peace continues to prevail.

Nowhere during my extensive motor tours could I see dirty hutments or poor men's houses as we see in our country. I could only see two beggars, one in Nazareth and another in Jerusalem.

The hotels are very modern and as good and luxurious as in many European countries.

The ratio of income between the

top people and the unskilled workers, I was told, is but one to five. You have to address a waiter as 'Sir', and give him orders with 'please'. Very few people can afford servants. Even where the servants are employed they come only for a few hours a day. Generally everybody has to work with his own hands. This is a socialist society in the real sense of the term.

The total population of Israel is only about 22,50,000— about half the population of Bombay.

If any new immigrant comes, he is supplied with a house equipped with all the necessary amenities and a field is ready where he has to work. These are given to him as a loan from the Government. Generally immigrants are not agriculturists. They are taught to work in the fields, given maintenance allowance till they learn to manage the work by themselves and earn. They are expected to repay the loan in due course, but that is over a long number of years.

The houses are kept clean and neat.

The great thing in Israel is the sense of dedication with which people work. They wanted a country of their own. They have it; they have made it and there they are.

I forgot to mention the political condition of the country at the time of my visit. During the time that I was in Israel the Lavon affair and the resignation of ex-Prime Minister Ben Gurion from the party were the topics of the day. Luk who was supposed to be a spy of Egypt also created interest. The other excitement was about the shooting of the Dan Kibbutz which resulted in Israel bombing the opponent's base.

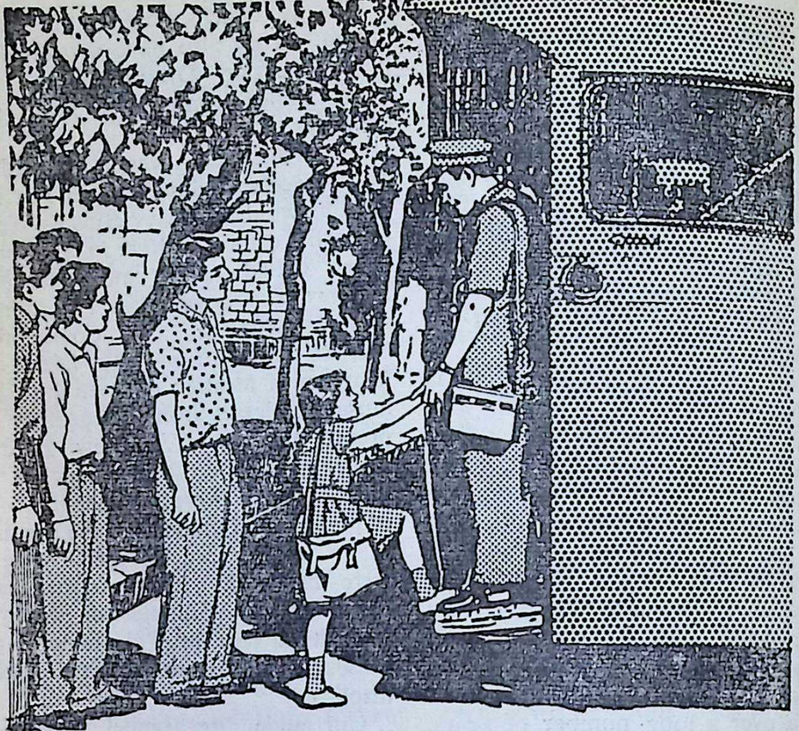
Like us, Israelis observe the Lunar month. They also have a festival of lights like our Diwali. There are many things common to both our countries.

On 21st which was a Saturday, every place was closed. In spite of the howling wind and heavy rains we started in the car for a drive in Tel Aviv, later visited four museums—(1) Haretz Museum of Glass (2) Ethnography Museum (3) Coins and Menacs Museum and (4) Dizengoff Museum of Modern Art. In the glass museum, glasses from olden times to present times were on view. In one other museum coins from ancient to modern times were shown. In one of the museums, models of the costumes as well as articles used by Jews were displayed. In the fourth there were modern paintings, of which I understand very little. In none of the museums, Indian art or articles were displayed.

Our guide, Mr. Raphel, was a law graduate, 23 years of age, tall, young and married. He is very proud of his country.

In the afternoon I separated from Sri and Smt. Khatau and Sri Pohekar and went again to Astor Hotel. In the evening a reporter named Shapera came for an interview for her paper *Al Hemshmar*. At night, I went with the Khataus to see an opera *'Madam Butterfly'* which is a Japanese story rendered in Hebrew. Slow action, but beautiful music; Japanese dresses and scenery; and the heroine was the famous Michiko Sunahara.

Next evening Sri Abhaya Khatau's exhibition of painting was opening



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in Jerusalem. They were all going there in the morning.

One Mrs. Lerner came for an interview for another paper in the morning. At lunch Mr. Yosef Gabrieli, Mr. Cohen and other Agricultural experts came for a talk. They were coming to Bombay after a fortnight.

In the afternoon I started for Jerusalem in order to be present at Sri Khatau's exhibition which was opening that evening. I stayed in the President's hotel and met some people at the exhibition. Although Khatau and I both belong to Bombay, I saw his exhibition for the first time in a foreign land. Khataus and Pohekar were in the same hotel in adjoining rooms.

On the 23rd, the rain was still persisting. It was very difficult to go out. Mrs. Erman and myself went to the top floor of a convent from where we could see the two cities of Jerusalem very distinctly. Like Berlin, a wall separated the two cities. At night Mr. Yafe gave us a dinner at the King David Hotel. Thereafter all of us went to his house. Mr. Gabriel Doron, Director of the President's office and a former Consul-General of Bombay and his wife were also there. One of Mr. Gabriel Doron's remarks was:—"Mrs. Munshi, I admire Mr. Munshi the most for one thing—his *Vana Mahotsava*—his preaching and taking up the programme of tree-planting when he was the Central Minister." Some other people also were present.

The 24th was my last day in Israel. I had to catch the plane in the evening from Tel Aviv. I started at 11 o'clock with Mrs. Erman. On our way we saw a synagogue which is the church of the Jews. We also went to see the Weizmann Institute of Science at Rehovoth. This institute was established by Dr. Weizmann, who was a great scientist and the first President of Israel. Extensive grounds, many laboratories, a good library and an auditorium. Dr. Weizmann's widow stays in the same compound. His grave is in the compound next to his house. The buildings, the grounds, the gardens, how shall I describe them? Wonderfully beautiful. Dr. Meyer, the public relations scientist-officer, gave us a lunch in the dining-room and showed us round. Later he took us to his home where we met his wife. The children were sleeping. While we were in his house, there was a noise like a rifle shooting. Mrs. Meyer explained that it was the jet plane which was breaking the sound barrier.

After a while we started for the aerodrome. Mrs. Erman gave me a beautiful copy of the Old Testament—the Hebrew Bible. She also gave rational explanations of some of the miracles—Moses leading his people through water and the story of a village which was saved during the modern war. I shall narrate them some other time.

At 4.25 Israel time I emplaned for India. Thanks to Mrs. Erman, I did not have any difficulty anywhere.

We stopped at Teheran air port where I met Mr. Zaidi, the son of Nawab Mehdi Nawaz Jung, Governor of Gujarat. On the 25th at 4 a.m. Indian standard time I reached Delhi and by 9.15 a.m. continued my journey to Bombay the same morning.

[CONCLUDED]

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Future of Philosophical Studies in India

K. Balasubramania Aiyar

MANY events of paramount importance and significance have taken place in our country between the period when the Philosophical Congress was last held here in the year 1940 at Madras and the present session. The Second World War which convulsed the whole world, took place soon after the Congress of 1940 and India attained independence in the year 1947 and became a Sovereign Democratic Republic holding in its own hands the moulding of its destiny. The modern age of science was ushered in all its splendour, with its remarkable discoveries in the conquest of space, the development of atomic energy and the marvellous achievements of technology. The pursuit of the study of philosophy has, therefore, to take place in this background of scientific advance and technological improvement.

Fortunately for us, many of our world thinkers have begun to realise the necessity for ushering in the age of spirituality also. They are convinced that spirituality alone has the power to check the evil effects of science. The discovery of nuclear weapons forebodes the advent of a nuclear war which, if it happens, will surely result in the destruction of mankind. Even the experiments of nuclear explosion have affected the health of the present generation and the future generations as well. Philosophy should, therefore, occupy a pre-eminent place in this nuclear age.

There have been erroneous notions about the conflict between philosophy and science, but these have been exploded by the weighty pronouncements of eminent scientists like Albert Einstein, Sir James Jeans, Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Arthur Eddington and others.

A very beautiful Persian proverb was quoted by the late lamented Maulana Abul Kalam Azad in his valuable introduction to the book on *The History of Philosophy—Eastern and Western* sponsored by the Ministry of Education, Government of India, and edited by a Board presided over by Dr. Radhakrishnan, President of the In-

From his Welcome Address at the 38th Session of the Indian Philosophical Congress.

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dian Union. The Persian Poet has compared the Universe to an old manuscript of which the first and the last pages have been lost. It is no longer possible to see how the book began and how it is likely to end. Ever since the dawn of history, man has been trying to discover these lost pages and, according to the Persian Poet, Philosophy is the name of this quest and its result.

It is a happy augury for the future of philosophy in our country that an eminent philosopher is the Head of the Indian Union. No longer can a philosopher be brushed aside with the cynical observation that he is only an idealist and can never be a practical statesman. If a distinguished scholar steeped in philosophic study and dedicated wholly to the investigation of the problems of philosophy has been called upon by the nation to fill the great role of the President of the Indian Union and guide its affairs, all can very well realise that philosophy is concerned deeply with life and with mundane affairs. In fact, some scholars have said that philosophy is a way of life.

Whatever may be the place assigned to philosophy in other countries of the world, it cannot but fill a dominant place in India which has been the home of philosophy for more than thirty centuries. The Indian mind has instinctively turned to the pursuit of philosophy. In ancient India, philosophy stood on its own legs and all other studies looked to it for inspiration and support. In our country, the incentive for a study of philosophy proceeds from a spiritual background. Prof. Mackenzie in his presidential address to the Tenth Session of the Indian Philosophical Congress says that philosophy is native to the soil of India. The truth of the unity of life has pervaded the entire Indian philosophic thought. An echo of this we hear in the following lines of the modern English Poet Francis Thompson:

> "All things by immortal power
> near or far;
> Hiddenly to each other linked are;
> That thou canst not stir a flower
> Without troubling of a star."

In the morning of history, the Vedic seers posed the problem of the nature of God-head, the meaning and purpose of life, the mystery of creation and the relationship that should subsist between man and God. In the Tenth Mandala of the *Rig Veda*, there is a beautiful hymn about the mystery of creation, a few stanzas from which are quoted below:

> "In the beginning there was neither
> naught nor aught;
> Then there was neither sky nor atmosphere above;
> What then enshrouded all this
> teeming universe
> In the receptacle of what was it
> contained;
> Was it enveloped in the gulf profound of water?
> Then was there neither death nor
> immortality;
> Then was there neither day nor
> night nor light nor darkness.
> Only the Existing One breathed
> calmly self-contained."

In another verse, in the Taittiriya Samhita of the *Yajur Veda*, the emphatic statement addressed to those engaged in the performance of Yajna or Sacrifice is as follows:

"In the midst of prolonged rituals connected with the Yajna or Sacrifice, yearning for the enjoyment of life, you

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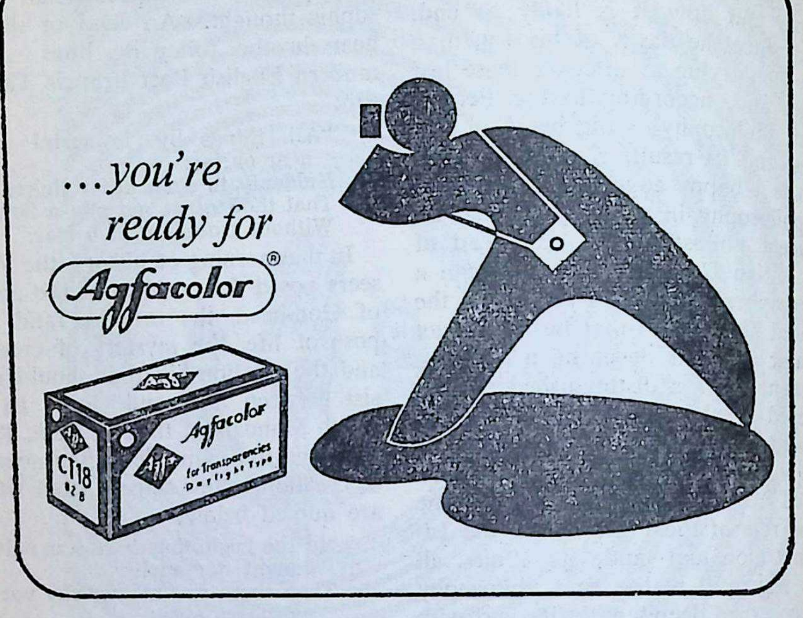

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are pronouncing these mantras in praise of God; but you have not striven to understand Him who is responsible for the creation of the Universe and soul of man. This soul is hidden behind the enveloping mist as it were".

The content and meaning of these words are almost similar to the pronouncement of the great Socrates, the Greek philosopher: 'Know Thyself.' Vedic scholars also say: 'Try to know your own self and Him who created the world.' These two examples will sufficiently show how the Vedic seers were confronted with the problems of the soul and its relation to God and how they were anxious to acquire the knowledge of both.

From that time onwards, there has been a continuous development of philosophical thought in India reaching the great heights of philosophical reflection in Sankara, Ramanuja and others.

During British rule, philosophy became a subject of study in the Universities of our country. But until recently, the dominant place was taken only by Western philosophy and Indian philosophy had only a minor place in the curriculum of studies. True, philosophy knows no frontiers and a student of philosophy can study with profit the philosophy of every country in the world like the philosophy of the ancient Greeks, of Persia, of Islam notably of Sufism and of medieval Europe and of the modern age. He can very well engage himself in the fascinating study of finding out similarities between the thought of India and of the Greeks and of comparing and contrasting the conclusions arrived at by ancient Indian philosophers and the Greek philosophers.

It has been said that there is great similarity between the philosophic thought of Sankara and of the Greek philosopher Parmenides and between the doctrine of transmigration enunciated by Pythagoras and that of the Indian seers.

Unfortunately, the youth of our country in modern days are attracted more to a study of science and other subjects related to science than to a study of the humanities or philosophy in particular. A perusal of the number of the students who took philosophy as their subject and who came out of the University of Madras in recent times will clearly show how philosophy as a subject of study is becoming unpopular. I feel it is the duty of all philosophers assembled in this Congress to seriously consider how to develop an interest in the student to take to the study of philosophy in our Universities, how to afford incentives for such study and how a study of philosophy which will mould the character of present-day youths and render them capable of contributing to the progress and the development of the country, will become popular among them.

Of course, philosophy can never produce spectacular results as science has done to lure the student to its study. While science is entirely concerned with producing results, philosophy is mainly concerned with understanding and knowledge. While science is concerned with the external effects of nature; philosophy is concerned with the values of life. But it is also remarkably true to say that the line demarcating the boundaries of higher study of abstract science

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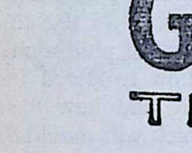

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and of philosophy is becoming thinner and thinner. In fact, Sir James Jeans has written a book entitled *Physics and Philosophy* in which he has tried to show how the truths established by science are hardly distinguishable from those established by philosophy.

The cultivation of the study of philosophy is the primary need of the present day in the world and especially in our country. Men in key positions who hold power and set standards for others to follow in the world are only interested in mechanisation and organisation. They feel that science will enable us to gratify our desires and further our purposes in life. Science is ethically neutral. If our desires are evil and our purposes are bad, science becomes an evil. When we enter into the question as to what desires are good and as to what purposes are moral, we then enter into the world of values with which science is not concerned. In India, in the present day, in our anxiety to catch up with the advanced nations of the world like the United States of America and Soviet Russia, we are apt to attach too much importance to the craze for wealth, for the satisfaction of the desires and for material welfare only. We are apt to forget the necessity of moral values, of the building up of character and of the real meaning and purpose of life. For all these things, a study of philosophy is absolutely necessary. In some advanced countries of the West, even in technological courses an element of the study of philosophy is enjoined upon students.

In an article contributed to the magazine *Nature,* a leading scientist observed as follows: "An important step in the right direction would, for the academic authorities, be to introduce the study of philosophy and scientific method as compulsory subsidiary subjects in the curriculum for the first degree." I do not know whether with the already overloaded University curriculum there is much scope for the introduction of such a reform. There can be no doubt that one of the greatest of our needs at the present time is for such a type of education as will enable the students to see beyond the fragmentaries of the particular science and to comprehend the whole. To answer even the simplest question about nature is an infinite task. This has been beautifully described by Tennyson in a poem thus:

> "Flower in the crannied wall;
> I pluck you out of the crannies;
> I hold you here, root and all, in
> my hand;
> Little flower—but if I could under-
> stand
> What you are, root and all, and
> all in all
> I should know what God and
> man is."

After all, it must be remembered that just as science is engaged in the pursuit of truth, philosophy is also primarily interested in the pursuit of truth. And truth is neither science nor philosophy nor art.

May the citizen of future India imbibe this spirit of philosophy is our fond hope!

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Surveys carried out in the country have shown a wide prevalence of malnutrition, especially among the low income groups.

Surveys carried out with the help of W.H.O., during 1956-59, in four States of South India with 4,500 children under 5 years of age revealed that about 3% of the children were victims of Kwashiorkor and Marasmus (Emaciation) caused by acute protein deficiency, while general protein malnutrition was observed in some 25% of the children. Some 40% of the children suffered from other forms of malnutrition.

Further surveys carried out through the I.C.M.R. have shown that 10 to 14% of the children examined were suffering from diseases of the eye, brought about by vitamin A deficiency.

The most widespread nutrition deficiency which has acquired the magnitude of a major public health problem is protein malnutrition among toddlers in the weaning period. At a modest estimate we may put the figure of the child victims of this hidden hunger at 10 to 15 million.

This state of affair has been brought about by faulty feeding of the child after weaning, which in turn is the result of low purchasing power of the people, high cost and shortage of protective foods and lack of proper knowledge of nutrition and balanced diets.

Quality foods, such as milk, vegetables, fruit, fish, eggs, etc., which are necessary for a balanced diet, are very much in short supply. As a result of this, the standard of our national health has gone down.

It is well known that subnormal nutrition not only lowers the resistance to disease and infection but impairs the mental efficiency and performance of a child. If suitable measures are not taken to counteract malnutrition during the early years of a child's life, the damage of its health will be irreparable. The problem has, therefore, to be tackled on a nation-wide

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basis, in order to improve the standard of health of the future generation.

Recent researches carried out to find out the etiology and causes of protein malnutrition among children, have shown that skim milk is an effective protein supplement in place of whole milk for combating the deficiency.

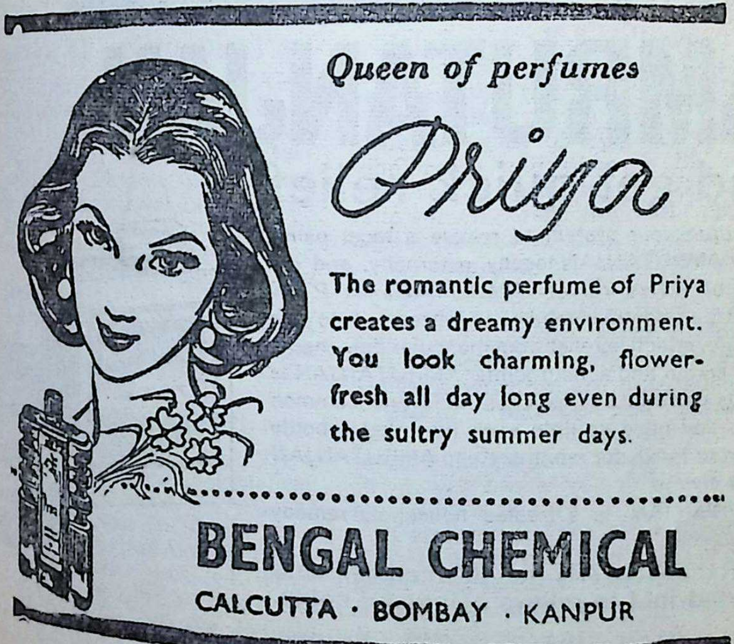
The value of suitable, easily available vegetable proteins, found in combinations of vegetables, such as mixtures of peas and beans and green vegetables, have also been recently demonstrated to have high biological value, very effective in the prevention of protein malnutrition among children.

While planning the future nutrition programmes in the country, it must be kept in view that the diet supplement should overcome the deficiencies prevalent in the child's home diet.

Diet should also be planned from the foods available in the region and within the means of the community.

The supplement should consist of a cereal preparation which will meet the needs of the basic calories of the child and protein foods such as milk, eggs, sprouted gram, combination of pulses and beans and green vegetables or fruit for vitamins and minerals.

It should provide at least 1/3 of the nutritional needs of the child for the day.



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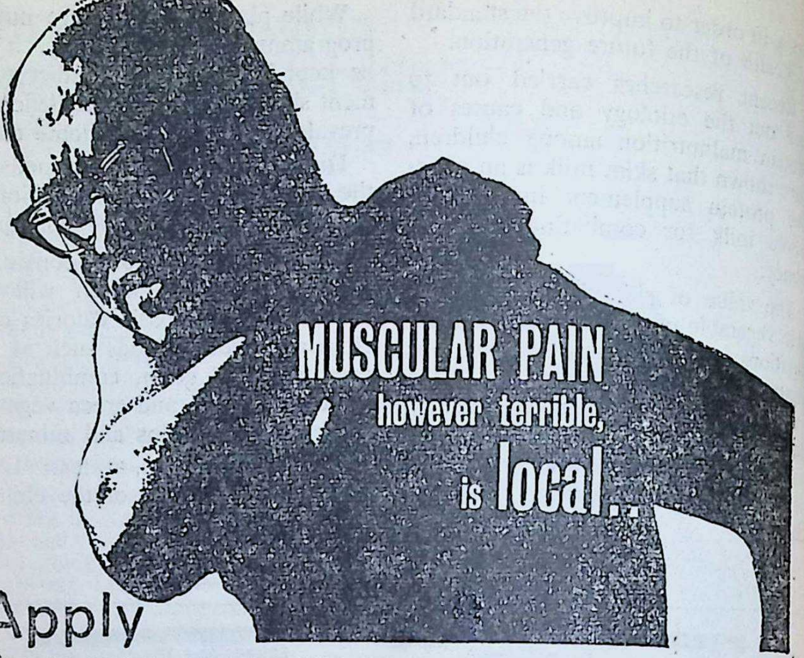
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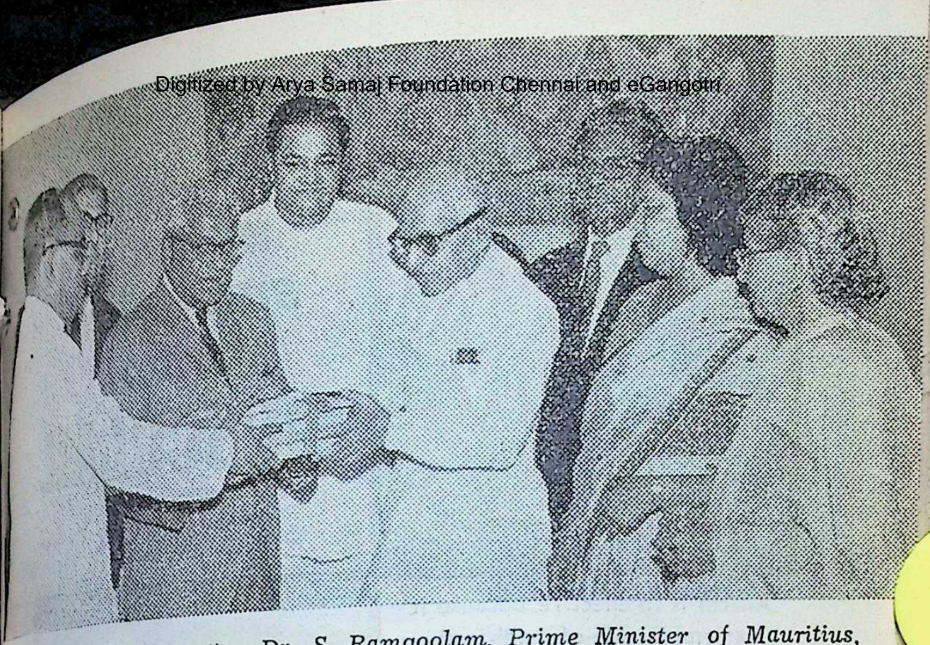

Kulapati Munshiji presenting Dr. S. Ramgoolam, Prime Minister of Mauritius, a set of Bhavan's publications during his visit to the Bhavan on 3rd Feb. 1965. Behind the Kulapati is Sri R. Jomadar, Labour Minister of Mauritius, Smt. Ramgoolam and Smt. Munshi.

NOTES & NEWS

DR. RAMGOOLAM AT THE BHAVAN

HIS EXCELLENCY DR. S. RAMGOOLAM, Prime Minister of Mauritius, accompanied by Madame Ramgoolam and Sri R. Jomadar, Minister for Labour, visited the Bhavan on the 3rd February, 1965. On arrival he was received by Kulapati and Smt. Munshi with whom he had tea and thereafter he went round the various departments of the Bhavan.

Dr. Ramgoolam is the Chairman of the Organising Committee of the Bhavan's Mauritius Branch.

SRI K. B. AIYAR FELICITATED

SRI K. BALASUBRAMANIA AIYAR, Hon. Secretary of the Bhavan's Madras Kendra, on being awarded the title of 'Padma Bhushan', was felicitated at a function held at Madras on February 10. Dr. A. L. Mudaliar presided, when Sri Aiyar's great qualities of head and heart were praised. Kulapati Munshi had sent the following message felicitating Sri Aiyar on the occasion:

"I join you all in felicitating Sri K. Balasubramania Aiyar on his being awarded the title of Padma Bhushan.

"Inheriting from his illustrious father a legacy of legal talent, classical scholarship and *dharmic* instincts, he has used them all in the service of his fellow-men and for the spread of higher values of Indian culture.

"He has played a conspicuous part in shaping many educational and cultural institutions, has been a Senator and Syndic of the Madras University, and his services to the advancement of Sanskrit learning are unequalled.

"Deeply learned and perfectly at home in the literatures, sacred and secular, in English, Sanskrit and Tamil, Sri Aiyar has a versatility of scholarship which is rare in this country.

"Combining flexible conservatism with a modern outlook, Sri Aiyar has been ceaselessly striving, through spoken and written word, to strengthen Indian culture.

"Sri Aiyar has been a colleague of mine in the Sanskrit Vishva Parishad

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and Secretary of the Bhavan's Kendra at Madras. The title of Padma Bhushan has been a well-deserved recognition of his learning, character and services."

SHASTRIYA EXAMINATIONS

EXAMINATIONS in the Bhavan's Shastriya Sanskrit will commence on April 11, 1965 and end on April 14, 1965 at established centres. The oral examination for the Acharya final year will, however, be held on April 16.

VIKRAM UNIVERSITY

THE Vikram University of Ujjain has recognised the Uttara Madhyama Examination of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay, for admission to B.A. (Classics) Pt. I Examination (in all subjects under the three-year Degree Course.

BHAVAN'S DELHI KENDRA

ON the 6th of last month a shrine was put up at the Bhavan's Public School in New Delhi in which the images of Goddess Saraswati, Lord Buddha, Lord Jesus, Sri Hanumanji and other prophets were artistically decorated. After Pooja and *Ahavanti Homa* the pupils of the school offered *Pushpanjali*, which was followed by *bhajans* and discourses.

A LECTURE series on "Windows to World Cultures" was inaugurated by Sri Jaisukhlal Hathi, Union Minister of State for Home Affairs, at the Bhavan's Delhi Kendra on February 12, 1965. M. Bernard Clergerie, Cultural Counsellor, Embassy of France, delivered a lecture on 'The Culture of France". With remarkable candour and sense of humour, M. Clergerie, in his lecture, traced the development of French culture, bringing to light the contradictions in French character which were both its strength and its weakness.

SANSKRIT DEBATE

THE Bhavan's Inter-Collegiate-*cum*-Pathashala Sanskrit Debate Competition was held at the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan on Saturday, the 6th February 1965. The subject of the debate was: "Is Production of Atomic Weapons by India Proper?" Fourteen students participated in the debate. The trophy was awarded to Ramnarain Ruia College and three prizes were awarded on both the sides to the students in the order of merit. The prize winners were: Kum. Jyotsna Natu (Ruia College), Sri Y. Dixit (Bhavan's Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya), Kum. S. Mahajan (Ismail Yusuf College), Kum. S. Desai (Ruia College), Kum. S. Joshi (Ismail Yusuf College) and Sri D. R. Joshi (Wilson College).

Swami Om-Tat-Sat Ananda of the Brahma Vidya Mission who has recently been delivering lectures on the Mundaka Upanishad in North Bombay.

DONATION TO BHAVAN'S LIBRARY

A VALUABLE collection of about 700 books has been donated to Bhavan's Library by Smt. B. N. Motiwala in memory of her husband, the late Sri B. N. Motiwala, one of the outstanding social workers of Bombay.

KITCHEN-GARDEN COMPETITION

"TO go on eating imported food year after year when we are capable of growing all the food that we need, is no pleasure to anyone. I know our Government is heroically tackling the food problem. We women will be always at the beck and call of the Government to help so far as our country's food problem is concerned," said Smt. Lilavati Munshi at Delhi in her welcome address at the Prize Distribution Function of the Kitchen-Garden Competition, organised by the All-India Women's Central Food Council of which she is the President. Sri Shah Nawaz Khan, Union Deputy Minister for Agriculture, presided and gave away the prizes.

Calling upon the Delhi housewives to develop the fruiftul hobby of vegetable growing in their gardens and on their terraces, Smt. Munshi, in her address, maintained that if one pound of vegetable per week per head was grown in the country by individual efforts 23,400,000,000 pounds of food could be added in a year, which indeed, would wipe out any food deficit.

PANGUNI UTHIRAM

THE Jyoti Manram, Bombay, celebrates the Panguni Uthiram Mahotsava from 12th to 17th March 1965 at the Nappoo Hall, Matunga. Besides the regular Vedic programmes, special items include Harikathas by Sri Lava and Sri Kusa, the young disciples of Sri S. Vadiraja Bhagavathar of Kumbakonam, and Bhajans by Sri Murugadas.

SELF-HELP BOOKS

THE LITTLE FLOWER CO., Madras-17 invite suggestions from readers for the publication of low priced books in English that will inculcate ethics, character and morality in our youngsters so that they may become successful citizens in the right sense of the word. They have already published some books of the kind, like those of Samuel Smiles, Lord Chesterfield and others. Readers may kindly correspond with the publishers direct in this matter.

Statement about ownership and other particulars about BHAVAN'S JOURNAL as required by Form IV (Rule 8) of the Registration of Newspapers (Central) Rules 1956.

1. Place of Publication.	Bombay.
2. Periodicity of its publication.	Fortnightly.
3. Printer's Name.	Sri S. Ramakrishnan.
Nationality.	Indian.
Address.	Associated Advertisers & Printers, Bombay-34.
4. Editor & Publisher's Name.	Sri S. Ramakrishnan.
Nationality.	Indian.
Address.	Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, B'bay-7.
5. Names and addresses of individuals who own the newspaper and partners or shareholders holding more than one per cent of the total capital.	Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Registered under Societies Registration Act XXI of 1860 and Bombay Public Trust Act 1950, No. F 358 (Bom.).

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Sri C. L. Gheevala.

I, S. Ramakrishnan, hereby declare that the particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Dated 1-3-1965 *Signature of Publisher:* } (Sd.) S. Ramakrishnan.

continued from last issue

A Short Story

NOORJEHAN

Ranjit Desai

Translated from the Marathi Original by R. K. Dalal

VII

NEXT day Kutubuddin's troops poured into the city and took charge of the city. Soldiers were placed round the palace and in the hall where Sher-e-Afghan lay murdered. Under a strict military escort next day, Meherunnisa and her daughter were taken out of the palace. The two were trembling. About their fate, they did not know what Destiny had in store for them!

●●●

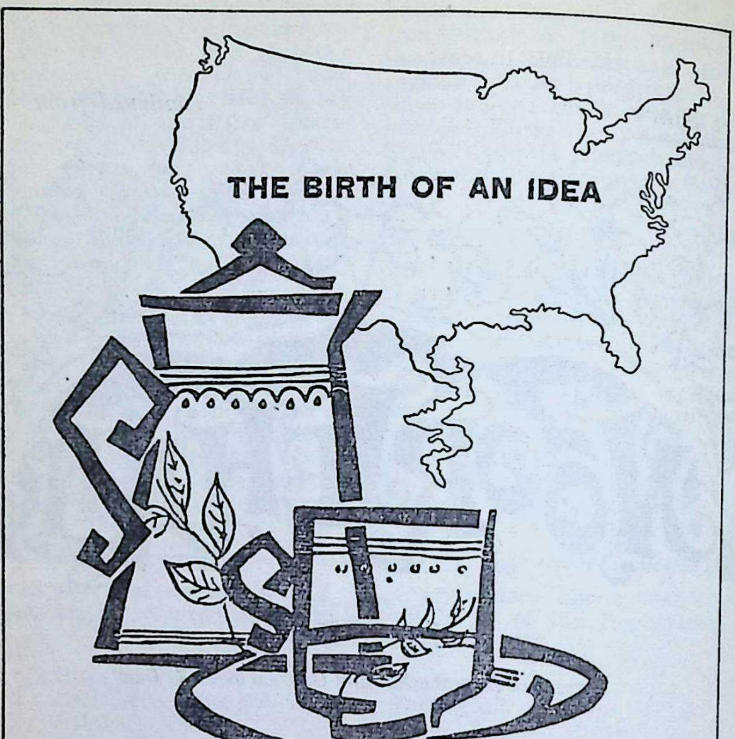
Meherunnisa stood before Jehangir in his palace with downcast eyes and bowed head. The hall was filled with incense. The floor was covered with rich Persian carpets, so that maids could pass to and fro the room without the least noise.

Meherunnisa's attention was not drawn to any of the beauties of the hall or its luxurious equipment; she was lost in reverie. She was terrified like a quarry captured by hunters.

She stood in the middle of the hall. She had no strength to look up. A maid-in-waiting bent down with courtesy before her as she left the hall, and withdrew bowing to her without turning her back.

Just then she heard the approaching steps of someone. She was listening with a throbbing heart. She saw the fair feet, encased in shoes richly inlaid with gold and silver. She heard a voice calling her: "Meher..."

Instantly she was reminded of the old grape garden of yore. Her body experienced a sudden thrill. Days were when this voice used to send a thrill in her body and make her blush. But soon she collected herself and the wounded look once again settled on her face.



THE BIRTH OF AN IDEA

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She raised her eyes at the Emperor. Jehangir stood before her.

She saw the same curly, long hair, large black eyes, pointed nose and red lips. Nothing seemed to have changed—the same she had seen before.

Then what had changed? she asked herself.

"Meher!" Jehangir called again.

She once more collected her memory and with her head still bowed, raised her right hand and placed it on her forehead in salutation.

"Meher, you have come!" said Jehangir, stepping forward.

Meher drew back a step and raised her head. Through the transparent veil, her eyes blazed with suppressed anger.

Looking now straight in the face of Jehangir, she said: "No, your Majesty, I have not come, but have been brought by you."

"Are you displeased?" inquired Jehangir.

Again, casting her eyes at Jehangir, she said: "Others may feel honoured. I don't, my lord. At a single word of command, the best beauty of India would roll at your feet. Such is your power."

"I don't understand," said Jehangir, becoming disturbed.

"Why so much harshness on a poor maid like me? What made you remember me only?"

With surprise Jehangir was listening to what Meherunnisa said. He simply could not believe his ears. He had thought that at his very sight Meher would embrace him endearingly, recalling the old days of their love.

"Does it need telling you what made me remember you?" asked Jehangir. "Meher, don't you remember what you had said when I went on a mission to the South? Didn't one girl put in my hand a scarf on which was embroidered a rose-bud? Didn't you ask me never to part with it?"

"That bud had long withered away."

So saying, she had almost withdrawn when she heard Jehangir say: "Wait, don't go."

There was authority in his voice.

She paused and turned back, looking minutely into Jehangir's eyes, and inquired whether that was a command.

With a sad face, he said: "If you are bent upon such a view, you may hold it."

At these words she was completely bewildered.

Jehangir went to her and slowly uncovered her veiled face. He was amazed at the beauty he saw—as fresh and lovely now as he had seen it ten years ago. She seemed to be a fresh flower in bloom.

Seeing her beauty, Jehangir lost his head. He approached her and kissed her.

Overcome with passion, he entreated: "Meher, darling, open your eyes."

Meherunnisa opened her eyes—her eyes were full of suffering, anger and hatred. Tears soon filled her eyes and rolled down her cheeks. Seeing this, Jehangir was taken aback. He suddenly let her go.

Looking at her tearful face and unbeaming eyes, he withdrew a little and said: "Meher, wipe off your tears. I cannot bear to see you weep."

Jehangir turned his back, with his hands interlocked behind his back.

"When I heard of the death of my beloved father, your remembrance lessened my sorrow for him."

Jehangir continued: "I thought that my dream about you would be fulfilled. But my calculations were wrong. I know it is due to my own foolishness. Having come to know that you are not the same Meherunnisa that I knew before, you can't imagine my agonies. I saw you years ago, but you have changed now. I have never loved any one in my life besides you. Jehangir will not force you. Though I am the Emperor of India, I feel defeated. I acknowledge it. You may go now, Meher. I will wait. That is all that is left to me. I am habituated to it."

Jehangir's head was bent, his hands were trembling with emotion.

Seeing Jehangir turn his back, Meherunnisa cast a last look at him and she left the palace. She had no courage to turn back and have another look at Jehangir.

"*Do you save what you mean to save? Who does?*"

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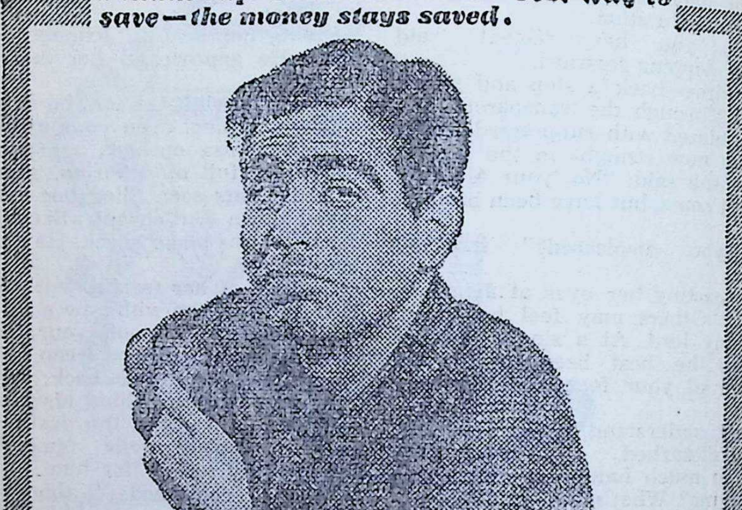

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VIII

FROM that day Jehangir kept Meherunnisa and her daughter in the palace under the care of his mother. He spent most of his time in getting drunk.

Day by day his habit of drinking was increasing, and so he grew whimsical. The kind-hearted Jehangir was growing cruel. Thus days and years passed, and Meherunnisa was in the same palace.

Jehangir became an addict to wine and opium. He was always uneasy in mind when he attended the Darbar. Those convicted were often ordered to be beheaded or transported. His Darbar had become a terror in the minds of all courtiers and the public.

Meherunnisa's father was one of Jehangir's counsellors. He alone knew the cause of Jehangir's disappointment and frustration in love.

One evening Meherunnisa was sitting in the palace of Jehangir. The Begum and her maids were engaged in doing embroidery. At that time a maid entered the room and told Meherunnisa that Ghyasbeg had come to see her. Meherunnisa went out to see her father.

"Father!" she cried, flinging her arms round his neck.

The old man said: "May God protect you, my daughter. Are you well?"

Meherunnisa shook her head in affirmation. Looking at her father's worried face, she became worried.

"What's the matter with you, father? Why do you look careworn and worried?"

Fixing his eyes on his daughter, he said: "Anxiety is the reason, darling. Look, my black hair has greyed so much. I don't think of myself so much as I feel for the Empire. The whole Empire is shaken to its foundations."

"Whose Empire?" asked Meherunnisa.

"Ours—yours and mine, my darling. The Empire whose salt I eat, the country in which I live—that country, if it loses the sense of justice, what worth could it carry in people's mind?"

Meherunnisa was not able to follow her father. His head was swaying to and fro. His eyes were filled with tears. She saw the anguished look, and said: "Father, I don't follow you."

Her father glanced at her and said gravely: "You have crossed your thirties, and yet you can't understand. Simple cases of thefts are punished by severing limbs. Men are hanged publicly in open spaces; hundreds are killed, beheaded or mangled for the simplest offence. And alas! all this is done in the name of justice. Offences must be punished, I admit, but punishment must have relation to the degree of offence. The whole nation is terrified. No one is safe in and out, because the whole rule is in the hands of a drunkard."

"Why do you tell me all this?" asked Meherunnisa.

"If I do not tell you, appeal to you, whom else shall I appeal?" he said. Then, pointing his finger at the garden fountain below, he added: "The fountain works because there is a store of water somewhere at a height. If the store of water is exhausted, the fountain will be useless. You alone can bring the Emperor to his senses."

"Father, dear!" cried Meherunnisa, frightened.

"Dear daughter, there is no compulsion, and I am not authorised to do so. One who had abandoned you since your birth in a forest, what authority can he exercise over you? But, daughter, do not ever forget one man."

"Who?" she asked.

"He was called Akbar. This kingdom is his. He loved his kingdom. The power that came across distant lands to rule in India benevolently! And remember what love he poured over you—more than one's own daughter."

"Abbajan!" cried Meherunnisa.

"That one man toiling daily has raised this vast kingdom. The people of such a kingdom live in dire terror today, due to the imminent danger of its ruin, and that too for an ordinary, selfish, self-willed woman."

""What shall I do, father?"

"Who am I to advise? Where millions are living in such terror, my dear, do not think of yourself. Every human

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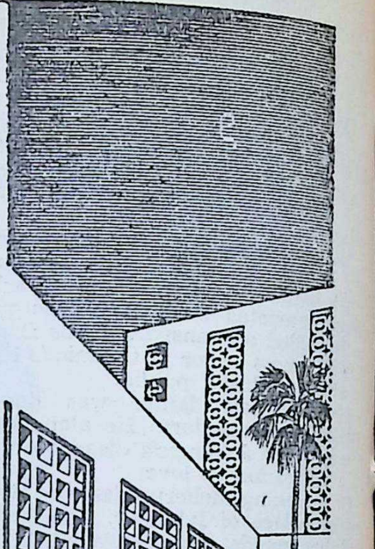

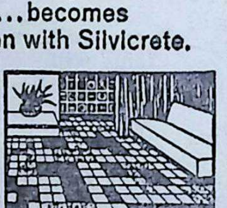

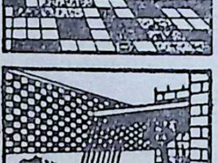

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errs, it is true. But before the throne of the Almighty, such offences are never pardoned. Look at what you have reduced the kingdom to! This was all that I wanted to say to you, my dear. I shall now depart."

Without saying another word Ghyas-beg left and trudged out with his staff in his hand.

Meherunnisa gazed at the back of her dear father while he was going out.

"What use is my life?" thought Meherunnisa. "I was born of a fugitive family and till now I have remained a fugitive. No one cares for my feelings. I was born on the way and on the way my parents had abandoned me. I shall forever remain a fugitive all my life. An unknown merchant rescued me and handed me over back to my father. From his hands I came to be adopted by Akbar. I lived for a time in the warmth of Salim's love. But he too left me. My hand was asked for by Sher-e-Afghan and the great Akbar gave me over to him in marriage. Hardly had I settled there, than the same Sher-e-Afghan was suddenly snatched away from me. My only shelter now was my father. This father today calls me selfish. Selfish, indeed! Whose interests have I pleaded? I! for whom?"

The train of thoughts was becoming unbearable. Meherunnisa sat on a marble step of the staircase, and wept her heart out.

She heard the distant strain of a song. It was dark. The royal palace was flooded with lights. Songs wafted over the air to her ear. She heard the tinkling of someone's anklets as she danced to the song. She closed her eyes for a moment and then walked indoors.

That night she did not have a wink of sleep. The whole night through. her ears were filled with the distant song of the nautch-girl in the palace.

Next day, while strolling in the garden, her eyes turned towards Jehangir's palace. It was calm and quiet. There was no stir anywhere. She recalled what this palace was during Akbar's reign. What hubbub of human beings used to come from there every morning. Today this palace wore the mantle of silence, as if waiting anxiously for the uneasy night to come.

IX

JEHANGIR was sitting in his palace from where he could view the waters of the Jamuna flowing below. He was engrossed in watching the glory of the sunset. Maids stood around, fanning him.

Gradually, he became unconscious of the setting sun. He was aware only of the oncoming of the night. He heard the call for prayers from a Masjid. In the palace, lights began to be lighted. Darkness had now descended over the city.

An involuntary sigh escaped from the Emperor. Resting his chin on his right hand. he was lost in reverie. For the time being he forgot the jewelled cups and the golden flask of wine. Just then he heard a tinkling of anklets approaching in firm but steady steps towards him.

"Who is it?" asked Jehangir, turning his face in the direction of the sound.

In the brilliance of the flooded light, he saw Meherunnisa standing before him. Her eyes were sportive. In the painted lips there was suppressed laughter. She was gazing at him.

And Jehangir fixed his confused glance on her and asked: "Who is it? Meher? I am bored by these hallucinations which are repeated too often."

He went to the wine flask, and poured out some wine in the cup. As he raised the cup, Meherunnisa's anklets came nearer and she gently placed her fingers on his hand, and said: "Don't."

Jehangir gazed wide-eyed at the dainty rosy fingers when Meher's sweet words fell on his ears.

"Salim!"

Jehangir experienced the thrill of a thousand 'sarangis', all played at once in melodious unison. In the presence of her divine call, the ravishing beauty of her fingers, he stood stock-still—for he was afraid lest any movement should destroy this ravishing vision

"Salim!" Again the words fell on Jehangir's ears. His whole body thrilled in sweet response.

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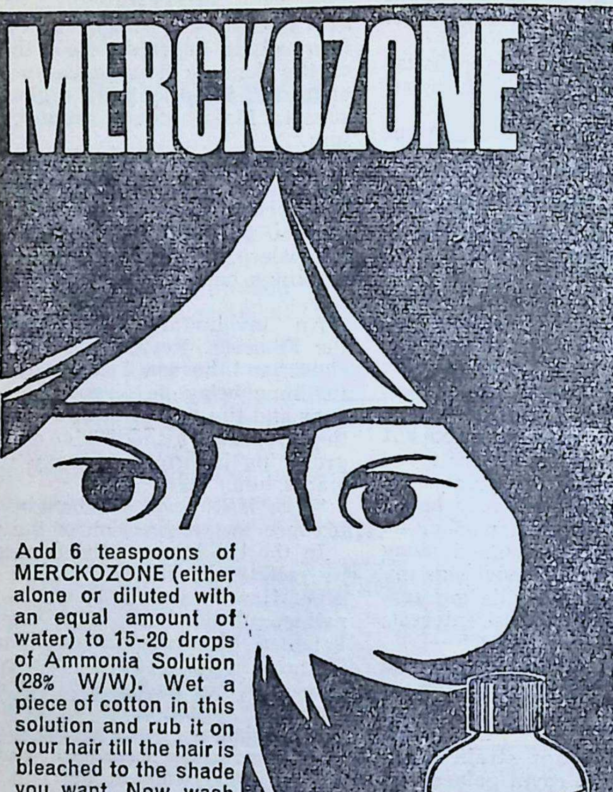
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"Meher!" So saying he stretched out his arms and took Meher in his warm, hungry, loving embrace.

He was intoxicated with love. He thought paradise had descended on earth. Alas! Jehangir was unaware of the bitter tears in her eyes.

On an auspicious day, he was married to Meherunnisa. She became, from that day, 'Noorjehan'—the light of the world. Jehangir and Noorjehan passed their days in sweet accord of each other's company. Ghyasbeg was appointed as one of the ministers of the State.

One afternoon Jehangir and Noorjehan were playing chess. The game had started to become exciting. Just then Ghyasbeg came forward, bowed to the royal couple, and said: "Your Majesty, the law court is in session and they are waiting for you."

"Ah, I forgot all about it. Well, I shall not attend even to-day. Carry on without me."

"As your Majesty commands," and throwing a glance at Noorjehan, he withdrew.

"Now let us go on with our game," called out Jehangir.

"I feel bored."

"Then what?"

"I want to visit the Court of Justice."

"Why didn't you say so a moment ago? Well, come, we will go there. You will witness how justice is administered in the Court."

Word was sent that their Majesties had decided to attend the Court. Their approach was announced. Jehangir sat on the jewel-studded throne. Noorjehan sat behind a curtain near him. Everyone present bowed to the King, and the work of the day commenced.

The Minister of Justice stood below and announced: "The accused stands before your Majesty convicted of theft, but sentenced to be hanged by the orders of the Court of Police."

At a signal from the Minister, the prisoner was produced before His Majesty.

The prisoner came stumbling before the throne, fell on his knees, and cried aloud: "Your Majesty, I am innocent."

Jehangir was moved, and asked: "Did you or did you not steal?"

"I did your Majesty, but..."

"Silence! Don't you know what is the punishment for theft?" and he called his Minister, who was about to pronounce the order.

Meherunnisa, who was sitting behind, touched him on the shoulder to draw his attention, and said:

"The accused may be punished, but let him have his say."

Jehangir let the accused speak.

"Your Majesty, Moti has been reared up by me ever since he was young."

"Who is Moti?" the King asked.

"It is the name of my horse, your Majesty. There is no such magnificent horse in your Majesty's stable. I had to feed him with the ration that the Government had granted. That was not sufficient for his sustenance. He was becoming reduced day by day. I could not bear to see him getting thin."

"So?" asked Jehangir.

"Therefore, I stole a little food from the royal store-house. I ask for your indulgence, my lord."

"In Jehangir's reign, offences are never condoned," said the King, and then turning to Noorjehan, asked: "What is your advice?"

"If you ask me, I would order that the horse should be produced before the Court."

"Why?" asked the King.

"I will tell you later."

The horse was accordingly brought into the square. It was a nobe white horse. Seeing the horse, Noorjehan ordered it to be released. Accordingly, the horse was freed. It gazed at the people who had gathered round in the square, and then slowly walked towards the accused in the dock, and began licking him.

The Court began its sitting again.

"Well, what punishment should be awarded?" Jehangir asked Noorjehan.

"Yes, punishment should certainly be awarded, not to the accused, the keeper of the horse, but to the Government Officials, who starved such a noble animal."

"Why?" he asked, casting a glance at the animal.

"One can understand what a nice treatment the keeper of the horse must have given to it. And the keeper, who loves his horse so much, how could he afford to let him starve? His objective was to maintain the health of his horse. In that he was only doing his duty."

"But by stealing?"

"What else could he do? The fault is of the officials who gave out such scanty rations—not of the keeper."

"Well done, Begum!" Suddenly he gave expression to his admiration for the rare forensic ingenuity of Noorjehan.

The Court was deeply impressed by this unusual but truly equitable view.

"Minister, acquit the prisoner. Let him go free. Give him some reward. And make inquiries about the inadequacy of rationing. Why did the officials not give out an adequate quantity?"

Returning from the Darbar, Jehangir said to Noorjehan: "You have relieved me of one great responsibility today."

"What?" she asked.

"From tomorrow you function as the Court of Justice along with me. The responsibility of administering justice will be our joint endeavour. Whenever I am absent, you shall function alone."

"Really?"

"Yes, why not?"

"Then I have a grievance. What if your Majesty himself has committed an offence—to break a promise is an offence, isn't it?"

"Yes, I agree."

"You had promised when we started the game of chess that you will not leave it off until the game was over."

"I plead guilty, O Queen! I am awaiting your sentence."

"You shall have to come to my palace to play chess with me."

"Willingly, I shall obey your command. Who will not accept such a nice punishment?"

That night a chess play was arranged at Noorjehan's palace. After dinner, both engaged themselves in the game. The attendant brought a flask of wine. He poured out some wine into the cup.

At this, Noorjehan remarked: "My lord, must you need an extra excitement and intoxication when I am myself present before you?"

Jehangir quietly placed the cup down and began to look at the sparkling wine and Noorjehan alternatively, and then said: "Noor, when you were not near me in person, I sought the association of wine and fancied as if you were near me and with me. I imagined that I was enjoying your delicious company. If I had not this wine, I don't know if I could have lasted longer. Today too I feel its need. Noor, my darling, really are you mine truly and sincerely?"

In an instant Noorjehan's eyes filled with tears. Jehangir passionately drew her to him, and said: "Noor, do not fail me. I do not know what sorrow you nurse in your heart, nor do I wish to know it. It is enough that you are by my side. If you remain so till the last breath of my life, it is enough for me. I am yours, Noor; I do not know whether you are truly mine. I do not press you to tell me your secret. The game of chess is awaiting our move. In the game, at least, have I won you?"

Jehangir didn't stop with surrendering administration of justice to Noor. All the State affairs he began to entrust to her. With the help and advice of her aged father she tried to discharge these duties with rare tact and diplomacy. Lest justice be delayed, she made Jehangir get a golden bell hung in the palace. Any one wanting justice could ring the bell at any time of the day. Noorjehan was so busy through the day with administrative matters that she hardly had any time which she could call her own.

[To be continued]

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Prithvi-Vallabh

THE BELOVED OF THE EARTH

Translated from Gujarati by H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

THE STORY SO FAR: Munj, the great Paramara conqueror of Malva who had routed Tailap, the king of Telengana, eighteen times, was finally vanquished by Bhillam, Tailap's Commander-in-Chief. He was taken prisoner and brought to Manyakhet, the capital of Telengana, and imprisoned in the palace-cellar. Mrinalvati, the widowed sister of Tailap, went to the prison to sense how he reacted to the humiliation. Munj's unconcerned manner exasperated Mrinalvati who is strangely disturbed by his personality. She ordered the hand that touched her to be branded.

CHAPTER 21

RUFFLED FEATHERS

"SISTER, what was the meaning of what you did?" asked Tailap as soon as he and Mrinal were alone together.

"I have saved your reputation. Are you not aware that except on the battlefield the person of a king is inviolate? Since Munj has refused to wash your feet, it is for us now to punish him in some other manner."

"But don't you see I shall have become the laughing stock of the world?"

"You are mistaken. Instead, the world will applaud you for your high-mindedness; that you stuck to the right course of action in the face of insults. What could be more desirable than that?"

Tailap shook his head, and for a moment there was silence. At last he asked, "How shall we handle him now?"

"Whatever way you like."

"He cannot be contained in the cage. He cannot be killed. What shall we do with him?"

"Let him remain in the dungeon. We have plenty of time to think of his fate. What is the hurry?"

"I am so confused," remarked Tailap shaking his head, and he turned to leave the room.

"We shall find some way, do not worry," consoled Mrinal.

Tailap walked away. Left alone, Mrinal went into a deep thought. Her heart was rejoicing, for she had saved Munj from certain death. Once again.

she gave her imagination free rein and tried to picture to herself Munj in his most attractive form. She closed her eyes and smiled as she succeeded. She pressed her hand to her heart and went into her apartment.

* * *

The humiliated Tailap walked restlessly in his room from one end to the other. His pride was wounded and he was deeply hurt. Whatever Mrinal might say, he had been disgraced. Not merely Telengana, but the whole world would not easily forget this fiasco of the feet-washing ceremony and he had proved to be the clown of the episode!

He could not understand why Mrinalvati had intervened. It was unthinkable that Mrinal should want to save Munj, when Munj had insulted him. He had full faith in his sister; she too held Munj in supreme contempt; then why had she stepped in to save him? He lost count of time as he thought and brooded.

CHAPTER 22

UNHAPPY VILAS

IF a young man and a young woman do not care to fall in love, they should not discuss two subjects—poetry and music. Both music and poetry stir the imagination and take them into flights of fancy, where they become so entwined as to be inseparable. Vilas and Rasnidhi forgot this simple but eternal truth.

Vilas's thirst for the delights of poetry increased with understanding of it: she began to appreciate its charm. Rasnidhi tried to quench it with a veritable cascade of poems and plays. After making their way through the stormy atmosphere of *Malati-Madhav*, the two roamed sadly in the heart-rending world of *Uttarramcharita* and from there they entered the moving but pleasant haven of *Shakuntala*. While enjoying the beauty and charm of these classics, they strayed too far and lost their way completely. For innocent Vilas, this was an exciting journey through an enchanting and unknown land. Intoxicated by the experience, she enjoyed every moment of it. Her rigid attitude assumed new hues and unbeknown to her, she and Rasnidhi were painted with intermingling colours in her imagination.

After the royal court had been dispersed and the fiasco of the feet-washing ceremony, the two settled down in the evening in the temple to a peaceful reading of the play *Vikramorvashi*.

After Rasnidhi had finished reading, Vilas asked, "What will you tell me next?"

Rasnidhi looked at her pityingly and tears came into his eyes.

"Vilasvati, I think that is enough. I may not be in Manyakhet much longer."

Surprised, Vilasvati asked, "When are you going?"

"As soon as your King Tailap permits me."

Vilasvati sighed. "And when will you come back?"

"Come back? When God wills."

Vilas sighed again and murmured softly, "Shiva! Shiva!"

"I too feel like invoking Him. I realise that I have done you great wrong by arousing in you love for poetry and art. I am sorry." Rasnidhi wiped away a sudden tear.

"Why are you crying?"

"On your account," replied Rasnidhi boldly.

"On my account?" asked Vilas, pretending not to understand.

"The people here are like dumb, driven animals. What will happen to you?" Rasnidhi stood up as he said this. "I wish I could take you to Avanti with me."

Through her eyes filled with tears, Vilas looked at him. It seemed to her that though she had been in this man's company for three days, she had known him all her life.

She lowered her eyes. Rasnidhi continued to look at her affectionately. For a time, neither spoke.

Suddenly a harsh voice broke the silence. "And what on earth are you doing here?"

The two turned round to find Prince Satyashray standing at the foot of the steps of the temple, looking fierce like the god of death. He had not heard any of their conversation, but his ire was aroused at the mere sight of Rasnidhi's affectionate expression.

Rasnidhi clenched his teeth and brought himself under control. But Vilas was stunned and upset.

The Prince glared at Rasnidhi who stared back without rancour. "What are you doing here?" demanded Satyashray.

"Can you not see what I am doing?" replied Rasnidhi with asperity.

"Did I not tell you that you were not to visit this temple?"

"I did not come here to worship. I came here to meet Mahasamant's daughter."

"Why?"

"Because I wanted to. She is the daughter of the man who saved my life. It was my duty to meet her."

The Prince was baffled.

"You had better go your way now. You must not hinder Vilasvati's spiritual progress."

Rasnidhi smiled. "I will go this minute if your father permits me."

"That is enough. Now go."

"Not without Princess Vilasvati. Laxmidevi has sent for her."

"Very well, she will follow soon."

Rasnidhi realised that it would be inadvisable to prolong this conversation. He slowly walked down the steps just as Satyashray began to climb up.

"Vilasvati, why must you talk with such people?"

Without raising her head, Vilas replied, "He is a good man."

Satyashray's eyes shone fiercely, "It does not behove the future Empress of Telengana to hold conversation with such a man."

Vilas looked up and suddenly burst into uncontrollable tears. The Prince was unmoved. When finally the flow of her tears ceased, he said scornfully, "So, this is your vaunted self-control and detachment!"

Vilas remained silent and the Prince walked away.

Relieved, Vilas, like the thirsty *chatak* bird waiting for water, looked in all directions for Rasnidhi.

[*To be continued*]

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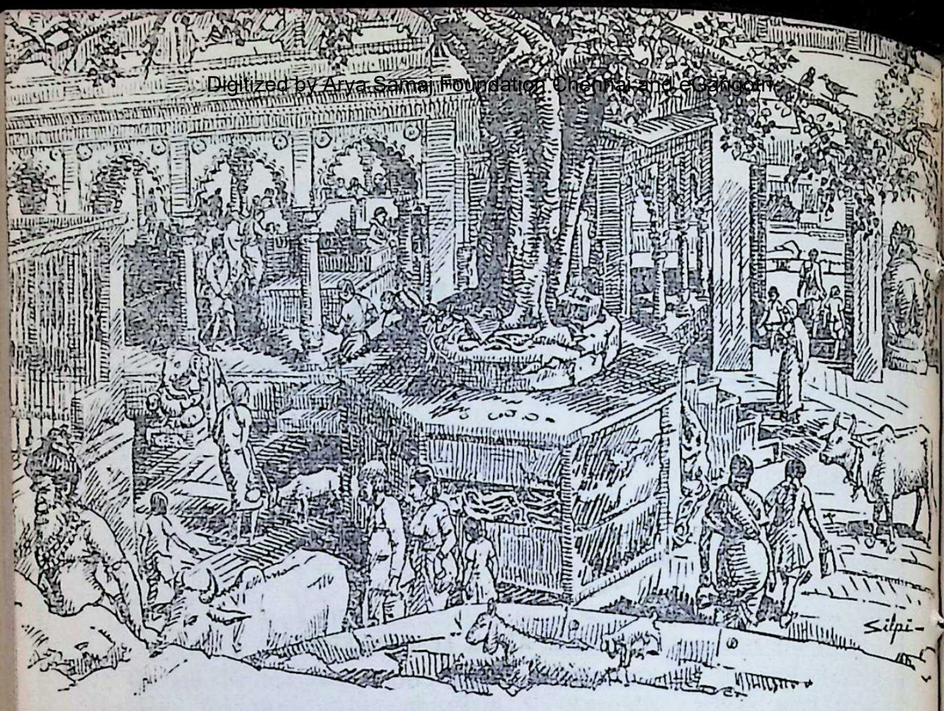


Kasi: *Jnanavapi (Well of knowledge)—behind Lord Visvanatha's temple. To the left is situated the temple of Lord Badari Narayan.*

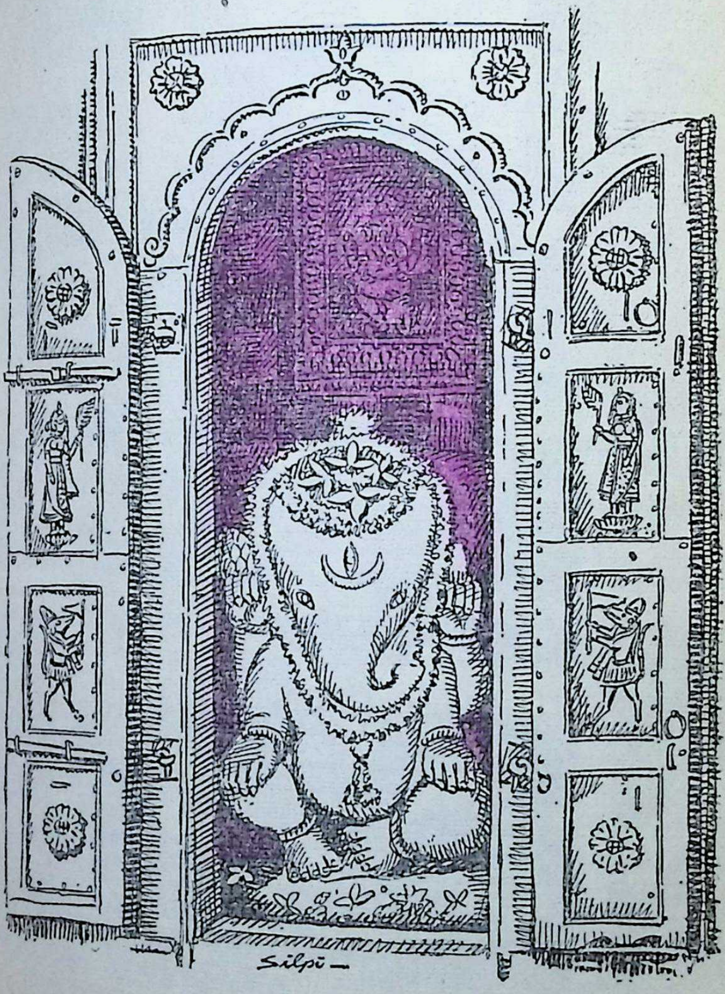
KASI—6

IN this instalment are illustrated three important shrines to be visited in Kasi. The first is the Jnanavapi or 'the Well of Knowledge. It is said that once there was scarcity of water in Kasi. At the request of a sage, Lord Siva Himself dug this well with His trident to afford water to the sage. From that time it is considered holy. During the Mohammedan era, when the temple of Vishveshwara was erased, a priest hid the Murti (Linga) of Vishveshwara in the waters of this well, from where it was restored when the new temple was built. In 1828 Byjabai Scindia of Gwalior built a beautiful *mandap* around this sacred well for providing shelter to the pilgrims from the heat of the sun.

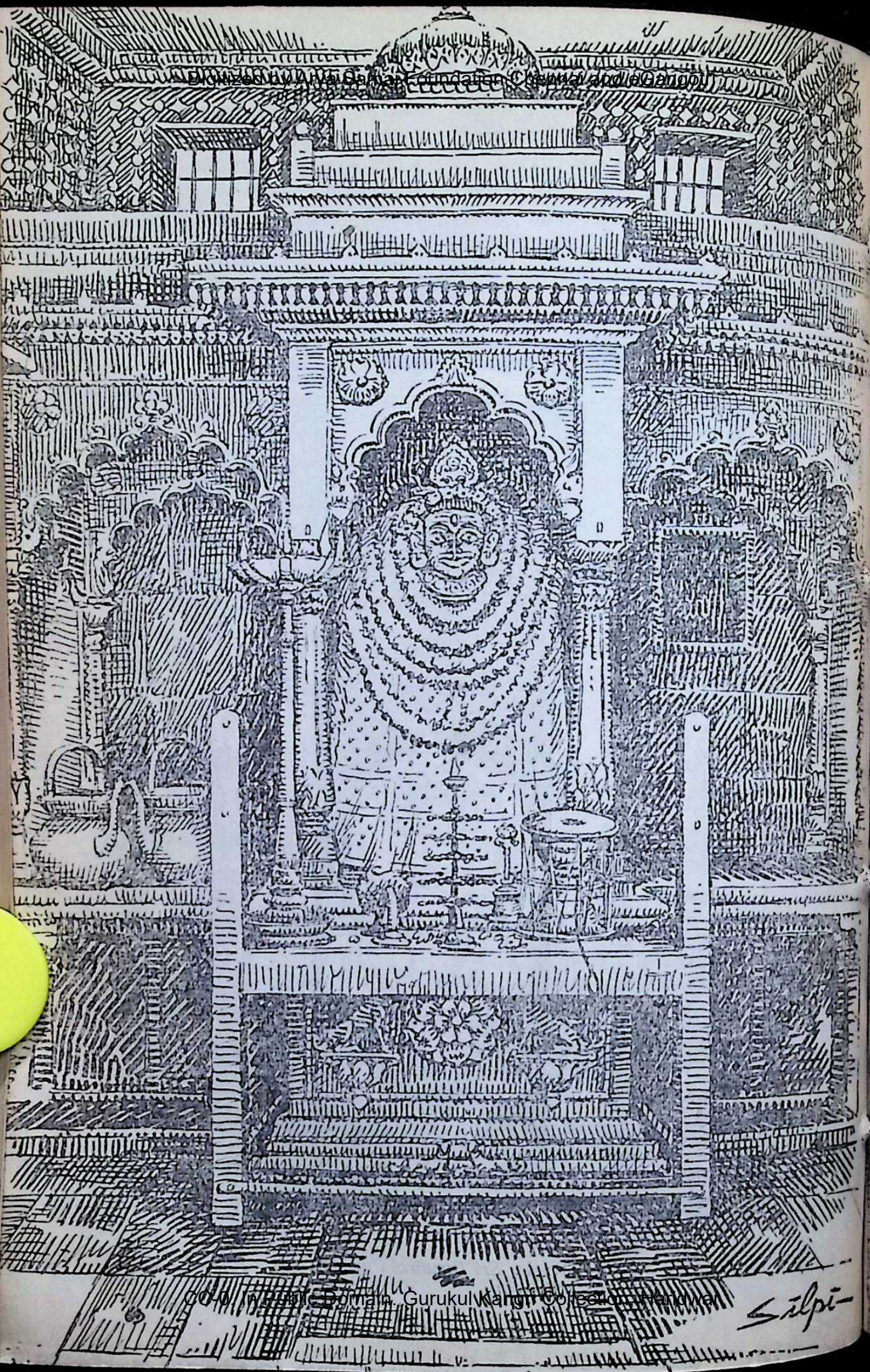
The second illustration is that of Dhundi Vighneswara. The word Dhundi means investigating. Apparently this Ganesa keeps an eye on him who visits Kasi with a view to favour him later.

Among other important shrines of Kasi, Kala Bhairava's is one. The deity Kala Bhairava is said to be the Kotwal of Benares. The temple is situated at about a mile north of Vishveshwara's temple. It was built by Sardar Vinchurkar of Poona in the

18th century. It is a small temple; the central shrine is surmounted by a dome. Bhairavanath is seated in a small copper temple. The idol stands in an imposing attitude. The 'Parikrama' is narrow. The Vimana contains many golden *kalasas*. The symbols of Siva like the trident and the drum flank the *mandap*. Kala Kupa, one of the five famous wells of Kasi, is seen at the right. The pilgrim to Kala Bhairava temple is ceremoniously admonished with peacock feathers on behalf of Bhairavanath for all the sins committed by him during his life. All around the narrow 'Parikrama' are people, said to be agents of Bhairavanath, who vend the silken threads



Kasi : *Sri Dundiraj Ganapati.*


Silpi—

← " Kasi: *Sri Kala Bhairava Murti.*

peculiarly knotted, which pilgrims religiously wear round their persons. A feature of this temple is that dogs are freely allowed to roam near it; in fact there is a statue of a dog near the entrance to this temple. Sankara Bhagavatpada has sung a hymn about this deity called 'Kalabhairashtak'.

[*To be continued*]

A full view of Kala Bhairava's temple.
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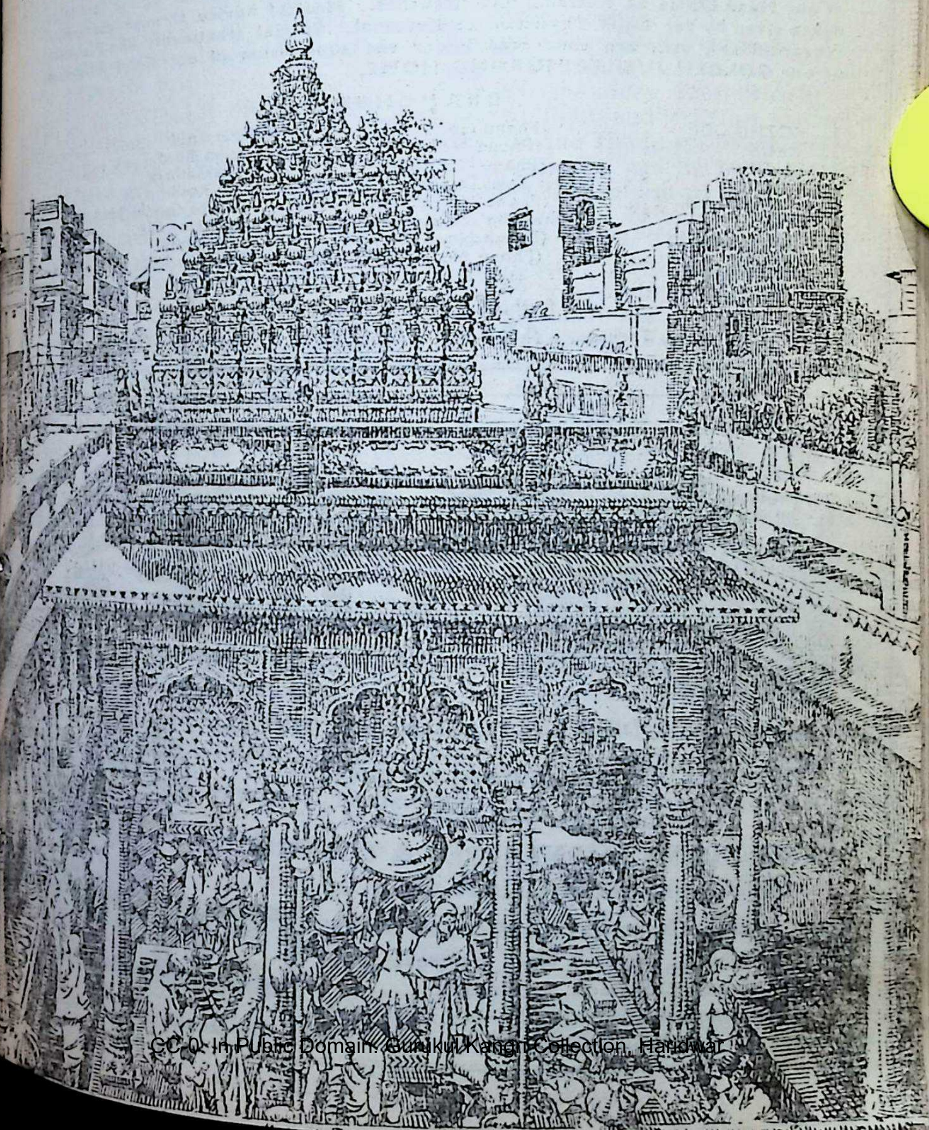

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FROM LITERATURE TO RELIGION: An Autobiography. By Prof. D. S. Sarma. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7. 232 pages. 1964. Price: Rs. 6.

PROF. D. S. SARMA'S life is a dedicated and disciplined, exemplary life of an enlightened Hindu. Two great passions have gripped and engaged his attention for the last 50 years: literature and religion. Literature enabled him to see the richness of human life and its perplexities and religion enables him to perceive the stainless consciousness of reality in loving devotion. "Poetry revels in the antinomies of emotion, religion transcends them. Poetry conserves all individual values, while religion surrenders them all. Poetry loves the rainbow colours of creation, while religion seeks the pure radiance of eternity. Poetry lives and moves and has its being amid the many while religion ascends to the One. Poetry cannot save the soul but makes it worth saving." Prof. Sarma did not subscribe to the view 'art for art's sake'.

The absolute sagacity, level-headedness and the impeccable balance of his views on religion and on different issues have for their inspiration the *Bhagavad Gita*. His translation of the *Gita* and his lectures on the *Gita* will for long remain works of inspiration and art. He has given us a splendid text-book on 'Hinduism' centring it on the *Gita*. He was the first to give us in the *sutra* form the philosophy of Mahatma Gandhi in three chapters under the name *Gandhi Sutras*. Contemporaries referred to him as the *Sutrakara* of Gandhi Darshana. He did splendid service to the cause of Hinduism in his period of retirement by his three books published by the Bhavan: *The Upanishads—An Anthology, Pearls of Wisdom, Hinduism Through the Ages*. Prof. Sarma is not slow to fight and criticise the drawbacks in the Hinduism practised today. A few months ago he made a fervent plea for the reform of our rituals for the education of our priests in an article in *Hindu*. The autobiography is in no sense sensational, but it is a record of a reflective, sincere religious man who had his own share of trials and turmoils. One sees the triumph of faith and the victory of the gospel of work in it.

The function of an autobiography is the task of the transmission of the personality by the subject himself. Professor Sarma's is free from the two extreme features that characterise most political autobiographies—vicious self-indulgence and hypocritical glorifications of their acts. Here it is sincere in the depiction of facts. Professor Sarma does not seek to justify any act of his by an elaborate defence as some autobiographies do. The book

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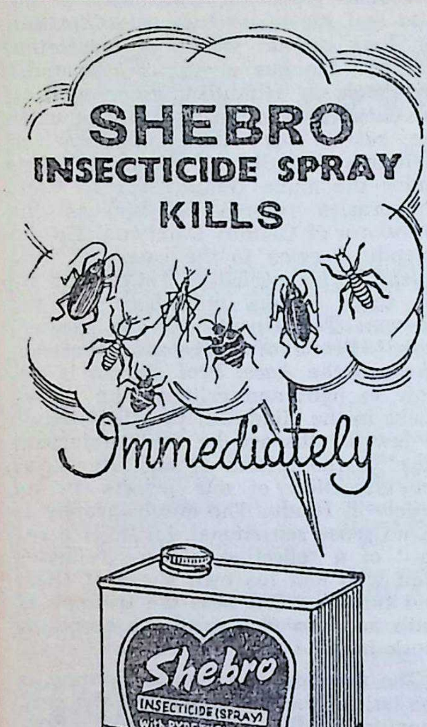
is not an imitating exercise in the display of self-importance. The book is an honest and modest account of an individual's life to whom religion means most.

—*Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao*

INDIAN ARCHAEOLOGY SINCE INDEPENDENCE. By B. B. Lal, with a Foreword by Sri Lal Bahadur Shastri. Published by Motilal Banarsidass, Bungalow Road, Jawahar Nagar, Delhi-6. 1964. Price: Rs. 15.

THIS small book is an excellent review of the progress of archaeological field-work and research in India since Independence. Its author, Sri B. B. Lal, a leading archaeologist of the country and the Director of the School of Archaeology, Government of India, New Delhi, gives an insight into the important discoveries made and researches carried out in different fields of archaeological activity in various parts of the country, such as explorations and excavations in pre- and proto-historic sites, new finds of antiquities, coins, and epigraphs, and new evidence relating to certain important problems, for example, the date for the earliest use of iron in India and its association with the Painted Grey Ware Culture (p. 19). He draws attention to the importance of certain newly exposed structures and the results of systematic survey and study of the architecture of the monuments, and gives an outline of the conservation and preservation work that is being done of recent times. With good observations on the progress of scientific applications in archaeology in India, Sri B. B. Lal tells how the new museums, as well as the remodelled ones in India have been progressing. He ends his fine account with a note on the role of the Indian archaeologist in salvaging the archaeological wealth of neighbouring and foreign lands, for example, in Nepal and Egypt, and on the set up of the Archaeological Survey of India.

For the convenient use of the book by those who are non-specialists in Indian archaeology, the author has supplied a well prepared and up-to-



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plete glossary of archaeological terms. Forty-two useful plates and two important maps, one showing the principal sites explored and excavated in India recently and the other giving a table of C-14 dates for the various early cultures of the Indo-Pakistan sub-continent are added in the end. This volume will serve as a good introduction for any reader interested in Indian archaeology.

—*Dr. T. V. Mahalingam*

M. N. ROY'S MEMOIRS. Published by Allied Publishers Private Ltd., 15, Graham Road, Bombay-1. 627 pages. 1964. Price: Rs. 30.

M. N. ROY touched modern history at several points and on many of them he left his mark. First as a nationalist, then as a Communist, and finally as a radical humanist he led movements which have become part of the story of our time.

The development of modern India in particular would hardly be understandable without reference to his vital role at different stages. But his career is also intertwined with dramatic developments in other parts of the world—in Mexico, Russia, Germany, the countries of Central Asia, and China.

During the last years of his life he was persuaded to begin writing down his recollections, and although he did not live to complete the work, the material contained in this volume is of exceptional value and interest. It covers the period from 1915 to 1921, and besides describing his own transformation from a militant nationalist into a full-fledged Marxist, records in graphic and intimate detail the inside story of various revolutionary movements and activities of these momentous years—in India, China, Mexico, Germany, Russia and the Moslem countries of Central Asia.

The book is in four parts, the first recounting his odyssey in search of German arms through Japan and China, his brief hectic days in the United States (where he adopted the name M. N. Roy), and much more elaborately, his two eventful years in Mexico (where he became a personal friend of President Carranza, wrote his first book in Spanish, took an active part in the Socialist movement, met Michael Borodin, and founded the Mexican Communist Party). Part Two tells the story of his arrival and experiences in Europe—his meetings with left-wing leaders in Spain, his disillusionment with the Indian revolutionaries in Berlin, and in greater detail, his introduction to the mazes of German socialism—to its old and new leaders from Bernstein, Kautsky and Hilferding to Radek, Meyer, Pieck, Brandler and Thalheimer. This part is particularly valuable for the intimate sketches of some of these figures and for the illuminating analysis of the conflicts and rivalries which were later to disintegrate German Communism.

Part Three is devoted mainly to his first year in Russia, the climax naturally being the Second World Congress where he successfully crossed swords with Lenin and came to be accepted as the most outstanding non-Russian figure among the leaders of world

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Communism. It is exceptionally rich both in its personal account of the behind-the-scene clashes and manoeuvres in the Comintern, and in its marvellous pen-portraits of some of the personalities—Chicherin and Karakhan, Dzerzhinsky, Angelica Balabanova ("the matriarch of Bolshevism" and first General Secretary of the Comintern), John Reed, Louise Fraina, Sylvia Pankhurst, Paul Levi, Snevliet, Safarov, Zinoviev, Bukharin and Lenin. The closing section introduces Enver Pasha and Roy's departure for Tashkent, where he was to raise the "First International Brigade of the Red Army" out of the fanatical Muslim pilgrims on their way to Turkey.

His experiences and adventures in Central Asia occupy nearly half of Part Four, the rest of which is devoted to the Third Congress of the International, Lenin's New Economic Policy, the founding of the Communist University for the Toilers of the East, his efforts to build up a Communist movement in India, and to more sketches and pen-portraits which include Stalin, Trotsky, Agnes Smedley, Shlyapnikov, Madame Kollontai, Rakosi, Piatnitzky and other, less-known figures.

For the historian of Communism and of revolutionary movements in underdeveloped countries, the *Memoirs* is thus a rich storehouse of first-hand information.

—*S. N. Roy*

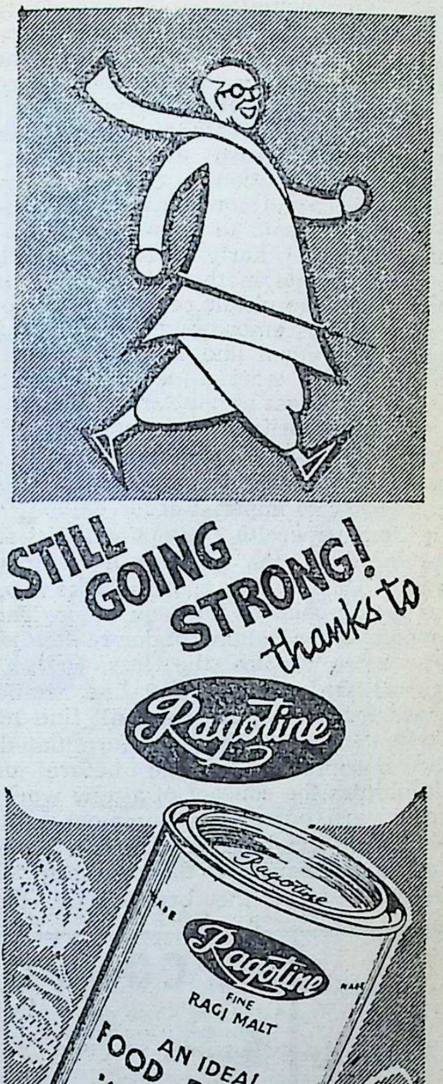
RABINDRANATH TAGORE. By George E. G. Catlin. Published by Allied Publishers Private Ltd., Bombay-1. 46 pages. Price: Rs. 5.50.

IN this lecture, delivered on May 9, 1961 under the Sir George Birdwood Foundation, Prof. Catlin offers a balanced tribute to Tagore, who made with Gandhi and Nehru "the founding trinity" of the new India, and who was besides a polymath in his own right in the line of Aristotle, Aquinas, Leonardo, Goethe and Aurobindo. Tagore was both the leader as poet, and the poet as leader—"the ambassador extraordinary, the spokesman of India, as well as the peculiar apostle of closer mutual understanding between East and West". There are things in Tagore's poetry and thought that doubtless perplex Prof. Catlin, but he is not quick to condemn. He tries to understand, he even tries to explain away. The lecture is rather discursive, being anecdotal in part, and the fact that it was a commemorative address also conditions its tone and temper. Current controversies —for example, the one sparked off by Snow's concept of 'Two Cultures'— enter the argument edgeways, and the lecture now and then thus acquires a sudden urgency. The Western affluent societies—what price has the rest of humanity to pay for this affluence? Is affluence synonymous with happiness? What do the Pilates of our Super-Laboratories say? Tagore died before the atom bomb was blasted over Hiroshima, yet in plays like *Mukta-Dhara* and *Red Oleanders* he grimly visioned the spectre of 'advanced' technology, wholly divorced from human values. Tagore was great, not only because he was a great poet, but more essentially because "he was able to intuit and to express verities which are not those of India or of the East alone, but of the profoundest human spirit". The tribute is very apt.

—*Dr. K.R. Srinivasa Iyengar*

BEYOND EMPIRE. The Birth of a New World Order. By Esme Wingfield-Stratford. Published by Phoenix House, London. pp. 360+vi. 1964. Price: 35s.

THIS survey of British history upto the beginning of the present century expounds the development of the concept of Commonwealth, in contradistinction to Empire. The author believes that the further development of the Commonwealth idea will establish a new world order and contribute to the survival of humanity, whereas totalitarianism is the logical corollary to the imperial idea. He objects to Toynbee's clubbing together Britain and the continental European countries and regards the British civilization as unique, the direct negation of the imperial conception. Even in early times, England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was "fundamentally and pregnantly different" (p. 25) from the other European nations. "We may look upon the Restoration as the point of no return in British history. It is from then onwards that the *decree nisi* of divorce between the British and continental ways of civilization, pronounced by Henry VIII and confirmed by Elizabeth, may be said to have become absolute" (p. 101). Early in the eighteenth century, or late in the seventeenth, is to be dated the visible coming of age of a New Order, embodying a new principle of freedom and capable in due course of world-wide expansion (p. 131). The loss of her American colonies was to Britain a blessing in disguise (p. 143). Though Burke was against liquidating the British Empire, his regenerate imperial order embodied the Commonwealth concept which was developed in the nineteenth century (pages 149-150). In short, Burke was the patron-saint of the new order. The keynote of the volume under review is: "The more Empire the less British" (p. vii). On page 123, first line, would stands for should; on page 151, line 16, forminated is a mistake for formulated. The magnificent volume before us adumbrates the concept of a new world order, born out of the Commonwealth conception incubated by Burke: it is the quintessence of the teaching of British history, the bedrock of the British Constitutional edifice.

—*Prof. R. Sathianathaier*

GRACE OF THE GREAT. By M. P. Pandit. Published by the author, Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry-2 1963. 113 pages. Price. Rs. 2 or 5s.

THE book was first brought out in 1950 and this is its second edition. It is a collection of essays, mostly concerned with the Ashram, contributed by the writer to different periodicals during the years, 1948-1950.

It is not the aptness or the easy flow of words or the grace of style as it is the novel attitude generating from impartial original thinking that so much characterizes all the essays. The writer is, indeed, at his best when he examines the rationale and *modus operandi* of Faith (in his essay on "From Old Moorings: Faith"), when he probes into the Higher Truth (in his essay on "The Mother's Message"), when he rightly and passionately defends the equality of woman with man (in his essay on "Woman, Her Place in Society") and when he spiritedly vindicates the superiority of Sri Aurobindo's Yoga to any philosophical system that has the utilitarian element as the *raison d'etre* (in his essay on "Our Yoga and the Challenge of Pragmatism").

We are glad to recommend the book to all who are fond of serious reading.

—*Dr. A. S. Gopa*

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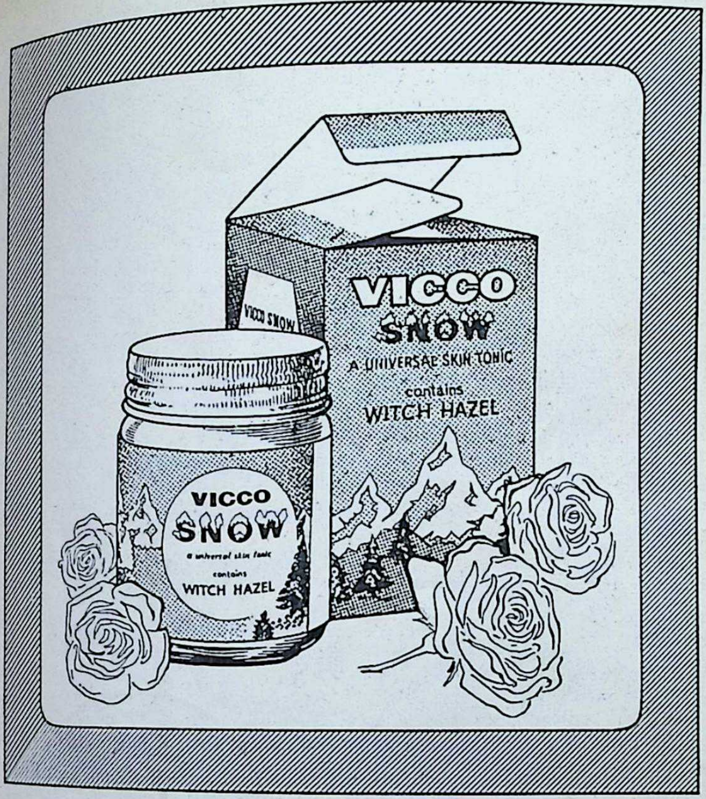
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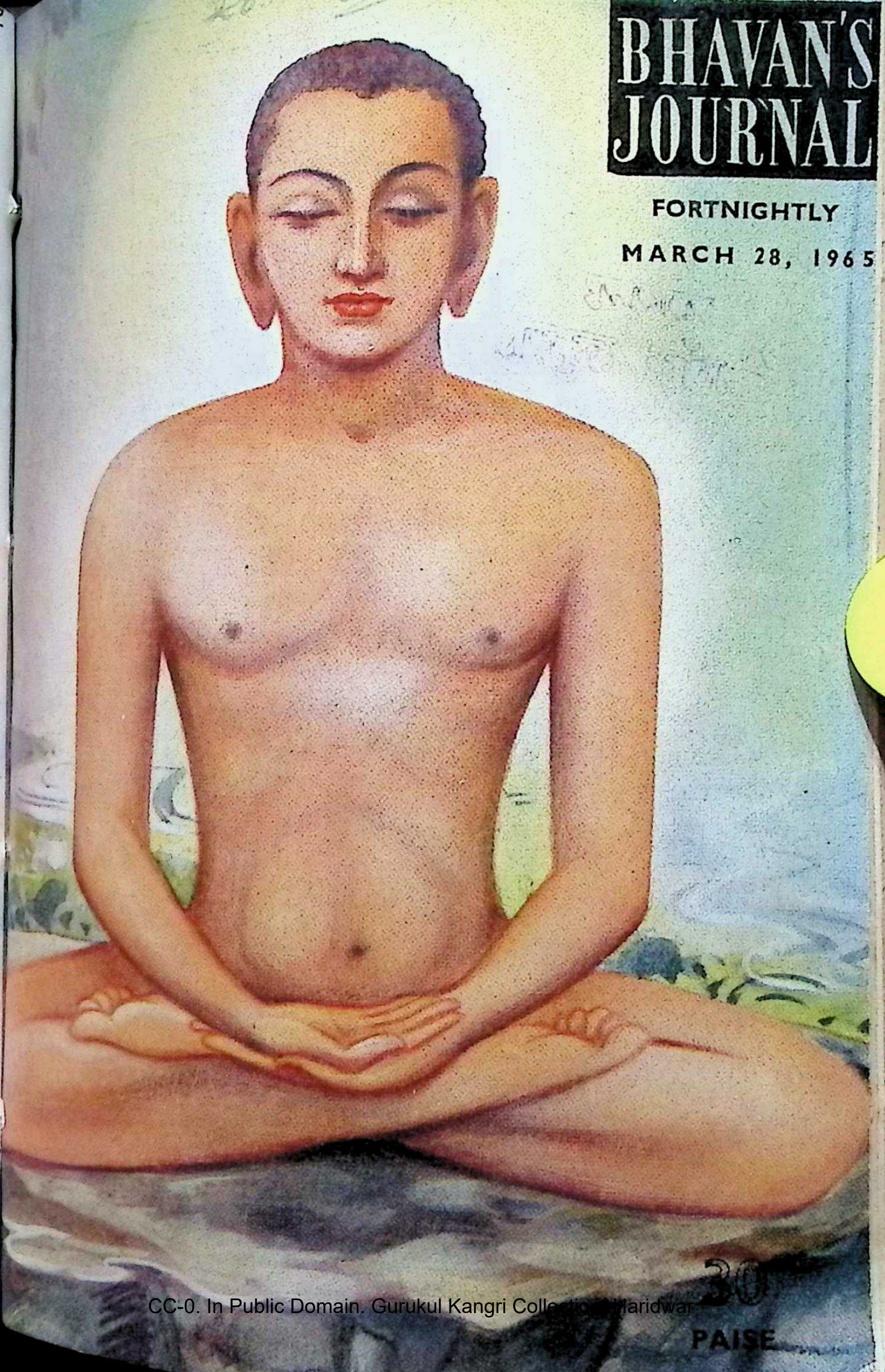

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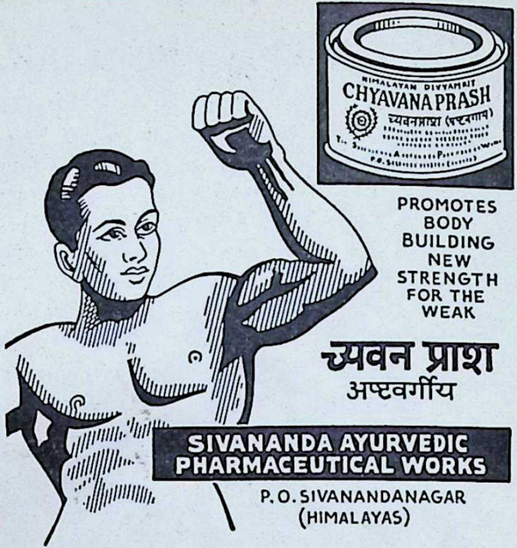
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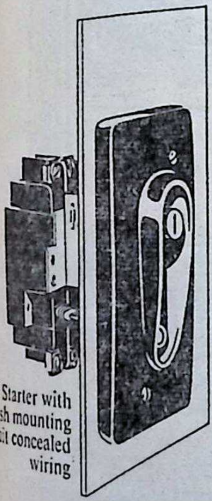

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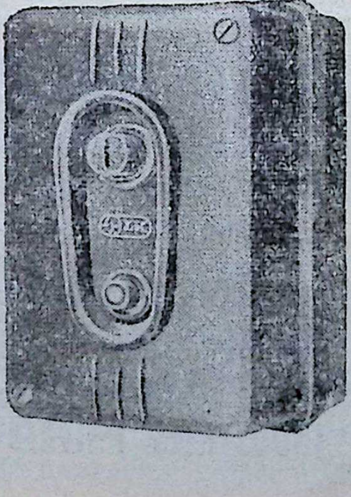

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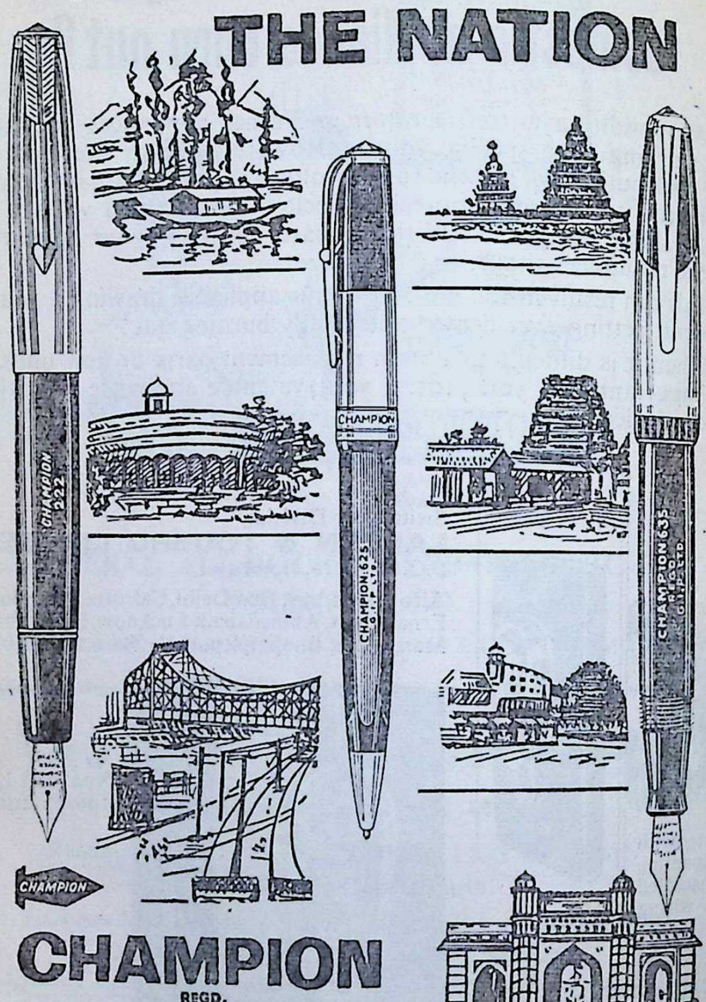

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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

Vol. XI No. 18
MARCH 28, 1965

FORTNIGHTLY

Devoted to Life, Literature and Culture

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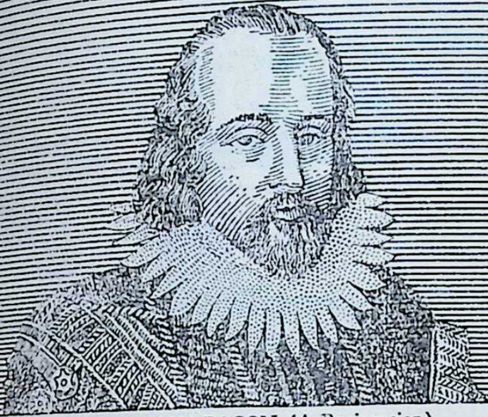

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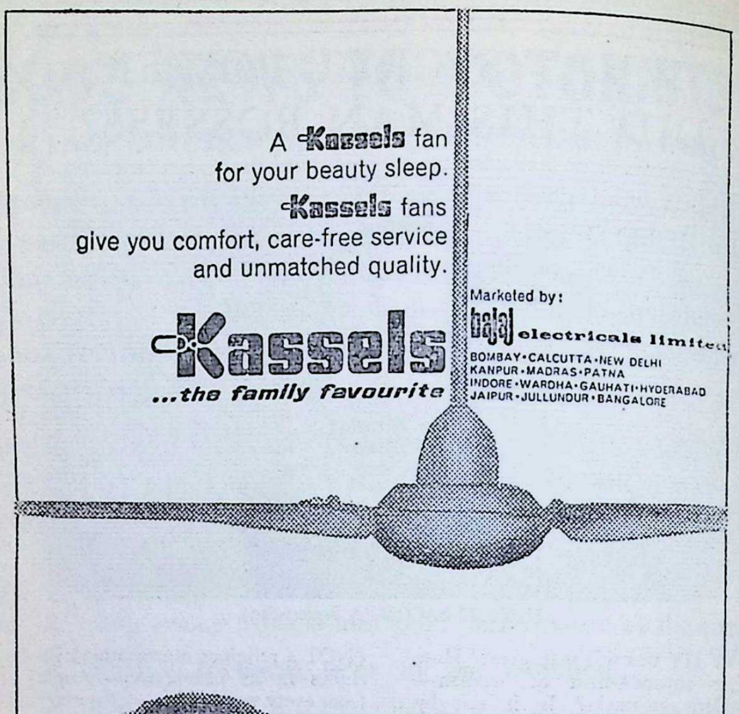

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PRAYER FOR UNITY

सहृदयं सांमनस्यं अविद्वेषं कृणोमि वः ।
मा भ्राता भ्रातरं द्विक्षन् मा स्वसारं उत स्वसा
संयञ्चः सव्रता भूत्वा वाचं वदत भद्रया ॥
समानी प्रपा सह वोऽन्नभागः
समाने योक्त्रे सह वो युनज्मि ।

I will make you one of heart, of one mind and free
from hate.
Let not brother hate brother, sister hate sister,—
Unanimous, united in purpose, speak you words
with friendliness.
Let your drink be the same, your food be common;
I bind you together with one common bond.

—*Atharva-Veda* III—3.

Vol. XI, No. 18

No. 332

KULAPATI'S LETTER

of Life, Literature & Culture

THE LANGUAGE CRISIS

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.
MARCH 28, 1965.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

RECENTLY, the language problem has assumed tremendous importance. It has created a crisis of the first magnitude for the country.

I am sad beyond words, for our survival as a nation is threatened by this crisis.

I have been closely associated with the problem of Hindi as an all-India medium of intercourse for several decades now.

In pre-British days, throughout North India, variants of the basic Indo-Aryan speech—Vraja, Khariboli, Bhojpuri, Rajasthani, Avadh, Maithili—were slowly merging into a common medium which was used by the saints and poets throughout. It drew sustenance from the idioms and vocabulary of Sanskrit and developed suitable expressiveness to convey higher thoughts and complex ideas.

Eighty years ago, when the urge to nationhood began to be articulate, both the Sanskrit-knowing and the English-knowing world in India stirred themselves for building up a national medium out of this non-regional language.

Dayananda Saraswati, the founder of the Arya Samaj, was the first who used Hindi to carry his message to the masses in most parts of the country.

Before the end of the 19th century, many nationalists in the country accepted the need for a popular national medium in addition to English for inter-regional contacts.

In 1905, when I was in college, in my diary I pledged myself to work for several aims; one of them was "English for the elite, Hindusthani for the masses". It was nothing original but reflected the urge of the new nationalism.

About the same time, the Hindi Sahitya Sammelan was founded to popularise and develop Hindi. It was but a regional language even then.

The Gaekwad of Baroda, who had accepted Gujarati as his State language, and was then regarded as one of the great nationalist leaders, when elected the President of the Sammelan called upon the country to popularise Hindi as the national language.

Gandhiji was elected its President in the year 1918—if my memory serves me right. Later he founded the Rashtra Bhasha Prachar Samiti to popularise Hindi as the national language throughout the country. His lead was accepted by almost all the nationalists throughout the country and hundreds of thousands of men and women in Maharashtra, Gujarat and other non-Hindi States studied Hindi under his inspiration.

Under Gandhiji's leadership, again through the Dakshina Bharat Hindi Prachar Sabha, hundreds of thousands of men and women in the Tamil, Telugu, Kannada and Malayalam speaking belt, have learnt it.

In 1934, I joined the Hindi Sahitya Sammelan at the instance of Gandhiji. Since then I have been closely associated with the Hindi Sabhas, and particularly after 1944 when I was elected President of the Hindi Sahitya Sammelan I have followed its growth and development closely.

Hindi, during the last 50 years, has developed great expressive power, borrowing Sanskrit words and idioms. Bengali, Marathi, Gujarati, Telugu, Kannada and Malayalam, having been developed more or less under the influence of Sanskrit, have greater affinity with Hindi than any other language in the country.

When the Constituent Assembly applied itself to having an official language besides English, Hindi was the only choice. It was not imposed by any set of people. It had grown into and was recognised as the only possible national medium.

At all stages of the Constituent Assembly, with my friend, the late Gopalaswami Ayyangar, I actively concerned myself with the official language formulas which emerged from time to time.

They were evolved with the co-operation and support of Sarvashri Pattabhi Sitaramayya of Andhra, Kripalani of Sindh, Shyamprasad Mookherjee of Bengal, Bakshi Tekchand of Punjab, Kakasaheb Gadgil of Maharashtra, Alladi Krishnaswamy Iyer of Madras and most other leaders of the different provinces, under the guidance of Sardar Patel and Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru.

There was controversy whether Hindusthani in two scripts or Hindi with Devanagari script should be the official language. Hindusthani was rejected as it was a bazaar language incapable of expressing the complicated needs of a modern society.

Shri T.T. Krishnamachari, as the spokesman of the South, while accepting Hindi, was emphatic in his view that English should not be dropped as the official language till the South accepted Hindi in its place.

A section of the Hindi-speaking members insisted on dropping English straightaway. They were overruled.

A fifteen-year period was provided to prepare the country for the change-over, giving the Parliament an option to continue English as an associate language thereafter, if the situation justified it.

Shri T.T. Krishnamachari and Shri K. Santhanam pleaded for the adoption of the Arabic numerals—what we use in English—in place of Devanagari numerals, as in the South they were doing even in Sanskrit books. The Arabic numerals were accepted by a large majority.

A resolution was suggested for appointing a Commission to popularise Hindi in the country so as to prepare for the changeover after fifteen years. It was not pressed on an assurance by the Government that it would be done.

Since 1947, when the controversy was at its highest, I ventured to insist that English was absolutely necessary as an all-India language; if it was given up, the country would be in danger of being balkanized and our window to the world would be closed.

I have not wavered from that stand. I have fought for it and am still fighting for it wherever attempts are being made to eliminate it.

At the final stage, no section of the members of the Constituent Assembly was against the adoption of Hindi as the all-India medium for official intercourse in addition to English.

It is said in some papers that Hindi was accepted by one vote in the Congress Party. It comes to me as a surprise. There were fluctuating voting on the clauses of the formula, but at the end, Part XVII was accepted unanimously by the Party and in the open House *nem con,* only Purushottamdas Tandon not voting as he had a conscientious objection to retaining English and Arabic numerals.

I am grieved to read in one of the papers that Dr. Rajendra Prasad has been singled out as the villain of the piece who foisted Hindi on the country. A more tendentious allegation could not have been started to besmirch the memory of one of the noblest of our leaders who dedicated their lives to the country.

The fifteen-year period went by. The Union Government did next to nothing to prepare the country for the change-over.

The Union Government was faced with the prospect that English would cease to be the official language on the 26th of January 1965 unless its continuance was guaranteed by law. That is why the Official Language Act, 1963, was passed.

A controversy now turns round the use of the words "English *may* be used".

To allay the fears of the non-Hindi States, Panditji gave an assurance, now fully endorsed by the present Prime Minister Shastri, that English would not cease to be an official language until the non-Hindi provinces were agreeable to the change.

This assurance should have been reiterated and given statutory recognition without any loss of life or wanton destruction. Unfortunately an impression is permitted to gain ground in the country that the only way to influence the Government is by coercive demonstrations, violence and riots.

President Radhakrishnan succinctly put it that "political wisdom consisted in anticipating, forestalling and averting such events" and that was lacking.

An eminent lawyer friend from Madras told me that one morning the Tamilians were stunned to find that telegrams, money orders, railway tickets, receipts etc. arrived in Madras written in a language which no one could read or understand. It must have been exasperating indeed, but that is no reason to resort to large-scale violence.

To say that Hindi has been imposed by Hindi-speaking regions on the non-Hindi-speaking region is both *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi*.

As I pointed out, Swami Dayananda Saraswati, by birth a Gujarati, educated in Mathura and a Punjabi by adoption, used Hindi as the medium of his evangelical mission throughout the country.

Three-quarter century of national effort has made Hindi an all-India medium.

In Bombay, for instance, for the last forty years, Gujaratis are speaking to Maharashtrians and the Maharashtrians are speaking to Gujaratis on the public platform in Hindi. It was a natural transition, for, by so speaking, the speakers used the common Sanskritic elements in both languages.

It is said that Hindi is less developed than some of our non-Hindi languages.

During the five years that I was in U.P., I have heard Hindi spoken at different levels with rich expressiveness.

INDIA'S DEEPER UNITY

It is fascinating to find how the Bengalis, the Marathas, the Gujaratis, the Tamils, the Andhras, the Oriyas, the Assamese, the Canarese, the Malayalis, the Sindhis, the Punjabis, the Pathans, the Kashmiris, the Rajputs, and the great central block comprising the Hindustani-speaking people, have retained their peculiar characteristics for hundreds of years, have still more or less the same virtues and failings of which old tradition or record tells us, and yet have been throughout these ages distinctively Indian, with the same national heritage and the same set of moral and mental qualities. There was something living and dynamic about this heritage.

Ancient India was a world in itself, a culture and a civilization which gave shape to all things. Foreign influences poured in and often influenced that culture and were absorbed.

Disruptive tendencies gave rise immediately to an attempt to find a synthesis. Some kind of a dream of unity has occupied of India since the dawn of civilization. That unity was not conceived as something imposed from outside, a standardization of externals or even of beliefs. It was something deeper and, within its fold, the widest tolerance of belief and custom was practised and every variety acknowledged and even encouraged.

—*Jawaharlal Nehru*

Hindi has poets like Neerala and Sumitranand Panth, as great as any poet in any other Indian language, except Gurudev Tagore.

Premchand, the Hindi novelist, can stand comparison with the best novelists in other Indian languages.

As Chancellor of the Universities of U.P., I know that quite a number of authoritative text-books for higher studies in humanities and even in subjects like politics and social sciences have been written in Hindi.

Hindi has acquired rich expressiveness in no way inferior to any other Indian language. It has, by borrowing from Sanskrit, a rich vocabulary.

Let us examine the controversy. If it is to give statutory recognition to the Nehru Formula, the Prime Minister has repeatedly assured us that that would be done. Reasonable people all over the country would consider such a statute as the best solution of the matter.

If the object of this stir is to eliminate Part XVII of the Constitution, the demand is unreasonable; because, if accepted, it will leave the country in linguistic wilderness. The demand also is impracticable; the country will never accept it.

It is suggested that the All-India Services should be fragmented linguistically. If this suggestion is accepted, the frame-work of the All-India Services, which has kept India together during the British rule as well as thereafter, will collapse.

The proposal of State-quotas in the Services is a step towards dismembering the country. Linguistic chauvinism can go no further.

The outburst of violence in the South raises a question of paramount importance in the life of the country. Is it permissible for the people of one State to let loose forces of disorder to blackmail the rest of the country into submissiveness?

In my experience going over half a century, I have not come across such large-scale and wanton outburst of violence against public property and public officers as in Madras, and on sacred places like the Aurobindo Ashram in Pondicherry.

No person who knows how public disorder is sponsored, guided, directed and sustained, can believe, for a moment, that this outburst, with its familiar pattern, was just a spontaneous movement.

We must kill the North-South controversy at its very birth. *We must keep to the English. We must work for Hindi in good faith.*

Bilingualism is the only way to tide over the crisis which has inflamed the "tribal instincts" of our people.

Fortunately for India, there are tried and tested patriots who have gone through the baptism of fire under Gandhiji, and who are still in our midst. Their devotion to Mother India, one and indivisible, is as strong as ever. If the decision is left over and after this generation passes away, the problem will be much more intractable.

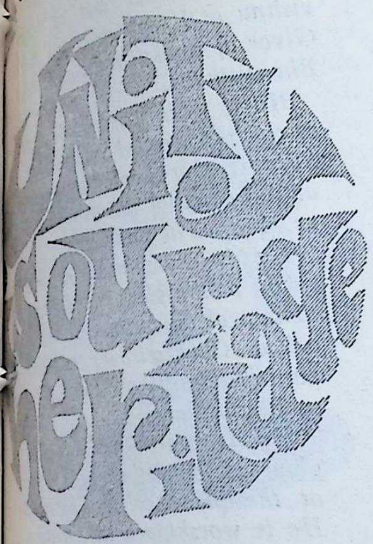
If my voice reaches my friends in the North as well as in the South—and there are many—I would ask them to give up extreme positions and stand behind the Union Government in its objective to give statutory recognition to the Nehru Formula.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

[In spite of ethnic and linguistic diversities, India attained to a certain degree of cohesion under the influence of her culture, religion and traditions. This integrating force provides the historical background, the content and energy which leads India to a richer harmony and eventually to the Life of the Spirit.

Both religion and political experience have contributed to the growth of a geographical sense in the people and to the perception of the fundamental unity of India behind her continental vastness and variety.—**Ed.**]



THE following passage enumerates the principal sacred places consecrated to Vishnu which are daily repeated by millions all over India.

* *Vishnu is to be worshipped in His different names at the following sacred places: Narayana at the place Badari; the eternal Hari at Naimisha forest; Salagrama at Harikshetra; the greatest of the Raghavas (i.e. Rama) in Ayodhya; Balakrishna (boy Krishna) at Mathura; Madhusudana (the killer of the Demon Madhu) at Maya; Bhogasayana (Vishnu who sleeps on the bed of the body of Seshanaga) at Kashi; the Lord of Avani at Avanti; Yadavendra (the chief of the Yadavas) at Dvaravati; the lover of the cowherdesses at Vraja; the son of Nanda at Vrindavana; Govinda at the lake Kaliya; the cowherd Krishna who destroys the miseries of the world and loves his devotees at Govardhana; Sauri at the Romantha mountain; the Universal Lord at Haridvara; Madhava, the lord of the Goddess Lakshmi, at Prayaga; Gadadhara at Gaya; Vishnu at the confluence of the Ganga and the ocean; Raghava (descendant of King Raghu) at Chitrakuta; the killer of demons at Nandigrama; Visvarupi at Prabhasa; Kurma (tortoise incarnation) at Srikurma; Purushottama on Niladri; Mahasimha at Simhachala (Simha mountain); Gadin (holding Gada) at Tulasivana; Papahara (nullifying sins) at Ghritasaila; Simharupi on Svetadri; Yogananda at Dharmapuri; Andhanayaka at Kakula and the killer of the demon Hiranya on the Garuda hills; Vitthala at Pandhuranga; the Lord of Rama on the Venkata hill; Narayana on Yadava hills; and Nrisimha on Ghatika mountain; the conferer of boons on Varana hills and Kamalalochana at Kanchi. The Lord who was the messenger of the Pandavas, kept his word and*

---

* Tr. Dr. R. K. Mookherji.

measured the whole universe with His three paces at Paramesapura where He was known as Vishnu. He was known as Ashtabhuja and Nrisimha at Kamasiki. At Kamakoti in the vicinity of the blue-throated Siva he is the bestower of welfare, magnificent with an auspicious form like the clouds and Seshanaga. These are the places sanctified as the abode of Lord Vishnu and honoured by the pious.

Oh Sage! We worship the Lord of the gods with the colour of cloud, mounted on Garuda and with the blaze of millions of suns shining and self-luminous.

We worship Vishnu as Viraraghava (Victorius Raghava) in a temple installed on the lake of Sri Gridhra with the colour of a coral, luminious like a lamp enshrined in the eighteen temples of Kanchi.

Vishnu as the Heroic Raghava is seen recumbent in the most sacred place, the forest known as Visharanya. Vishnu is also to be seen in the recumbent posture on the high hill of Tota while at the place known as Gajasthala, He is worshipped as the protector of elephants.

He is worshipped as Mahabali at the place called Balipura while at the place called Bhaktisara, He is worshipped as Jagatpati (Lord of the world). Vishnu in His incarnation as the Great Boar is worshipped at Srimushna and as Padmalochana at Mahindra.

Vishnu is worshipped as Jagannatha at Sriranga and as the consort of Janaki at Sridhama. He is worshipped as Saranatha at Sarakshetra and as the bender of the bow of Hara at the place called Khandana.

At Srinivasa, He is worshipped as Purna in the golden temple of beautiful colour and as Mahavishnu at Vyaghrapuri and as the Giver of Bhakti in the place called Bhaktisthana.

He is worshipped as Santamurti at the place called Svetandrada; as Surapriya at Agnipuri; as Bharga at the place of the Bhargavas, and as Madhva at Vaikuntha.

He is worshipped as Bhaktasakha at the place called Purushottama; as Sudarsana at the place called Chakratirtha; as Chakrapani at Kumbakona; and as Sarngi at Bhutasthana.

He is worshipped as Gajartighna at Kapisthala; as Govinda at the place called Chitrakutaka. He is worshipped as Anuttama at Uttama and as Padmalochana at the place called Svetadri.

He is worshipped as Parabrahma at Parthasthala; as Madhudvit (the enemy of Madhu) at the place called Krishnakoti; as Mahananda at the place known as Nandapuri, and as Vrishasraya (Protector of the Bulls) at the place called Vriddhapuri.

He is known as Asanga at the place called Sangamagrama. He is worshipped as the great refuge of those who seek it at Aranya. At Dakshina-dvaraka He is worshipped as Gopala, Lord of the world.

He is worshipped as Mahasimha at Simhakshetra; as Mallari at the place called Manimandapa; as

(Continued on page 17)

The one common ground that we have is our sacred tradition, our religion. That is the only common ground, and upon that we shall have to build. It is the only possible means of work; work in any other line, without first strengthening this, would be disastrous. Therefore, the first plank in the making of a future India, the first step that is to be hewn out of that rock of ages, is this unification of religion.

UNIFYING POWER OF RELIGION

Swami Vivekananda

THE problems in India are more complicated, more momentous, than the problems in any other country. Race, religion, language, Government—all these together make a nation. The elements, which compose the nations of the world, are indeed very few, taking race after race, compared to this country. Here have been the Aryan, the Dravidian, the Tartar, the Turk, the Mogul, the European—all the nations of the world, as it were, pouring their blood into this land.

Of languages the most wonderful conglomeration is here; of manners and customs there is more difference between two Indian races than between the European and the Eastern races.

In Europe, political ideas form the national unity. In Asia, religious ideals form the national unity. The unity in religion, therefore, is absolutely necessary as the first condition of the future of India. There must be the recognition of one religion throughout the length and breadth of this land.

What do I mean by one religion? Not in the sense of one religion as held among the Christians, or the Mohammedans, or the Buddhists. We know that our religion has certain common grounds, common to all our sects, however varying their conclusions may be, however different their claims may be. So there are certain common grounds; and within their limitation this religion of ours admits of a marvellous variation, an infinite amount of liberty to think and live our own lives. We all know that, at least those of us who have thought; and what we want is to bring out these life-giving common principles of our religion, and let every man, woman and child, throughout the length and breadth of this country, understand them, know them, and try to bring them out in their lives. This is the first step; and, therefore, it has to be taken.

We see how especially in India, race difficulties, linguistic difficulties, social difficulties, national difficulties, all melt away before this unifying power of religion. We know that to the Indian mind there is nothing higher than religious ideals, that this is the key-note of Indian life, and we can only work in the line of least resistance. It is not only true that the ideal of religion is the highest ideal.

Be sure quarrels are entirely wrong; they are condemned by our scriptures, forbidden by our forefathers; and those great men from whom we claim our descent, whose blood is in our veins, look down with contempt on their children quarrelling about minute differences.

With the giving up of quarrels all other improvements will come. When the life-blood is strong and pure no disease germ can live in that body. Our life-blood is spirituality. If it flows clear, if it flows strong and pure and vigorous, everything is right; political, social, any other material defects, even the poverty of the land, will all be cured if that blood is pure. For if the disease germ be thrown out, nothing will be able to enter into the blood. To take a simile from modern medicine, we know that there must be two causes to produce a disease, some poison germ outside, and the state of the body. Until the body is in a state to admit the germs, until the body is degraded to a lower vitality so that the germs may enter and through everyone's body; but so long as it is vigorous it never is conscious of them. It is only when the body is weak that these germs take possession of it and produce disease. Just so with the national life. It is when the national body is weak that all sorts of disease germs, in the political state of the race or in its social state, in its educational or intellectual state, crowd into the system and produce disease. To remedy it, therefore, we must go to the root of this disease and cleanse the blood of all impurities. The one tendency will be to strengthen the man, to make the blood pure, the body vigorous, so that it will be able to resist and throw off all external poisons.

We have seen that our vigour, our strength, nay, our national life is in our religion. You are bound by it, and if you give it up you are smashed to pieces. That is the life of our race and that must be strengthened. You have withstood the shocks of centuries simply because you took great care of it, you sacrificed everything else for it. Your forefathers underwent everything boldly, even death itself, but preserved their religion. Temple after temple was broken down by the foreign conqueror, but no sooner had the wave passed than the spire of the temple rose up again. Some of these old temples of Southern India and those like Somnath of Gujarat, will teach you volumes of wisdom, will give you a keener insight into the history of the race than any amount of books.

That is the national mind, that is the national life-current. Follow it and it leads to glory. Give it up and you die; death will be the only result, annihilation the only effect, the moment you step beyond that life-current.

Great works are to be done, wonderful powers have to be worked out, we have to teach other nations many things. This is the motherland of philosophy, of spirituality, and of ethics, of sweetness, gentleness and love. In it is the backbone, the foundation, and the bedrock of the national life, and here in this blessed land, the foundation, the backbone, the life-centre is religion and religion alone.

Let others talk of politics, of the glory of acquisition of immense wealth poured in by trade, of the power and spread of commercialism, of the glorious foundation of physical liberty. Touch him (Indian) on spirituality, on religion, on God, on the soul, on the Infinite, on spiritual freedom, and I assure you, the lowest peasant in India is better informed on these subjects than many a so-called philosopher in other lands. I have said, gentlemen, that we have yet something to teach to the world. This is the very reason, the *raison d'etre,* that this nation has lived on, in spite of hundreds of years of persecution in spite of nearly thousand years of foreign rule and foreign oppression. This nation still lives; the *raison d'etre* is, it still holds to God, to the treasure-house of religion and spirituality.

UNITY IS OUR HERITAGE—*Contd.*

Nibidakara at the place called Nibida and as Jagadisvara at Dhanushka.

He is worshipped as Kalamegha at Mauhvara; as Sundara at Madhura; as Paramasvami (the Great Lord) at the most sacred place called the Vrishabhadri.

He is worshipped as the Natha at the place called Srimad-Varaguna; as Ramasakha (one who has Rama as the Consort) at the place known as Kuruka and as Goshthipati at Goshthipura and as lying in the bed of Darbha grass at Darbhashayana.

He is worshipped as Sauri at Mangalaka; He is worshipped as Baladhya (exceedingly powerful) at the place called Bhramaraschala. At Kuranga He is worshipped as Purna and at Vatasthala as Krishna.

He is worshipped as Achyuta at the place called Kshudranadi and as Padmanabha at Anantaka. These places sacred to Vishnu are worshipped by great saints.

SONS OF INDIA

Sons of India! sing the glory
Of the land that gave you birth ;
Sing with heart and soul accorded
Of her greatness and her worth,
Matchless is this land of ours!
Whither is the mount so high
That like proud Himadri towers
Till its summits cleave the sky!
Fruitful is her soil and fertile,
Sacred are her rivers broad,
Countless are her precious mines
With jewels rare and riches stored.
Hail to India! Sing her praises,
Fill her heart with hope and joy ;
May she win the crown of glory,
Sing, Sing, "Bharatera Joy!"
(Chorus)

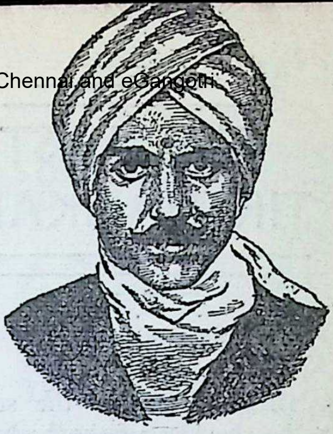
Loyal are her lovely daughters,
Peerless they beyond compare,
Sharmistha, Savitri, Seeta,
Damayanti, true and fair.
(Chorus)

Vashistha, Gautama, Atri,
Holi Saints by all revered,
Vishwamitra too and Bhrigu,
These the sons this land has reared.
Bards illustrious here have flourished,
None their genius can surpass,
Valmiki and Vedavyasa
Bhavabhuti, Kalidas.
(Chorus)

Bear ye not in mind the memory
Of our warriors, brave and bold,
Bhishma, Drona, Bheemarjuna,
Prithwiraja free and bold?
Mighty bulwarks of their country,
Sternly they repressed all wrong;
Of their enemies the terror,
Of the weak protectors strong,
(Chorus)

Fear not friends, be brave and hopeful,
Let not grief your hearts o'ercast;
Courage, courage! Know that ever
Righteous valour triumphs at last.
Severed we are weak and helpless,
Unity our strength will prove,
Let us join in earning glory
For the motherland we love.
(Chorus)

—Satyendra Nath Tagore



My Vision of India

Subrahmanya Bharati

Bharat, so is it named, the land of our birth;
Fear, its people know not, and enmity they conquer.
Over the snow-capped Himalayas let's promenade;
Let our ships sail on the high Western seas;
Let's make our seats of learning veritable temples;
Let's sing of Bharat in joy and dance in glee.
A bridge to link Ceylon, let's make;
Fill up Sethu and lay there a road;
Excess of water flowing in Bengal—
Let it grow crops in central Bharat.
Let's dig and bring out ores and gold from mines.
For sale in distant lands and buying what we want.
Pearl fishing in south sea we shall have;
To the west coast come traders from countries many
To seek our favours and fine goods to supply.
On the moonlit waters of the Sindhu,
Women from Kerala shall sport and sail
With Telugu melodies sweet on their lips.
With wheat from the Gangetic region
Let's exchange betel leaves of the Kaveri;
Ivory-ware from Kerala shall we give
As presents to poets of leonine Mahrattas.
A device let's make for people in Kanchi
To hear Pandits' performances in Kasi;
To the brave Rajput heroes let's give
Gifts of gold from Karnatak.

[Extract from Poet Subrahmanya Bharati's original poem in Tamil entitled "Bharata desam enru peyar solluvar. . . ." Translated by Sri N. Subramanian.]

THE LAST TIRTHANKARA

W. George Trott

LIBERATION of the soul from the shackles of the body was accomplished by the supreme Lord Mahavira, the last of the twenty-four world teachers of Jainism. The way of liberation is the greatest of all sciences, the finest of all arts, the attainment of every hope, and the fulfilment of all ambitions. Because the world is evil and the hearts of men are shrouded by wrong thinking and wrong ideals, there is no place for the science of Liberation.

This unhappy state of affairs need not continue. Everywhere men are striving—through political action—to change the face of the world. I say this to all men of politics, particularly to the young men of free India, that *your* political theory—no matter how perfect or logical it may appear—is empty and without merit unless it has behind it the teaching of *ahimsa* laid down by the omniscient Lord Mahavira.

The aim of politics, as indeed with all right human aims, is the well-being and happiness of every member of the community. People cannot be contented, either in themselves or with each other, unless they possess the habit of mind which exercises forbearance, trust, mercy, tolerance and the like. Where do we find these qualities? Only in the soul which is fortified by religion and the true spirit of *ahimsa*.

The Lord Mahavira, by his great power and soul-force, inspired the souls of entire provinces to heights of pure love, peace, understanding and joy unknown in this world since the days of the preceding Tirthankara, Lord Parshvanatha. Poverty, fear, misunderstandings, envy, lust were all swept away by the awesome vibrations of his magnetic soul. The sight of the Tirthankara is a sufficient answer to the question—where is happiness? His teachings constitute the way of Liberation, and are the greatest of all contributions to human welfare.

Lord Mahavira was born in 599 B.C. At the age of thirty years he abandoned the life of the world and became an ascetic. Twelve years later the flood of omniscience swept away for ever the bonds of *karma,* and his soul perceived all things in space and time.

During the thirty years following, when Mahavira was a world-teacher, he proclaimed the truth that man is the master of his own destiny—the Jina or conqueror. To refrain from killing and injuring is the only true religion. The foes to be conquered are the four passions of anger, pride, deceit and greed. The greatest gift that man can make to his fellow-men and the lower creatures is the gift of protection and safety, that they shall come and go without harm or interference.

To cease causing injury or death to living creatures—this is *ahimsa,* the highest religion. *Ahimsa* is the way of liberation.

Mahavira Jayanti will fall on the 13th of next month.

KRISHNAVATARA

The Righteous War

THE BOOK OF BHEEMA

CHAPTER 16

JALANDHAR*AA* HAS HER WAY

It was a dark night; Bheema looked at the stars twinkling merrily in the heavens. The breeze was whistling joyfully through the foliage of trees. Everything reflected the joy which was in his heart.

However, he felt anxious about Jalandhar*aa*. If it ever came to be known that she had come out to Baliya's *akhada* at midnight, it would create a scandal which would ruin her whole life.

When he entered Baliya's house, the old man, without saying a word, pointed a finger at the door of an inner room. When he stepped into it, in the dim flickering light of a one-wick oil saucer of clay, he could see two women, dressed in the manner of serving-maids. Unlike high-born ladies, the maid-servants were required, by propriety, to cover their head and bosom with the upper part of their saree, and hold its corner by the hand to cover the lower part of their face when talking to men.

The elder of the two women, on seeing Bheema, stood up, prostrated herself before him in salutation, went to the door, closed it and sat down leaning against it. The young woman on the other hand only stood up, bowed low with joined hands demurely.

Bheema seated himself on a rickety cot of coir-matting, which shook under his weight. 'Are you the young lady who wanted to meet me?' he asked. Though the question was formal, his tone betrayed the excitement which he felt at talking to her.

The young woman nodded her head in assent.

'Do you want to be eaten up by King Vrikodara?' asked Bheema with a boyish grin.

The young woman nodded her head again and laughed. Bheema felt as if the whole room was dancing with joy.

'Don't you realise the danger of meeting me alone at midnight—unmarried as you are?'

'I am sure King Vrikodara would protect me against any scandal of that sort,' came the young woman's quick reply as she sat down on the ground in front of him.

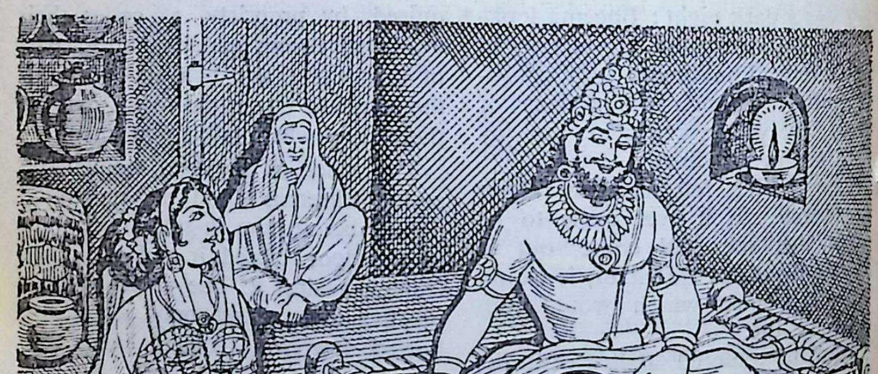
'Let me know first, young lady, who you are,' asked Bheema. 'I don't talk to women about whom I know nothing.'

The lady laughed, her eyes full of mischief. 'Who am I, you ask? It is said in my part of the country that King Vrikodara is in the habit of carrying in his arms young women about whom he knows nothing after rescuing them from the river. Since when has he become squeamish?' she taunted.

'If I know who you are, why do you cover your face like a serving-maid?'

Jalandhar*aa* removed the corner end of the saree which she had held to cover the lower part of her face, disclosing her beauteous face and gorgeous bun woven with flowers,

'Why does your sister want to send a message to her husband's enemy?' Bheema said suspiciously.



Her diamond nose-ring throwing scintillating rays over her dimples.

'Do I look like a serving-maid?' she asked, glancing mischievously at Bheema.

'You are dressed as one, Kaashy*aa*.* Now tell me why you wanted to meet me?'

'To meet you again,' came the pert reply.

'Am I so stupid as to believe that you risked everything only to meet me again? Rekhaa said that you wanted to talk to me about an urgent matter—a matter of life and death. What is it?' asked Bheema.

'I want you to help me to speak to Krishna V*aa*sudeva,' said Jalandhar*aa*.

'Why do you want my help to meet Krishna?' replied Bheema with a sneer. 'From morning till midnight, he sits and smiles and makes love to whomsoever goes to him—man, woman and child. You may also do so.' Then Bheema chuckled as he added: 'Many women come to him to pray for the boon of a son. Do you too want one?'

'First I will have to pray to him to get me a husband, but not this time.' She became serious. 'This time I want to see him secretly.'

'Your request is refused,' said Bheema. 'What do you think I am? Am I to arrange secret meetings between a maiden and that winsome cousin of mine, who breaks every woman's heart?' Bheema asked in righteous indignation, as was his habit, holding up his hands in despair, and added: 'Oh, Great God, the attraction he has for women, old and young!'

'Please, King Vrikodara, do talk seriously. It is a matter of grave import. My sister, Bhanumati, wants me to convey a message to him,' said Jalandhar*aa*, fixing her lustrous eyes appealingly on Bheema.

'Your sister, Duryodhana's wife? Why does she not go and talk to Krishna herself?'

'Duryodhana has forbidden her to meet Krishna; he thinks he is his enemy,' said Jalandhar*aa*.

'Why does your sister want to send a message to her husband's enemy?' Bheema said suspiciously.

'That is our secret—my sister's and mine.'

'Do you know that Duryodhana thinks I am his bitterest enemy? Why should I help my enemy's wife?' asked Bheema.

'Because King Vrikodara is a brave and generous man, who helps people in distress,' came the quick reply in a tone of admiration.

Bheema felt happy at this compliment and asked: 'Why did you select me out of all people in the world to help you in this mysterious game?'

'That is my secret,' said Jalandhar*aa*, casting a fascinating look at Bheema.

'If I let you have your way, Duryodhana might possibly use me to destroy our future.'

'No one can come in the way of King Vrikodara's future. He will always triumph,' Jalandhar*aa* said with confidence.

'How can I be a party to a message being delivered by my enemy's wife about which I know nothing?'

---

* Daughter of King of Kaashi.

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Bheema's suspicion that Duryodhana was hatching some conspiracy was not allayed.

'Even if I begged you to do so?' said Jalandharaa in an appealing voice.

'Yes.'

'Oh, Great God, what a fool I have been! I have committed a mistake,' she exclaimed helplessly.

'Mistake? What was it?' asked Bheema in surprise.

Jalandharaa looked down as if she had received a shock and in a halting voice full of disappointment, said, as if she was addressing herself: 'I had hoped that some day, somehow, King Vrikodara would attend my swayamvara. But then......,' she sighed and, as if unable to continue, added: 'I now know it is a foolish dream.'

'Why is it foolish? I am going to attend your *swayamvara* for certain and win you,' said Bheema, unable to understand this change of mood.

'If King Vrikodara does not help me to fulfil the solemn pledge which I have given to my sister......' Then she stopped as if her voice was choking. She muttered: 'Oh, it breaks my heart.'

'I will go now,' Jalandhar*aa* made a gesture as if she was getting up. 'I never thought that King Vrikodara would send me away empty-handed.'

'Now, sit down, Kaashy*aa,* sit down. Don't cry. Have you sworn to deliver the message to Krishna?'

'Yes, by my father,' she said in a subdued voice.

'Don't cry, please, don't,' he begged of her.

Bheema's self-glorious sense of being strong and powerful was shot through with tenderness. She was so weak, so small, in such a difficult position; he must protect her, as once he did at Utkochaka. He was inclined to put his arms around her slender but supple back. But the laws of Aryan propriety were strict; it would be sacrilegious to do so till they were joined in holy wedlock before the sacred fire.

Though he understood that Jalandhar*aa* was trying to get him to agree to her suggestion by womanish guile, he felt miserable for having caused her pain. He never could stand a crying woman, much less Jalandhar*aa* whom he had come to fancy.

'Well, that is another matter. I will agree; I will arrange a meeting between Krishna and yourself. Will it make you happy?' he asked.

'Oh, happy—happy beyond words'. Jalandhar*aa* smiled through her tears, and Bheema was thrilled with joy.

'I will do it only for you,' he said.

'I know that you are very kind to me, King Vrikodara,' she said, bringing an intimate note in her voice. 'I will never forget how you saved me from being drowned at Utkochaka Tirtha'—she laughed and continued —'though I have a feeling that you contrived to sink the boats only to carry me in your arms to the *ashram*.'

'I know that beautiful women are vain; they think everything is being done for their sake, and you are not only beautiful but wonderful,' said Bheema boyishly.

'If I were not wonderful, how can I have the vanity of expecting a wonderful husband for myself?'

Bheema smiled happily. Kaashy*aa*,

your *swayamvara* is fixed for the next year?'

'Yes.'

Bheema did not like the delay. Next year Draupadi would live with him. A way must be found to escape that difficulty.

'Why worry about a *swayamvara?*' asked Bheema. 'Why not have a *Gaandharva** marriage with the man you like straightaway?'

'Certainly not. I am an *Aryaa,*' Jalandhar*aa* said proudly. 'I must win my husband before the assembly of kings, as Draupadi won her's. It was great, the way she selected your brother as her husband.'

"She is right," he said to himself. 'All right, all right,' he said. 'Have your way. I know the futility of arguing with an obstinate woman.' He sighed and continued: 'If the message is urgent, the best way for you to meet Krishna secretly would be to come here tomorrow, at about midnight. I will bring Krishna here. Will you be here at that time with Rekh*aa?*'

'I will,' she said happily.

'Krishna, I am sure, will find a hundred excuses for not coming here. But I will bring him here even if I have to drag him bodily. I have always my way with him,' he said proudly.

'Oh, who can resist King Vrikodara?' she said with an irresistible glance.

Bheema was happy as never before.

[*To be continued*]

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* A form of marriage when a man and woman pledge themselves to each other without the consent of the parents and without ceremony.

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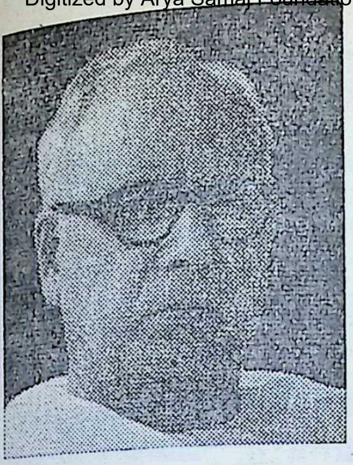

Dr. R. C. Majumdar

Personalities I Have Known

CHITTARANJAN DAS, better known as C. R. Das, or Desabandhu, had reached the peak of his professional career when I first met him. I had heard of his great reputation as a Barrister after the Alipore Bomb Case in which he successfully defended Aurobindo Ghose, but had no opportunity to make his acquaintance till about 1915 when I was a Lecturer in History in the Calcutta University. Das had a literary taste and wrote poems, three volumes of which were published, the best being the *Sagara-Sangit* (Songs of the Sea). Then he started a monthly journal called *Narayana*, and invited me to contribute historical articles. After I had sent an article, he invited me to his house now and then. He was then a very rich man and his monthly income was popularly estimated to be of five digits, the first figure varying between 1 and 3. Of his luxurious style of living I still remember one or two details. When he took tea the cup was replaced by a fresh one when he had emptied about only one-third, so that three cups were successively brought in, presumably to ensure that the tea always maintains the same heat. Again at the dinner-table the invited guests had a plenty of choice from all types of food,—Bengali, Moglai, English, etc. The marriage of his daughter in 1916 was a memorable event, and to make room for the dinner of the guests, walls of the neighbours' houses were pulled down, to be built up again at his expense after the ceremony was over. Eight years later he had nothing left, not even his house and I saw him seated in a small drawing-room of his daughter's house, and his wife—still alive—cooked her meal and did do-

Continued from last issue

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stic work with her own hand. There may be difference of opinion about his political views and political wisdom, but the contrast between C.R. Das's style of living in 1915 and 1925 shows us his personality at its very best—dominated by a spirit of self-sacrifice, willingly undertaken for a noble cause and carried to its extreme limit. This spirit was also manifested long before, in his unbounded charity which had become proverbial. At the earnest request of a destitute young man who believed himself to be a prodigy in Mathematics I took him to Das, who granted him a monthly allowance of Rs. 25. Instances like this were very common. He granted a monthly allowance to a group of working men to enable them to live in better quarters. Once a friend of mine, who did not like the grant, told Das that as he was passing by the house he heard strains of music and merriment from the house, and so they must have taken his money by false pretence of poverty. Das said that he made no condition, while making the grant, that the poor fellows could not amuse themselves—they also need enjoyment like others. The grant was not touched.

Once while going along a small lane he found a bailiff and his party taking possession of a small house, and there were loud cries from within. He remembered it was the house of his school-teacher which he used to visit long ago. He got down from his carriage and found his old teacher and his family weeping as the house was sold on account of a mortgage decree. He told the officer to let the old man re-occupy his house, as he would pay the whole amount. The officer immediately did so. The feelings of the teacher and the crowd that gathered may be easily imagined.

About half a century after his father was obliged to declare himself a bankrupt, he repaid the whole amount to satisfy his father and clear his reputation. Even the High Court Judge who dealt with the petition remarked that it was a unique thing in his experience.

He was highly emotional and possessed a very tender heart, and this domination of sentiment perhaps explains, to a certain extent, his frequent change, both of political doctrines and of religious faith. He was born in one of the oldest and most reputable Brahma families, but in 1916 he gave his daughter in marriage to a Hindu and the ceremony was held in strict Hindu form. He was also very much devoted to Vaishnavism and its peculiar expression in Kirtan songs. When a big Barrister like him patronised Kirtan and arranged Kirtan party in his own house, this neglected class was elevated to a high status, which it still retains. The patriot and political leader Chittaranjan will live in history, but Chittaranjan, the man, perhaps no less great, may be forgotten. Hence my attempt to give a brief glimpse of him. □□□

WHENEVER I think of Subhas Bose, the image of Mazzini appears before my mind. The lives of both were obsessed from boyhood by the one idea of freeing their motherland from the foreign yoke. Subhas did not deviate from this single purpose either by any higher ideal of humanitarianism and universal brotherhood, or

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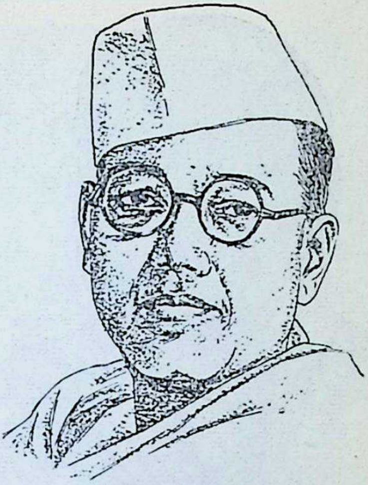
by the more tempting prospect of a happy and peaceful life such as an I.C.S. might well look forward to. I knew him from his boyhood, as he was a class-fellow of my nephew, and used to come to our house. Subhas was brought up in luxury and so when one afternoon my sister offered the boy Subhas our humble fare of bread and potato chips, my nephew stood aghast, for he had tasted the luxurious food to which Subhas was accustomed in his own house. Subhas, however, gladly partook of the food and even seemed to enjoy it. When Subhas, later, made his mark in life I often thought of this small incident as a foretaste of his future greatness. He first came to public notice by a sensational event—the assault on Professor Oaten of the Presidency College for some remarks he had made about the student community. Subhas undertook the whole responsibility on his own shoulder and was rusticated from the College. This incident not only showed his innate hatred of the British, but also illustrated a trait in his character. He belonged to that type of men who are born to lead, not to be led by others.

Subhas threw himself heart and soul into the Non-co-operation Movement, but gradually drifted away from it. He was perhaps the only one among the immediate entourage of Mahatma Gandhi who did not succumb to his mystic influence, and chalked out an altogether different path for himself. Whether he was right or wrong may well be left to the verdict of history, but there can be hardly any doubt that he gave evidence of a striking personality, next only to that of Gandhiji himself. Strong and inflexible on questions of principle, he was very genial in his ordinary life. Being much junior to me in age, he always showed great respect for me, and occasionally asked for financial help for his political work. When he visited Dacca, he did not like to compromise me by staying at my house. When I invited him he came, but pointed out that I may be in danger or serious difficulty if the Government suspected that I was associated with him in any way. He won great popularity in Dacca among all sections of people. He attended several meetings every day, and one day when he was late at a meeting, he began by offering his apology and excuse viz., that he was detained at the previous meeting. It was somewhat unusual, for I have noticed big leaders coming to meetings even an hour after the due time and beginning their speeches without any excuse.



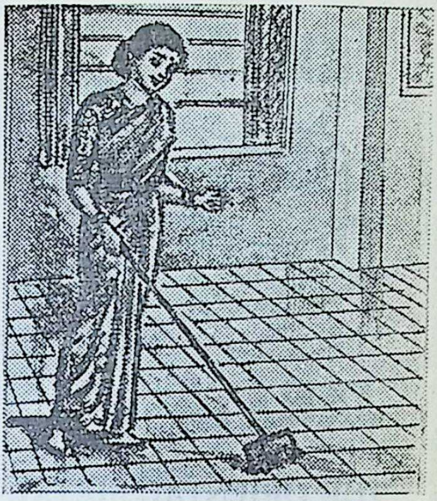
Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose

Smt. Sarojini Naidu

The undaunted spirit of Subhas refused to succumb to the terrible sufferings inflicted upon him by the Government, and the ignominy to which he was exposed by the Congress of which he was twice elected the President. Like a lone wandering pilgrim he left his native land to seek the means of its political liberation in foreign countries. I have always looked upon it as a great privilege that I could have a last glimpse of him shortly before he bade final good-bye to his motherland. I had come to Calcutta during the X'mas holidays in 1940. On 26 or 27 December 1940, I was told by an old pupil of mine that Subhas requested me to see him at his house. Subhas was then released from prison on grounds of ill-health and was permitted to live in his house under strict police surveillance. I found some constables at the gate but was not prevented by them. When I reached upstairs the whole wing of the house appeared to be empty, but in the dim light I met his nephew who led me to a door and asked me to go in, but did not himself accompany me. I got into the room and then through it to another room where Subhas was lying on a cot. What struck me, at the very first sight, was that he had grown a beard, for I always found him clean-shaven. After a few minutes of general talk he wanted me to send him some money. I asked him, seeing that he was still very ill, what he would do with the money. He turned to me and said, "You never asked such question before." I immediately realized my mistake, for it was an unwritten convention established by Subhas that the donor should never know how the money was spent by him, for his object might not appear to him as morally or politically right. Hence though I had a shrewd suspicion that Subhas was associated with some underground revolutionary party, I never questioned him, and that was the case with many others who, like me, had enough confidence in Subhas to donate money without any question. So, after receiving detailed instructions as to the method of sending the money, I left him. I was not destined to see him again. For within a fortnight he secretly left his house and ultimately reached Germany. As soon as I read of his escape in newspapers, the significance of his growing a beard and collection of money became quite clear to me. He had already made a plan to escape in disguise, and the plan succeeded. Though I never saw Subhas again, I heard his voice through Radio, preaching crusade against the British and holding out promise of freedom. His end is a mystery even today, and there are many who still believe that he is alive.

□□□

SAROJINI NAIDU was my guest when she came to Dacca to deliver the Convocation Address. When as Vice-Chancellor I made the proposal to invite her, the Chancellor, who, as will be shown later, had great admiration for her, raised no objection. But the Chancellor was also the Governor, and hence the Secretaries must have pointed out to him the great risk in inviting a prominent member of the Congress, with which the Government was almost at open war, to address the students in the presence of the Governor. So the Governor wrote to me that a copy of her Convocation Address should be forwarded to him in advance. But Sarojini Naidu refused to do so on principle, and also on the very simple ground that she did not propose to write out her speech but would speak extempore. There the matter rested. When I went to receive her at the steamer station, about eight miles from Dacca, I came to know that she would be greeted with black flags as a demonstration against the expulsion of Subhas Bose from the Congress. When on our way back we met the black flags, I explained the situation to her, and told her that after all it was the teaching of the Congress, and she took the matter in good spirit. But it had some effect on her convocation speech. She made a very strong case



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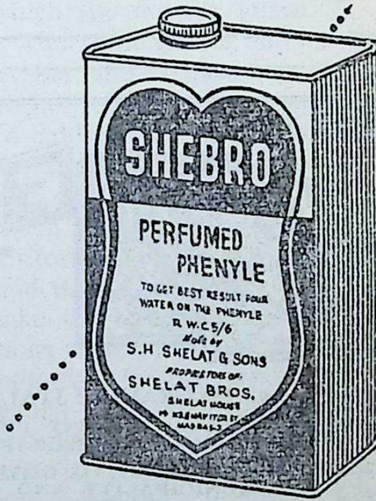

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against the participation of the students in active politics. It was a remarkable oration, and she spoke so fluently that neither my personal stenographer, nor the Government stenographer, though both were highly efficient, could take down what she said. After the Convocation was over, the Governor expressed a desire to meet Smt. Naidu. I told her that apart from the express request of the Governor it was customary for persons invited to deliver Convocation Address to make a courtesy call on the head of the University. But Smt. Naidu definitely declined, as the Congress had put a ban on interviews with high Government officials. I was quite in a fix, and it required all my persuasive powers to arrive at a compromise. It was agreed that Smt. Naidu would privately visit the Chancellor; it was not to be announced and no one except the Chancellor was to be present within sight of the place of interview. When I took Smt. Naidu to the Government House, it was absolutely deserted, not even a *chaprasi* was present. In course of conversation Sarojini Naidu asked for a glass of water. As none was present the Governor himself went out and returned with a glass of water in his hand. So scrupulously did he observe the agreement.

Sarojini Naidu was very meticulous about her dress. Every day, before going out, she would ask my daughter to see if the *sari* was put on in the right fashion and hung to the desired length and no further. She would not consult my wife, because she was too old for the latest fashion, she said. Although we met for the first time, she was very frank with me and spoke freely about food and other things. One thing I still remember. On the very first day, she said at the dining-table, "I like the gizzard of chicken," and whenever chicken was served, the gizzard was offered to her amidst the laughter of us all, in which she heartily joined.

The reputation of Sarojini Naidu as a poet and eloquent speaker preceded her, and she more than justified it. In addition to the Convocation Address, she gave other lectures. The one on English literature was very much appreciated and admired by all. Unfortunately, she would not write, and the stenographers were unable to take down her words, so these orations were lost to the world, like many others. Her conversation was frank, genial and both interesting and instructive. I still cherish her memory and it was very kind of her to remember me. For when long afterwards I wrote to her about the marriage of my daughter whom she consulted about her dress, she sent a telegram with her blessings on the wedding day. □□□

TO READERS

Our issue dated 11th April, 1965 will be the special *Rama Navami Number* **and our issue of 25th will be the special** *Sankara Jayanti Number.*

They will carry special articles on the respective subjects.

—Editor

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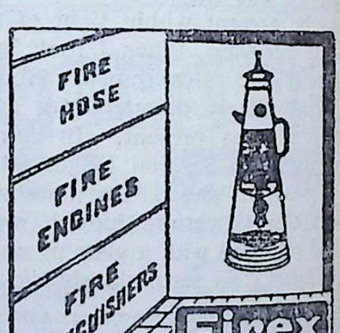
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FUTURE OF EDUCATION

If education is to do its part in cultivating the kind of person who is urgently needed to preserve and strengthen the most important human values in the great new world we are creating, much more is needed than small adjustments of curricula. What is needed is not indeed in the ordinary sense educational work; rather it is cultural work. In the humanities, our own minds are still blinded by the fact that the culture that we accept originated in, and is deeply coloured by, the inequalities of the old societies. That does not mean, of course, that the great works of the past have to be rejected. On the contrary, what makes them great is that they have, and always will have, significance for men. But still they are coloured at every point by the inequalities of the societies from which they sprang, and with the attitudes of the minorities for which they were produced. The work of culture that lies before us is to reappraise the legacy of the past and to separate what is lasting from what is merely due to the influence of class and privilege. Much has been, and is being, done along those lines, but there is still more to do. As we do it perhaps we shall be able to teach students of the humanities to see the highest flights of culture as part and parcel of man's work upon the surface of the earth, and so to take a more positive and hopeful view of the possibilities of culture now that the burden of toil and poverty is about to be lifted from the shoulders of us all.

—*Prof. Patrick Corbett*

T. S. ELIOT

A GOOD MAN has been taken from us. To me, the proof of a man's goodness is the effect he has upon others. So long as one was in Eliot's presence, one felt it was impossible to say or do anything base. Provided he does not die young before he has given the world the works that he has to give it, the death of a poet is no loss. His poems are there. The death of a good man is a real and irreparable loss to all who are fortunate enough to know him.

—*W. H. Auden*

ABSORPTIVE POWER

AT a place of pilgrimage we visited in India, one stall was filled with the terrible garish prints of gods and saints which Indians buy to decorate their walls. Most of the prints were familiar: we had already seen them many times. But one caught my attention because it suddenly crystallized into thought something that I had been feeling in an unrecognized way for days. It was a triptych, of Gandhi, the Buddha, and Christ. Between them, it was clear, Indian piety made no significant distinction. And this was one of the things which I had begun to feel about India. It was an alarming feeling. Everything was mixed up; there were no clear categories, no order, no form. Everything seemed perpetually menaced by the absorptive power of India. A twentieth-century political leader, a great seer, and the Son of God—they are all reduced to the same thing in the Hindu pantheon.

—*Prof. John Roberts*

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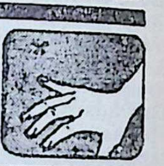

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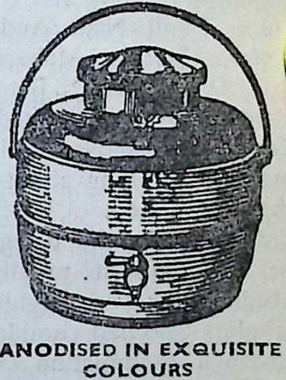

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SECOND ALL-INDIA VEDIC CONVENTION

(*A Special Correspondent*)

THE Siva-Vishnu temple at Theagarayanagar, Madras, was the venue of the second All-India Vedic Convention held in a specially erected, spacious pandal inside the temple from February 24 to 28.

Scholars well-versed in the *sakhas* (or branches) still surviving in the *Rig, Yajur, Sama* and *Atharva* Vedas from Tamil Nad, Andhra Pradesh, Kerala, Mysore, Maharashtra, Gujarat, Orissa, West Bengal, Madhya Pradesh and Uttar Pradesh and students undergoing training in those branches totalling about 600 attended the Convention.

Apart from the delegates, a number of Sanskrit pundits from the Madras City and neighbourhood and scholars who had completed the Veda Bhashya examination conducted under the auspices of the Jagadguru Kamakoti Sri Sankaracharya Swamigal Shastiabdapurti Trust also attended the Convention.

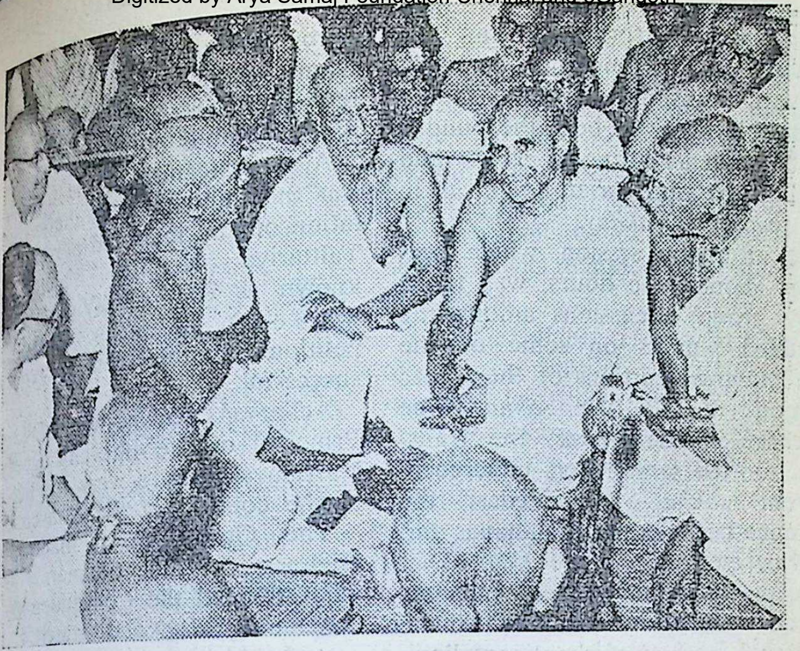
Among the students who attended the sessions, about 125 belonged to the 8-15 age-group, each studying one or the other branch of the Vedas in the traditional style under a preceptor. One of them aged about eight years wore only a loin-cloth in the fashion of the traditional Brahmachari and was the cynosure of all eyes.

The first A—I.V. Convention was held in Delhi in the year 1962.

A special feature of the present Convention was that emphasis was laid on practical demonstrations in the chanting of Vedas rather than on lectures on the subject.

Among the Veda *sakhas* represented at the Convention were the Sakala and Bashkala of the *Rigveda,* Taittariya, Maitrayani, Kanva and Madhyandina of *Yajurveda,* Ranayaniya, Jaimini and Goutama of *Sama Veda* and Pippalada and Sounaka of the *Atharva Veda.* Incidentally, it may be interesting to note here that the Sounaka Sakha has but a solitary exponent and he hails from Sinor in Gujarat. In order to preserve this *sakha* to posterity the present Acharya of the Kanchi Kamakoti Peetham had deputed two students from South India to undergo training in it at Sinor.

On all the five days of the session,



Well-known scholars engaged in Vedic discussion at the Second All-India Vedic Convention.

the pandal reverberated with the mellifluous, celestial music of the Vedic hymns, chanted by a thousand votaries. The public too thronged in their thousands and sat through the morning, evening and night sessions with rapt attention, thereby manifesting their faith in, and reverence for, the Vedas.

It is indeed sad to contemplate that while in days gone by, the Vedas were being studied for their own sake and as a sacred duty, in the course of the last hundred years their votaries had steadily dwindled for various reasons. The result: now we are left with nine or ten *sakhas* of the Vedas as against 1131, which are believed to have existed some 5000 years ago.

The Convention, organised with the blessings and benedictions of the Sankaracharya of Kamakoti Peetham, has for its object the bringing together of scholars from all parts of the country on a common platform so that they might exchange their views and take effective measures to arrest the decline in Vedic studies. It served to remind the public of the rich heritage that is the Veda which it is the duty of every Indian to preserve. The large gathering present on all the days was indeed proof of recognition of this cardinal fact. The patronage provided by the public also served to encourage those engaged in Vedic studies that their labours would not go unhonoured in the future.

On all the days, the morning session, which lasted for about five hours, commenced with *poojas* to Vigneswara and Veda Vyasa. Havan, (*homa*) was performed in all the Vedic *sakhas* in propitiation of Maha Ganapati, Lakshmi, Vishnu, Durga and the Navagrahas, both the pundits and the students sitting in groups and chanting the appropriate *mantras* in their respective *sakhas*.

The afternoon session, which lasted for about three hours, was taken up by group discussions among the assembled pundits on some of the Veda *mantras*, portions of the Vedas common to all the *sakhas*, the difference in the *swaras*, the transformation the same letters undergo in different *sakhas* and Vedas, the difference between the Brahmanas and *mantras*, etc.

During the Convention, exponents of each Veda Sakha demonstrated the traditional method of chanting followed by them. The selected *mantras* were recited according to Varna-krama, and according to the Pada, Krama, Jata, Ghana, Ratha, Gaja and Mala methods of memorising.

Another feature of the Convention was the competition in the snap recitation of any indicated portion in the Taittariya Krishna Yajur Veda, known as Kal-Vaitta-Varam. There were about 70 entries for the Competition. Of these only seven were successful.

Acharya Venkateswara Dikshitar, Principal of the Bhavan's Samskrita Vidyalaya, took a very leading part in the conduct of the Convention.

The Governor of Madras, His Highness Sri Jaya Chamaraja Wadiyar, attended the Convention on the concluding day and watched with considerable interest the Vedic chanting in the various *sakhas*.

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FASTING IN HEART DISEASES

Dr. Herbert M. Shelton

IT was formerly widely held by physicians that if one were to go without food for six days the heart would collapse and death would result. The myth that fasting causes the heart to collapse persisted in scientific circles, in spite of the great amount of evidence to the contrary, until after the famous Cork hunger strike in 1920.

Protesting their arrest following the Easter Rebellion of Irish patriots, Terrence MacSeeny, Lord Mayor of Cork, Ireland, and his co-fasters went without food for periods ranging from over seventy days to ninety-four days. They demonstrated by their long fasts the fallacy of the "heart collapse" from the lack-of-food theory.

Today we are forced to recognize the fact that instead of fasting weakening the heart, it results in strengthening this wonderful organ.

Stunt or exhibition fasters had also shown that man may safely abstain from food for extended periods and their sensational proofs had received sufficient publicity, even scientific study, to have dispelled the fallacy. Indeed, fasts by early *Hygienists* demonstrated the fallacy of this idea of the early collapse of the heart, years before it was abandoned in the world of science.

On this subject, Hereward Carrington, Ph.D., author of *Vitality, Fasting and Nutrition* says: "That the heart is invariably strengthened and invigorated by fasting is true beyond a doubt. I take the stand that fasting is the greatest of all strengtheners of weak hearts—being, in fact, its only rational physiological care." He attributed this improvement to the following three factors:

1. The added rest the fast provides for the heart.
2. The resulting improvement of the blood-stream.
3. The absence of the "stimulants" that patients in general and heart patients in particular are accustomed to take.

If we consider *angina pectoris*, a disease of the heart that grows out of constant stimulation with tobacco, coffee, tea, wrong food combinations and excesses of carbohydrates, and observe the effects of the fast in these patients, we are amazed at the speed with which the heart recovers from its difficulties.

Individuals who are inclined to overeat greatly, who have not learned their limitations regarding quantity

From the author's book: "Fasting Can Save Your Life"

and who tend to overdo everything they undertake are likely to develop *angina pectoris*. Their mode of living places a heavy and constant strain upon the heart. Rest is its most urgent need.

It is said authoritatively that during the past twenty years more than fifty drugs and surgical treatments have been advocated for the relief of *angina pectoris*. At the same time *angina* has been called a "self-limited disease," and some authorities have held the position that their advice tried during recovery might get the credit.

How do we know that fasting is of genuine value in a case of *angina?* We do not claim that fasting *cures* *angina*. We state only that it takes a load off the heart so that it may restore its own normal condition in a more certain and speedy manner.

"The ticker has certainly improved and slowed down; I can't hear it any more," this was a blind Canadian discussing his condition with me after a few days of fasting, followed by a few days of eating. Before beginning the fast he told me that for some time he had been able to hear the beat of his heart and that it was especially bothersome at night when he laid his head on the pillow.

There was also rapid heart action, which troubled him considerably. Nothing brings about a quieting down of a rapid heart and an excited system

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generally like rest with fasting. This takes a heavy load off the heart and results in a speedy reduction of blod pressure.

With a reduction of tension and a reduction of the number of repetitions of the heart's pulsations, this remarkable organ secures a real rest, something that nothing else can provide. With less work to do, the heart repairs itself.

The fast, as has been repeatedly emphasized, is a period of physiological rest. It does not do anything, it is merely a cessation of doing. The rest provides opportunity for the body to do for itself, under conditions of rest, what it cannot do under conditions of full-speed ahead.

It can perform under abstinence what it cannot manage in a state of surfeit. So regular and uniform is the improvement of the heart in the fast that it cannot be doubted that Carrington's statements are true. There are, of course, heart conditions that are beyond any possibility of improvement and these will not be helped by the fast.

In the hundreds of cases of heart disease that I have watched through fasts of various lengths, all but a few have developed stronger and better hearts. Many of them, even so-called *incurable* ones, have become entirely normal. Rapid hearts have slowed down, abnormally slow hearts have speeded up, weak hearts have greatly improved in vigour, hearts that were irregular have become regular in time and frequency, hearts that were missing pulsations (even as often as one pulsation out of four) have resumed regular pulsation, and many other improvements in heart function have been observed. (It should not be necessary to say that fasting does not enable the heart to grow a new valve where one has been destroyed.)

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Since fasting relieves the heart of a great burden, improvement should not be surprising. The heart is nourished from the body's nutritive reserves just as certainly, and often more adequately, than from raw materials arriving daily from the digestive tract. What more natural than that, given the rest that fasting provides, it should be able to repair itself and renew its functional vigour?

There are other sources of rest for the heart that may be called *secondary*. First among these is the reduction of weight. This is most marked in fat individuals whose size is such that the heart has to labour to keep the blood circulating through so much bulk. While the pressure often falls in these cases more rapidly than the flesh is lost, the loss of pounds relieves the long-suffering heart of a burden. Every pound that is lost relieves the heart of work it has been forced to do.

Another factor to consider is that, in decompensation, the fall in the rate of pulsation is not as immediate and rapid as in ordinary fasting cases.

An Italian physician, Giorgio Dagnini, M.D., studied the results of fasting in sixteen cases of cardiac decompensation and presented a detailed account of his observations in the *Institute of General Medicine and Therapeutics* of the University of Modena, Italy.

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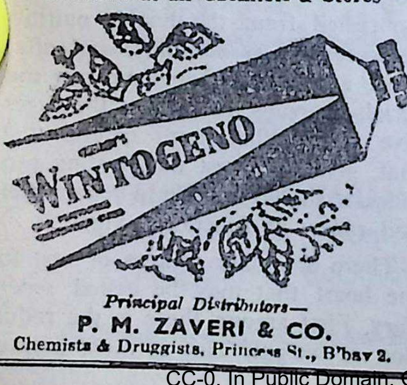

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Dagnini's observation that fasting has been employed beneficially in many types of cardiac decompensation and that this has suggested that its benefits are drawn, not from a single one of its effects, but from multiple effects, is worthy of careful consideration.

The fast should be employed at a time when there is still possibility of genuine recovery.

I should not have to add that it should be undertaken under competent and experienced direction and supervision, but the warning is particularly important in these cases. No sufferer from heart disease—or the possible incipient stages of heart disease—should ever attempt to fast on his own.

Ranjit Desai

A Short Story

NOORJEHAN

(*Continued from last issue*)

Translated rom the Marathi Original by R. K. Dalal

SUMMER set in. Preparations were made for a hunt by way of a diversion for Noorjehan. One day she killed not less than four tigers. Jehangir was very pleased and presented her with a pair of diamond bangles. She accepted the gift. Looking at the happy, joyful face of Noorjehan, he observed:

"Begum, shall I name this place in commemoration of your exploit as 'Sher Jehan'?"

At this her eyes suddenly filled with tears.

"Begum, I have yet a better name. We shall call the place 'Diamond Bangle Maidan' ". Nodding her head, she expressed her consent. The day's events had made her sad.

Another day of hunt was arranged under the King's orders, when all on a sudden Noorjehan said: "Shall we return home?"

"Why?" he asked.

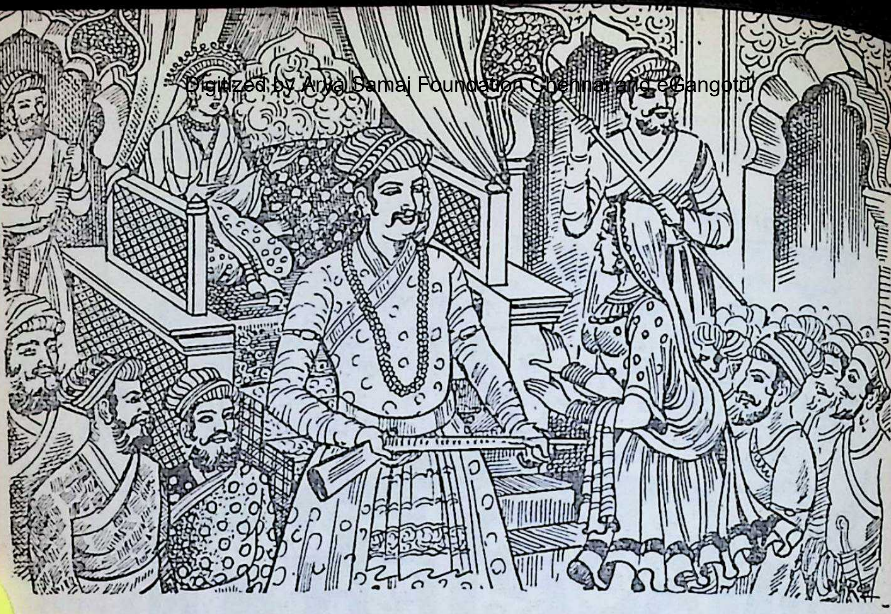
"Haven't we had enough? I feel tired," she said, avoiding a direct look at him.

"Well, as you wish." And next day orders were given to move to Agra.

X

Years began to pass by happily. Noorjehan had taken charge of the affairs of the State entirely under her.

One day she set out with her maids and friends for bird-shooting on the banks of the Jamuna. She saw a bird perched on a bough of a tree. She raised her gun to shoot. At the shot, the bird flew away, but soon a terrible scream was heard from a distance. A washerman washing the clothes on the banks of the river had been hit by the bullet and was seriously wounded. They assisted the washerman to reach his house, but Noorjehan was extremely upset.



...wasn't this gun that killed your husband?...

Two days passed by uneventfully. On the third day, the call bell for justice began to toll. Jehangir, who was half asleep, woke up to see who wanted justice. Noorjehan also came out of her palace. Both went to the Court of Justice. There she found that the person who was ringing the bell was no other than the washerwoman. At the sight, Noorjehan lost her nerve and began to tremble.

Jehangir took his seat in the Court. As soon as he sat, the bell stopped. The courtiers gathered around. Jehangir asked the washerwoman: "What do you want?"

"Justice, your Majesty," said she, weeping.

"Justice for what?"

"Justice for the murder of my husband."

"Who is the accused?"

"Your Majesty, I crave pardon, if I say..." she said, and paused with hesitancy.

"Go on, say it," Jehangir said impatiently.

"The Begum Saheb is the accused."

A Minister came forward and shouted at the woman: "Silence, you woman! How dare you!"

The whole Darbar was agitated at the sensational accusation.

Jehangir could not believe his ears. However, he told the woman: "What have you to say in substantiation? Say it boldly."

The washerwoman submitted as follows:

"Three days ago, my husband was washing clothes on the banks of the river Jamuna. In order to shoot at a bird on the tree, the Begum fired her gun. The bird flew away, but my husband was hit. This morning he died, and I am here, asking for justice. 'Murder shall be met with murder'—that is the law of the land. Your Majesty, I want justice."

Jehangir looked at Noorjehan, who sat there with downcast eyes and bowed head as one who acknowledges her guilt in silence.

The Court was taken aback. Getting up from the Court, Jehangir said: "O woman, justice shall be done. Two days hence another Darbar will be held. At that Darbar, you shall be rendered full justice, after due enquiries."

When Noorjehan met Jehangir, she said: "My lord, let me handle the case for you."

Smiling sadly, Jehangir said: "How can you expect an accused to sit in judgment over herself?"

"But I shall see that no injustice is done in this case."

"No, my Begum, I shall myself decide this case. I shall hear no advice from you in this case. I will decide it myself."

The whole court was astir with news. Everyone was busy speculating what the end would be. Two days later the Court met. Jehangir came slowly and gravely to the Court, and sat on the throne. Everyone bowed before him. For two days he had not stirred out of his palace. In his face was seen an inward light of radiance.

The Court began its work. The woman presented herself before him. In as measured a tone as could be possible, Jehangir addressed the woman as follows:

"We have made inquiries, O woman! and we find that your accusation is true and your grievance is well founded. We shall give you due justice."

The whole Darbar was on tiptoe with anxiety and expectation.

"Your husband died at the hands of the Queen, it is a fact, isn't it?"

"Yes, your Majesty."

"We accept the finding." So saying, he came down from the throne, and went up to the woman, and at a sign from him, an attendant brought to him a loaded gun. Pointing it to the woman, he said: "Wasn't this the gun that killed your husband? Now take this gun and shoot at the husband of Noorjehan similarly. Jehangir, her husband, is prepared to take the consequences. Shoot, woman, shoot! This is the Emperor's order!"

The Court was stunned and stood aghast. The woman couldn't believe her ears as to what she heard. Jehangir stood before her cool and collected. Casting a glance at the gun and next at Jehangir, she fell on her knees and cried:

"O Master! thou who art the benefactor of millions....."

She could say no more. All her suppressed emotion burst out as tears which she shed at his feet.

Noorjehan, too, could not suppress her tears.

"I have had justice from you. I beg to withdraw my accusation. I do not want that the protector of millions should die at my hands. No, your Majesty. Long live your Majesty to rule over us!" cried the washerwoman.

XI

Noorjehan continued to take deep and lively interest in the administration of the kingdom. In the same measure, Jehangir became indifferent and left everything to his wife. Noble men and courtiers were ready to carry out Noorjehan's wishes and orders. Jehangir spent most of his time in drinks and opium.

One day Noorjehan obstinately insisted upon his going out with her to see the new building that had been constructed on the southern side of the palace. Jehangir was seeing it for the first time. As soon as he entered, he was overcome by the powerful fragrance of roses.

"What is this?" he asked.

"The building where we manufacture scents. I have planned to manufacture scents in the country for us. I have called for the assistance and help of people from abroad. 'Rose Attar' is manufactured here."

Going inside the house and taking a deep breath, he said: "Well. I have not entrusted the State affairs to you heedlessly, have I? See how you have managed to manufacture scent from beautiful flowers! See how flavour develops out of one who is endowed with talents."

Day by day, the authority of Noorjehan was growing and becoming unquestionable. With the consent of Jehangir, the daughter of Noorjehan by Sher-e-Afghan was married to his young son, Sheheryar.

The refugee Ghyasbeg, who one day came to seek shelter in India, saw his daughter become the Queen of the

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whole of India. He used to help his daughter a great deal in State affairs.

After a brief illness, Ghyasbeg died. And Noorjehan thought of a mausoleum for her dear father. Jehangir ordered a marble tomb to be constructed in his memory. The best architects of India were invited to put up a mausoleum, unique in its delicacy of artistry and beauty. When the construction was over, the two went to see it. Seeing the pearl-like beauty of her father's monument, tears of joy came to Noorjehan's eyes.

"Begum, there is no monument in the whole of India to excel or rival this beautiful piece of art," said Jehangir.

"That is not true," she said.

"Why?" asked Jehangir.

"Your Majesty, for a moment think if I were to die tomorrow, then won't you erect a still better one?"

"Noor, don't say that!" said Jehangir, putting his hand on her lips. "If I have loved you truly and sincerely from my heart, then God will bestow a longer life to you than to me. I will never have an occasion to build a memorial to you. It may be, that you may be called upon to construct one commemorating my death."

XII

Noorjehan was in charge of all the affairs of the State. She discharged her duties with tact, efficiency and justice. With all her talents and ingenuity, she could not wean away Jehangir from his drunkenness. He was sinking deeper and deeper in the vice.

The winter season set in and the illness of Jehangir increased. In order to ward off the effect of cold, he began to take long walks. One day he suggested: "Begum, shall we go out travelling?"

"Where?" she asked.

"To Kashmir," he suggested.

"But your health will not permit it," said Noorjehan.

"I am well. The sooner we go there, the better," said Jehangir.

Royal orders went out to prepare for a journey to Kashmir. Camps were set up outside the Agra Fort. On an auspicious day, the caravan started out of the Fort of Agra. Hundreds of elephants, thousands of horses and camels were in the train, all on their way to Kashmir.

Every day that passed made the sickness of Jehangir worse. When at last they reached Kashmir, Noorjehan saw the splendid beauty of Kashmir's natural scenery, and she was thrilled with delight.

The rippling streams, flowing down the mountainside in the distant snow-capped mountain peaks, all set her heart dancing in tune with the infinite. But the worsening health of Jehangir was causing her deep anxiety.

One day she visited Jehangir's tent. Before the tent, two palanquins were kept in readiness. Jehangir was wheezing and coughing. His eyes had become blood-shot. Alarmed, she ran to his bed-side. Jehangir smiled, and said: "Begum, nothing is the matter with me. So, do not be alarmed. I was waiting for you. Come, let us go."

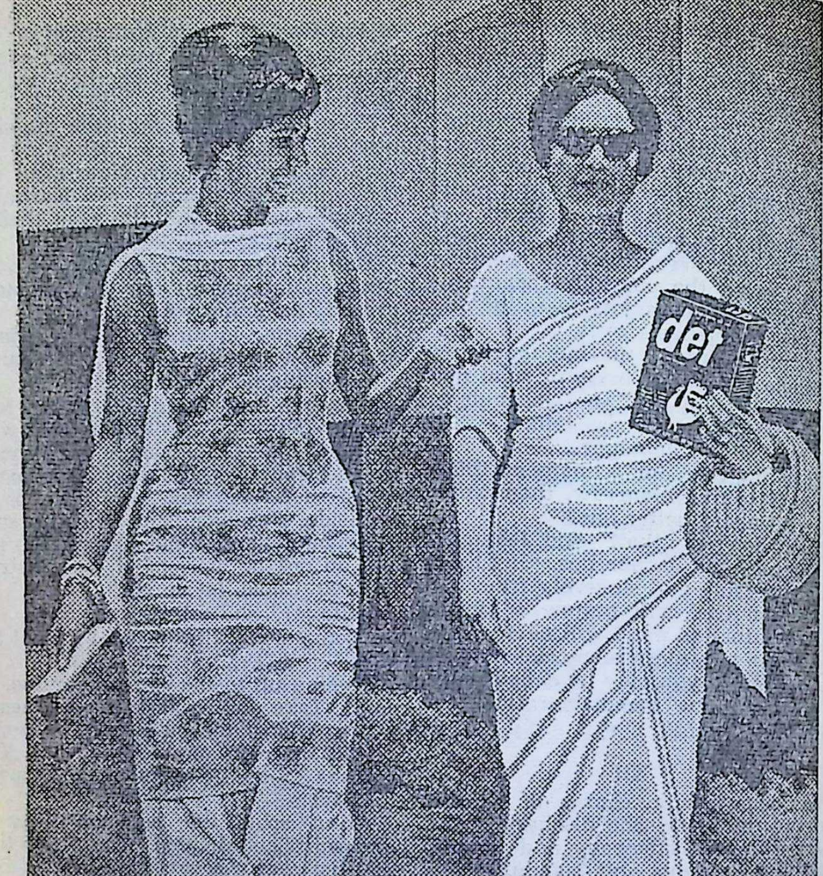
"Where?" she asked.

"Come along with me, and I shall tell you."

Coming up to the two palanquins, he said: "Take your seat in one of these."

She entered the palanquin, as desired. In the next one Jehangir sat. The bearers of the palanquins then began to move.

At a spot, the palanquin-bearers stopped. She alighted. The sight that met her eyes was ravishing indeed! She was thrilled beyond words. Holding her hand, Jehangir began mounting the steps of the vast gorgeous garden, laid out artistically and with a rare insight to natural beauty. She was fascinated as she followed him. With the back-drop of the Himalayan snow-capped peaks, the garden spread extensively its green and multi-coloured, richly woven carpet of flowers. Streams of fountains played in marble mountains. Dainty garden paths were laid out for a walk, with innumerable flower-beds on either side. The tree-tops were reaching the high heavens. 'Shru' trees were adding lustre everywhere to the garden by their gorgeous foliage and greenery. Charmed with its beauty, Noorjehan,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was quietly following the footsteps of Jehangir, who walked in front. Two eyes were not enough to drink the splendour and beauty of the scene that spread before her hungry eyes.

Jehangir noticed the thrill that Noorjehan experienced at the vision that spread before her eyes in all its glory. Placing his hand on her shoulder, he said: "Come along, Noor!"

After showing her all over, they sat on a marble seat. Jehangir observed: "Noor, do you recollect the day when we had gone to see the mausoleum of your beloved father—what you had said about there being no other mausoleum to rival the monument of your father? Many have built or designed such monuments during their life-time. But I haven't thought of planning one for myself while I am alive. The very idea of your death is unbearable to me. But I felt that there should be a monument erected to symbolise our love for the benefit of the future generation. With that idea in my mind, I have had these two beautiful celestial gardens laid out—one for you, my dear, and another for me. These gardens will bear witness to our deep love for each other."

Noorjehan's eyes were wet with tears of gratitude and joy.

"Nobody has ever given such a magnificent gift to another as you have today presented to me."

Jehangir fixed his loving gaze on Noorjehan, and said:

"Noor, when I conceived the idea of this garden, I felt uneasy in my mind. I never thought of a rose garden with thorns to commemorate my love. My eyes could not drink enough of the divine beauty that is my Noor. Your heart I could not win. These, your dazzling almond-like eyes I could never fathom. A flower garden to such eyes would be an inadequate tribute. It would not adequately express the unbounded love I bear for you.

"Then?"

"The idea of these magnificent gardens came to me—the high mountains with their snow-capped peaks playing and sporting in the moonlight, and shadows playing hide-and-seek in the flood of moonlight. When you hear the melodious singing of the rippling stream flowing down the mountain-side, the vast sky holding an umbrella over these gardens, there is not a single spot or corner showing the inadequacy of my mind's desire."

Noor got up from her place to draw him away from these sad and poignant thoughts.

"How are the streams with water? Do they have water all the year round?" she asked.

"Yes, though the streams may be fed, fountains kept playing. it may sustain flower-beds, yet to the water the ground is nothing else but pebbles and stones. The water may shoot itself through a marble fountain. It is not aware of the flowers it spreads around."

Noor couldn't bear to look at the face of Jehangir as he said these sad words.

On account of Jehangir's illness their sojourn at Kashmir had to be prolonged. At one stage he really became very ill. He couldn't ride an elephant, and so a palanquin was requisitioned.

Hakims gave up hope. The fever could not be overcome. It persisted in spite of best medical aid and medicaments. Everyone gathered round the royal tent in deep anxiety about Jehangir's health.

One day he fainted. When he came to, he found Noorjehan sitting by his bedside. Taking her hand into his, he said:

"Noor, not much time is left for me. In these last moments, there is one thing that still pricks my conscience. I want to unburden myself to you."

"Salim, is it necessary? You will be excited—and excitement is not good for your health".

Jehangir's face was happy with a smile. "Why need I now worry about health when death's door is behind me? When I came to the throne. I never knew that your love for Sher-e-Afghan was so deep and true. Abbajan had objected and so we could not marry. I, therefore, demanded your hand. If I have but a fraction of the love you bore to Sher-e-Afghan, I would have borne

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my separation from you all my life. I would have borne my solitude resignedly and would never have troubled you with my attention. But the mistake was irretrievably committed when it was detected we had gone too far to be able to retrieve our steps. I have never been jealous of Sher-e-Afghan, to tell you the truth. I hope you will believe me now, when I am on the verge of death, that there was no reason to be jealous. The only mistake that I committed was that I loved you from the inmost depths of my heart, and to tell you frankly I don't repent having loved you so much."

Jehangir laughed sadly, and said: "Meher, do you recollect the day when you let off a white pigeon, and when I scolded you, you replied, 'I will keep no one imprisoned'? But you have already imprisoned me. Do you remember the words I said? I hope God has heard the testament of this love of mine."

Jehangir paused. He was gazing straight at Noorjehan. She remembered the incident of the grape-garden. It was he who had first awakened in her heart the foot-falls of love. She was gazing at the person who was so detached as to hand over a gun to the washerwoman to shoot him in compensation for the death of her husband at her hand.

Jehangir called for a drink. He drank a few drops of water and resumed.

"What are you gazing at? I do not know what quirk of fate brought you back into my life. How could any one change your mind? I do not understand, nor do I wish to know. I thought your return to me meant your change of heart. But I see you haven't forgotten your love for Sher-e-Afghan. This impression has never been effaced from my mind for a minute. If Sher-e-Afghan had been in my place, how would he have tackled these problems, I do not know.

"I gave you the charge of the Court of Justice. I satisfied your desire for hunt. I have surrendered both my throne and crown to you. I built a beautiful mausoleum for your father.

All these seem insufficient and inadequate to win you over. I was always yours, but were you ever mine? I didn't know how to accomplish this. My hope of ever succeeding in the attempt remained unfulfilled. What more did Sher-e-Afghan give you that I didn't? I have yet to divine that. Perhaps in your peerless love, I was an obstacle—a thorn. It seems for this I have to be punished."

It became impossible for Noorjehan to listen to Jehangir any longer. Her face was bathed in tears. She began reflecting on Sher-e-Afghan who had won her openly in a contest by his prowess, who had never satisfied her heart's true longings, who always had dominated over her and yet she had willingly become his slave. He had done nothing to win over her heart's affection. Instead, here, Jehangir had willingly surrendered both his throne and crown to her truly and sincerely, and asked only for her love in return—which she was unable to give. She who gave justice to others was not able to do justice to Jehangir's love. That was an ignominious defeat for her.

She trembled in all limbs. She passionately drew Jehangir's hand into hers, and stroked her cheeks with it. Her hot tears fell on his hand. Seeing these tears, Jehangir said weakly:

"Why do you weep, Meher? For me do you weep Noor? In the last moment, to die in the presence of one's beloved shedding tears, is a great good fortune for me. How great this reconciliation is, I alone know! With this last good fortune and gift from God, I depart in peace. May God bless you!"

He paused as he spoke. Noorjehan was startled. He had closed his eyes. His face was calm and serene. The hold of Jehangir's hand held by Noorjehan loosened.

She gently placed the dead hand on the royal bed. Unconsciously, she placed her hands on his face.

While retaining her hold on Sher-e-Afghan's memory, she let her heart overwhelm Jehangir with her love—Jehangir, who had completely surrendered his heart to her. She placed her two hands to her ears while the fan swung overhead and with wide eyes, overflowing with tears, she gave a piercing cry and she swooned by his bedside.

Noorjehan's wail at the loss of Jehangir cannot be better expressed than in this beautiful verse:—

'I know not why I am dissuaded from weeping for love.
After all, mine is the heart and mine are the eyes that weep,
Mine are sleeves that wipe the tears
And mine are the breasts the tear drops fall on.
I know not why I am dissuaded from weeping for love!'

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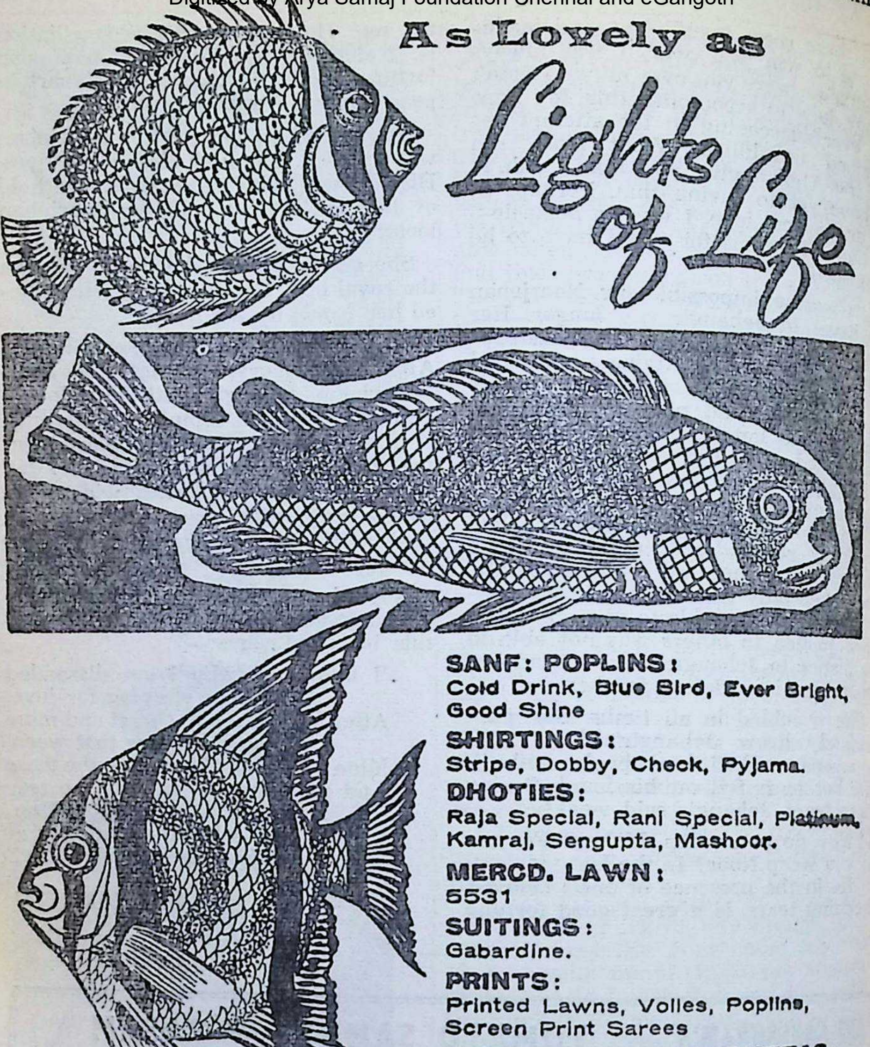

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Translated from Gujarati by H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

THE STORY SO FAR: Munj, the great Paramara conqueror of Malva who had routed Tailap, the king of Telengana, eighteen times, was finally vanquished by Bhillam, Tailap's Commander-in-Chief. He was taken prisoner and brought to Manyakhet, the capital of Telengana, and imprisoned in the palace-cellar. Mrinalvati, the widowed sister of Tailap, went to the prison to sense how he reacted to the humiliation. Munj's unconcerned manner exasperated Mrinalvati who is strangely disturbed by his personality. Vilas too is strangely attracted to Dhananjay the poet.

CHAPTER 23

The Magnificent Fulfilment

MRINAL waited impatiently for the evening to come.

In this world there are some misfortunes which one can bear with fortitude and there are others which are unbearable. But there is nothing more unbearable than the pain occasioned by the impatient waiting for the beloved. And that was the pain Mrinal felt at her age for the first time in her life.

She was habituated to be obeyed and to get her bidding done, but today she felt helpless. Yet the happiness that was hidden in the helplessness and the pain was something she had never before experienced. She waited impatiently for the evening with the eagerness of a newly married bride.

As soon as the sun had set, she got up, and with a beating heart went out to meet Munj. The soldiers who were guarding the prison-house made way for her as soon as they saw her coming. All Manyakhet had heard the full account of the stormy scenes at court that morning at the ceremony of the washing of the feet. Everyone was curious to see how this whole business was going to end. The soldiers too were speculating about the outcome and they were all agreed that this was an extraordinary situation.

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They were not, therefore, surprised when they saw Mrinal come at such an hour to meet Munj.

Mrinal realised that for the sake of appearance, she must give a really good and plausible reason for her visit. Addressing the sergeant-in-charge, Kedar Dutt, she inquired what the miserable prisoner was doing.

"He is unconcerned. He is sleeping peacefully."

"The wretch! We must teach this man a lesson. We must raise the prestige of Telengana and bring him to his knees," she said and entered the cell. She sounded less determined than before and felt revolted at her own lying pretence.

But her repentance did not last long. As soon as she stepped into the cellar, she heard Munj's voice greeting her: "I knew you would come."

Mrinal's heart jumped with joy. At the sound of that fascinating voice she forgot everything else. She found herself enveloped in the same kind of delirious delight that had taken possession of her the previous evening. At the same time, she felt embarrassed and shy. She stood stock-still, her trembling hands tightly gripped.

Munj's smiling face held her transfixed. "Mrinalvati, of what avail is your shyness now? For you there is no escape".

In spite of great effort, Mrinal could not utter a word. She could not bring her thoughts together. She could not regain control over herself. She despised herself for her weakness.

Prithvi Vallabh came close to her and stretched out his arms, inviting Mrinal to come into them. "What is the matter with you? Till this moment you were dead. Now you are alive."

Mrinal was startled and moved a step backwards, but Munj stepped forward, seized her arm, and drawing the reluctant Mrinal to him, crushed her in his arms.

Mrinal, the ascetic, approaching middle age, was plunged in a vortex of emotions: struggling, trembling, overcome with a desire to run away. Yet suffused with pleasure, she stood in his arms. Munj gave her no choice. He bent down and kissed her.

Mrinal tried to free herself, not sure whether what she was doing was right or wrong, but Munj would not let her go. He smilingly, lovingly gathered her to his breast as if she were a little child.

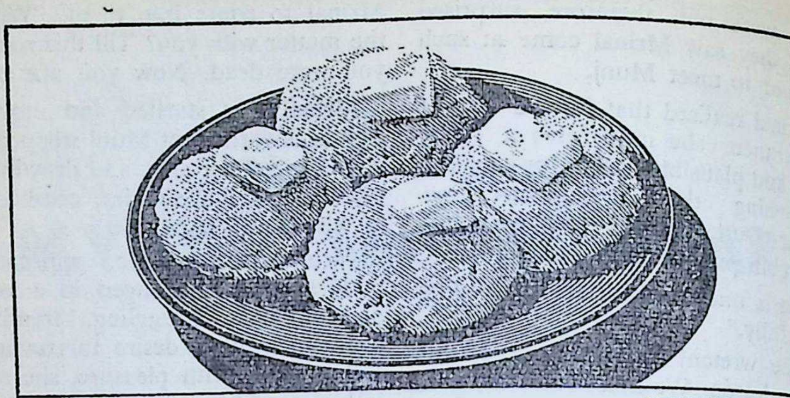
"What on earth are you doing?" Mrinal gasped at last.

"Mrinalvati, I am enjoying myself and making you happy too."

Mrinal struggled fiercely to free herself and this time Munj released her. She jumped away and stood at a distance.

Panting for breath, she said, "You make me sin. You have destroyed in one moment all my life's efforts."

"Mrinalvati, why be hypocritical? Only a sinner can be tainted. Only one who is impure can be soiled. Only the weak need worry about the destruction of the good that they may have done. There can be no question of a blot on your character or on your purity when you experience simple joy and happiness. That is the real fulfilment of your penances. Until to-



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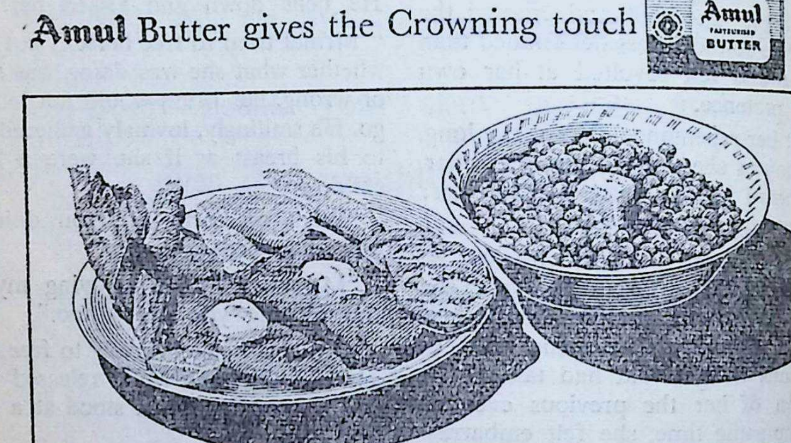

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day you were emotionally sick; today you are cured, free. Tell me, had you ever felt such undiluted happiness?"

"How do you know that?"

Munj smiled. "My dear Mrinalvati, one who is free of disease is able to detect a malaise in another. In this short life one must experience happiness to be able to think of the happiness of others. It is only when you met me and came to know me that you recognised the truth of this."

"Munj, you are wonderful," remarked Mrinal with a gentle smile.

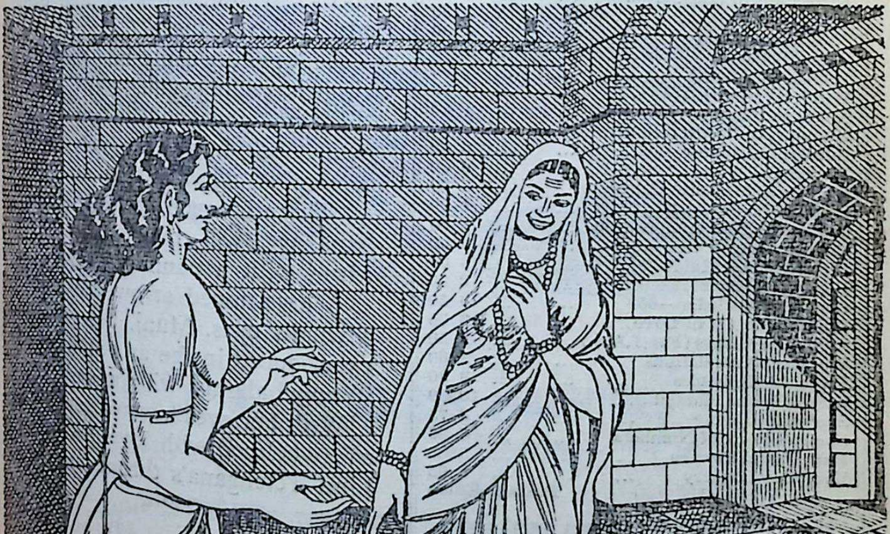
"No, I am experienced; and destiny has sent me here to teach you. If that were not so, why should I be in this prison?" And he once again opened his arms and drew Mrinal to himself.

Mrinal slowly drew near and hid her face on Prithvi Vallabh's broad chest. She forgot all her vows and beliefs, her embarrassment and repentance and gave full play to her long suppressed feelings.

Munj was as composed as ever. He talked to Mrinalvati, middle-aged and ugly though she was, in the same tone in which he made love to the pretty and passionate maidens of Avanti.

Time passed by, and as a fresh hour struck, steps could be heard approaching the door. Mrinal realised with a shock where she was and how long she had been there.

'There is much yet to be done. Perhaps we will meet again," replied Munj with a cunning smile.



"Prithvi Vallabh, I must go."

"Why?"

"If my maids come to know, what will they think? And if Tailap..."

"Let them know. Are we committing a crime?"

Mrinal tried to suppress a smile. "There is no limit to your effrontery."

"Why?"

"You do not care for anything—or anybody."

"Why should I? It is the servile and the sinning who need worry. Why should we have to worry? Have you known the lion and lioness ashamed?"

"You are indeed the Beloved of the Earth."

"That is what I have been telling you and your brother all these years!"

"I had you captured and now I am your captive."

"I knew that would happen."

Someone was attempting to open the doors. She jumped back and demanded: "Who is there?"

Kedar Dutt came in. "Mother, the king is calling you."

Mrinal answered in mock seriousness, "Tell him I am coming. Munj, remember what I told you."

"There is much yet to be done. Perhaps we will meet again," replied Munj with a cunning smile.

A love-tipped arrow was shot from Mrinal's eyes. Munj, the old warrior, experienced in the arts of love, caught it nonchalantly with a smile.

With her eyes lowered and her heart overwhelmed with love, the power behind Telengana's throne went meekly out.

[*To be continued*]

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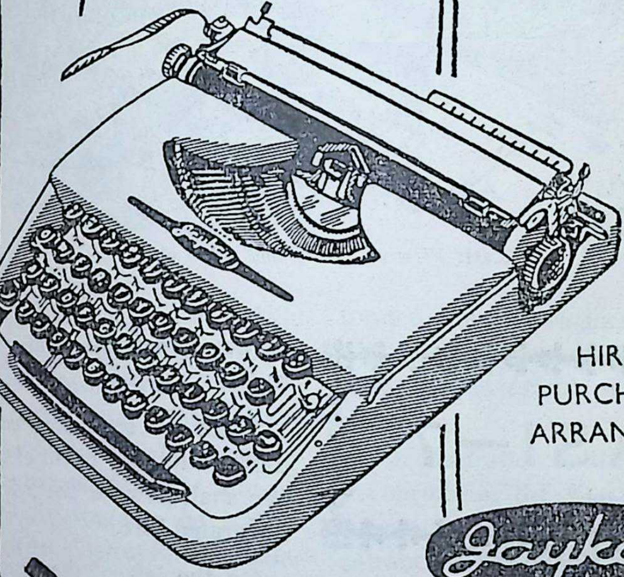

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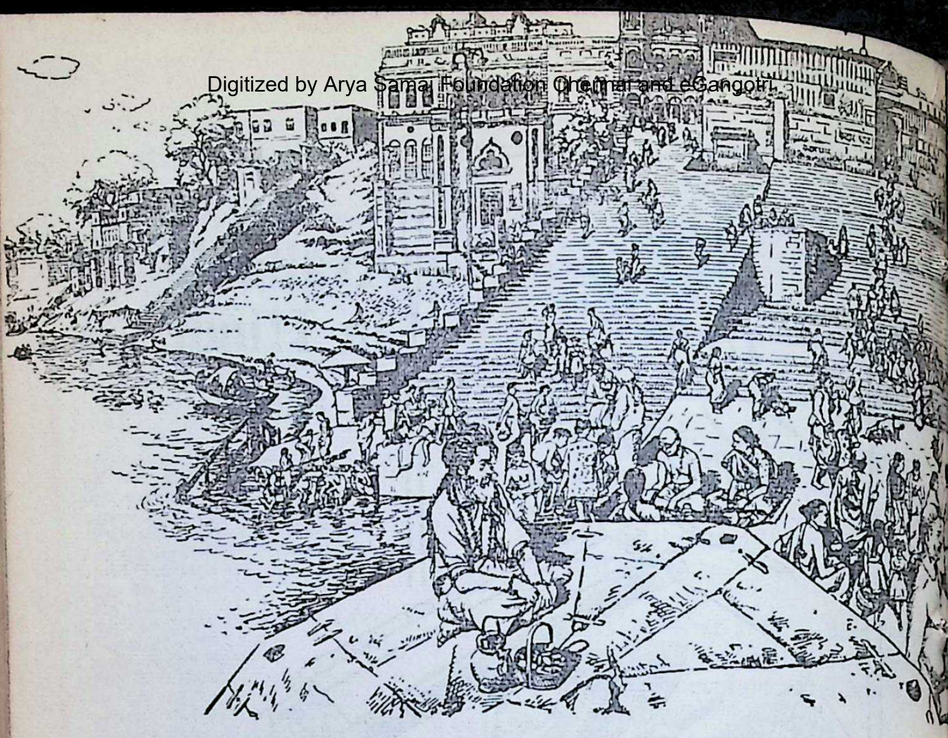


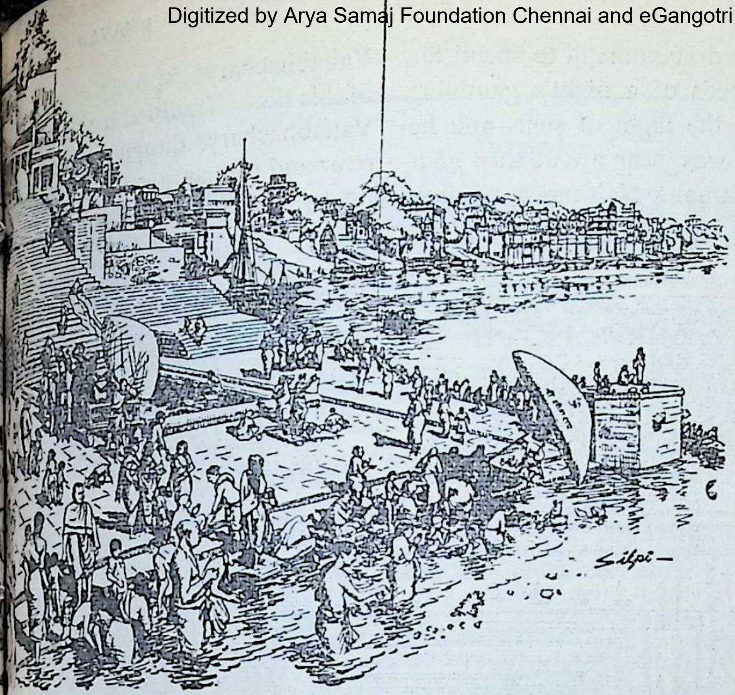
Kasi: *View of Kedar and other* ghats.

KASI—7

BENARAS is as much famous for its temples as for its *ghats*. River Ganga flows with a bend northward and the city is situated upon this bended bank. It therefore presents an enchanting picture to view the city—with its spires and minarets, myth and legend, and the thousands of pious devotees bathing—from a boat in the river.

There are so many *ghats* that it is difficult to keep count of all of them. We shall however list a few that are illustrated here.

On the left of the panoramic view seen above is seen the Kedar-ghat. It is an important *ghat* and derives its name from the temple of Kedareswara situated at its top. This *ghat* is mentioned in *Kasi-khand*. The number of steps down the *ghat* is so formidable that in lean months it is a herculean task to climb up the flight of all the steps. This certainly gives credence to the

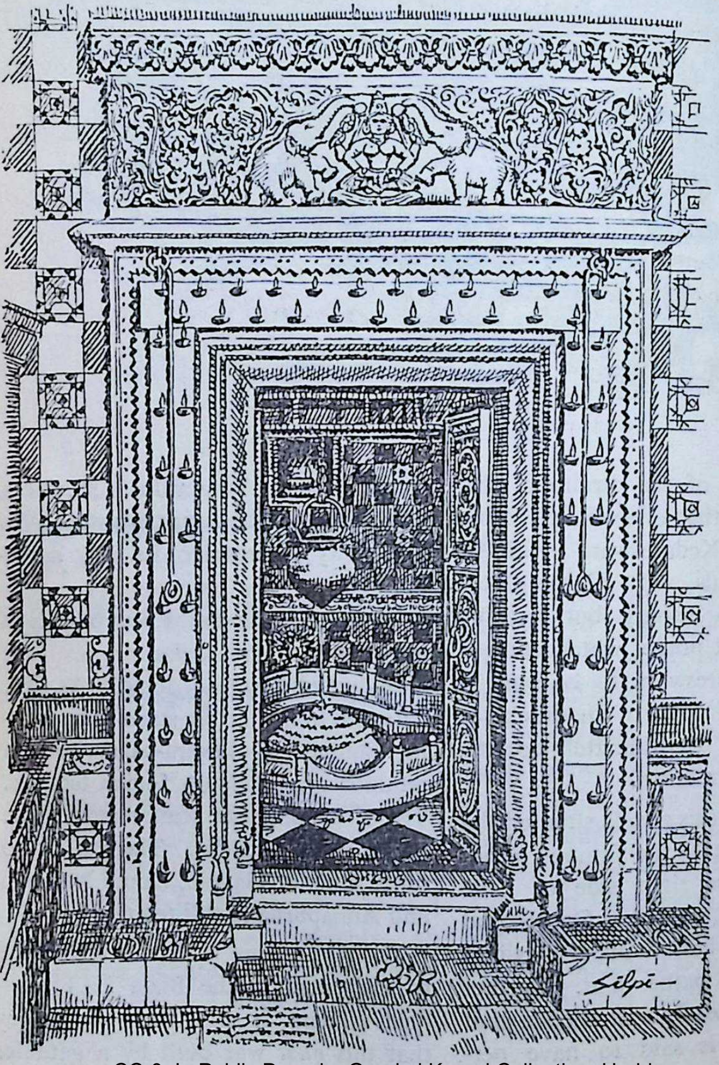


pular legend of the Brahmin who ok it literally that one who performs *hisheka* to Kedareswara with a housand potfuls of Ganga-water rectly goes to heaven, but lost his ith on the last pot of water, and got ursed by Kedareswara to be born a *lechcha*—as the Sultan of Bhadrachala-Ramadas fame. He ultimately became a god-man, nevertheless.

To the left of this *ghat* is situated the arischandra-ghat, the famous burial round. On the right side of the cture can be seen the Gauri-kund hich is said to bestow many blessings n those who bathe in it. Further ght is seen the Dasaswamedha-ghat here Brahma is said to have performed ten Aswamedha sacrifices. The latter is the most crowded *ghat* in the city as a result of its easy accessibility.

The illustration on the next page is of the shrine of Sri Kedareswara. It is surmounted by a dome. At the entrance to the temple stand two graceful statues of Dwara-palaks which reminds one of South Indian temples. The Tiruppanandal Mutt manages the affairs of this temple. There are also other idols of Ganesh, Laxmi Narayan and Annapurna in this temple.

The last picture is that of the shrine of Hanuman at the Bada Hanuman-ghat. There is an apocryphal story that this *ghat* was built by a gambler who promised Hanumanji to spend the entire proceeds of a night's gambling on building the flight of steps and he kept it! It was near about this *ghat* that the famous Vaishnava teacher Vallabhacharya spent the last days of his life. Tradition has it that Sri Vallabhacharya disappeared here in the river and rose as a column of fire and finally disappeared in the sky.



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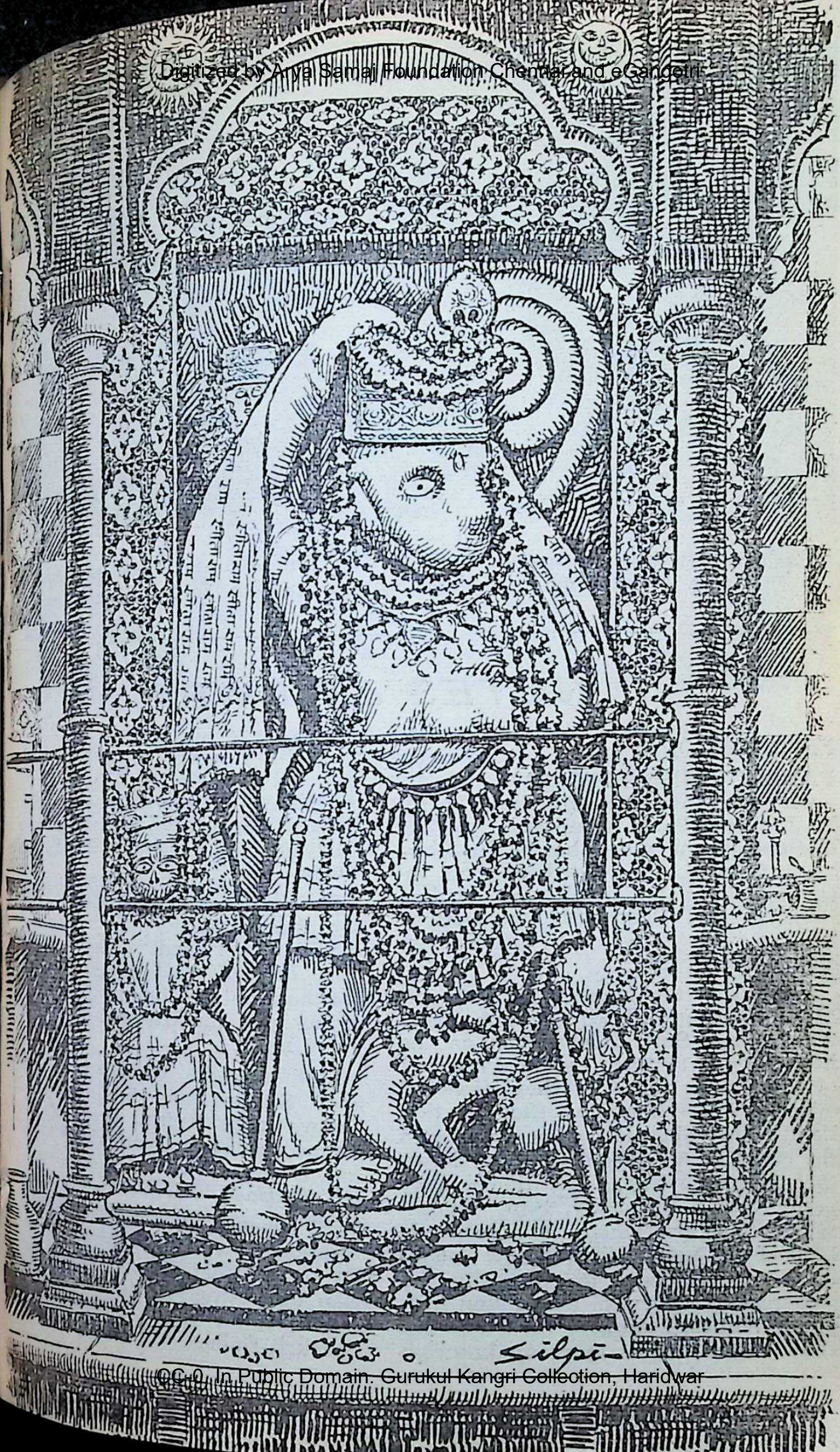

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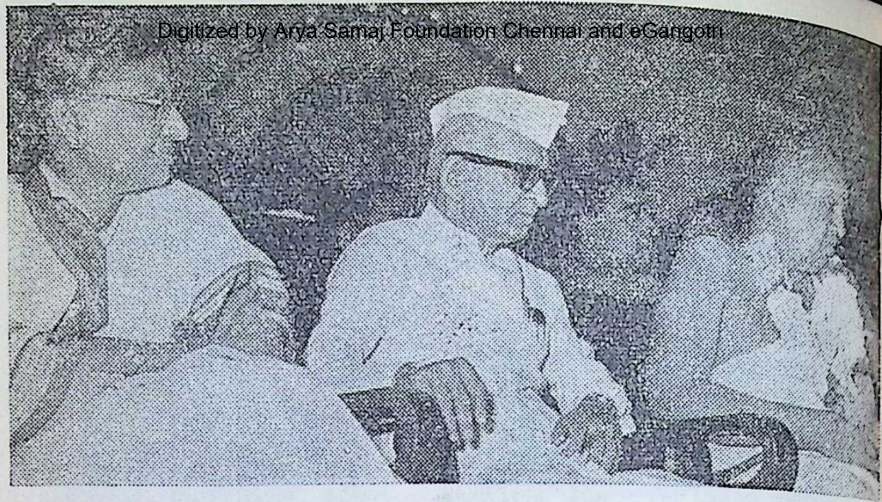


Kulapati Munshiji inaugurated the 51-day Mahabharata Discourse Series by Sri Anantharama Dikshitar at the Asthika Samaj, Bombay.

NOTES & NEWS

FELICITATIONS

PANDIT SHIV SHARMA, eminent Ayurvedic physician, and Smt. Thrity H. J. Taleyarkhan, noted social worker of Bombay and a member of the Bhavan's Council, were feted on their receiving the national titles of 'Padma Bhushan' and 'Padma Shri' respectively, at a reception given by the Bhavan on 2nd March 1965.

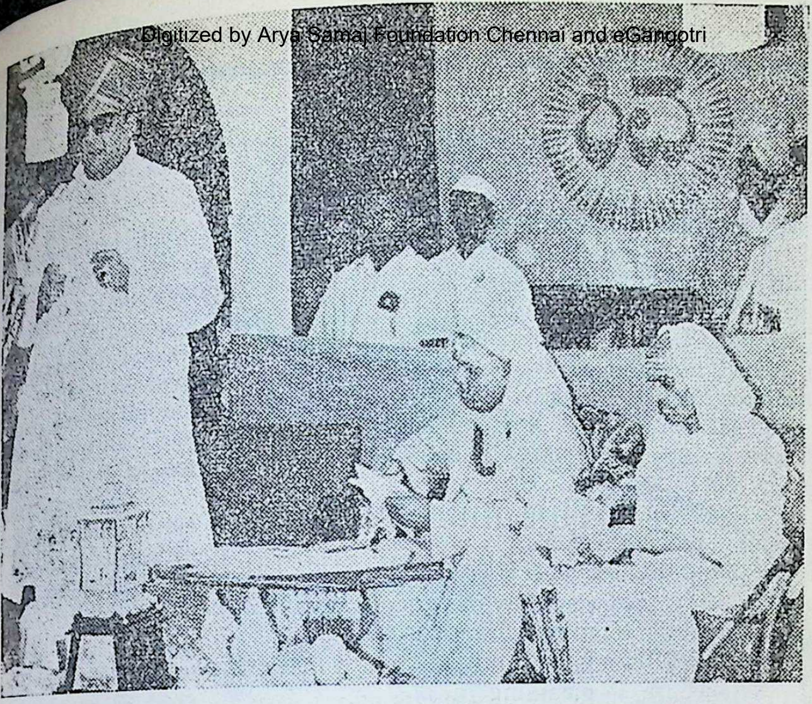
Welcoming the guests, Smt. Lilavati Munshi congratulated Pandit Shiv Sharma and Smt. Taleyarkhan on the honour done to them by the President of India and said that they deserved even greater honours. Stating that Pandit Shiv Sharma was a crusader in the cause of Ayurveda who had shown that Ayurveda was as scientific as allopathy and homeopathy, Smt. Munshi said: "If Government spends even 1/10 of the money that it now spends in giving patronage to Allopathy, for research in Ayurveda and giving hospital facilities, I am sure Ayurveda can show better results in many branches of treatment." She expressed the hope that Pandit Sharma, a great friend of the Bhavan, would some day help the Bhavan to start an Ayurvedic wing as Ayurveda is a part of the Bharatiya Vidya.

Felicitating Smt. Taleyarkhan, whom she described as "an indefatigable social worker" and "a good organizer," Smt. Munshi recalled that Smt. Taleyarkhan and her husband were friends of her and the Kulapati for about 25 years now.

Smt. Munshi wished both Pandit Shiv Sharma and Smt. Taleyarkhan "many more fruitful years of life in the service of the motherland."

DR. R. C. MAJUMDAR

THE coveted title of "Bharata-Tattva-Bhaskara" was recently conferred on Dr. R. C. Majumdar, eminent Historian and General Editor of the Bhavan's Indian History Series by the Sanskrit College of Calcutta.



Sri Jaya Chamaraja Wadiyar, Governor of Madras, inaugurated the "Tharalabalu Hunnime Mahotsava" and released the English translation of Sri Basaveswara's Vachanas *(Teachings) at a function held at Chitradurga (Mysore) on the 17th of last month. Their Holinesses Jagadgurus Tharalabalu Swamiji and Nidamamidi Swamiji are seated in the picture.*

SRI RAVISHANKAR RAVAL

SRI RAVISHANKAR RAVAL, the noted artist and litterateur of Gujarat, was honoured with the title of "Padma Shri" on this year's Republic Day by the President of India.

The Gujarat Lalit Kala Academy also honoured Sri Raval last month by presenting him with a *tamra-patra* and Rs. 1001/-.

SWAMI CHINMAYANANDA

ON March 6, the devotees of Swami Chinmayananda held a reception in Bombay to wish him a bon-voyage on the eve of his global tour.

Speaking on the occasion, Smt. Lilavati Munshi, on behalf of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, wished the Swamiji success in his mission. It was a pity, she said, that though Hinduism was the world's oldest and most dynamic religion, there were few people who could explain its philosophy well to the seekers of truth. She affirmed that Swami Chinmayanandaji combined in his person both the role of a teacher as well as of a missionary.

ASTHIKA SAMAJ

ON February 21, Kulapati Munshi inaugurated in Bombay the discourse series on "Mahabharata" and "Valmiki Ramayana" by Upanyasa Chakravarti S. Anantharama Dikshitar of Sengalipuram organised by the Asthika Samaj under its annual Sri Rama Navami Celebrations. The discourses will continue till April 11.

The Samaj is also organizing a "Sri Sita Rama Samrajya Pattabhisheka Yagna" from April 2 to April 10.

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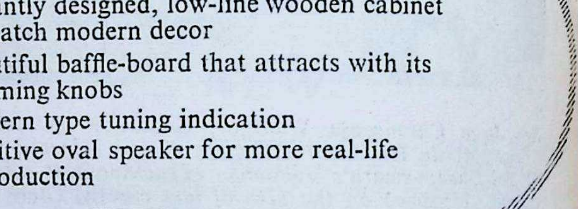

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Late Prof. Amul Desai

grieves us to record the news of the and premature death due to heart re of Prof. Amul Nanubhai Desai, of the Department of Economics, ratiya Vidya Bhavan's M.M. College Arts and Science, Bombay, on the of this month. He was only 37. A nguished and kind-hearted teacher great brilliance, he was a faithful dedicated worker.

ulapati Munshiji in his sage of condolence to bereaved family has :

I am sorry I am not able attend the Condolence eting to mourn the death Prof. A. N. Desai; but hare with all of you the ef on account of his th. He was one of the lliant Professors of our llege and his premature ath is a great blow to the demic cadre of the Bha- a's College. We all sym- thise with Smt. Desai and members of the bereaved family.

Prof. Desai was born on August 15, 8 in the village of Chikhali in the rat District of Gujarat. He graduated Economics from the Wilson College, mbay, in 1949 and took his Master's gree two years later.

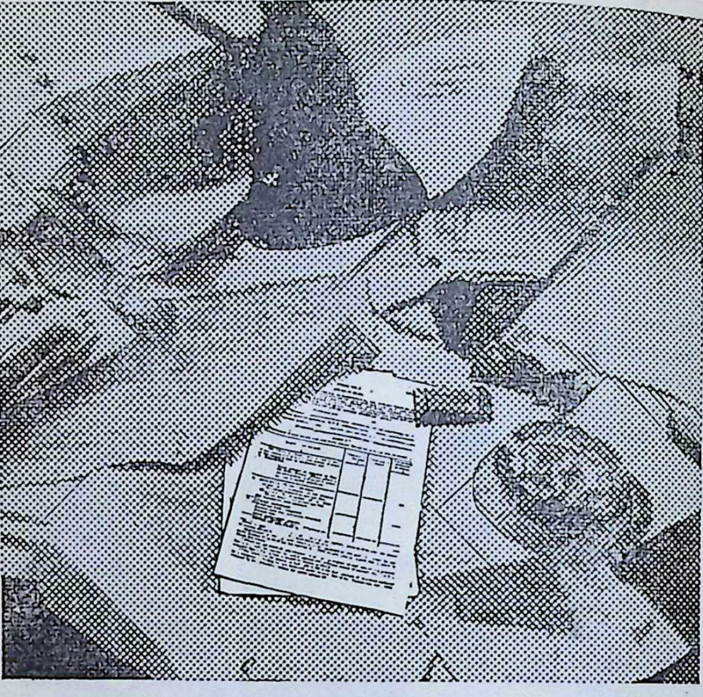
Before he joined the Bhavan's College 1958 as the Head of the Department Economics, Prof. Desai served the S.K.P. College of Commerce and Economics, Surat.

In 1962-63, he went to the United States of America as a Fulbright-Smith Mundt scholar and obtained his M.S. degree there. While in the U.S.A., he, in collaboration with Mr. Edward J. Shea, started a Bhavan's Kendra in Nashville, Tennessee, which was inaugurated on July 26, 1963 by Mr. Beverly Briley, Mayor of Nashville and Davidson Country. In the month of September this year, he was once again to proceed to the U.S.A. for two years as a Visiting Professor of a leading American University.

Prof. Desai was the author of several books on various subjects of the science of Economics. He was an eminent public speaker. He was a Director of the Indian Institute of Socialism and International Affairs and an Editorial Adviser of the *Rajniti*.

This young and noble life of great accomplishments and greater promise was cut short and for us in the Bhavan, his loss is irreparable.

He leaves behind him his wife and four children. May God give them courage and strength in the face of this great affliction! May his soul rest in peace!



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NATIONAL UNIVERSITY. Edited by A. B. Shah. Published by the uthor at the Indian Committee for Cultural Freedom, Bombay-1. (Copies: Popular Book Depot, Bombay-7.) 1964. Price: Rs. 4.50.

HE book presents the papers and oceedings of the Seminar convened Bombay by the Indian Committee r Cultural Freedom in September 62 Regionalism, explosion of the iversity population, factionalism, and osion of academic standards are ong the more noticeable defects of iversity education in India. Prof. R. Shenoy's paper, for example, livers a frontal attack on our univer-ty education: our 'higher' education s really 'lower' rather than 'higher'; e so-called 'specialists' lack specia-sation; students desire degrees, not nowledge; and the reign of red tape as a blighting effect on everybody. rhaps, a 'national'—or 'international'! —university might remedy some of the vils of the existing universities! But here is the guarantee that even a ational' or 'international' university ill not go the way of the other uni-ersities in the Indian climate, plough-g the arid sands of linguism, caste-m, communalism, factionalism? A ational university "must be free, it ust be independent—independent es-ecially of government", says Prof. henoy in effect. But who is to bell the at? In our country Vice-Chancellor-hips are quoted in the off-season political mart. Kamaraj-ed ministers and super-superannuated officers manage to secure safe berths as Vice-Chancellors of universities with a so-called national standing or aspiration. And how could you (as Prof. Shenoy might ask) grow alphonso mangoes on bulbul trees? The statement issued by the seminar concludes with the hope that an international university "will be the standard-bearer of university education and will provide a constant challenge to other Indian universities for continued improvement of their own standards". But one has doubts: here alas! we don't choose men for jobs but rather create jobs for men. And we don't bother in the least whether square men are thrust into round holes so long as they nestle comfortably there and sign their salary bills periodically

—*Dr. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar*

LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT IN MEDIAEVAL KARNATAKA. By Prof. G. S. Dikshit. Published by Karnataka University, Dharwar. 1964. Price: Rs 7; $ 2.00; or 13 s.

REGIONAL studies of local government in India through the ages are indispensable to trace firmly the origin and evolution of local institutions. The mediaeval Karnataka and Tamil assemblies, rural and urban, attracted the attention, several centuries later, of Anglo-Indian administrators like Sir Thomas Munro, who envisaged the desirability of reviving those institutions. The mediaeval institutions in question can be traced to the earlier ages, starting with the period of the Vedas. The Panchayat system applicable even to military organisation is fully described by Megasthenes. The story of local self-government in India's past confirms the concept of continuity of history.

The work under review is a substantial and well-documented piece of research, discussing at the outset the various territorial divisions and their governing bodies. The different types of village assembly are elucidated in four chapters (III to VI) with a wealth of illustrations from the original sources. This is the fundamental part of the

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esis which has been done well. The st two chapters deal with municipal vernment. The characteristic features f the book are mastery of the original urces, fair criticism and lucidity of esentation. The author refers to "the ola assemblies which were contem- rary with the assemblies so far scribed here" (p. 179), but does not ke a comparative study, which ne can determine the magnitude of Karnataka achievement.

—*Prof. R. Sathianathaier*

SANSKRIT

AMBA-RAMAYANAM (Balakandam). Sanskrit Version by S. N. Sriramadesikan, Siromani. Copies can be ad of S. N. Sriramadesikan, 25, Burkit Road, T. Nagar, Madras-17. Price: Rs. 4.50.

HE author deserves the warmest anks of lovers of Sanskrit all over e country for enabling them to have ess to the classics of one of the great classical languages of South India: Tamil, by his facile renderings of works such as the *Tirukkural* and *Tiruppavai.* His present venture with the *Kambaramayanam*, one of the mighty works of the greatest mediaeval poets of Tamilnad (12th cent.), is a very felicitous performance in Sanskrit verse, capturing the picturesque fancy and the scintillating genius of the great Kamban.

The author has done well in giving the Tamil text of Kamban separately for purposes of comparative study and appreciation by those who can enjoy both the original and its Sanskrit version. The English Introduction (pp. 1-32) gives a conspectus of all the 22 Patalas of the *Balakanda* according to Kamban, bringing out the special and noteworthy features in the description and details in which Kamban diverges from and/or improves upon the original of Valmiki, to suit the exigencies of his adaptation of the great Epic.

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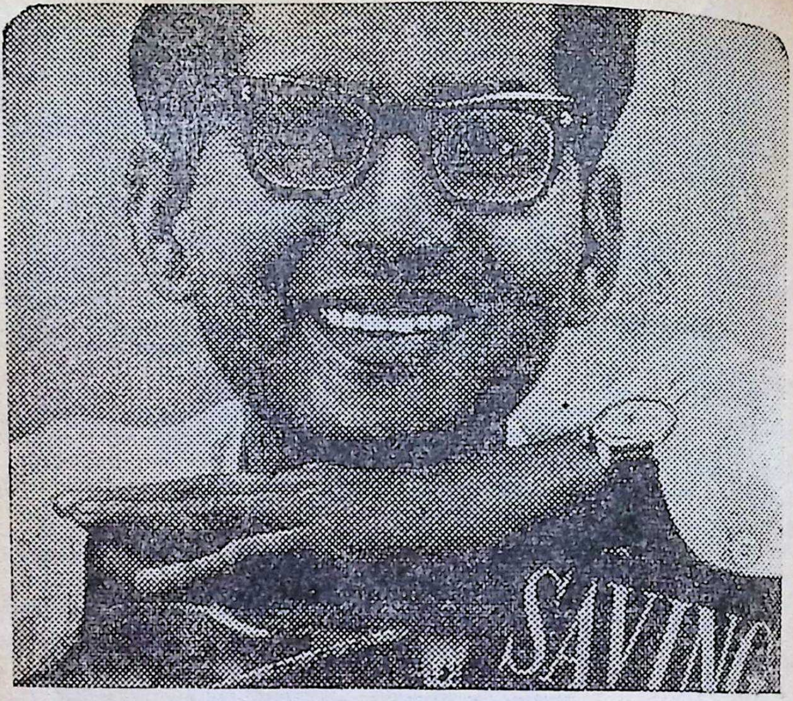

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Edited by S. Ramakrishnan and printed and published by him for the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Chowpatty Road, Bombay-7 at Associated Advertisers & Printers, 505, Tardeo Arthur Rd., Bombay-34. Mg. Editor: J. H. Dave; Associate Editor: V. A. K. Ayer.

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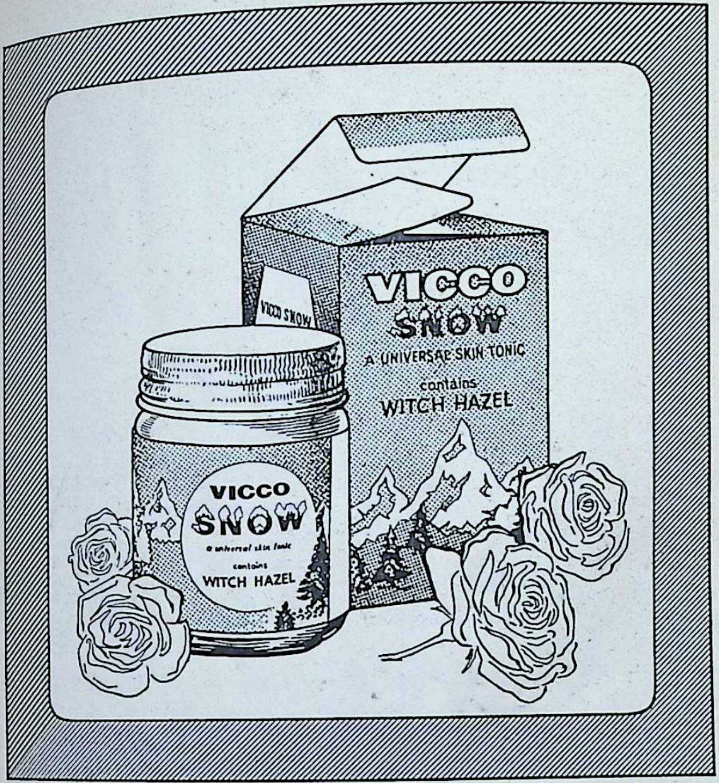
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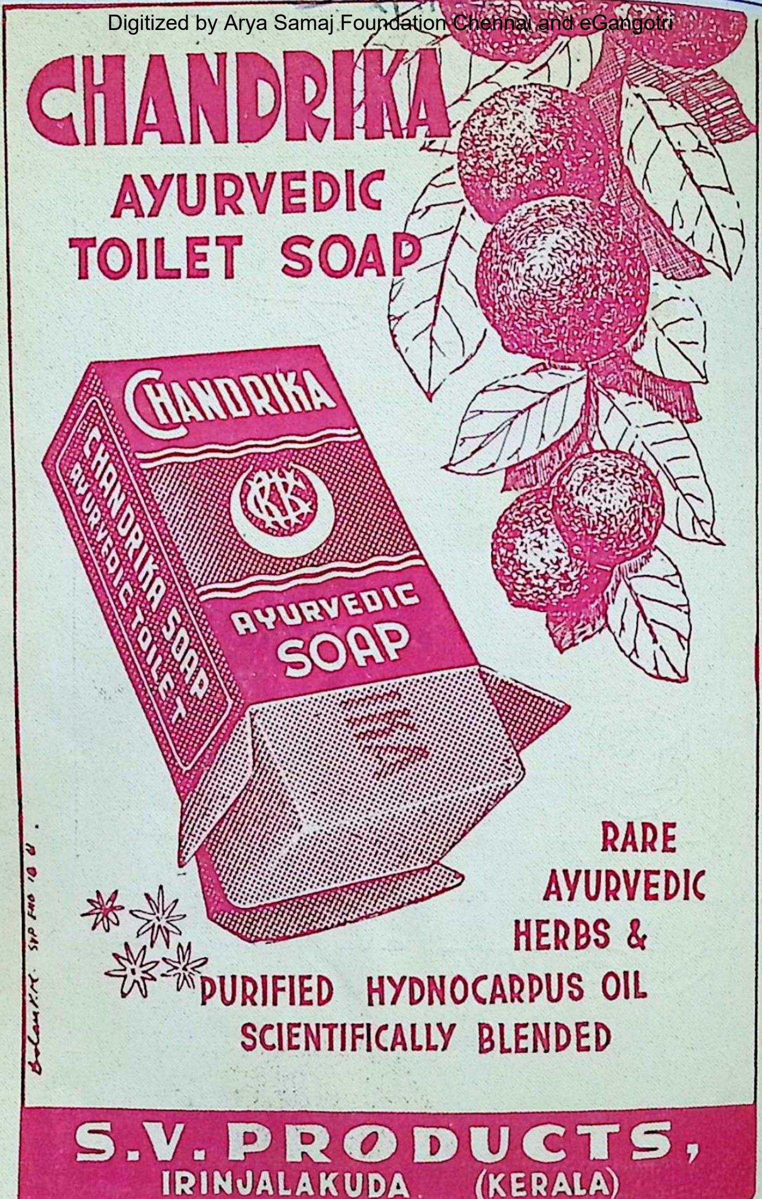

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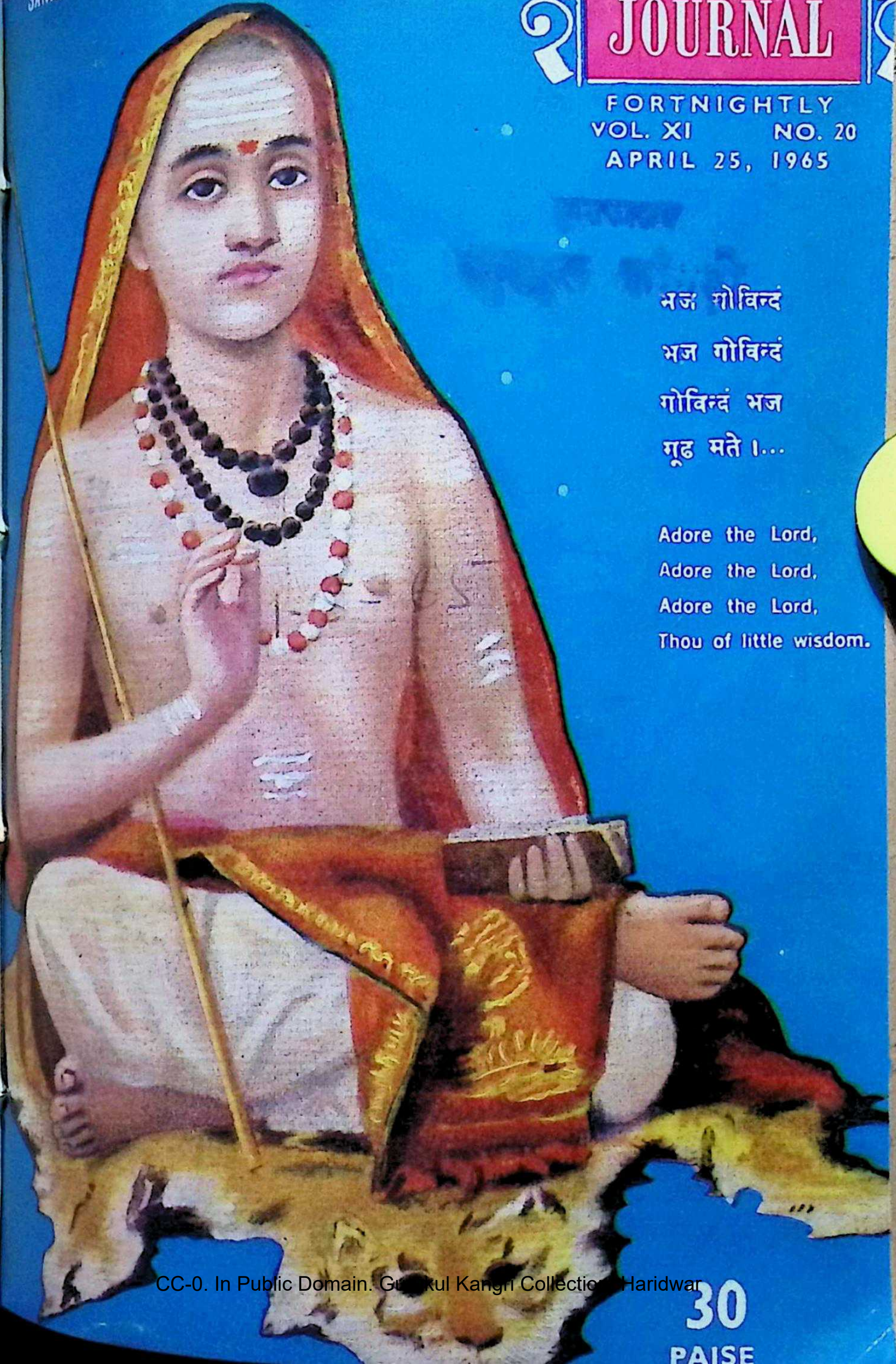
BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

FORTNIGHTLY
VOL. XI NO. 20
APRIL 25, 1965



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गूढ मते ।...

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Adore the Lord,
Adore the Lord,
Thou of little wisdom.

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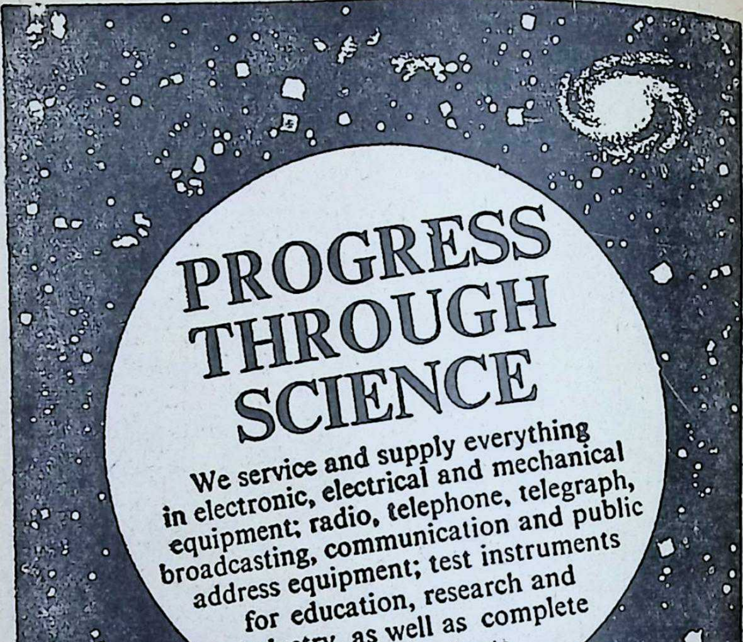

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Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
—Rigveda, I-89-i

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GURU-VANDANA

नारायणं पद्मभुवं वसिष्ठं शक्तिं च तत्पुत्रपराशरं च ।
व्यासं शुकं गौडपादं महान्तं गोविन्द-
योगीन्द्रमथास्य शिष्यम् ॥
श्रीशङ्कराचार्यमथास्य पद्मपादं च
हस्तामलकं च शिष्यम् ॥
तं त्रोटकं वार्तिककारमन्यानस्मद्गुरून्
सन्ततमानतोऽस्मि ॥

Adorations always unto Sri Narayana, Brahma, Vasishtha, Shakti and his son Parasara; unto Vyasa, Shuka and the great Gaudapada, Govindayogindra and his disciple Sri Sankaracharya; then his disciples Padmapada, Hastamalaka, Trotaka and (Sureswara) who wrote the Varttika and others who shine as our Gurus.

No. 334

KULAPATI'S LETTER
on Life, Literature & Culture

C.P.I.'s TECHNIQUE—'YENANISING' TELENGANA—THE VALIDITY OF KERALA DECISION

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

APRIL 25, 1965.

I HAVE always held the Communism is a veritable menace to the social, moral and spiritual welfare of mankind. It denies God and is pledged to propagate atheism. It has no faith in the moral and spiritual values. It foments strifes and strikes by whipping up hatred and glorifying violence.

I happen to have first-hand knowledge of the tactics which Communists adopt: as Home Minister of Bombay in the first Congress Ministry (1937-39) when the city was a cockpit of Communism in India; as the Agent-General (1948-49) of the Government of India in Hyderabad when, in Telengana, they gave the country a foretaste of what Communism in practice means to the people; as an on-the-spot witness of how the Communist Ministry in Kerala (1957-59) functioned; and as a student of what has happened to mankind since the star of Communism rose in Russia forty years ago.

Communism strikes at the root of the nature and destiny of man. An organised society exists to enable man to secure self-fulfilment. Every man has a God-given right to creative growth through work consistent with his aptitudes, gifts and aspirations.

Communism violates the sanctity of the individual and his right to self-fulfilment. By indoctrination, regimentation and terror, it cheapens or deforms the individual.

Communist society stifles human destiny. It negatives the law of love ich the seers and saints, the pro- ts and *avataars* have taught, lead men to a higher destiny.

Union Home Minister Nanda re- tly disclosed in the Lok Sabha that Government of India have ample lence to prove that the left Com- nists were making clandestine pre- rations for organising "Telengana- e warfare" with the support of ling to establish Communism in ia.

He was only testifying to the world- e attempt of Communism to con- r lands through indoctrination, in- ation and subversion.

Many people were surprised at this closure by Nanda. How can such ngs be!

We are a nation notorious for our rt memory.

Towards the end of February 1948, South-East Asian Youth Conrence was held in Calcutta. It had en sponsored by the World Federan of Democratic Youth and the ernational Union of Students, both mmunist organisations.

In this innocent-looking Conrence, a revolutionary programme s decided upon by important Com- nist leaders from various parts of e world, particularly from China, rma, Malaya and Indonesia. A de- te break in the policy of the Com- nist Party of India was to be made.

The thesis adopted condemned the ian Socialists for betraying the de- cratic revolution. It characterised e Nehru Government as a stooge f the United Kingdom and the ited States of America, and with- ew from it all Communist support, r whatever went by that name. The

President de Valera

I am happy to have this opportunity of extending my sincere congratulations to the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan.

On learning of the Institution's objectives—revitalisation of the spirit through Truth, Love and Beauty, I was reminded of the ancient Irish proverb "Three Candles light up every darkness—Truth, Knowledge, Wisdom".

The work of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan in helping to integrate Indian Culture with elements suited to modern conditions is similar to the task to which we in Ireland set ourselves, that is, the rediscovery and preservation of our native language and culture and their adaptation to the needs of our time.

I am very pleased that in its first twenty-five years the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan has achieved such remarkable success and I take this opportunity of wishing it similar good fortune in the years to come.

Eamon de Valera

President of Ireland

Dublin
27th Oct. 1964

draft Constitution of India was also condemned as reactionary and undemocratic.

This decision brought about a reorientation in the activities of the Communist Party in Hyderabad. According to a secret circular, Andhra, where the Communists had acquired a substantial hold, was to be the first area to be 'Sovietised' or 'Yenanised', wherefrom the whole of India could be "liberated".

The new policy adopted was to bait the Razakars—the members of the Ittehad—the Fascist Muslim organisation pledged to maintain Hyderabad, with its 87% Hindu population, as a Muslim centre of power with the Nizam as its symbol. The object of the Ittehad was to block the accession of the State to the Union of India or the introduction of democratic institutions in the State.

An active programme was decided upon to set up, through insurrection and guerilla warfare, "Soviets" in the villages of the Telugu-speaking areas of the Krishna, Guntur, of the West Godavari and East Godavari districts of Madras, and of Nalgonda and Warangal districts of Hyderabad.

Though the effect of this policy began to be felt in Hyderabad only in the middle of February, Communist propaganda had for some time been trained against the Hyderabad State Congress, which had foolishly entered into a United Front with the Communists. Now the Standstill Agreement with Hyderabad was a Nizam-Patel conspiracy, the State Congress an undemocratic and reactionary body.

A working alliance was forged by the Communists with the Muslim Razakars. They were agreed on one platform. They had only one enemy: the Nehru Government.

The usual fate which all the world over overtakes the democratic or socialist parties when they join hands with the Communists in a United Front, happened in Hyderabad.

By the end of February the Communists dropped the make-believe of a United Front with the State Congress. The State Congress workers and their sympathisers, who were allies but a few weeks before, now became avowed enemies; they were assaulted and driven out of the several areas where they were entrenched.

The Communist influence was also extended up to the City of Hyderabad, and active centres were set up in the southern district of Atrafabalda.

By the middle of March, the atrocities being committed by both the Communists and by the Razakars began to mount up.

The Communists flung themselves upon the Telugu-speaking districts and occupied village after village on the pretext of resisting the Razakars.

The Communist Crimes in Hyderabad, a report relating to this period, issued by the Hyderabad Government, summarises the position as follows:—

> From the 15th August, 1946, to 13th September, 1948, they brutally murdered nearly 2,000 persons, attacked 22 police outposts, seized and destroyed village records, manhandled a large number of village officials, burnt 'chadris' and Customs outposts, captured 230 guns, looted or destroyed paddy and robbed cash and jewellery worth more than a million rupees. They attempted large-scale disruption of communications and lines of supply and

sport and steadily and systemati-
ly adopted the technique of guerilla
ting with the arms and resources
their disposal.

The nature of the atrocities com-
ted by the Communists can be
strated by a few typical instances:

ore than 500 armed Communists
ed the village Peddavid, Huzur-
ar Taluq, Nalgonda district, mur-
ed ten villagers, including women
children, and severely injured ten
rs. Seventy houses had been set
to, all of them were gutted and
ren were thrown into the fire. This
dent was a reprisal as one of the
gers of Peddavid had given infor-
ion to the police about the presence
the neighbourhood of Kot Narain,
otorious Communist outlaw... Six-
people, including a woman, were
apped by Communists at a place
Pengot and taken to Lingagiri. The
were murdered and their bodies
on fire. The burnt bodies were later
d lying near the Lingagiri border,
there was no trace of the woman.
party of twenty-five Communists
ered the village Dharnipahad at
ht, caught hold of an aged Muslim
an, took her to the jungle and
ared her to death.

On May 4, 1948, the Nizam's Go-
nment lifted the ban on the Com-
nist organisation in Hyderabad and
arrest warrants against Narayana
ddy and other leading Communists
e cancelled.

Simultaneously, the Communist
rty of Hyderabad issued a pam-
et reversing its earlier policy. The
ession of Hyderabad to the Union
d responsible Government in the
ate were denounced on the ground
t the Government of India was a
pitalist government. To maintain a
ow of consistency, however, it was
gested that before real freedom
as achieved, feudalism had also to
liquidated.

The reports indicated that not only was there some understanding between the Nizam's Government and the Communists, but explosives were in the process of being supplied to the Razakars by the Communists from West Bengal.

According to their new propaganda line, the accession of the Indian States to the Union was a gross anti-democratic act, calculated to crush the 'revolutionary consciousness' and the 'democratic movements' of the people.

If the Indian Armies marched into Hyderabad, it would be only to crush the people's movement. They, therefore, exhorted their workers to resist the movement of the Indian troops wherever the people's Government—that is, their little Soviets holding villages by terror, murder and arson—was established.

The Communist Party now allied itself with the Nizam's Government on an anti-Indian front. The Communists who had gone underground in India crossed over to Hyderabad. Communist absconders from the Indian territory took refuge in the Hyderabad State. Some of the Communist leaders moved about freely in Hyderabad, established contact with some of the Ministers and high officers of the State, and tried to arrive at a pact with the Nizam.

They also hoped that a representative of theirs would, in course of time, be taken in the Nizam's Cabinet; that would be the thin end of infiltration into the Nizam's Government.

This alliance with the Nizam's Government enabled the Communists to strengthen their hold over the areas already dominated by them as well as to spread their activity to other districts.

After April, the lands, cattle and grain of the well-to-do in the villages so dominated were distributed among the pro-Communist peasants—in fact, among the roughs who had helped them to capture power.

The loot gathered from raided villages continued to fill their war chest. The reports showed that in the month of July alone, there were as many as forty such raids.

In August, the Communists claimed that they had liberated over 3,000 villages. This was an exaggeration; but the number could not have been less than 2,000.

The expectation of the Communists was that if the Nizam's Government continued to reject all efforts to arrive at a friendly association with the Indian Union, the economy as well as the law and order structure of Hyderabad would eventually collapse. The Communist Party of India then would inherit Hyderabad.

When the Indian troops entered Secunderabad on September 18, 1948, the population had been stricken by the fear of the Razakars and the Communists. The State had been emptied of all beneficent activities; law and order had simply ceased to exist. The administrative machinery, which had been inextricably mixed up with the Razakars, had completely collapsed. The budget of the preceding year had already shown a deficit of no less than eight crores.

As a result of the Police Action, the face of South India was changed. Normal conditions were restored in Hyderabad and the surrounding States.

Business immediately resumed its course and the restrictions imposed by the Nizam's Government on the free flow of trade were removed.

The public services were opened to merit, determined by open competitive tests.

The Communist menace in the Nalgonda and Warangal districts was met only by large-scale operations by the Army and the special police from India which lasted for about four years. They were supplemented by intensive propaganda, repeated conferences, the establishment of new villages, the making of new roads and the opening up of the jungles in which the Communists had dug themselves in.

It was a very difficult campaign. It succeeded only because across the frontier there was no Communist military power feeding the local Communists with plans, arms and military support.

The situation in Assam and West Bengal is different now. If the Communists dig themselves in those States, they could get the support of the guerilla activities organised by the Chinese in Tibet; if necessary, military subversion as in South Viet-Nam would follow.

Minister Nanda is perfectly right. The Communist Party of India is raising a hue and cry at the imposition of President's Rule in Kerala and at their not being called upon to form a Ministry there.

As I said in my statement to the Press on 24th March 1965, in continuing the Presidential Rule in erala, the Government of India had dopted the wisest course under the cumstances; it was completely con- utional.

You cannot apply the canons of ocratic fairness to the Commu- s. Democracy envisages the pos- ility of one Government, if unfit, ng superseded by another. It is epted as an essential part of the ocratic game.

This does not apply to the Com- nists. When Communists come in- power either singly or in a united front, they seize power. They destroy all processes and machinery by which power can be transferred to other hands under well-defined circumstances, so that all possibility of a change in the government will be completely ruled out.

Yours sincerely,

Km Munshi

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Dr. A. K. Majumdar

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गजेन्द्रस्य कृत्तिं वसानं वरेण्यम् ।
जटाजूटमध्ये स्फुरद्गाङ्गवारिं
महादेवमेकं स्मरामि स्मरामि ॥

pray repeatedly to Lord Pasupati, destroyer of sins, the greatest God, o is robed in elephant's skin, the lted One, and carries shining nga on His matted hair.

महेशं सुरेशं सुरारातिनाशं
विभुं विश्वनाथं विभूत्यङ्गभूषम् ।
विरूपाक्षमिन्द्वर्कवह्नित्रिनेत्रम्
सदानन्दमीडे प्रभुं पञ्चवक्त्रम् ॥

I worship the five-faced Lord who Mahesa, Suresa and destroyer of foes of gods, who is Supreme, vanatha and who is bedecked with sacred ash; has an eye in the ehead, whose three eyes constitute moon, sun and Agni and who is blissful.

गिरीशं गणेशं गले नीलवर्णं
गवेन्द्राधिरूढं गुणातीतरूपम् ।
भवं भास्वरं भस्मना भूषिताङ्गं
भवानीकळत्रं भजे पञ्चवक्त्रम् ॥

I adore the five-faced Siva who is Lord of mountain, Lord of Ganas, ose neck is bluish, who rides the ishabha (ox), whose form is be- nd attributes; the great source, the ulgent, whose body is smeared with cred ash and whose spouse is avani.

शिवाकान्त शम्भो शशाङ्कार्धमौले
महेशान शूलिन् जटाजूटधारिन् ।
त्वमेको जगद्व्यापको विश्वरूपः
प्रसीद प्रसीद प्रभो पूर्णरूप ॥

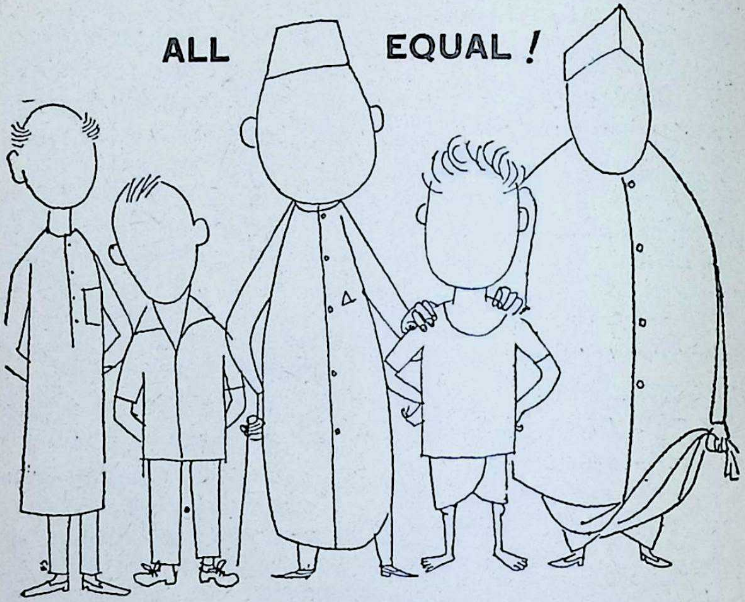
O beloved of Parvati! Shambho! Wearer of the crescent-moon on the head! Mahesana! Wielder of the trident! Wearer of the matted hair! You alone pervade the universe. You are the cosmos. O Perfect One! Lord! Please, be pleased with me.

परात्मानमेकं जगद्बीजमाद्यं
निरीहं निराकारमोंकारवेद्यम् ।
यतो जायते पाल्यते येन विश्वं
तमीशं भजे लीयते यत्र विश्वम् ॥

I adore that Lord who is the one universal soul, who is the primeval seed of the universe, without desire, shape and who can be known only by Pranava; from whom the universe is born, who protects it and in whom it dissolves.

प्रभो शूलपाणे विभो विश्वनाथ
महादेव शम्भो महेश त्रिनेत्र ।
शिवाकान्त शान्त स्मरारे पुरारे
त्वदन्यो वरेण्यो न मान्यो न गण्यः ॥

O Lord Visvanatha! Wielder of the trident! You are supreme. O Mahadeva, Sambhu, Mahesa! Three-eyed one! Beloved of Parvati, the Peaceful, the foe of Manmatha and Tripurasura! There is no god other than You worthier of greater respect or honour.



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THE BHAGAVATPADA

His Mission and Teachings

H. H. Jagadguru
Sri Sankaracharya of Kanchi

THIS day* is the birth anniversary of Sri Sankara. It was by His *avatara* that the Vedas and the works of the Rishis were rehabilitated. It was only by their rehabilitation that the observance of the holy Sri Rama Navami, Sri Narasimha Jayanti, Sri Krishna Jayanti, Uttarayana Sankranti and Sivaratri and other holy days was revived.

> *The scientific thought of the present-day progressively approximates to and supports the conclusion of Sri Sankara in the repudiation of the world of difference . . .*

The *avatara* of Sri Sankara made the remembrance and celebration of other Jayantis possible.

Sri Sankara Jayanti comes off every year on the 5th day of the bright half of the Vaisakha month. It is the *suddha panchami* of the Maadhavi month in the Vasanta Ritu. Like the pure white jasmine which is also called Vasanti and Maadhavi, may the Vasanta Madhava Jayanti fill our spiritual perception with its own rich fragrance.

Who is Sri Sankara? He is *loka-sankaraha;* he makes for the welfare of the whole world. He is Siva Himself. Sivam means auspiciousness, what is propitious.

What does *'Sam'* mean in the name Samkara? It means *sukha,* bliss or *aananda.* The *Brihadaaranyakopanishad* speaks of it as *'priya'*, that which is dear. Ordinarily, the people of the world do not know where that *sam, priya* or *aananda* can be found. Hence, they are afflicted with worldly sorrows. Sri Bhagavatpaada was filled with compassion at the sight of a world thus afflicted. He desired that men should enjoy the unlimited bliss of self-realisation.

What is that bliss by realising which Sri Sankara Himself left all misery far behind? Sri Sankara says: One's own self is *sukha* or bliss. One's own self is All. One's own self is Brahman. Brahman alone is all that we perceive. Everything is the effect of Brahman. The cause itself is the effect: the effect is non-different from the cause. Everything is Sam or bliss. Let this Sam or bliss be enjoyed in all our experiences. Let it be enjoyed as one's own inner self or *Atman*.

---

* Sankara Jayanti.

In the world everything external to the self is dear for the reason that it is related to the self. The self alone is ultimately dear to every one. Realisation of the self as non-different from Brahman is Supreme Bliss.

Sri Sankara taught that Paramatman is one, that everything is Paramatman and that all is one. The Veda declares that everything is Brahman. What the Veda taught is also what Sri Sankara taught. Sri Sankara said that as all is Brahman, there is nothing apart from Brahman. The Chaarvaakas held the view that the world alone is real and that Brahman does not exist. The Nyaya logicians and other dualists said that the world and Brahman are both real. The Buddhists denied both the world and Brahman. That Brahman alone is real and that the world has no reality in its own right apart from Brahman is the teaching of Sri Sankara.

Even in Buddhistic days, the systems anterior to it did not cease to exist. Chaarvaaka philosophy could not displace the systems of thought before its time. But on the emergence of Sri Sankara's philosophy, all earlier systems lost their appeal like stars losing their light on the rising of the sun. Need it be said that partial lights become dimmed before the Supreme and limitless effulgence of universal Light? The methods of Bhakti, Upaasana and ethical virtues, and the conflicting paths of *Tantra, Aachara, Yoga,* and *Samadhi,* all these get absorbed in the indivisible Bliss of the non-dual Atman just as rivers flowing east, south, west and north get merged in the one ocean. That Supreme Bliss is the goal of all these paths.

The teaching of the Bhagavatpaada, as well as the teachings of other Achaaryas which are intended for the purification and elevation of one's Atman following the Vedas, prescribe that the Dharmas mentioned in them, should be practised by men in accordance with their respective Varnas and Ashramas. The Varnashrama Dharmas have been ordained by Sastras not merely to foster among men an attitude of mutual helpfulness or only to promote the general co-operative material well-being of society. They have been prescribed for the self-purification which they effect by developing peace, sense control, discrimination and detachment, the essential means to liberation, and which cannot be otherwise experienced.

The four means of Moksha namely, Vairagya and others accrue to a person by observance of his own Varnashrama Dharmas, and their dedication to Sri Hari. In this view, Sri Sankara closely follows the *Gita* where it is said:

Tasmaat Saastram pramaanam te
kaaryaakaaryya Vyavasthitau.

Therefore in the determination of what should or should not be done. Sastra is your mentor and guide. The word *'tasmaat'*, meaning 'therefore' which occurs in this *sloka* refers o a reason in the Sastraic determi- tion of what should or should not e done. What is the reason? It is t out in the immediately preceding kas of the Gita in that very con- xt.

Sri Krishna says: "The gateway hell which makes for self-destruc- n is three-fold, namely, desire, an- r and avarice. Hence these three ht to be given up. One released om these three gates of darkness ctises what makes for his elevation d then attains the supreme goal. t, if one violates the *sastraic* in- ction and acts according to his l and pleasure, he does not attain lf-realisation. He can neither be ppy nor reach the supreme goal." After these verses, occurs the verse ginning *'tasmaat saastram pra- nam te'*. Thus Sri Sankara fol- s the *Gita* when he declares that e observance of Varnashrama harma leads to self-purification d elevation of the Atman.

Expounding in his Bhashyas the uths enshrined in the Upanishads, a language which is profoundly blime and yet transparently simple, e ascetic that was Sri Sankara tra- rsed the whole of the Bharatha hoomi on foot from Rameswaram n the South to the Himalayas in the orth. Rivers and sacred spots, vil- ges and towns, and temples have l been sanctified by Him and their irituality augmented by his *yantras* d *mantras* and by the invocations e made. Generally speaking, there s no holy spot in India whose sanc- ty has not been heightened by His sociation. Even now, in every art of the country, people speak with pride that the temple in their place has been sanctified by Sri Sankara-chaarya and made famous by the *Yantra* that He established. In all regions where Vedic studies were prevalent, there is no spot where Sri Sankara's Bhashyas have not been studied with devotion by those who sought liberation following the Guru-sishya-sampradaaya. Even now, Sri Sankara Bhashyas are learnt in every place where Vedic studies are in vogue.

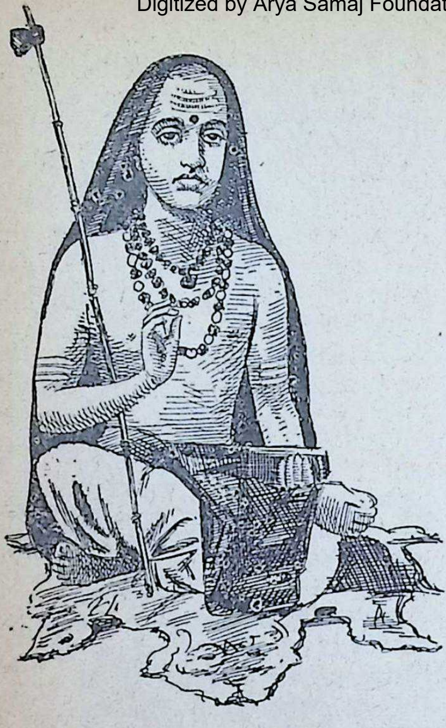
The growth of modern science is said to be responsible for the increase of lethal weapons calculated to destroy all life and to be pregnant with infinite danger to the world. Yet, from another angle, on calm and careful reflection, it will be clear that the growth of science shows the way to the promotion of peace among men.

Fifty years ago, physicists held the view that matter was made of a number of distinct elements and they held the theory of absolute difference among things. Now, however, denying the distinctiveness of individual elements of matter and mutual difference between what is with form and what is without form, they proclaim that they are all evolutes of one Energy.

Thus, it will be clear to all thinkers that modern scientists are giving up the theory of difference and are gradually getting oriented to the philosophy of non-difference. Especially, great savants like Einstein, Sir James Jeans and Eddington have come very near the doctrine of Advaita taught by Sri Sankara Bhagavatpaada.

Declaring that the phenomenal

(Continued on page 34)



...Whatever Maya may or may not be, it is not hallucination. It is portrayed as a creative misinterpretation of something real rather than a total creation out of nothingness... It is the power which enables a Kalidas to create a SAKUNTALA; a Rembrandt to create a NIGHTWATCH...

ADVAITA VEDANTA

Arthur Isenberg

SANKARACHARYA shares with many of mankind's wisest members, the mystery that veils their personal lives. Tradition places his birth somewhere in the second century B.C. Modern scholarship moves the event nearer to our own times, to the seventh or eighth century, with perhaps a preference for the year 788 A.D.

All agree that he died young, in his early thirties. We are told that he was born in Kalati, in Kerala, in a family of Nambudiri Brahmins, that he wandered all over India, from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas, engaging the learned men of his time in philosophical discussion; that he founded a number of *maths*.

Most of the rest of what we are told of his life is legend and anecdote and need not detain us now, for after all, mankind has always felt compelled to surround with legends and anecdotes—they are usually remarkably similar whether told in China, India or Greece—the lives of its greatest sons.

We are told that they could and did revive the dead, heal the sick, tame the wild, and so on and so forth. The kernel of philosophical truth in all this, it seems to me, is that the lives of our greatest are symbols, and symbols are inexhaustible for those who ponder thereon.

But what of the lofty system of thought reared by the man whose birthday we are commemorating? If I have rightly understood it, it might e summed up—inevitably over-mplified—somewhat as follows: Only one Entity is ultimately real: e *Nirguna Brahman* of which nothg positive can be predicated, since, do so, would be to limit it. Of It, e can only say *"neti, neti."* It cant be described; but it can be exerienced.

From this Ineffable Entity everying else is derived. The entire Cosos, the phenomenal universe includg our egos (the "*aham*") but not e self (the Atman) is derived "like e spiderweb from the spider." This the result of Maya.

Maya is—What? We see the word ten translated as "Illusion." Prorly qualified or understood, "illuon" may serve. The danger is that ny people do not distinguish beeen "illusion" and "hallucination" d whatever Maya may or may not e, it is not hallucination.

The universe has more realityntent in Vedanta than the snakes en by an acute alcoholic out of thing. Sankara himself has given many analogies: the snake which rns out to be coils of rope, the silr which turns out to be mother-ofearl, the thief who turns out to be a st, etc. Please note that, in all these alogies, Maya is portrayed as a reative misinterpretation of someing real rather than a total creation ut of nothingness. Good logician hat he is, Sankara does not violate he doctrine, "*ex nihilo nihil fit.*"

But what, then, is Maya? I proose to translate the word by the hrase "artistic creativity." Maya is he power which enables a Kalidasa o seize a number of words and ideas —mere words! and arrange them into an enchanting *Sakuntala*. Maya enables a Rembrandt to fling pigments of dyestuff on to an empty canvas and to create a Nightwatch. And, looking at a good painting, we are so carried away that we do not—fortunately—realise that the beautiful landscape, the charming woman, the playful child are none of them really there, that all is colour pigments cunningly grouped and arranged to make us forget the raw materials out of which the work of art itself is wrought.

Let us stay with the analogy of the painting a little longer.

Suppose that we had before us a painting of an old man, say one with a white beard. If I invited you to gaze at it, you could easily do so. If I asked you to pick up the painting of the old man, you could do that, too. If I asked you, "What do you see?" you would tell me: "An old man." And if I pressed you and asked: "Is it really a picture of an old man?" my persistence might puzzle you, but you would reply: "Yes. Of course it is."

But now I ask another question: "This painting of an old man: will you not agree that it is really just a clever arrangement of pigments?" I take it, you would agree. I might pursue our discussion and ask you: "Will you not agree that the pigments are really just mixtures of chemical compounds and can be separated?" Having secured your concurrence, I should continue the enquiry by asking you whether, "in reality," the chemical compounds were not "really" just configurations of atoms; and whether the atoms were, in reality, not merely groupings of electrons and protons.

Let me, at this stage, propose a definition. Let us agree to call that of two things more relatively real which has greater independent duration. Perhaps an example will make the meaning clearer. Suppose that a potter is asked to fashion a pot out of clay. Clearly, there can be no pot unless there first be clay. The clay existed before the pot and the pot can be squashed out of existence again without any loss of clay. In other words, the clay is a necessary antecedent for the pot. The clay can go on being clay without ever once being shaped into a pot. The pot owes its very existence to the clay, but not *vice versa*. Using the proposed definition, I would say that the clay in our example is more relatively real than the pot.

Let us apply this definition to our painting of the old man. We discover a hierarchy of relative realities, the least relatively real aspect being that of the painting as such, followed in ascending order of relative reality, by the pigments, the compounds, the atoms, the electrons and protons.

I beg leave to invite your attention to two features of this analysis: First: there is nothing mystic, let alone mysterious, in our definition and concept of relative reality. Second: *we are led to the perhaps astonishing conclusion that the more relatively real something becomes the more abstract and intangible it grows.* The painting of the old man you can handle. Pigments you can still see and hold in your hands. Molecules may still be rendered visible through an electron microscope. But electrons and protons can be rendered perceptible only through their effects. And this is the place to note that we are, after all, dealing only with an analogy: for the electrons and protons are not the end of the line, even in physics. They are regarded as congealed energy. This leads me to suspect that, since matter is now regarded as merely another aspect of energy, that energy itself may be merely another aspect of yet another something; congealed mindstuff, for instance.

But we are not yet through with our painting of the old man. If we look at the painting through a microscope, the painting will—literally—disappear. In fact, we may say without fear of contradiction, that on the level of electrons and protons the painting simply does not exist at all. On the other hand, we may see and say that to a person absorbed in the painting as painting, there are no electrons and protons simply because on that level they are irrelevant.

This explains why so few of us, absorbed as we are in the business of living, pause to think of Maya, if the fact (if our definition was right) that the phenomenal universe represents merely a relative or a derived reality. It is hard to tear oneself away from the contemplation of what is pleasing or at any rate fascinating and, in a sense, to destroy it in order to uncover a deeper, let alone the ultimate, reality. It is to Sankaracharya's everlasting glory that he did just that. Let us note just one more lesson which the painting analogy can teach us, and we shall be done with it. To say that the painting level is un-real because it is relatively less real than, say, the pigment level, is to talk nonsense. Of course it is real! But it becomes unreal as we proceed to levels of progressively greater reality.

Similarly, the universe in which we live is real enough. But if Advaita Vedanta is right, it becomes progressively less real as we grope toward levels of greater reality; and when we are once more back in ultimate reality—in Nirguna Brahman—the phenomenal universe will then—and only then—become totally unreal. Here, too, we may say with an Italian scientist: "It is the scale of observation which determines the phenomena."

We have spoken at some length of Maya, the creative, transforming power which orders the progress from one level of reality to another. We must now speak of another key concept of *advaitavada*: *avidya*.

Avidya, as is well-known, is ignorance. But what kind of ignorance? I think that in the strictest sense, *avidya* is not just any form of ignorance, but a necessary concomitant of Maya, creative ignorance. Sankara declares that the Nirguna Brahman is the only ultimately real entity and that it is both immanent and transcendent. It is inactive, yet responsible somehow for all activity.

This raises a question to which there can be no certain answer, only speculative reasoning. The question: why this Brahman activity at all? What is the motive? Let us hear how Sankaracharya answers this—perhaps the ultimate—riddle. He says:

"We see in everyday life that certain doings of princes or other men of high position who have no unfulfilled desires left have no reference to any extraneous purpose but proceed from mere sportfulness, as, for instance, their recreations in places of amusement. We further see that the process of inhalation and exhalation is going on without reference to any extraneous purpose, merely following the law of its own nature. Analogously, the activity of the Lord also may be supposed to be mere sport, proceeding from His own nature, without reference to any purpose. For, on the ground neither of reason nor of Scripture, can we construe any other purpose of the Lord. Nor can His nature be questioned. Although the creation of this world appears to us a weighty and difficult undertaking, it is mere play to the Lord, whose power is unlimited."

This, as many of you will have recognised, is taken from Sankara's Bhashya on the Vedanta-Sutras, (Second Adhyaya, First Pada, Sutra 33) the one which says:

"33 But (Brahman's creative activity) is mere sport, such as we see in ordinary life."

What has all this to do, you may ask, with Avidya? I think the answer could well be this: If Brahman is the only entity that really is, its sporting must of necessity proceed within itself. But what sport can there be in an activity which is exclusively self-created and self-conscious? Since neither the Vedanta-Sutras nor Sankara disdain drawing on ordinary life for an analogy in this difficult task of assessing the ultimate motive, let us make bold to follow their example.

Suppose you go to the theatre to watch a play. Surely you can derive no entertainment, no "sport", if you remain at all times fully conscious that you are watching mere make-belief. To enjoy the play you have no choice but somehow to manage to forget for a while that what you are watching is not really real; that the end of the play already exists; that the heroine is not really a suffering queen—is not queen at all—but just an actress. If at all times you kept thinking "Oh well, it is all make-believe!" you could not enjoy the play.

Or take your dreams. In them, you participate in strange doings, now enjoyable, now frightening, always interesting. You are not, as a rule, aware of the obvious fact that you yourself are the dreamer, the playwright, the actor, the designer of the stage set. If you were aware of these facts, you could no longer "sport" in your dream. In other words, and this is the point, there can be no "sporting" without *avidya*. To remember, to gain "Vidya," is to end the dream, to end the enjoyment of the play. Hence: *avidya*.

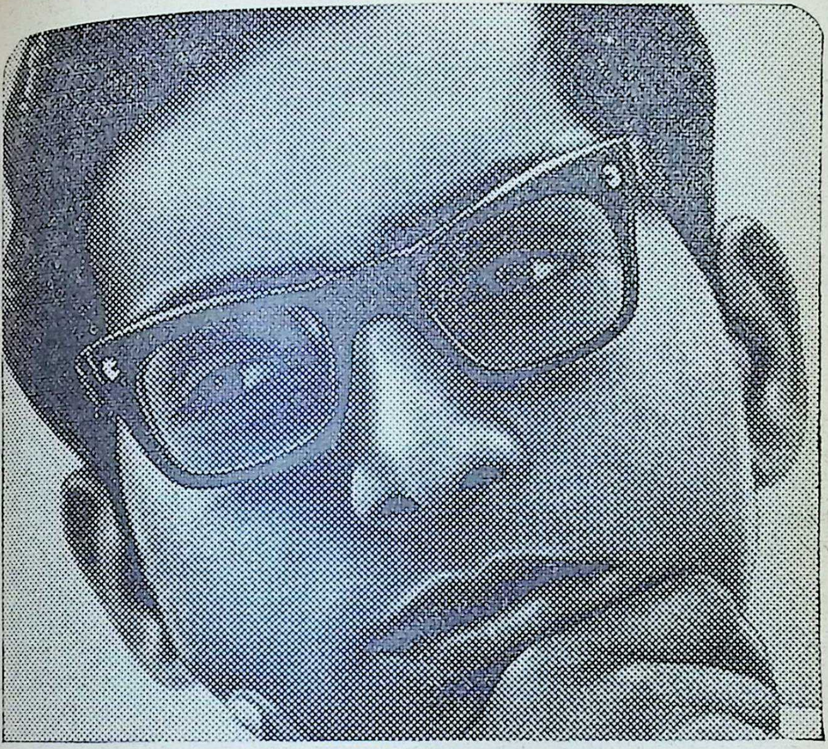
> "As clay is efficient cause of the pot, so is ignorance declared by the Vedanta to be the efficient cause of the Universe. When that ignorance itself is destroyed, where then is the universe?....When the ultimate reality is realised, the universe vanishes." (The quotation is taken from Sankara's *Aparokshanubhuti*)

I cannot resist the temptation to digress for a moment.

I happen to think that one of the fine, artistic and philosophic conceptions ever created by the mind of man is that of the Dancing Siva, Siva Nataraja. To me, it sums up the essence of Sankara's conception of the world. We find in it a representation of the universe as an emanation of Siva, the sporting deity. Many of the symbolic features of the work of art are well-known and well explained: how the material universe (represented by the *tiruvasi*, Prakriti) springs into existence as vibrations emerge from Siva's drum, how the universe will end, temporarily, through the fire, held in Siva's hand, the gesture of "have no fear," the pointing to the auspicious foot—all that I learned long ago. But it was only until after some six years of thinking about the Nataraja concept from time to time, that yet another meaning implied in the symbol suddenly struck me:

Most of the Nataraja statues show Siva dancing or trampling on a dwarfish figure. This figure is, of course, none other than our old friend, Ignorance, Avidya, although it has many other names, including "Evil" or "Sin". But I like to think of it as Avidya. Siva stamping out Ignorance! I liked that thought. When it occurred to me that if Siva is stamping out ignorance, it is equally true that Ignorance provides the only footing for Siva. Look at the statue of Nataraja; remove the figure of Ignorance and what will Siva have to stand on? Literally nothing. And thus we see again how right Sankaracharya is when he declares: "When the ultimate reality is realised, the universe vanishes."

[Courtesy: *Journal of Oriental Research, Madras*]



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THE CALL OF VEDANTA

SWAMI POORNANANDA TIRTHA

THE questions with which Vedanta is concerned, are: "How is man to get abiding happiness? How is he to adjust himself to and get mastery over circumstances that seem to be bothering him at every turn? What ought to be his goal in life?" Vedanta gives the answer to all these questions.

Every living being in the world is only after unalloyed, unpolluted, and permanent happiness. All actions, by everyone in the world, are motivated by just this thirst for happiness. Man studies, man gets a job, man marries —all for what?—because he thinks that by so doing, he will be happy and joyous. But the joy he expects to get, depends on external things for its fulfilment and these external things themselves being transient and ephemeral, can the joy they give ever be permanent? The joy that is derived from transient and ephemeral things must necessarily be transient and ephemeral. Does it then mean that man cannot have real and abiding happiness? Is he always to be a slave to his circumstances and be content with the fleeting moments of pleasure that chance brings to him? Vedanta gives the thundering reply, "No. Man need not be conditioned by his circumstances. He is the master of his own destiny. He need not go in search of happiness to the outside world, for within himself is an unexplored treasure of pure joy, which is his true self. He can realise it here and now, if he but uses his *pourusha*, will power". This realisation of one's true self in one's lifetime is what is called *Jivanmukti*.

The first step on this path is the correct evaluation or assessment of the world and man's relation to it. He has to understand what is real, and what is unreal; what is permanent and what is impermanent. Having understood it, he has to attach himself to or fix his vision on what is real and permanent, and detach himself from what is unreal and imper-

Sankara says in *Viveka-chudamani*

वैराग्यबोधौ पुरुषस्य पक्षिवत्
पक्षौ विजानीहि विचक्षणत्व ।
विमुक्तिसौधाग्रतलाधिरोहण
ताभ्यां विना नान्यतरेण सिद्धयति ॥

Oh wise man! Know that there are but two things in the world which guide and help you in attaining Moksha—Liberation from the cycle of births and deaths. They are *Viveka* and *Vairagya*. They are as essential to you as are the two wings to a bird, if you want to climb up to the top of the mansion called *Mukthi*. Nothing else will be of any avail.

Viveka or discrimination is a critical analysis of the world to know what is real and what is unreal in it. *Vairagya* or dispassion is the natural and spontaneous disassociation or unattachment to the objects of the world. The only hope for man if he wants to go above the petty joys and sorrows of this mundane life and to attain the bliss of self-realisation lies in his cultivating *viveka* and *vairagya*.

The ordinary man takes the life that is visible in this world to be real. He has a sense of possession and attachment to what he considers as his viz. his father, mother, wife, children, material possessions, status in life and the power he wields and consequently suffers when he is let down through death, disease and loss by any of them. What should be his correct attitude?

Krishna says in the *Bhagavad-Gita*

अव्यक्तादीनि भूतानि व्यक्तमध्यानि भारत ।
अव्यक्तनिधनान्येव तत्र का परिदेवना ॥

"Oh Arjuna! All the things in the world, sentient or insentient, have their origin in something that is intangible and imperceptible. They have their end also in the same imperceptible being. In between the beginning and end they have got an intermediary stage, when they acquire form and name and move in the world as a living being. Why do you regret or grieve over this short intermediary stage of our being?"

Suppose there are dolls made of clay. Originally, the dolls have no name or form, as it is just clay and in the end when the dolls are broken, forms. In between these two stages there is one, where the clay acquires forms and names as, say, a tiger, a dog or an elephant. In all these apparent changes, is there any real change in the substance viz. the clay? To those who understand this, the intermediary stage will also seem to be nothing but clay. But to a child, the intermediary part will be a real tiger and a real dog.

Man's understanding of the world is just like the child's understanding of the doll. He thinks, "This body is real, these forms and names are real, my father, mother, wife and children are all real". Because of his incomplete, fractional understanding he only takes the intermediary, projected part of existence to be real. He suffers because one day the projected part will cease to be. Anything that has come into existence will go out of existence, sooner or later. Knowing this, we should detach ourselves mentally from the fleeting, projected part and fix our vision on realising the non-changing reality that will never betray us. Self-realisation ought to be our goal in life. Vedanta says, "Look at the world, study it, analyse it and know it to be only a projected part of the Reality and hence perishable. That being so, if you attach yourself to the changing world, the joy you may derive will also be changing and impermanent. If you identify yourself with the non-changing Reality, the happiness or bliss you get will be permanent and non-changing".

The process is one of conscious development and not a blind, mechanical action. It is one of understanding and not doing a ritual. Each and everyone who cares to know Vedanta and mould his life accordingly can do so and go to the ultimate truth. Once you reach the goal i.e. attain Self-realisation or Brahma Jnana, you will realise that you would gladly have sacrificed a hundred million births for the sake of the state of Bliss you have attained. When you have imbibed even a small amount of practical Vedanta, it gives you such a peace of mind and tranquil joy that you feel like broadcasting it to the whole world. It is like a hidden treasure that is kept very close to us; yet we do not know it. It only needs strong will-power and the one-pointed determination on your part—"I will utilise this very life which has till now deluded, deceived and troubled me, to get over that illusion. I will realise Brahman in this very life". Then you are sure to reach that Infinite Abode, realising which, you will never again return to the fleeting joys and sorrows of everyday life. It will be a state of permanent Shanti (Peace) and Ananda (Bliss), right here and now.

> **A poet, a teacher, a reformer, a philosopher with unique intellectual profundity, a yogi of miraculous powers, Sankara stands unrivalled among men—a unique combination and the union, in the same person, of two qualities generally found separated—the union of the abstract and the concrete.**
>
> **To him we owe the vitality which unified different religious schools and established the supremacy of Vairagya and Bhakti.**
>
> —*K. M. Munshi*

The question is often raised, "Is Vedanta for a recluse or for an ordinary worldly man, who has to cope with his worries and anxieties arising out of his day-to-day life? Can an ordinary man take up and practise Vedanta in and through his worldly activities?" Vedanta says, "Yes. It is as much for the worldly man as for anybody else. Vedanta can be practised in the work-a-day world, in our hand-to-mouth existence. Whichever walk of life you are in—an office employee, a businessman, or a menial worker, whether you are young or old, man or woman, healthy or sick—*Jivanmukti* is within the reach of you." Seeking the Supreme Reality is a subtle inward process which requires more of application than exertion. Once you start in right earnest and with determination, the path becomes easier and easier.

If you realise it here and now, yours is the Infinite gain, for you are one with the ultimate Reality and if you do not strive after it, equally great is your loss.

May all awaken to this Reality and realise it.

SRI RAMANA MAHARSHI

85th Birthday Tribute

Dr. P. V. Cherian

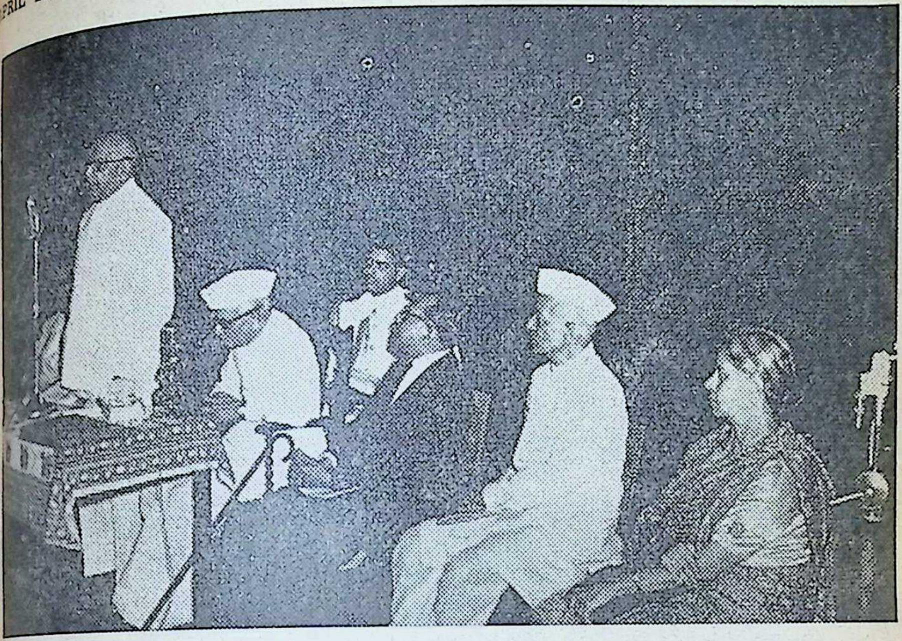
[*Governor of Maharashtra*]

IT was our unsurpassed privilege to have had Bhagavan Sri Ramana living in our midst for over 70 years. He was a golden link in the long chain of saints and mystics who have lived in this ancient land and set an example by word and deed to erring humanity.

Two broad strands have been dominant in the careers of godly men in all countries. One has been the life of service—service to an ideal, service to fellowmen or whatever other form it may take—all offered as worship to God. The other strand has been that of meditation, a general withdrawal from the hurly-burly of everyday life and an attempt to realise God through an effort of the mind. This second way has naturally been intensely personal, closely tuned to the make-up of the individual and the circumstances in which he is placed. The tradition of Martha and Mary, of *Karma* and *Bhakti*, of work and devotion, are to be found in all higher religions. Superimposed on these, we find the striving for self-realisation or God-realisation.

Bhagavan Sri Ramana, like all other saints and seers, insisted again and again that there was no great difference between these two paths, that in spite of surface dissimilarities, they were really the same and both took us towards God. It was a question of inclination or preference which decided the choice. The Bhagavan said: "The life of action need not be renounced. If you will meditate for an hour or two every day, you can then carry on with your duty. If you meditate in the right manner then the current of mind in you will continue to flow even in the midst of your work. It is as though there were two ways of expressing the same idea. The same line which you take in meditation will be expressed in your activity."

I need not strive to condense and present the Bhagavan's teachings. He insisted that everyone of us should know first the "I" within each of us and then we would know the truth. He enjoined that we should look within ourselves and we would find the answer to our problem. He lived as a witness to the immanent reality within everyone of us; he summons us to march along the path of self-realisation and to throw away the shackles of ignorance and illusion. He had made Arunachala his abode. His life was as majestic and as rounded as that hoary rock. He was there, along with the mountain, as a beckon-



The author addressing a gathering at the Bhavan on the occasion of the 85th birthday of Ramana Maharshi.

ing landmark visible for miles to which any one of us in distress could turn. He was equally available to the *yogi* and the child, to the scholar and to the peasant. None who sat within the radiant halo of his being ever came out without feeling ennobled and inspired. To see him and to sit quietly near him was itself a great reward. "The Great Teacher sat enwrapped in silence. The disciples gathered round him had all their doubts answered by that silence", so sang a poet of another occasion and another Master. This was the daily experience for thousands who went to have *darshan* of the sage at Annamalai.

Birthdays and anniversaries have a significance only for us, in the sense that at least on these important occasions we remind ourselves of the heritage that has been bequeathed to us by noble souls and great beings, that for a time at least we will have breathed in the atmosphere that was once inspired by their acts and deeds and we tried thereby to get out of the petty moulds in which our daily lives are cast.

The Bhagavan shall always be with us ; his disciples now living and those who come hereafter can always turn to him with faith that their doubts will be answered, that their burden will be lightened and the way onwards will be shown to them.

HOLIDAY-CUM-PILGRIMAGE TOUR TO KASHMIR

We have great pleasure in announcing a Holiday-cum-Pilgrimage tour to Kashmir during June, 1965.

The Valley of Kashmir, situated at a mean height of some 6000 ft. above sea level, with its scenic grandeur, its rivers and lakes has been a centre of great attraction not only to the people of India but also to visitors from all parts of the world.

The Kashmir Valley is renowned for its natural beauty. It is a region of towering peaks, magnificent lakes, springs and waterfalls, green meadows and well-laid gardens and deep forests.

The first and foremost centre of attraction is the beautiful City of Srinagar, known as the Venice of the East, Chashma Shahi, the Nasim, the Nishat and the Shalimar. A land-mark of the City is the Shankaracharya Hill, named after Adi Shankaracharya. From this Hill, one gets a fine view of Srinagar City.

Next comes the Gulmarg or "the meadow of flowers" at an altitude of 8,500 feet from where one can see the famous peaks of the Himalayas like the Mahadeo, the Harmukh and the Nanga Parbat.

Pahalgaon is another important hill station in Kashmir, at an altitude of 7,000 feet, surrounded by snow-clad mountains and known for the beauty of its landscape and invigorating climate.

Sonamarg, Achhabal, Wular Lake, Mansbal Lake, Anantnag are among the other beauty spots that will be covered in this most enchanting and exciting excursion to this celestial garden of the East.

The State of Jammu and Kashmir stands as a symbol of our secularism. For centuries, Kashmir was a centre of Buddhism. On the congenial soil of Kashmir, Buddhism and Hinduism flourished side by side for centuries. The advent of Islam added a third dimension to this composite culture of Kashmir and in the State of Jammu and Kashmir we find the spirit of harmonius assimilation of diverse cultures, marked by the qualities of tolerance and brotherhood among the communities.

Kashmir has numerous temples, mosques and monasteries which would attract the visitors' attention. The famous Martand Temple dedicated to the Sun, the shrines of Kheer Babawani and Hari Parvat, Shri Raghunath's Temple in Jammu, the shrine of Vaishno Devi are some of the sacred shrines which it is proposed to cover in this holiday-cum-pilgrimage tour.

The following places will also be visited en route:

AGRA
MATHURA
NEW DELHI
AMRITSAR
CHANDIGARH
BHAKRA NANGAL

The tour will be of 30 days duration commencing from Bombay on the 31st May 1965. The journey will be conducted in specially reserved First Class Bogeys.

The fare per person for the entire yatra, inclusive of food, sight-seeing expenses, accommodation at Kashmir etc. will be Rs. 1,000/-.

You and your family and friends are cordially invited to participate in the above yatra. A sum of Rs. 100 is to be paid immediately for registration and the balance of fare is to be remitted before the 15th of May, 1965. As only limited number of yatriks are going to be registered, those interested may kindly contact or write to the Samskritik Vikas Yatra Vibhag, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Chowpatty Road, Bombay-7, immediately.

THE BHAGAVATPADA—*Contd.*

world perception is not ultimately true, but only relatively real, they have come in effect to reject difference itself. The scientific thought of the present-day progressively approximates to and supports the conclusion of Sri Sankara in the repudiation of the world of difference.

This modern view will prepare the way for inculcating a sense of peace in the world. With the obliteration, through proper insight, of the sense of difference among the citizens of the world, among leaders of men and among administrators, the wise the brave and thoughtful ones will no longer feel that others are different from themselves. They will realize their oneness even with the men of enemy countries. Themselves afflicted by the afflictions of the people of those lands, they will prove to be the foundation for raising the edifice of world peace.

On this holy day of the anniversary of Sri Sankara's birth, may the truth, Advaita or non-difference, to which modern scientific thinkers are getting attuned, a Truth which has been proclaimed by eternal Sruti and which has been rendered radiant by Sri Sankara Bhagavatpaada, be broadcast all over the world by thinkers and wise men, each in his measure, with earnestness and fervour.

May the malady of absence of peace which afflicts all mankind be cured by the life-giving nectar of the realisation of non-difference. May *'Sam'* in the name Samkara, i.e., Peace, reign everywhere.

[*From a broadcast speech*]

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KRISHNAVATARA

The Righteous War

THE BOOK OF BHEEMA

CHAPTER 18

JOURNEY TO KAILAS

THE three, the Aghori, Dushaasana and Shakuni, were silent for a while.

'Make up your mind,' said the Aghori in a peremptory tone. 'Have you the courage to undertake the journey to Kailas in order to secure the death of your enemies?'

'Yes, master,' replied Dushaasana.

'Will you be able to face the Mighty Mother, fiercer than Death, in humility and prayer?'

'Yes, master.'

'Then pray to the Mighty Mother to grant your wishes,' said the Aghori.

'Yes, master,' said Dushaasana and Shakuni and, as suggested by the Aghori, closed their eyes for a few moments.

The vessel in which the decoction was boiling, emitting a strong odour, was taken out from the *vedi*.

Mumbling *tantrik* formulas, the Aghori took a sharp, wooden knife, cut the throat of the infant lying there and offered his blood to the Goddess. He also poured a few drops of blood on the *lingam* of the Great God and applied it first to his own forehead and then to the foreheads of Dushaasana and Shakuni.

All the time muttering the magic formulas, the Aghori drank a portion of the decoction himself and gave the rest to the others to drink, which they did.

Bheema watched this gruesome ritual almost with horror. Soon the eyes of Dushaasana and Shakuni became unnaturally wide and bright.

'What do you feel?' asked the Aghori.

'My head turns; a chill runs down my spine,' replied Dushaasana.

'I see red and green circles in my eyes,' said Shakuni.

When he saw that the decoction was having its effect, the Aghori took his trident in hand and touched the foreheads of Dushaasana and Shakuni.

'Tell me what you see,' said the Aghori. 'Do you see an aerial car coming? It will take you to the abode of the Mighty Mother Durga.'

Both Dushaasana and Shakuni, with wide open eyes, said: 'It has come; it has come.' Their voice was as if coming from some far-off cave.

'Take your seats in it and lift your hearts to the feet of the Mighty Mother Durga in prayer,' said the Aghori, waving the trident before the eyes of his visitors.

'What about you, master?' asked Shakuni.

'I will travel with you, but in another aerial car,' replied the Aghori and threw more firewood in the *vedi*.

'Master, the aerial car is fast gaining speed,' said Dushaasana, in the same far-away voice.

'I am gasping for breath,' said Shakuni, shuddering as he placed his hand on his throat.

The Aghori again moved the trident before the eyes of the two others. 'What are you feeling now?' asked the Aghori.

'We are flying fast; I am filled with rapture,' said Dushaasana with a note of exultation.

'We are flying at great speed, master,' muttered Shakuni. 'The air whistles as if there is a hurricane.'

The Aghori kept on waving the trident before their eyes and asked: 'What do you see now?'

'We are racing upwards and upwards,' said Dushaasana. 'We see the earth below us,' said Shakuni.

The trident was waved again.

'We see the mighty Ganga below us as if it was only a streak of water,' said Shakuni.

'Oh! What a wonderful sight,' exclaimed Dushaasana. 'We are now approaching high mountains; yes, they are the Himalayas, the King of mountains.'

'Its peaks are below us; they are covered by virgin forests; we hear the wind blowing through them,' said Shakuni, lost in admiration.

'The tree-tops are swaying like expert dancers,' added Dushaasana.

'Wonder of wonders!' he exclaimed after a few moments. 'We are flying through clouds. We have almost touched the roof of the heavens.'

'What a gorgeous sight!' exclaimed Dushaasana. 'Snowy peaks, rows upon rows, their summits tinged with gold, stretch out to the end of the Universe.'

'Now we see a mighty peak touching the heavens, with its rounded summit like a *lingam* of molten gold,' said Shakuni.

'It is Mount Kailas, where Mother Durga and Her Lord, the God of gods, reside,' said the Aghori and added: 'Blessed are your eyes, for you have seen this holiest of holy shrines. Come out of your aerial car, prostrate yourselves and pray to the Lord of Creation and Destruction and His Mighty Spouse to give you *darshan.*' His voice was filled with reverence.

'We have come out of our car. We

are praying. The clouds are rolling away,' said Shakuni.

'We see before us the Great God and the fearsome Mother!' exclaimed Dushaasana in a subdued tone.

'We are blessed indeed!' uttered Shakuni. 'Divine Pair, Parvati and Parameshwara, we humbly prostrate ourselves before you. Shower your grace upon us.'

'What favour do you seek?' came a Voice—deep, sonorous, powerful—filling the three worlds.

Bheema heard the echoes of the Voice reverberating in the forests like rolling thunder. He shook his head to awaken himself from what he thought was a dream. Indomitable though he was, his heart began to throb wildly on hearing the voice of the Mighty Mother.

'Repeat word for word the prayer which I chant, lest you might be reduced to ashes by the Lord opening His fiery third eye,' said the Aghori.

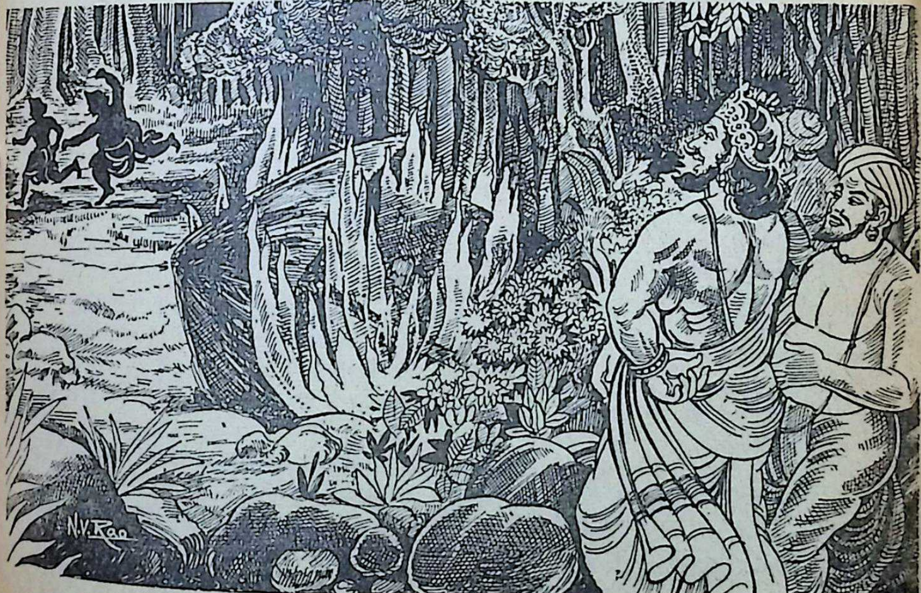
'Yes, master,' said Dushaasana and Shakuni, overpowered by the vision that was before them.

The Aghori chanted:

'Oh, Lord of the Three Worlds,
Thou Lord of creation and destruction.
In Thy cosmic dance, by one step
Thou dost create the universe and all the beings created.
By another, Thou dost reduce the universe to ashes.
Be pleased, be pleased....'

Shakuni and Dushaasana repeated the chant line by line.

...they ran as fast as their legs could carry them towards the river bank...



'Oh, Mighty Shiva, sovereign and supreme,
When Thou dancest, the firmament, the stars and the planets, the sun and the moon, and all the Gods tremble with fear.
Be pleased, be pleased....'

The other two repeated the chant.

'Oh, Mother Divine, Thou dost preside over the past, the present and the future,
In Thy benign hands, Thou dost hold the thread of every life.
When Thy face glows red like the rising moon,
Thy wrathful eyes burn up the wicked.
Be pleased, be pleased.....'

'Oh, Mother, the Mighty, the Destroyer of demons,
We have been blessed by Thy darshan,
Which even the sages cannot have.
Even with the most austere tapas.
Be pleased, be pleased....'

Dushaasana and Shakuni repeated the chant.

'Now, ask the favours which you seek from the Mighty Mother,' said the Aghori.

'Favour us with a boon, oh, Mother. We seek the death of three persons before the next full-moon day,' said Dushaasana, bowing his head and keeping his hands joined palm to palm in deep reverence.

'Who are they?' came the Voice.

Bheema rubbed his eyes once again. He realised that he did not hear the voice in a nightmare.

The Voice reverberated through the forest; the Aghori went on waving the trident before the other two, whose prayerful eyes, wide open unnaturally, were fixed as if on the Divine Mother.

'We want the death of Gangeya, son of Emperor Shantanu, generally called Bheeshma,' said Dushaasana.

Laughter filled the air, as the Voice said:

'His life has been pure; his dedication to dharma *absolute; his self-control greater than that of the best of ascetics. He has received Our boon; he will join his ancestors only when he wills it.'*

'Oh Mighty Goddess! Then we seek the death of Krishna, son of Vasudeva, before the next full-moon day.'

The Voice was now stern: *'He has taken birth to fulfil a divine mission. He cannot shake off his mortal coil till the mission is fulfilled.'*

The Aghori piled fuel in the *vedi*; the flames burnt high.

'Oh Mighty Goddess, have mercy on us. At least, let the third one die,' said Dushaasana, his voice betraying his frustration.

No sooner Bheema heard Dushaasana's prayer, he understood that he would now secure his death; he had no such boon as the Grandfather had, who could only die when he wished; nor, like Krishna, was he born with a divine mission to fulfil. Terror gripped him. At any cost, he must stop Dushaasana from asking the third favour.

Outstretching both his arms, he caught hold of the two bamboos which supported the small grass structure. Bringing into play his massive strength, he pushed it so that it fell over the heads of the three men sitting around the fire.

The grass hut fell right on the Aghori and the blazing fire in the *vedi*. The ends of its grass walls fell on the two others, who were still in a semi-conscious state.

The dry grass immediately blazed forth as a strong wind began to blow. The beard and hairy body of the Aghori caught fire.

Shakuni and Dushaasana awoke from the trance and were dazed to see the flames leaping out in front, enveloping the Aghori in fire.

Realising that they themselves would soon be burnt to death, they shook off the grass which had fallen on them.

A loud laughter—very familiar—was in the air. It was not the laughter of the Goddess, they were sure; but they could not understand whose it was.

In panic they ran as fast as their legs could carry them towards the river bank. They had not the patience to push the canoe in the water to ferry themselves across the water. A mighty fear was in their hearts. The gods were wroth. The uncle and the nephew jumped into the river and swam to the opposite shore.

Bheema stood watching the Aghori. He was a strange man. He made no effort to save himself from the fire; not a word escaped from his mouth, except one prayer: 'Mighty Mother of the world, receive me, Your child, in Your arms.'

Bheema turned to the spy and, before going to their canoe, put his hand on his shoulder in a friendly way: 'You did not answer the last question I asked you. Answer it now. Can you tell me who the young lady accompanying Rekhaa was?'

'I cannot say, for certain, lord but I could guess. She was not a maid-servant; she was not a *mull* woman; her way of carrying herself was that of a princess.'

'Tell me the truth: who do you think she was?' Bheema asked. Cordiality was in his voice and behaviour.

'I think she was the Princess of Kaashi, younger sister of the noble Princess, the consort of the Crown Prince, Duryodhana.'

'Oh, you know too much,' remarked Bheema.

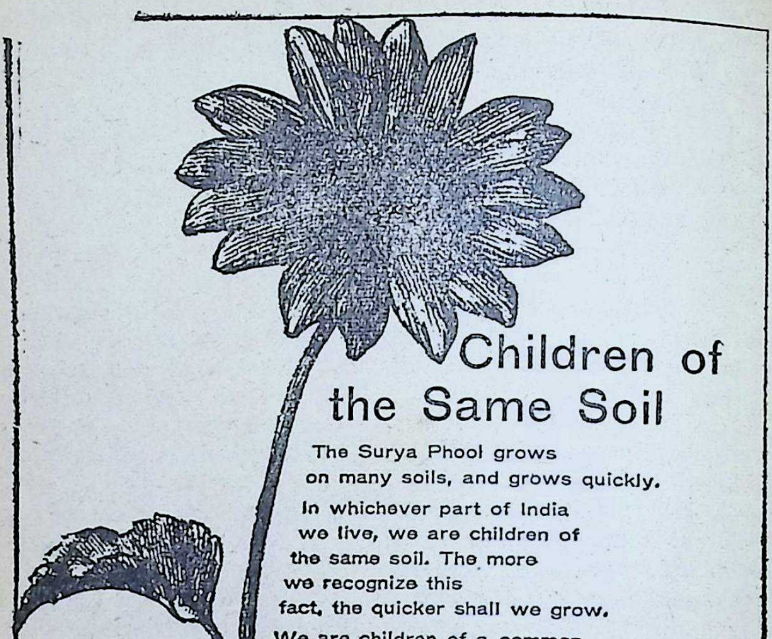
Before the spy could understand the significance of this remark, Bheema's arm shot out; his fist crashed into the spy's face; his skull was cracked; his teeth fell out of his mouth. The man fell on the ground like a log of wood.

Gopu pushed him into the fire.

[*To be continued*]

In a brief life of 32 he (Sankara) did the work of many long lives and left such an impress of his powerful mind and rich personality on India that it is very evident today.

—Jawaharlal Nehru



Children of the Same Soil

The Surya Phool grows on many soils, and grows quickly. In whichever part of India we live, we are children of the same soil. The more we recognize this fact, the quicker shall we grow. We are children of a common soil. We are children of India. Let's grow together, and we shall grow quickly.

DIRECTOR OF PUBLICITY GOVERNMENT OF MAHARASHTRA BOMBAY

CAN INDIA REMAIN LUKEWARM OR SILENT?

C. Rajagopalachari

THE UNITED STATES Government has taken a decision on the fighting in South Vietnam. It has taken a calculated risk of a bigger war. President Johnson has taken this risk after considerable and anxious consideration of the states involved. The question is whether India should give her definite moral support to America at this juncture or whether she should abstain and remain 'neutral' or lukewarm, thereby dangerously hurting US morale and strength at a critical moment, and in effect helping Communist China to triumph.

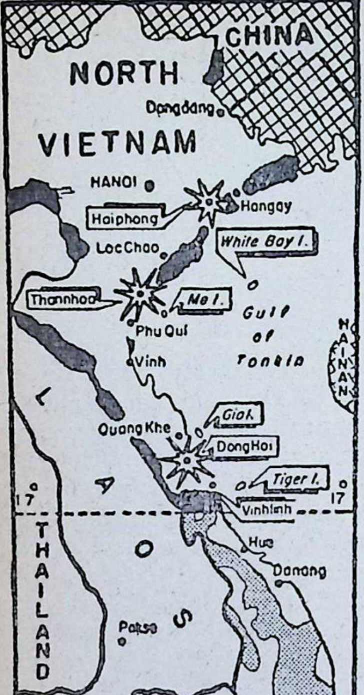
Lovers of peace—and there are as many of them in America as we are proud to think there are in our own country, and of as good quality too as the best of us—ask the US President: "Why this risky change in war policy now, why not try harder to find out if the communists will negotiate?"

President Johnson with so many difficult home problems on his hands and his programme to make wealthy America a happier America also, would have gladly acceded to this public desire for an end to the South Vietnam war, if he could honestly and safely do it.

The communists agreed to negotiate in 1954 and signed an Agreement; and, as a result, obtained complete control of North Vietnam. The present fighting has grown out of violation of that agreement. If China and North Vietnam honour the 1954 Agreement, the present fighting should at once stop. If fresh negotiations are started, it can result only in some fresh reward for communist aggression—very probably the addition of the whole of South Vietnam to North Vietnam.

If this is to happen, either by agreement or as the certain result of US withdrawal of its forces from South Vietnam, the consequences will be disastrous. Communist China's appetite for conquest and the ambitions of communism in general will be whetted. It will be an invitation to the communists to take over the rest of Asia.

America had fought to keep Japan out of South-East Asia. If a takeover by Japan was then unacceptable, how can the danger of Communist China now taking over Asia be allowed to become a reality, which is what will happen if under pressure of peace-lovers, America withdraws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from Vietnam? America, acting for the non-communist world, cannot afford to give China this victory with all its consequences. Once the withdrawal is done from Vietnam, it is bound to become a withdrawal from all Asia. The position is clear, whether those in America who press for the end of the fight in Vietnam, see it or not.

If the Agreement of 1954 is respected and the aggression, which is a violation of that Agreement, is withdrawn, the fighting in Vietnam will end, and will end safely and not dangerously as prognosticated above, if it ended otherwise.

If as some people believe the present aggression has behind it only the need for food for North Vietnam, which the South can supply, there would be no difficulty about this, if the military aggression came to an end. If the communist operations against South Vietnam are stopped, trade and aid will be made available to North Vietnam. But the communists want withdrawal of America from South Vietnam before anything can be talked, which only means a free passage for communist conquest and occupation.

The communists are convinced that there is a clamour for peace in the United States and among its allies, and that President Johnson will 'back down' and pull US troops out of South Vietnam if only they protract the fighting. This attitude is strengthened by the support the neutral nations give from outside to the communist attitude by pressing the US to cease fighting and to enter on fresh negotiations, ignoring the disregard shown to the Agreement already solemnly signed in 1954. It is here that India opens herself to serious blame. In her own interest, if not in the wider interest, India ought to give full moral support to America, who is fighting not for pleasure or for some secret advantage for herself but to save non-communist Asia from the consequences of a communist triumph in Vietnam. If South Vietnam is abandoned by the US and a communist take-over takes place, the remaining neutral countries Laos and Cambodia will go over, and Thailand then will not be able to resist communist aggression. So also will Burma disappear into the Communist Empire with the speed of lightning. And this will take the Communist Empire to the gates of India.

□ □ □

Heartbeat of VIETNAM WAR

The Viet Nam conflict is a war of unparalleled brutality, and over this war is the deepening shadow of Communist China.

I wish it were possible to convince others with words of what we now find it necessary to say with guns and planes: armed hostility is futile and our resources are equal to any challenger because we fight for values and a principle rather than territory or colonies.

While it is true some South Viet Namese are participating in the attack on their own Government, the main reality is North Viet Nam has attacked with the objective of total conquest and trained men, supplies, orders and arms are flowing constantly from the north to the south.

This support is the heartbeat of the war. The confused nature of this conflict cannot mask the fact that it is a new face of the old enemy.

The rulers in Hanoi are urged on by Peking. This is a regime which has destroyed freedom in Tibet, attacked India and has been condemned by the U.N. for aggression in Korea.

It is a nation which is helping the forces of violence in almost every continent. The contest in Viet Nam is part of a wider pattern of aggressive purpose.

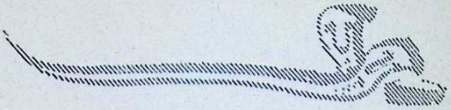
U.S. is pledged to help Viet Nam defend its independence, and I intend to keep our promise. To dishonour that pledge....would be unforgivable wrong.

We are there to strengthen world order. Around the globe, from Berlin to Thailand, are people whose well-being rests in part on the belief that they can count on us if they are attacked. To leave Viet Nam to its fate would shake the confidence of these people in the value of American commitment.

—President Johnson

S. Ramakrishnan

CREDULITY AGAIN?



IN the previous article, we endeavoured to analyse the patriotic pretensions of the Communists.

We shall here make an effort to deal with (a) their stand on Chinese aggression and (b) their professed faith in parliamentary activities and their democratic and peaceful pretensions.

Even after the fall of the Thagla Ridge, the Communists continued to indulge in hair-splitting arguments. Sri E.M.S. Namboodiripad, the then General Secretary of the Communist Party of India, had the temerity to state that "the Party had no access to any *independent* source of information and had merely underlined the facts that the Government of India had *alleged* violation of the MacMohan Line and *Chinese had denied it*." (italics mine).

At that time, even the so-called 'Rightist' leader Sri S. A. Dange, the Chairman of the C.P.I., was very guarded in his pronouncement on this issue and skipped it over by stating that the Chinese had "violated the MacMohan Line."

Was there anything surprising in their stand? Had they not, way back in 1959, declared in a Resolution that "a socialist China can never have any warlike designs on India, just as free India can never think in terms of war against China."

It was only *after* the Government of India had proclaimed Emergency that the Communist Party, for obvious reasons, passed a Resolution on November 1, 1962, with a narrow majority, stating that "the crossing of the MacMohan Line, under any excuse or pretence whatsoever, indisputably constitutes aggression and violation of our territory."

The Communist quick-change artists, who have had no compunctions in taking a bewildering variety of bogus *avatars* to suit the needs of their masters abroad, are now pretending to play the game of democracy. On the one hand, they are now offering to 'behave'; on the other, they are spoiling for a fight to wrest their 'democratic' right under the Indian Constitution to be called upon to form a Government in Kerala.

The Communists, who regard 'courts' as bourgeois fads, are now vociferously demanding 'open judicial trial' for those detained for security reasons. The game is to enlist as much sympathy and support as possible, by playing upon the feelings and emotions of the liberal-minded people and to turn the trial into a platform for propaganda — tactics

Continued from the last issue

familiarly employed by totalitarians intent on capturing total power.

Normal processes of law are based on the hypothesis that all anti-social or subversive and conspiratorial activities could be proved in a court of law, under well-accepted canons of jurisprudence. True, Fundamental Rights and the Rule of Law are enshrined in our Constitution. But when the security of the nation is at stake, it will be a clear dereliction of duty to delay or shirk taking effective remedial action by seeking to follow the dilatory process of law applicable to normal and peaceful times. In times of grave National Emergency, the activities of those suspected of espionage or having subversive designs or ties of friendship with or sneaking sympathy for the aggressor should be ruthlessly crippled. The sparks must be extinguished before the haystack catches fire.

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Let us now analyse the basic Communist attitude to Parliament and parliamentary institutions, as authoritatively propounded in their Holy Commandments, the *Statutes of Communist International*:

"Communism *repudiates parliamentarianism* as the form of the future.....It repudiates the possibility of winning over parliament ...Its aim is to *destroy parliamentarianism*.

"The Communist representative in parliament is *bound to combine legal work with illegal work... render assistance to the illegal organisation and for the propagation of the party*.

"Each Communist must remember that he is not a 'Legislator' who is bound to seek agreement with other legislators but *an agitator of the Party, detailed into the enemy camp in order to carry out the orders of the Party there*. The Communist member is answerable not to the wide masses of the constituents but his own Communist Party legal or illegal."

Did not the Communist election manifesto of 1952 declare:

"It is deception of the people to say that elections alone under this Constitution can end landlord-capitalist rule in the country and the imperialist hold over its life....It is also deception of the people to say that under the new Constitution the masses or the Government elected by them can work their way to freedom and happiness. The Constitution is not and cannot be called a true democratic constitution but it is the constitution of a landlord-capitalist State tied to foreign imperialist interests—mainly British."

These extracts give a clear idea that the Communist profession of constitutionalism is only a facade behind which preparation for the ultimate seizure of total power is to be carried out, as was amply demonstrated during the short-lived Communist regime in Kerala (5th April 1957 to 31st July 1959).

Sri Ajoy Ghosh, who was the General Secretary of C.P.I. for about a decade following Telangana, once said in a speech that "talk of peaceful transition is only a tactic. It is a big weapon in our hands. It enables us to heal the split in the socialist movement. It enables us to forge links with socialists who sincerely desire socialism but abhor civil war."

The statement of the Editorial Board of the Communists, in 1950, had advised the Party workers that "a decisive condition for the victorious outcome of the national liberation struggle is the formation, when the necessary internal conditions allow for it, of Peoples Liberation Armies under the leadership of the Communist Party".

A highly secret document circulated to the members of the Central Committee of the C.P.I. during the Third Congress held at Madurai in 1953 said that "Parliamentary possibilities are restricted and that their replacement of the present State upholding the present imperialistic feudal order by a People's Democratic State is possible only through an *armed revolution* of the people."

In the November (1964) issue of *Peace, Freedom and Socialism*, the organ of Cominform, Sri G. Adhikari has explained the Communist tactics more elaborately:

> "Leninism teaches and experience confirms that the ruling classes never relinquish power voluntarily, and one has to be prepared to use force whenever necessary. Everything will depend on whether the force of peaceful mass struggle, isolating the ruling classes compels them to surrender or whether they hit back with their arms might at one stage or another. The proletariat and its party must never lose sight of this possibility, and it should be prepared for it. Given such a basic preparation, a switch-over to non-peaceful methods when required should not be difficult. Without such a basic preparation any attempt to switch over to non-peaceful methods would either remain mere talk or lead to adventurism."

Obviously their prevalent Amritsar thesis on peaceful transition to Communism is just tactical and temporary. They want to gain power by peaceful parliamentary method, if possible, and will not hesitate to use force and violence, if necessary. Did not Lenin long ago lay down the dictum: "When one enjoys an overwhelming superiority of forces one can succeed by a direct frontal attack. When forces are inadequate, detours, waiting periods, zigzags, retreats, and so on and so forth may be necessary."

To sum up:

- It is dangerous credulity to ignore the fact that the C.P.I. was conceived in Moscow; that the larger part of the spade-work of the Communist Party of India was done by Communists from elsewhere; that the Indian Communists received, and continue to receive, help from abroad in the shape of directions, instructions and finance; and that during the Party's whole career, no change in the policy has been, or can be, carried out without a directive from the International Communist Movement.
- It is myopic credulity to ignore the fact that the activities and fortunes of the C.P.I. are not directly inspired or affected by the plight of the Indian people but by the fortunes of Russian, and now Chinese, dictatorship, of which both the Right and Left factions of the C.P.I. are appendages.

- It is obtuse credulity to ignore the fact that the Communists have no faith in and have only utter contempt for democratic and peaceful methods.
- It is crass credulity to ignore the fact that in the course of their career, the Indian Communists have had to take many a right-about-turn and perform many a somersault to suit the interests of their masters abroad.

The Indian Communists have no roots in our soil. Their body may be in India but their minds, and undeniably their loyalties, are elsewhere. They are tools of a world movement and will perform their allotted task, with well-drilled accuracy, at the bidding of the Master Planners, in Moscow or Peking.

General Mark-Clarke, who was one of the Allied Delegates in the negotiations with the Russians in Vienna on the Austrian Peace Treaty and again in the negotiations in Panmunjom on the Korean Peace Treaty, has tersely described their true colour:

"Whenever we dealt with Communists, we were faced with the Red determination to dominate the world. This drive for world domination masquerades under various names—liberty, liberation, independence, even nationalism. These communist-used labels constitute a basic lie in the Red fabric of lies, a fabric made up of the claim of tyrants that they fight for freedom, the claim of oppressors that they struggle for liberation...

"I was to learn that, no matter the colour of the skin, the sound of the language or the place of the meeting, a Communist anywhere was just the same as every other Communist.

"The face might look different, the tongue might sound different, but the heart was the same and the goal was the same. Konev in Vienna and Nam II at Panmunjom were like illegitimate brothers, raised by the same mother to serve the same function for Communism. The function was to lie, cheat, kill, if necessary to eat away the strength of the free world and add that much to the strength of the Communist world.

"The function was to advance step by step towards the day when the free world no longer would have the strength to hold out against Communism, the day when, through fear, through exhaustion, through quarrels amongst the Allies, or through war itself, the free world would fail and the Communists would inherit the earth.

"In Austria, in Germany and in Korea, I watched the Communists struggle to advance their campaign by methods short of a war...In each country I felt that we of the free world tackled the problems individually, worked to tidy up one nasty situation at a time, without fully meeting the enormity of the Master-Plan of the Communists to destroy us. In each country, our enemies use each conflict, big or small, as an incident to promote their campaign, to gain a little ground, to sow the seeds of dissension among us..."

The Communists profess to fight vested interests but they have the greatest vested interests in miseries,

They are absolutely dangerous...Communists Right or Left. Death is certain whether the cobra bit the right or left leg.

—C. Rajagopalachari
25th February 1965

scarcity and unstable conditions. Like malignant bacteria that look out for vulnerable points in the human organism, the Communists pounce upon the trouble-spots in the body-politic and wherever they do not exist, they deliberately work to create them. It is characteristic of them to campaign for peace in warlike manner.

The unceremonious dethronement of the not-too-insignificant Khrushchev is a significant pointer to the eventual and inevitable rapprochement between Russia and China and once this happens—if not earlier—it is as definite as night following day that both the wings of the C.P.I. will compose their so-called differences and once again unite in the common cause of subserving international communism, to the detriment of our national interests. Did not Moscow, who for a time denounce Tito, President of Yugoslavia, as a renegade and reactionary, make overtures to him and woo him, when circumstances compelled it?

Astonishing flexibility, brazen-faced *volte-faces,* of course, clothed in appropriate dialectics, will be conveniently pressed into service in conjuring up a bridge for unifying the now seemingly dissimilar wings 'Right' and 'Left'. No doubt, the time shall be of their choosing.

Past conduct cannot be wiped out by platitudinous statements, particularly in the case of a political party which leans or depends on or looks to foreign countries.

The tendency to condone treasonable acts or deal with those perpetrating such acts leniently or in a half-hearted manner out of a mistaken notion of democratic and liberal principles or in order to obtain temporary easement or out of fear of adverse reactions from some foreign powers, is only laying up further troubles and permitting the situation to get completely out of hand. Timely and effective action is the essence of administration. A stitch in time saves nine.

It is not permitted to those charged with dealing with events in times of crisis to confine themselves purely to the enunciation of broad general principles. They must not shirk taking and implementing definite decisions from day to day.

It is excusable if one is unable to comprehend latent danger. It is understandable if one detects the danger and makes it known to the public, and yet takes no effective action on moral grounds. But it is unpardonable and unpatriotic to see the danger and make a pretence of meeting it by measures which one knows are in-

(*Continued on page 60*)

> We have now to take up the articles dealing with the question of language. I know this is a subject which has been agitating the minds of Members for some time and so I would make an appeal to the speakers who are going to take part in the debate. My appeal is not in favour of any particular proposition, but it is with regard to the nature of the speeches which Members may be making. Let us not forget that whatever decision is taken with regard to the question of language, it will have to be carried out by the country as a whole. There is no other item in the whole Constitution of the country which will be required to be implemented from day to day, from hour to hour, I might even say from minute to minute, in actual practice. Therefore, Members will remember that it will not do to carry a point by debate in this House. The decision of the House should be acceptable to the country as a whole. Even if we succeed in getting a particular proposition passed by majority, if it does not meet with the approval of any considerable section of people in the country—either in the North or in the South, the implementation of the Constitution will become a most difficult problem.
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> **Opening speech by Dr. Rajendra Prasad at the Constituent Assembly on 12th September 1949 before the debate on the language clauses took place.**

"UNITY IN DIVISION"

R. R. Diwakar

'UNITY in Diversity' is an overworked expression in India. It is hurled at the face of all who try to call India a sub-continent. It is often used as the very definition of the particular type of nationalism India can be proud of. I am afraid, we in our short-sightedness, are unconsciously replacing this beautiful phrase, which has served us so splendidly, by a hybrid one, namely, 'Unity in Division'! This we are doing in the name of 'Unity' on the language front. Our politicians seem to have failed to realise that the language issue is not merely a political one. It cannot be and should not be sought to be solved either in a hurry or to satisfy only political considerations. It is unfortunate that linguistic ambitions have assumed political proportions and are being paraded as national necessities. It is these complications and the misguided violent agitation in the Tamil Nad which have added further to the difficult task of a solution agreeable to all. 'Confusion worse confounded' is an expression which aptly applies to the present linguistic situation in India.

Under these circumstances, it is wise to tackle only the immediate issue in terms of the Official Language Act of 1963 as modified by our late Prime Minister's assurance. We should leave the other issues to be dealt with by experts and educationists in a calmer atmosphere.

Language problems are not peculiar to India. There are several countries such as Canada, Switzerland, Yugoslavia and so on. The most notable one and of almost as great a magnitude as India is the USSR with about sixty languages. They all have solved their problems. Here in India after seventeen years of freedom we are indulging in unseemly wrangle and riots.

This is not the place to go into the reasons of this predicament nor of trying to solve the problem. I want to deal only with the solutions which are being thought of but which are remedies worse than the disease. They will lead us logically and inevitably to the most disastrous result of 'Unity in Division'.

Apart from and in addition to the implementation of the late Prime Minister's assurance, three additional steps are being canvassed as adequate and agreeable solutions of this tangled problem. I would like to warn the country that these steps would land us into a situation from which there would be no return. The contemplated steps would create new problems and further complicate matters. The division of the country into many more Pakistans would be assured.

The first question which each one of us must answer is whether we want a united India or not. If the answer is in the positive, we must be willing to sacrifice everything for the sake of that unity. If India falls apart into so many linguistic countries, we shall not only be Balkanised but Europised and there will be no end to our quarrels which may end in blood and bitterness. Even when we are under a single government of United India, our quarrels over borders, river waters, location of industrial plants, grabbing of territories like Goa have made us a butt of ridicule and have delayed our orderly and planned progress. We lose the perspective in no time and our parochial interests begin to hold sway. The result of Europisation of India would be not only the disappearance of India as a glorious nation which has through thick and thin maintained continuity of life and culture, but will also result in the exposure of all the nationalities in India to danger and possible death as individual entities.

Take for instance, the quota system in the Central Services. It would be far worse than communal representation in proportion to population. The system would set a premium on efficiency since selection will depend not on equal merit but on the allotted number from each State. In the case of a communal quota, there is only one stamp on the forehead of the selected candidate and that depends on the circumstance of birth which is beyond the control of the person and the selector concerned. But if the quota depends upon the State, the language, and the number fixed, the person selected would carry with him the permanent stamp of the language, the State and the number. The central services would be a motley crowd without national characteristics, without an esprit decorps and without any traditional standards and conventions. Thus it would divide the Services, State and language-wise not only at the time of selection but permanently.

Another remedy sought to be administered is the holding of UPSC examinations in all the fourteen scheduled languages. In a flush of enthusiasm, in a flair for flattery, and in trying to achieve temporary and false unity some politician said that all the languages were national languages! Others began to repeat the same. Then followed the demand for their use in the central government. The other day the DMK Leader said that multilingualism has to be the price of unity. These two are contradiction in terms. If there is not one or at the most two languages in which the administrative affairs of the country are carried on, it would mean that those who are adepts in other languages will be confined only to their own regions. They would not be of any use anywhere else. Another difficulty would be about equal standards. The third difficulty would be the very mechanics of it.

The third remedy which has been in the air for a long time is what is called the three-language formula. The Hindi States were asked to teach their boys and girls one non-Hindi and preferably a southern language. This was a sop, so to say, to the Southern States. This has proved a bogus promise and a practical failure. I go further and say that it is impossible of implementation. In the first place, why should a Hindi boy or girl learn a southern language which he may never have a chance to use. Is it not waste of money, time, energy and the intelligence of the youngsters? Even if sought to be implemented, ninety-five per cent will lapse into illiteracy in the respective languages sought to be imposed. Moreover, the mechanics of this step are extremely difficult. In a talk with an extremely knowledgeable Chief Minister, I found that what was practical and possible was only teaching in the border districts the language of the neighbouring State. Beyond that, nothing more can be done. On the other hand, teaching Sanskrit as a third language in addition to Hindi and English would be extremely helpful.

When this is the situation and the logic of facts, it is better to be realistic and adopt such courses as would promote national integration consistent with due respect to regional claims both of language and culture.

In summing up, I must say that integrity of the Indian nation is the highest value which we must uphold. Let no one mislead people by saying Hindi is going to be the national language which is to replace the fourteen languages. Hindi is going to be the only official language in time to come. English is to continue as the associate official language till such time as those affected want it. The regional languages are going to be the official languages in their respective regions with English as the associate language till it is required.

Thus while regional languages will gradually become the masters in their own regions, Hindi and English would be necessary for various purposes for those who would like to have contacts with all-India and world activities.

This is the straight and the simple way in which this problem should be sought to be solved in a calmer atmosphere with the help of experts and educationists.

C. C. DESAI, I.C.S. (Retd.)

Personalities I have met

THE earliest personality I came in contact with after joining the Indian Civil Service and who made a deep and abiding impression on me was E. Raghavendra Rao of Bilaspur in the old Central Provinces and Berar.

He started life as a leader in the Congress party and always wore pure *khadi* although it also meant spotless white Khadi and well-tailored garment unlike what we see today even on some of the most prominent members of the Congress.

Sri Rao had a political genius and insight the like of which I have not seen even in the tallest Congressmen whom I came to know later in life when it was known that officers from the Central Provinces and Berar monopolised most of the coveted posts in the Central Government and provided the largest number of Secretaries to the Government of India. All that was due largely to one man and that was Raghavendra Rao.

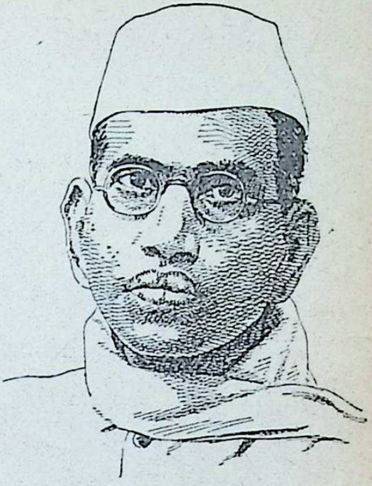
Like Vithalbhai Patel in the old Imperial Assembly, Raghavendra

The author with Sir John Kotelawala and Sir Oliver Goonetileke.

Rao was not only respected but genuinely feared by the British bureaucracy which was well entrenched in the country. Raghavendra Rao could hold his own against Governors, Executive Councillors, Advisers and senior officers all of whom belonged to the Indian Civil Service and who knew what they were doing, who were able administrators and who were really the cream of civil servants, in a service known as the best in the world.

Again, it was due to the influence and inspiring leadership of Raghavendra Rao that the Central Provinces Secretariat was the most highly Indianised and time was when every Secretary, including the Chief Secretary and Governor's Secretary, was Indian. This was not so in any other State even after the Congress had assumed office and had the right to appoint senior officers. I have seen some of the minutes recorded by Raghavendra Rao and they showed grasp, firmness, finesse, farsightedness, and above all, they were animated with patriotism.

It was his misfortune that he disagreed with some of the leading Congressmen. As a result, he was not in favour with the Congress hierarchy and had to plough his lonely furrow. Those of us like C.M. Trivedi, C.D. Deshmukh, R.N. Banerjee, Y.N. Sukthankar, N.R. Pillai, and K.V.K. Sundaram who came in close contact with him have always sworn by him and have rated him along the highest in the national leaders of the time. It was a great pity that he suffered from an incurable disease at an early age and died just five years before the dawn of independence for which he dreamt, worked and strove all his life.



E. Raghavendra Rao

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ANOTHER personality with whom I have come in fairly close contact recently is again a controversial figure. He is Jayaprakash Narayan, the man whose statements have excited adverse comments and are out of favour with the general run of vocal people. Again, Jayaprakash started life as a staunch Congressman, was a devoted follower of Gandhiji whose confidence he and his wife enjoyed in the fullest measure, had his differences with leading Congressmen, and today is somewhat out of tune with the Congress and is also ploughing his lonely furrow. His patriotism can never be in question. His statements show that he has a remarkable grasp of events and situations and that he can see far beyond his nose, unlike

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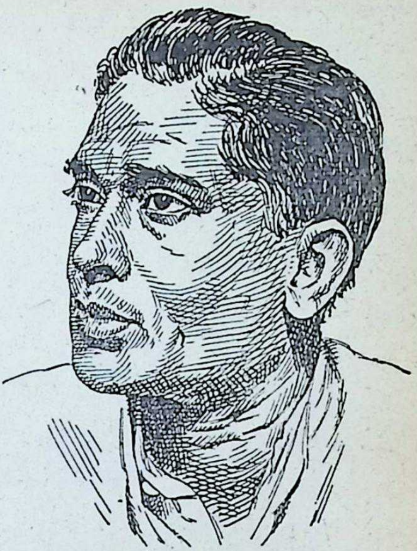
any other leaders today. He has no se for cheap, misplaced patriotism d chauvinism. He does not believe n compromising with the right, whe- er in his thinking, whether in his tions, whether in his speeches. To e in the right he would not mind be- g in a minority of even two or three.

It requires a man of tremendous urage to preach friendship with kistan on the basis of a just and ir settlement of the Kashmir dis- ute in terms of past commitments d above all, certain basic democra- c principles. He has shown the me courage in his peace mission in agaland and in telling the truth bout the plight of Muslims during e outburst of communalism earlier is year. He does not consider that ecause there was provocation in ast Pakistan, there could be justifica- on for improper or unfair treat- ent of our people and of the Mus- m minority in India.

Any other person with a weaker re would have gone under long o; but not so tough, broad-shoul- ered and righteous Jayaprakash. There are many in the country who el that so long as there are people e him in the country, there is hope r our future. I have had occasions f going to him, talking to him and xplaining to him certain points of iew and it has always been a plea- ure to find that within a few minutes e had grasped what the situation was nd that later when he explained the osition to others, he was lucid, sin- ere and convincing. There are many people who think that one day he would be the Prime Minister of In- dia; but considering his politics and manner in which he would not flinch from calling a spade a spade, I cannot see how this dream is going to be realised. Only a miracle can make him the Prime Minister of this country; but then is not India a land of miracles from the time of the ancient rishis and *devatas!*



Sri Jayaprakash Narayan

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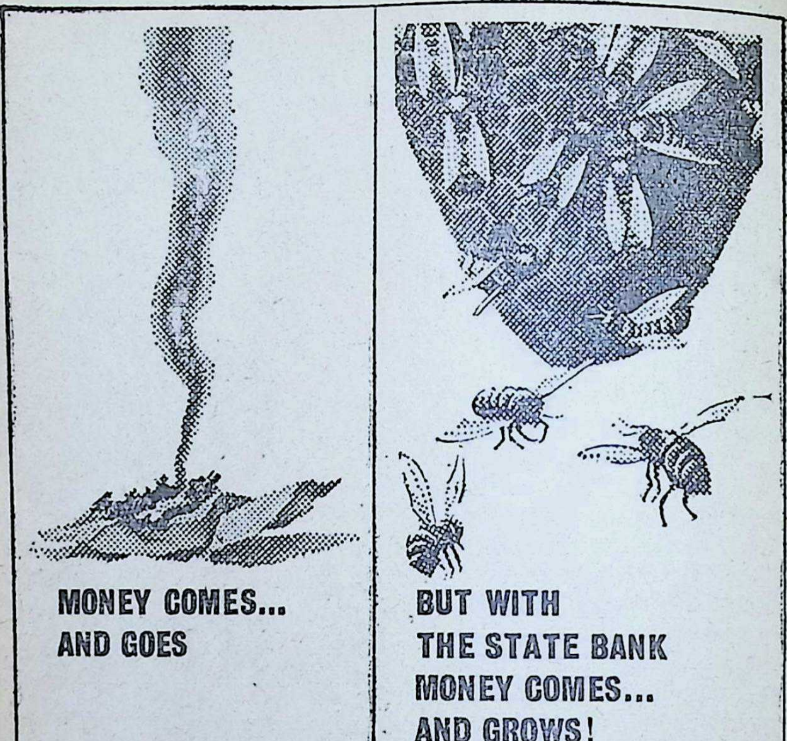
Now let me talk about some of my friends abroad, especially as I have been two years in Ceylon and nearly four years in Pakistan as High Commissioner for India. The most colourful personality in Ceylon then, as even now, would be Sir John Kotelawala, who was the Prime Minister of Ceylon during part of my time in that country. He and I were together in Cambridge; but we had not met for 23 years until we saw each other in Ceylon where he was then Minister for Transport ranking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second in the Cabinet and myself was India's representative. We soon re-established our friendship and during the two years that I was there, it developed into a chapter which I would never forget. Our friendship and our affection for each other became the talk of the town and ultimately turned out to be a matter of embarrassment to him; but even so, he was not deterred and up to the date of my departure he went out of his way to shower me with his confidence and affection.

D.S. Senanayake was the leader of the people and was described, when independence came, as the Father of the Nation. Everyone in Ceylon, however, knew that the real power behind the throne was Sir John Kotelawala. As Sardar Patel was the strong right-hand man of Jawaharlal Nehru after independence, so was Kotelawala to D.S. Senanayake. Sir John was frank, fearless and too straightforward for a politician in today's dirty politics. There was no trace of meanness, malice or mischief in his make-up. When he trusted a friend, he trusted him fully; so much so that even when it became clear that he had been betrayed, he would still not learn the lesson.

He had a grievance that although he was a senior member of the party, he had been deprived of the Prime Ministership of the country which on the death of D.S. Senanayake went to his son Dudley Senanayake for whom rightly or wrongly he had not much of a respect. Although Dudley Senanayake was Prime Minister and Sir John was number two to him and in relationship was uncle to the Prime Minister, there was a sort of stalemate between the two with the result that Dudley Senanayake could not carry on the Government and had to resign and Sir John had to come in to fill the breach and he did so very well indeed as I saw from close quarters right upto the time when I left the shores of Ceylon.

He is a man of sound commonsense, clear thinking and, above all, quick decision which was a welcome change from the previous administration. Unfortunately, he soon got out of touch with the pulse of the people and when the elections came he found much to his dismay and amazement that his party had been completely routed. Now he leads the life of a senior statesman respected both by the present Government and by the opposition and I would not be surprised if one day he comes back to raise his country to the status which it deserves because of its buoyant economy, because of its fine people and because of its old association with India ranging over 2000 years.

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TALKING about Sir John Kotelawala, my mind goes to another personality in Ceylon politics who played a remarkable role both during the struggle for independence and later. I regard Sir Oliver Goonetileke as one of the sharpest brains in this part of the world. In sheer astuteness and gift for finding compromise solutions, one can hardly beat or better Sir Oliver. He was Finance Minister in the D. S. Senanayake and Dudley Senanayake cabinets and also under Sir John; but he soon became the first

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Ceylonese Governor-General on the retirement of Lord Soulbury who was the first and the last British Governor-General of Ceylon. Sir John who was the Prime Minister had the duty to recommend who the Governor-General should be and it speaks for his unusual breadth of mind and sense of justice that he selected a person who was a Christian in preference to a Buddhist for which there was a clamour in the country. Sir John, himself a Buddhist, knew what services had been rendered by Sir Oliver to the country and to the party and what a source of strength he would be to any Government and so he went out of his way to recommend his name to the Queen and got him appointed as Governor-General in the teeth of criticism and dissatisfaction on the part of his people and co-religionists. Later, Sir Oliver had to leave the country and he now leads more or less the life of a political exile in England; but it is always a pleasure to meet him, converse with him and chat about Ceylon politics, Indian politics and indeed world politics.

□□□

MY FOUR years in Pakistan naturally brought me in contact with a number of personalities about whom I can write indefinitely. In a way, I know more people in Pakistan than in India and some of my dearest friends before partition I suddenly found on the wrong side of our border. So when I went to Pakistan, it was really like being spiritually at home though technically away from home, even though what one read in their papers, what one heard in their parliament and the "love letters" one received from their foreign office would shatter the heart of any Indian.

I would single out one person for mention in this article. Iskander Mirza, once a junior civil servant in pre-partition India, had suddenly emerged as an important leader in Pakistan politics. When I went there, he was holding the important portfolio of Interior; and later he became the Governor-General of Pakistan on the retirement on the verge of death of Ghulam Mohammad who again was a great friend of mine from the time we were working together in the war-time Department of Supply in the Government of India.

Iskander Mirza who belonged originally to the Indian Political Service had inherited all the virtues and vices of that Service. He knew how to play one against the other, which was responsible both for his rise and for his fall. As a man, he was suave, friendly and forthright; but as an important member of the Pakistan Government either he did not have the courage of his convictions or his professions were patently not sincere. I remember meeting him on the eve of his becoming Governor-General and his telling me that he wanted nothing but friendship with India and that all he asked for was that India should not hit him below the belt. I reciprocated with friendly intentions of India and told him that we wished him well and that we would neither hit him below the belt nor hit him on the head. But he soon got caught in the usual game of Pakistani politics of baiting India as diversionary tactics and the culmination came when in 1958 he, by then President of Pakistan, refused to attend our Republic Day celebrations on the 26th of January!

I remember going to him and pleading with him passionately for rising above petty politics and for showing his faith in the ultimate goal of friendly relations between the two countries. When he attended the National Day celebrations of every country, big or small, for him not to attend the Indian National Day party, would be to show that he did not believe in good relations with India. All my pleadings failed and he told me that he would not come, but that his Prime Minister would attend. Sorely disappointed at this attitude of the President of Pakistan, I left him saying, "I have done my best, and even if you do not come, we would still have our Republic Day function; and I suppose India will survive the displeasure of the President of Pakistan."

Having gone to Pakistan with the best of intentions in the world, I must confess that during the entire period that I was there, there was nothing but discord, disagreement, abuse, and maligning of India and it was a relief to leave Karachi and to return to India; but that does not mean that my faith in the ultimate amity and friendship between the two countries is in any way shaken. I firmly believe that there is no future for India or for Pakistan unless they live as good friends, good neighbours, good brothers.

CREDULITY AGAIN ?—*Contd.*

adequate to ward off the catastrophe lurking round the corner.

A weak-kneed policy will inevitably lead to a deadly reckoning.

Let those charged with the responsibility of running the affairs of the nation remember the warning given by Sage Valmiki—

यो हि शत्रुमभिज्ञाय नात्मानमभिरक्षति।
अवाप्नोति हिसोऽनर्थान्स्थानाच्च व्यवरोप्यते॥

He who knows the danger ahead and does not care to be on his guard brings on disasters and is soon pulled down from his position.

Ramayana-Yuddhakanda, (63-20)

It makes no difference, whether the betrayal of the nation, the poisoning of the body-politic, is by the Right or by the Left.

The nation cannot any more allow itself to be a victim of Communist subterfuge and political chicanery. It will be criminal credulity to be taken in by their antics.

The redoubtable Sir Winston Churchill rightly defined that "Communism is a riddle, wrapped in a mystery, inside an engima."

Where the Communists are concerned, one can never tell.

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Dr. J. V. Narlikar

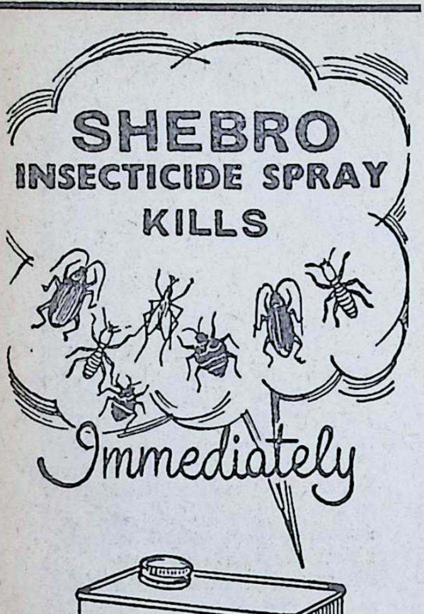
THE STRANGE ROLE OF GRAVITATION

Dr. J. V. Narlikar, the eminent Indian Scientist, who has made an important contribution to the theory of gravitation, discusses in this article the revolution caused by Prof. Einstein's special theory of relativity in modern physics. It upset the major premises of Newton's thesis, and thus enabled the world to understand better the natural phenomena.

ABOUT three hundred years ago Newton discovered the phenomenon of gravitation. As the story goes, Newton was sitting in his garden, when he saw an apple drop off the tree. Although this was a common enough event, he began to wonder 'Why did the apple drop?' Eventually he found an answer that satisfied him. The apple fell because the Earth attracted it. And there was nothing special about the apples, the Earth attracted every other object that happened to be around—including the Moon and the planets—even the Sun. Thinking along these lines, Newton came to the conclusion that every piece of matter attracts every other piece; and this phenomenon he called gravitation.

The story of the apple may or may not be true; but there is no doubt that the discovery of gravitation marked the beginning of modern physics. Besides stating in a qualitative way that matter attracts matter, Newton was able to give a quantitative law. This is the well-known inverse square law of gravitation, which states that the force of attraction between two masses is proportional to the product of the masses and inversely proportional to the square of their distance apart. This simple law was successful not only in explaining why apples fall on the Earth but also in describing why the Moon goes round the Earth and the Earth and other planets go round the Sun. Years before, Kepler, after examining the motions of planets in detail, had arrived at certain empirical laws. These laws could be derived from Newton's inverse square law, by a mathematical calculation. Here we see, for the first time, an example of a physical theory playing its full role. The aim of physics is to explain the complex phenomena that are observed, in terms of a few simple laws. The apparently complicated motions of planets which had puzzled the Greeks centuries before, could be explained in terms of Newton's simple law.

What progress has physics made since Newton? A look at modern physics shows that so far most of the observed phenomena can be explained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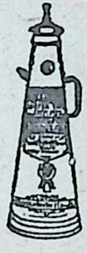
in terms of four basic laws which describe interaction of one piece of matter with another. Of these the so-called strong and weak interactions were known only recently with the birth of nuclear physics. To study these forces we have to break the atom into pieces—into the elementary particles. We still know very little about those forces; but what little we know holds out promise for many interesting results ahead. The force we know most about is the electro-magnetic force. We are familiar with the various aspects of this force in our everyday life. Here again, all the complicated phenomena associated with this force—from electrical appliances to thunderstorms—can be described by the simple and elegant equations of Maxwell.

Of these four forces—the strong and weak interactions, electro-magnetism and gravitation—gravitation is the weakest. To give you an example, consider two elementary particles—electron and proton—which form the constituents of a hydrogen atom. The electrical force between these two particles is something like one lakh crore crore crore crore crore time the gravitational force between them. If gravitation is such a weak force, why was it discovered first? This is because gravitation possesses one strange property that the other three forces do not appear to have.

This property is that gravitation cannot be switched off. If it is present in a certain region it will always be there and it will affect every piece of matter that happens to be around. This is not true of the electro-magnetic forces. These forces affect matter only if it has electric charge. If we neutralise the charge by adding an equal and opposite charge to it, the piece of matter will be immune to the lectro-magnetic field. In the case of ravitation we cannot immunize mat-r in the same way. The result is, if e go on piling up matter, the effect f gravitation also grows. Thus, al-hough it is basically a weak force, t grows in size whenever there is a rge accumulation of matter. By the me we have an object as big as the Earth, its effect becomes easily notice-ble. Because we have the Earth, the Sun and the planets around us we are ble to observe the workings of this orce without great difficulty.

Indeed, gravitation becomes a seri-us problem when we consider ob-ects as massive as the Sun. What eeps the Sun in equilibrium? If ere were no other force present, ch particle in the Sun would attract very other particle and the Sun ould begin to contract. Indeed, if e contraction were allowed to pro-ed uninterrupted, the Sun would rink to a point in a matter of hours. he fact that we observe the Sun in ore or less the same form from day day suggests that other forces must present inside the Sun which op-ose gravitation. What are these rces? Before the advent of nuclear hysics, astronomers did not know e answer to this question. Now it generally believed that nuclear re-tions are going on inside the Sun hich convert Hydrogen into Helium. n this process, a lot of energy is enerated which keeps the Sun shin-g. It also provides internal pres-ures which oppose gravitation and



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keep the Sun in equilibrium. Astronomy, therefore, provides a stage on which we see gravitation playing a really interesting role. On the Earth, it is very weak, and its effects are swamped by other forces in nature.

To illustrate a strange property of gravitation, imagine what would happen if two stars, like the Sun, were connected by a conducting wire. On the Earth, if you connect a hot body to a cold body, heat flows from the former to the latter, the hot body gets colder and the cold body gets hotter. What happens when you connect a hot star to a cold star? Heat flows from the hot star to the cold star. In this process, however, the pressures in the hot star fall and it begins to contract under its gravitation. As it contracts it gets hotter because of compression. In the same way, the cold star gets colder by expansion. We, therefore, have the result that the hot star gets hotter and the cold star gets colder—quite the opposite of what we observe on the Earth. The reason of course is that on the Earth gravitation does not play such a dominant role as it plays inside stars.

I said earlier that Newton's law of gravitation was very successful in physics. It was not until the beginning of the present century that people began to find some defects in it. The reason for this was due to a major revolution in physics caused by Einstein's special theory of relativity. Before special relativity, physicists believed in absolute space and absolute time. Special relativity changed all that. Space and time became related. If two observers A and B are in motion relative to each other, their space—time are different. A's watch would go at a different rate to B's. What appears to A as one inch may not appear to be one inch to B. These ideas were hard to accept in the beginning; but gradually physicists accustomed themselves to thinking in terms of four dimensions—three of space, one of time. Experimental evidence was strongly in favour of special relativity.

One of the striking results of special relativity is that no physical signal can be transmitted at a speed exceeding that of light. Newton's law of gravitation, on the other hand, stated that gravitational attraction between two pieces of matter is instantaneous as it propagates with infinite speed. Thus, if the Sun were destroyed by some magic, we on the earth would feel its gravitational effect before we see the Sun disappears. Clearly, this was inconsistent with the special theory of relativity. Something therefore had to be done to reconcile Newton's law to special relativity.

This major task was achieved by Einstein himself around 1915. He produced a theory of gravitation which had two merits. It was perfectly consistent with the special theory of relativity and so was free from the defect of Newton's theory. It also agreed with Newton's law when gravitation was not very strong and thus could count on all the observational successes of Newton's theory. This is Einstein's general theory of relativity.

[In the next article he discusses The Theories of Gravitation.]

CURRENTS AND CROSS-CURRENTS

"WAYFARER"

THE 'TECHNIQUE'

MODERN criticism has shown us that to speak of content as such is not to speak of art at all, but of experience; and that it is only when we speak of the *achieved* content, the form of the work of art as a work of art, that we speak as critics. The difference between content, or experience, and achieved content, or art, is technique. When we speak of technique then, we speak of nearly everything. For technique is the means by which the writer's experience, which is his subject-matter, compels him to attend to it; technique is the only means he has of discovering, exploring, developing his subject, of conveying its meaning, and, finally, of evaluating it.

—Mark Schorer

* * *

AGE OF THE EARTH

IF we take the Earth's age as being scaled down to one day, men have existed only during the last couple of seconds.

Old though it is, the Earth is still only about half-way through its expectation of life. Its eventual fate will, of course, be linked with that of the Sun. It used to be thought that the Sun was gradually cooling down, so that it would eventually turn into a dim red dwarf star—in which case all living things on Earth would be frozen to death. This whole theory is wrong. As the Sun ages, and uses up its hydrogen 'fuel', it will become more luminous, and in from 8,000,000,000 to 10,000,000,000 years' time it may well become a red giant, with a cooler surface, but a much greater size and luminosity than the Sun we know. If so, the atmosphere of the Earth will escape, the oceans will boil, and all life here will perish—it is even possible that our world will be destroyed.

The crisis lies so far ahead that speculation is rather pointless. Modern theories about stellar energy are subject to constant revision, and we cannot claim to know more than a very small part of the truth. All we can say is that if we are on the right track, then the eventual fate of all Earth creatures is likely to be a hot death rather than a cold death. If intelligent beings still survive here at that remote epoch, the only solution will be to migrate elsewhere. However this may be, we may be sure that there is no fear of any imminent disaster. The Earth has existed for more than 4,000,000,000 years, and it will remain habitable for at least an equal period of the future. It will not last for ever, but nothing in the universe is eternal —perhaps not even the universe itself.

—Patrick Moore

* * *

ISLAM

ISLAM is a prophetic religion. Like the Bible, it does not argue the existence of God; that is taken as axiomatic, the plain fact upon which all revelation and religion depend. The name of God in Arabic is Al-lah, but it is better to render it in English by our word God. More important, the Muslim faith in the unity of God, which Christians and Jews share, means that we worship the same God. Our ideas about God may differ, but there is no doubt that He is the one reality behind our different apprehensions. The unity of God, his oneness and his uniqueness, were proclaimed passionately by Muhammad, in face of the many gods and idols of pagan Arabia. This conviction of God's unity and greatness is fundamental to Islam, and has provided ever since its simple and fervent faith. 'God,—there is none save He', says the call to prayer. 'Say: He is God, One, God, the Everlasting Refuge,' says one of the shortest and most popular chapters of the *Qur'an.* *—Prof. Geoffrey Parrinder*

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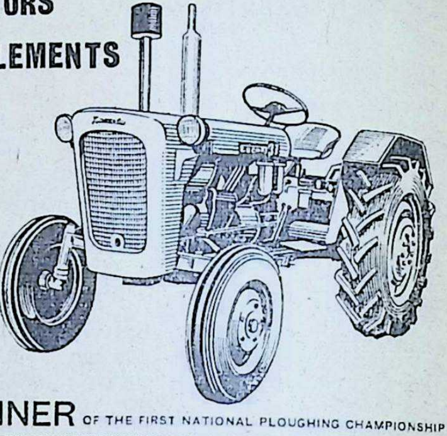

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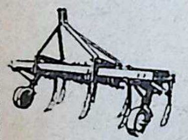

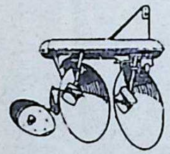

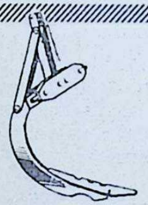

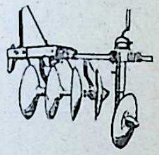

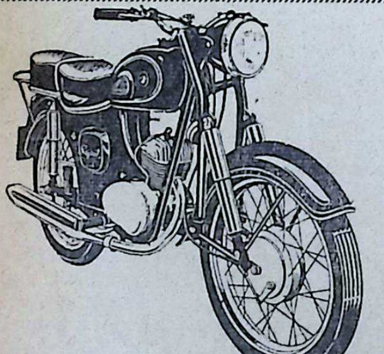

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K. M. MUNSHI

Prithvi-Vallabh

THE BELOVED OF THE EARTH

Translated from Gujarati by H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

THE STORY SO FAR: Munj, the great Paramara conqueror of Malva who had routed Tailap, the king of Telengana, eighteen times, was finally vanquished by Bhillam, Tailap's Commander-in-Chief. He was taken prisoner and brought to Manyakhet, the capital of Telengana, and imprisoned in the palace-cellar. Mrinalvati, the widowed sister of Tailap, went to the prison to sense how he reacted to the humiliation. Mrinalvati's asceticism crumbled before Munj's manliness. She discovered her love of him. Vilas too is strangely attracted to Dhananjay the poet. Mrinal visits Munj in the prison often.

CHAPTER 25

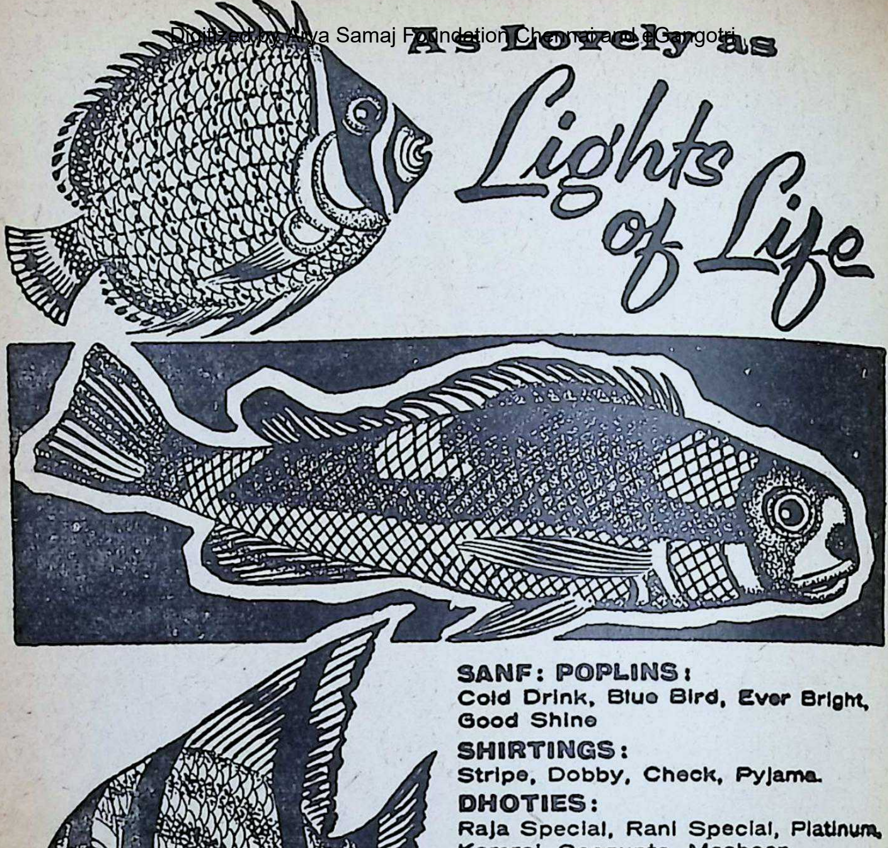
MUNJ MAKES A PROPOSITION

WHEN one is young, love is selfless and pure; as one gets older love acquires a quality of understanding and consideration. But if love comes when one is past middle age, it has none of these noble qualities. For age is not meant for love; love at that age is the unnatural upsurge of suppressed emotions or the manifestation of excessively passionate feelings.

Mrinalvati's love was of the last variety. She longed for only one thing: to quiet the storm that was raging in her heart. She had not the romantic imagination and innocence of a tender, disingenuous young girl and therefore she did not think and feel like one, worshipping her beloved, wrapped up in thoughts of him. Nor were her feelings like those of a mature married woman, who looks upon her beloved with the affection born out of satisfied love, and who finds pleasure in serving him.

Mrinalvati had the ignorance of a twelve-year-old, the restlessness of a girl of seventeen and the passion of a fully grown-up woman, as also the mind of an unimaginative, experienced and selfish old woman, and the physical strength of a celibate (*brahmacharini*). She was like a goddess who had fallen from her high estate and had taken human rebirth only for the satisfaction of sheer animal passion.

She was delirious with joy. Her clever brain had already thought out her course of action: Munj must re-



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main a prisoner all his life; Tailap would, at her behest, provide conditions to make light of his imprisonment; who was there then to come between her and her beloved?

She described her feelings for Munj as 'love,' but even this 'love' was in keeping with her character. Just as she had planned and schemed to defeat Prithvi Vallabh for self-glorification, so also she had set out now to win Munj's affection to satisfy her passion. The first desire arose from the glory and power of the ruler of Avanti, the second from his matchless beauty. Both desires, she felt, would be consummated by keeping this great and powerful king as a prisoner.

She was so taken up by her own cleverness that she failed to realise who was the chief actor in this drama of love between her and Munj; she thought it was herself!

Next morning, she was seized with an overpowering desire to see Munj. She left her chamber and walked to his prison-cell. When the jailor saw her coming, his only thought was of pity for the poor prisoner. If this terrible woman who held in her hands the reins of the kingdom was coming so frequently to see Munj, there could only be one result—his death. Mrinal's nature and policy were known to be cruel and so nothing but a cruel end was envisaged for the prisoner.

Munj's eyes lit up with joy as he beheld Mrinal. "I am so glad you came," he said, placing a hand affectionately on Mrinal's shoulder.

"Why?"

"I was wondering how long we can carry on like this, clandestinely."

"What else can we do? We may be able to find a way after a while."

"We are not so young that we can afford to waste time," observed Munj with a smile. "You have begun to have grey hair, and I shall soon be fifty."

"Are you joking? I had imagined that..."

"That I was much younger?"

"Yes. There is not one grey hair on your head, nor is there one wrinkle on your forehead. You are indeed wonderful."

"One is as old as one feels," replied Munj. "You can no longer live here in happiness and peace."

"Why?"

"I am the enemy of your country. Your brother is my enemy. The people regard you as a saintly woman and respect you as if you were queen mother. They will not spare you."

"Who in this kingdom would dare to question my conduct?"

"When they learn that their illusions about you are shattered, they will not wait before destroying you."

Mrinal became silent. Munj replaced his hand on her shoulder reassuringly and waited for her reply.

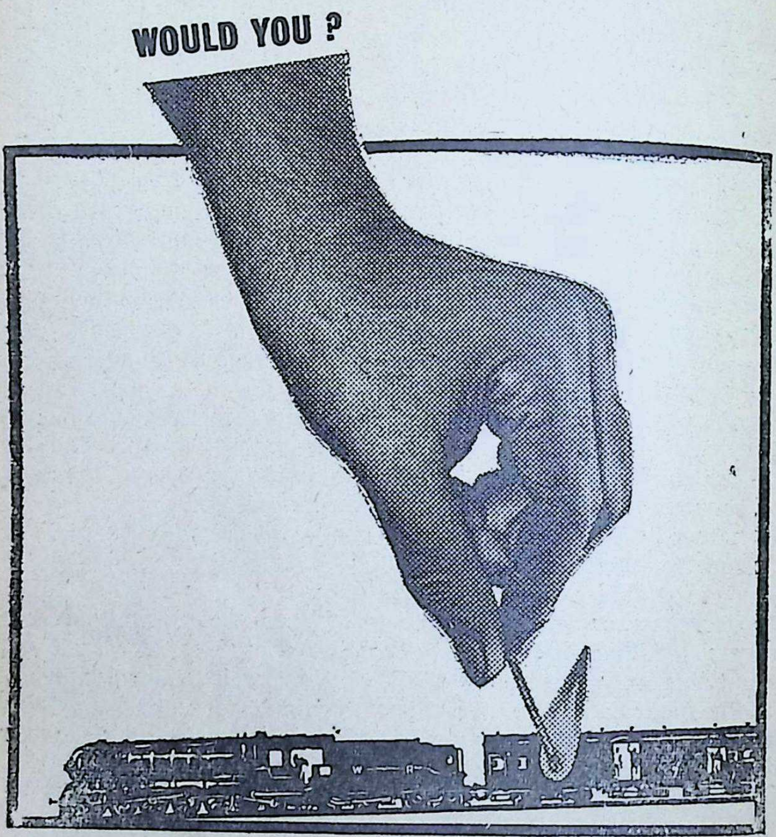
"What is the way out?"

"One way would be for you to give me up and go back to your old life."

Mrinal looked at him passionately. That was a clear answer that she could not adopt this course.

"Or else, displace Tailap as the ruler of Telengana," he continued with an air of one making a trivial suggestion.

"Isn't it true now? That is more or less how things are now."



We know you wouldn't! You wouldn't knowingly put a train on fire and endanger your own life and the lives of your fellow passengers. So think before you throw down that half burning match or that little cigarette stub. You can't afford to burn down your Nation's property. Just one mistake is enough! A little carelessness could cause a calamity.

WESTERN RAILWAY

"Who says so? There is a world of difference between standing by the throne and occupying it."

"What exactly do you mean?" asked Mrinal, not understanding the meaning of what he said.

"Kill Tailap," said Prithvi Vallabh coolly.

Startled, Mrinal fell back a step and exclaimed: "How can I?"

"That's very easy. Smuggle me into his bedchamber one night. Within two seconds, I will finish him," said Munj.

"Good heavens! But he is my brother. I have brought him up as my son. How can I see him killed?"

"Well, then, the third course is still more difficult."

"What?" asked Mrinal.

"Come with me. I shall take you to Avanti and make you my Queen."

Once again Mrinal was startled. Each proposal of Munj appeared to be more impossible than the preceding one. "Are you serious?"

Munj smiled and kissed her, and slowly lifted a greying strand of hair from her face. "The most powerful throne on earth is in the protecting shadow of God Mahakaleshvar. Until now I alone occupied it. Now you can be my consort."

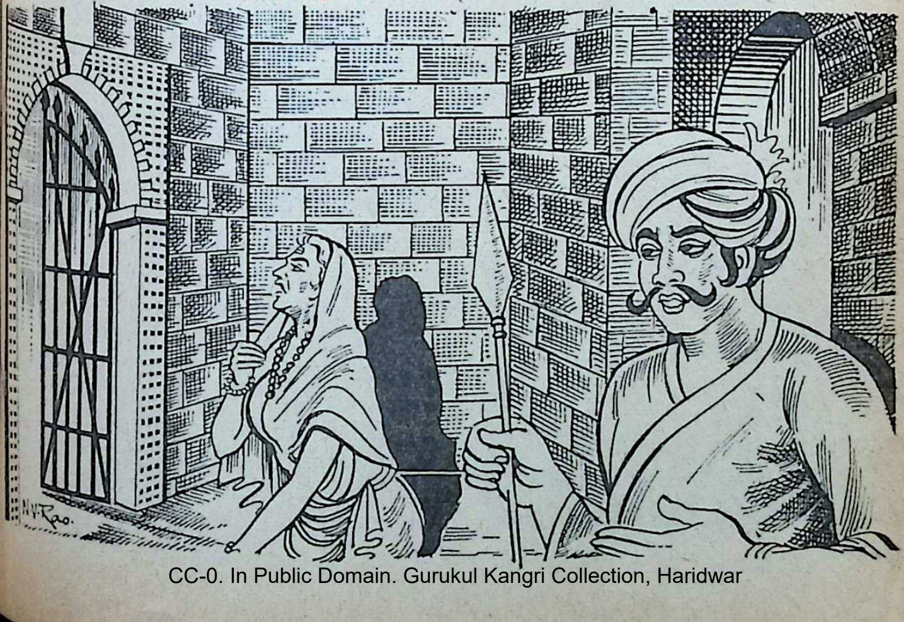
"But how can I, sister of Tailap...."

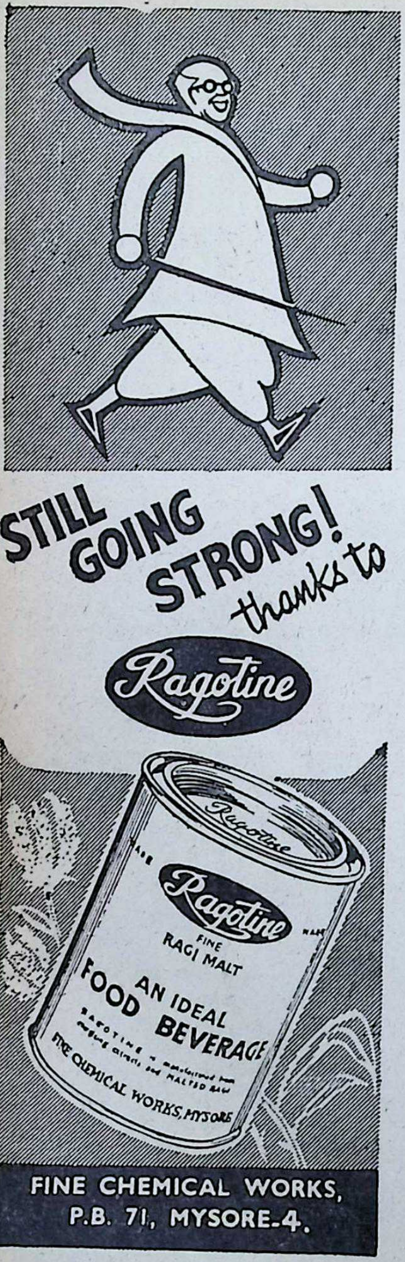
"There is only one kingdom more powerful than the kingdom of Telengana, and that is the kingdom of Avanti. Tailap's sister belongs to its throne."

"But..."

"The fourth course is to remain where we are. That makes no difference to me, but what will the world say about you? Neither will you attain

If this terrible woman is coming so frequently to see Munj, there can be only one result—his death.

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spiritual salvation, nor can you enjoy the pleasures of love. You will be neither here nor there." So saying Munj moved away a little from her.

Mrinal looked at him mutely. It was impossible for her to live without this powerful man. She studied every feature of his face closely. She was convinced that she would do anything to make him hers.

"What have you decided?" asked Munj after a while as he once again pulled her to him.

In a sudden gesture of overpowering emotion, she took both his hands in hers. "Prithvi Vallabh, you have completely turned my head. Tell me, what should I do? I cannot kill my brother, but I will go with you to Avanti."

"Tonight, then."

"Tonight?" asked Mrinal with astonishment. "How can that be?"

"Never mind. Come here exactly at midnight. We shall find a way out."

"But how?"

"If the God of Love wants to find a way, do you think that prison walls can stop him?" he laughed. He kissed her again and pressed her to himself.

He released her and she asked, "But, don't you have a queen in Avanti?"

Munj burst out laughing. "She who rules my heart is my queen."

Mrinal impulsively put her arms around Munj and embraced him.

"Don't forget tonight," reminded Munj as she turned to go.

"When the Beloved of the Earth commands, can any one disobey?" said Mrinal and she walked out of the cell.

[To be continued]

Notes & News

HANSRAJ MORARJI PUBLIC SCHOOL

LAYING the Foundation-stone of the proposed hostel building of the Hansraj Morarji Public School at Andheri on the 10th instant, Sri Madhukarrao Chaudhary, Maharashtra's Minister for Education, exhorted the students to take the fullest advantage of the facilities provided for their mental and physical growth in their institution. He said that they were fortunate in having as Chairman of the trust that runs the school no less a person than Dr. K. M. Munshi who has rendered yeoman service to the cause of education in India by setting up schools and colleges where a happy synthesis of the culture of India and of the west is sought to be achieved. He added that the institution had to be nurtured with care and this Dr. Munshi did with missionary zeal.

BOMBAY'S NEW MAYOR

IN electing Sri Melath Madhavan as the Mayor of Bombay, the city has shown its true cosmopolitan character. Hailing from Kerala, Sri Madhavan who came to Bombay 31 years ago seeking a job was drawn into the national movement under the Congress and was jailed several times. Sri Madhavan had been leader of the Congress Party in the Corporation before he was elected Mayor. He is a dynamic worker and under his stewardship the *Urbs Prima Indis* can expect to solve many of its outstanding problems. The Bhavan wishes him all the success.

A BHAVAN'S JOURNAL COMPETITION

We are glad to announce the following Competition on *"Swami Rama Tirtha's (of Punjab) Contribution to Indian Thought with particular reference to Indian Unity".*

RULES AND REGULATIONS

(1) Entries to this Competition should be in about 2,000 words. There is no entry fee.

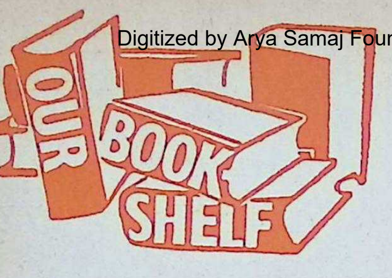
(2) Entries should be neatly typed on one side of the paper only, and sent by registered post.

(3) There will be three prizes: the first will be Rs. 75|-, the second Rs. 50|- and the third Rs. 25|-. The first winning entry will be published in the "Bhavan's Journal".

(4) The last day for receipt of entries to the Competition is June 1, 1965.

(5) The decision of the Kulapati is final in regard to the award of prizes.

EDITOR, *Bhavan's Journal*



SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS: AN INTRODUCTION. By John Dover Wilson. Published by Cambridge University Press. Price: 5 s.

THE most distinguished Shakespearian scholar and editor of our time now turns at last to the Sonnets. The edition itself is yet to come, but in the present Introduction, provoked by Dr. A. L. Rowse's recent biography of Shakespeare (hence the sub-title: 'For the use of Historians and Others!), he takes us briskly over the whole familiar ground of speculation and controversy, making it all seem intriguing and enchanting at once. What was the occasion for the Sonnets? Who was the patron and friend? Who was the rival poet? And who was the Dark Lady? Rowse had claimed a certain infallibility for his 'historical' method, and declared himself an ardent Southamptonite. The rival poet was Marlowe. The Dark Lady—well, her anonymity must continue! But Dover Wilson, following E. K. Chambers, now makes out a case for Pembroke as the patron and friend. The rival poet was probably Chapman. By equating the boy-patron with Pembroke, Dover Wilson is obliged to assign a later date to the Sonnets than is customary. 'The mortal moon' in Sonnet 107 refers to the death of Elizabeth in 1603, and some of the Sonnets thus move well into the new century. Pembroke being the patron, a link with Mary Fitton is easily established. There is much detective ingenuity and a good deal of special pleading in all this, but one is not convinced. After all, Southampton is known to have been Shakespeare's patron; and it was to Southampton that Shakespeare dedicated his *Venus* and *Lucrece*. The case for Pembroke is brilliantly argued, but the scale still slightly tilts in favour of Southampton. For the rest, the Introduction is a conspectus of the best modern scholarship on the Sonnets and is full of valuable critical insights. The one central fact about the sonnet-sequence is that it is "the greatest love-poem in the language"; once this is seen, "the mystery of the detail becomes so unimportant as to fade away". We shall now look forward to the 'New Shakespeare' edition of the Sonnets with anticipatory excitement.

—*Dr. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar*

BHAKTI RENAISSANCE. By Dr. A. K. Majumdar. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7. 1965. Price: Rs. 5.

DR. ASOKE MAJUMDAR is a scholar who has to his credit several learned works written for scholars. But this small book *Bhakti Renaissance* will appeal most to the general reader. Within a short compass he has given a history of the Bhakti movement, a very interesting comparison of the *Bhagavad Gita* and the *Bhagavat Purana*, a short sketch of the Bhakti literature, an account of the impetus which modern Indian vernaculars received from the Bhakti movement, and a fair summing up of the relevant features of recent religious movements like the Brahma Samaj, Arya Samaj and the Ramakrishna Mission. In his last chapter 'Bhakti in Politics' the author has discussed the influence of this religious renaissance on the nationalist movement of our times. It is interesting to compare this recent influence of religion on politics with the contribution of religious personages like Tukaram and Ramdas to the rise of Maratha political power under Shivaji's leadership. Swami Dayanand and Sri Aurobindo were champions of nationalism as well as religious leaders. Vivekananda did not plunge into politics, but the effect of his teachings was to rouse the Hindus from the torpor of ages. Both Lokamanya Tilak and Gandhiji were deeply religious and both of them understood the role of religion in politics for rallying the masses.

Perhaps the author seems too much depressed when he deals with Gandhism after Gandhiji's passing away. He is at his best when he devotes himself to the exposition of Bhakti pure and simple as in his comparison of the Bhakti Yoga of the *Gita* and the Prem and Bhakti of the *Bhagavat Purana*. The quotation from Vivekananda in this context is of thrilling interest.

—*Dr. B. R. Chatterji*

AGNI-PURANA: A STUDY. By Dr. S. D. Gyani. Published by Chowkhamba Sanskrit Series Office, Post Box 8, Varanasi-1. 1964. Demy Oct. pp. 16+339. Price: Rs. 25.

IT is a good sign that of late more and more scholars are turning to the study of the Puranas. Though several theses dealing with subjects concerning the Puranas have been awarded doctorate degrees, so far books on the *Vayu*, *Matsya*, *Markandeya*, *Vamana* and *Harivamsa* have appeared in print. Dr. Gyani's *Agni-Purana: A Study* is a welcome addition to this steadily growing important section of Sanskrit literature.

The *Agni-Purana*, along with the *Garuda* and *Narada*, belongs to the encyclopaedias among the Puranas. Intended as "a critical survey of the *Agni-Purana* with special reference to its literary aspects", *Agni-Purana: A Study* by Dr. Gyani comprises ten chapters besides the Introduction, which deals with several important topics connected with the Puranas such as history of Puranic studies; problems; Puranas, Mahapuranas, Upapuranas: list, definition and classification; contents; genealogy and mythology; miscellaneous matters; authorship; sources; and dates. While discussing these topics, Dr. Gyani has utilised and critically considered the earlier work in the field. The first chapter takes a rapid, and at the same time almost a complete survey of the encyclopaedic contents of the *Agni-Purana* inviting attention to the sources from which the *Agni-Purana* has drawn its material and the contribution of the *Agni-Purana*, if any, in various fields. Technical literature, including the Alamkara-sastra; theories of Rasa and Dhvani; Dramaturgy; Metrics; *Siksa;* grammar; and Lexicography, has been exhaustively and critically considered in the context of the relevant literature on the subject in chapter two. Bhuvanakosa tradition in the Puranas with particular reference to the *Agni-Purana* forms the subject-matter of the next chapter dealing with the Geographical Data, followed by Historical Data (chapter four) comprising the dynastic lists in the *Agni-Purana* in their relation with the Puranic genealogies. Pargiter's views have been critically examined and corrected wherever they were found to be wrong. It would have been better if Dr. Gyani would have considered the views of Pradhan, Rangacharya, Bhargava, Morton Smith and others who have specifically dealt with the genealogies in the Puranas.

The next two chapters (five and six) deal respectively with the Religion and Philosophy in the *Agni-Purana*, though the treatment is not exhaustive. Next comes the Dharmasastra material (or Puranic Records on Hindu Rites and Customs, as Dr. Hazra calls it) in the *Agni-Purana*, followed by Polity in the *Agni-Purana*. Architecture, Sculpture and Iconography; military science; and Ayurveda are among the Arts and Sciences as found in the *Agni-Purana* that are dealt with in the following chapter (nine). The last chapter entitled "Conclusion" covering a couple of pages refers to the importance and development of the *Agni-Purana*, which is taken as a spurious work, the product of the post-Gupta age which represents the popular response to the great doctrines and theories enunciated by great masters.

At the end come the Appendix, Abbreviations, Bibliography and Index. The Index is useful, but the Bibliography suffers from incompleteness, want of uniformity and mistakes of commission and omission, which can be easily corrected in the next edition.

One expected to find Dr. Gyani's reactions to Dr. Hazra's views about the *Vahni-Purana* and the *Agni-Purana*—the matter required at least a detailed treatment. The book is disfigured by several printing mistakes. We congratulate Dr. Gyani for bringing out such an excellent monograph on the *Agni-Purana* which is a valuable contribution to Puranic studies.

—*Dr. A. D. Pusalker*

OUTER SPACE, A PROBLEM IN POLITICS. By Dr. I. D. Sharma. Published by Lakshmi Narain Agarwal, Hospital Road, Agra. 1964. Price: Rs. 10.

IN the beginning is narrated the imaginary story of the voyages to the moon. Air space and outer space are distinguished. The question of sovereignty in outer space is discussed at length. "Existing concepts of sovereignty based on discovery and control are inadequate to deal with the problems involved in the exploration and exploitation of outer space" (p. 100). Outer space has no definable limits, nor can it be effectively controlled. So far the question of national sovereignty in outer space has not arisen in practice because neither U.S.A. nor U.S.S.R. has advanced a formal claim to territorial sovereignty in outer space (p. 98). "Nations are not yet prepared to tackle on any international level the issues of political controls and institutional regimes for outer space" (p. 116). In the interests of mankind the two cosmic powers should resolve the deadlock on disarmament and agree to prohibit the utilization of outer space for military purposes. The book is provided with four appendices and a skeleton index. Misprints are found on pages 7, 15, 16, 156, 161, etc. We welcome this introduction to a new subject, namely political science of science; it explains numerous technical terms and discusses fully the problem of national sovereignty in outer space.

—*Prof. R. Sathianathaier*

THE ICONOGRAPHY OF THE BUDDHIST SCULPTURES OF ELLORA. By R. S. Gupte. Published by the Marathwada University, Aurangabad. 1964. Price: Rs. 45.

AN icon sometimes plays the role of a frozen piece from the fleeting history of religion secreting in its bosom the mystery of a departed age to be unravelled by the expert. The latter task, we are glad to note, has been performed competently by Dr. R. S. Gupte in the work under review, which happens to be his doctoral dissertation.

The caves of Ellora have been famous since antiquity, and they never passed into oblivion, being happily situated on a busy caravan route. Systematic study of the caves, however, did not, as usual, begin till the British period and the first scholarly monographs on the caves were written by James Burgess ("*Cave Temples of India*", 1875-76 and *Report on the Ellora Cave Temples and the Brahmanical and Jain Caves in Western India* 1883). It is apparent even from the titles of his works that Burgess could not give much attention to the Buddhist caves of Ellora. This was due to two reasons, namely, not much was known about Buddhist iconography in those days, and secondly, all the architecture in Ellora was dwarfed by the mighty Kailasa temple. Indeed so overwhelming was the effect of the Kailasa temple that the Buddhist caves at Ellora did not receive any attention even when Buddhist iconography was properly studied. Dr. Gupte having filled this lacuna justly claims that "his work is the first intensive study of the Buddhist caves of India." (p. 7).

The book is divided into ten chapters of which the first is introductory, and the second deals with the economic and historical background. This chapter is not strictly relevant to the subject-matter and the methodology adopted by the author is difficult to justify. For example (p. 17) the author concludes on plausible grounds that the Satavahana's had a powerful army. Then he goes on: "It is inconceivable that such large standing armies could be maintained unless the Satavahana economy was sound..... It is however difficult to believe that an agricultural economy could sustain the brunt of the Satavahana soldiery. The economy must have had an industrial base." Other grounds of evidence may justify this conclusion, but a positive conclusion derived from a series of hypothetical inferences hardly adds to our knowledge.

The work really begins from the third chapter and its valuable appendix. These and the subsequent eight chapters are based on the author's field study and add considerably to our knowledge of the Ellora caves. It is, however, to be regretted that owing to the danger of the lapse of the U.G.C. grant the text had to be prepared hurriedly the result being, as the author admits: "The appendices are erratic". (Preface, X). Still they are of considerable value, and we point it out here so that in future the U.G.C. may extend the time limit of its publication grant, for a book of this nature should not be printed in a hurry. We must add however, that the printing and get-up of the book are excellent.

—*Dr. A. K. Majumdar*

SRI-LA-SRI PANRIMALAI SWAMIGAL. A Siddha Purusha of the South. Published by Sri-La-Sri Panrimalai Swamigal Gyana Sat Sabha, "Revatee", 1st Road, Chembur, Bombay-71. 39 pages. Price: 75 Paise.

SRI-LA-SRI Panrimalai Swamigal of Dindigal is a famous saint of South India, a Siddha Purusha, who by his spiritual and yogic powers has been giving succour and solace to many an afflicted soul. The Swamigal has been radiating Divine Grace and spiritual fervour far and wide and by his teachings and example has been leading a large number of his devotees towards God-realisation.

The publication under review is brought out by Sri-La-Sri Panrimalai Swamigal Gyana Sat Sabha, a body formed by Swamigal's devotees in Bombay, for propagating his message. The booklet which is the first to be brought out by this body, contains illuminating details about the Swamigal's life and teachings and should be of interest to all religious aspirants.

—*P. A. V.*

THE GREAT EQUATION. By R. Krishnaswami Aiyar. Published by Chetana Ltd., Bombay-1. 143 pages. Price: Rs. 3.50.

THE book under review, treating of the Final Beatitude, stands divided into 17 thought-provoking chapters, each one dealing with a special subject-matter. The book is also adorned with a glossary of Samskrit philosophical terms and a brief introduction. Among the topics ably discussed and enumerated are the Nature of Being, two-fold action, Dharma, the functions of the Shastras, Matter and God, Universe and God and their true relationship, the teaching of the Vedanta, Truth, absolute and relative, etc. Incidentally, these topics form the very bedrock of Advaita philosophy. Besides, we find here the problems treated in the form of questions and answers, the latter illustrated with telling accuracy and precision. In explaining knotty and abstruse problems of high speculative philosophy, he has brought into service not only the traditional, Shastric similes but concrete examples culled out from our day-to-day life. The result is that the book succeeds in a unique manner in bringing home to the understanding of all—even those who have no previous grounding in the subject—the import of truth.

It is not just one more addition to the available literature on Advaita. Scientifically treated and written in an easily understandable style, this venture, we make bold to say, is a *must* for every aspirant, desiring a complete and true knowledge of Vedanta.

—*Acharya T. A. Venkateswara Dikshitar*

SANSKRIT

KULARNAVA TANTRA. Edited by Sir John Woodroffe and M.P. Pandit. Published by Ganesh & Co. (Madras) Private Ltd., Madras-17. 1965. pp. 128+xiv+229. Price: Rs. 25.

THE book under notice is one of the most widely and authoritatively quoted books on Tantra. Herein are found the daring formulation of the Shakta school of the Agamas, harmonious accommodation of all the essentials of the

Tantrik Sadhana, and their underlying philosophy with all the implications. The style though forceful is simple throughout with metaphors and aphorisms interspersed here and there to bring home the point. It consists of about two thousand verses, divided conveniently into seventeen chapters, covering quite a good variety of subjects connected with the principles and practices of the Kaula Marga.

In the beginning, there is an invaluable Introduction by Arthur Avalon (Sir John Woodroffe), giving a brief, accurate outline of the work. Sri M. P. Pandit has rendered a lucid English translation in eleven chapters. Though the Readings are free as technical details are omitted, the spirit of the original has nowhere been lost sight of. This is followed by the complete text in Devanagari prepared by Taranatha Vidyaratna.

—*Dr. A. S. Gopani*

HINDI

ADHUNIK URDU KAVYA SAHITYA. By Jafar Raza. Published by P. C. Dwadash Shreni & Co. (Pvt.) Ltd., Aligarh, Allahabad, Hyderabad, 1963. pp. 276. Price: Rs. 7-50.

GIVING a brief outline of the literary traditions of the pre-independence days the author has successfully enumerated the different trends, social, economic, educational and sentimental noticeable in the Urdu poems of the post-independence period. Even a cursory glance at the book belies the notion harboured by many, that Urdu poetry is a portrayal of sensual desires pertaining to wine and women, the lover and the beloved, and nothing else. It shows that Urdu poets who have been the exponents of the freedom struggle and harbingers of revolution in social, economic and political fields of the country before 1947 have maintained their grip over the changing pattern of modern Indian society with its multifarious activities and problems. Giving ample quotations the author has successfully shown that almost every event or movement of significance has moved the Urdu poet

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and poems have been written on almost all aspects of national life.

The book is divided into eight chapters. The first two chapters deal with the historical and ideological background of post-independence Urdu poetry. One chapter each has been devoted to the communal frenzy of 1947, the martyrdom of Mahatma Gandhi, the international peace movement, the country's internal problems, love poetry and lyrics, and humour and satire etc.

The author has taken great pains in presenting representative works and a general review of the poetic output of the period spread out in magazines and this goes to his credit that he has not omitted one single movement or significant event in the period under his review (1947-1962).

No generation has been adroit in assessing the ultimate value of the writings of its contemporaries, and the obstacles in the way of a mature and settled judgement are more in the modern period. It is probably on this account that the author has refrained from evaluating the literary significance of these poems and has contented himself with presenting a panoramic view of Urdu poetry in these years. The modern man's private behaviour has been profoundly affected both by the atmosphere of moral perplexity within which he lives and by the expansion of the public realm, which characterizes our age. This has affected many of our assumptions of family and social life as well as literary conventions, such as the problem of form and content, an analysis of which would have been thought-provoking and useful.

Sri Jafar Raza deserves the gratitude of all Hindi readers to have brought out such an illuminating book on contemporary Urdu poetry which gives insight into almost all the current trends of Urdu poetry and the mental attitudes of Urdu poets. It is a commendable addition to Hindi literature towards the understanding of a sister language so close and akin to its genre and should be welcomed with open hands.

—*Upendra Nath Ashk*

GUJARATI

YAJNAPURUSADASA SATABDI SMARAKA GRANTHA. Edited and Published by Yajnapurusadasa Satabdi Smaraka Grantha Samiti, Aksara Bhavan, 19, Lakhamsi Napoo Road, Dadar, Bombay-14. 1965. 252 pages. Price: Rs. 12.

THE volume was published on the occasion of centenary celebration of the revered Yajnapurusadasji who was one of the pontifical heads of the sect founded by Sri Swaminarayana with the main objective of preaching and propagating the principles of the Bhagavata Dharma. It contains articles by the devotees as well as the pupils, describing the major events and activities of his life and also the substance of his talks, discourses, and sermons held and delivered at various places. Predominant note rising therefrom is one of God-intoxication as experienced by Sri Yajnapurusadasji who was acknowledged as a realized soul by all those who had the good luck to come into contact with him.

Appreciative opinions of such eminent persons as Sri Nandaji, Sri Munshiji, Sri Jivraj Mehta and others are a clear proof of Sri Yajnapurusadasji's greatness as a spiritual leader and considerable impact of his teachings on the masses.

The book is printed on glazed paper and provides interesting reading which is marred to some extent on account of constructional peculiarities which distinguish almost all the writings of the Swaminarayana sect.

—*Dr. A. S. Gopani*

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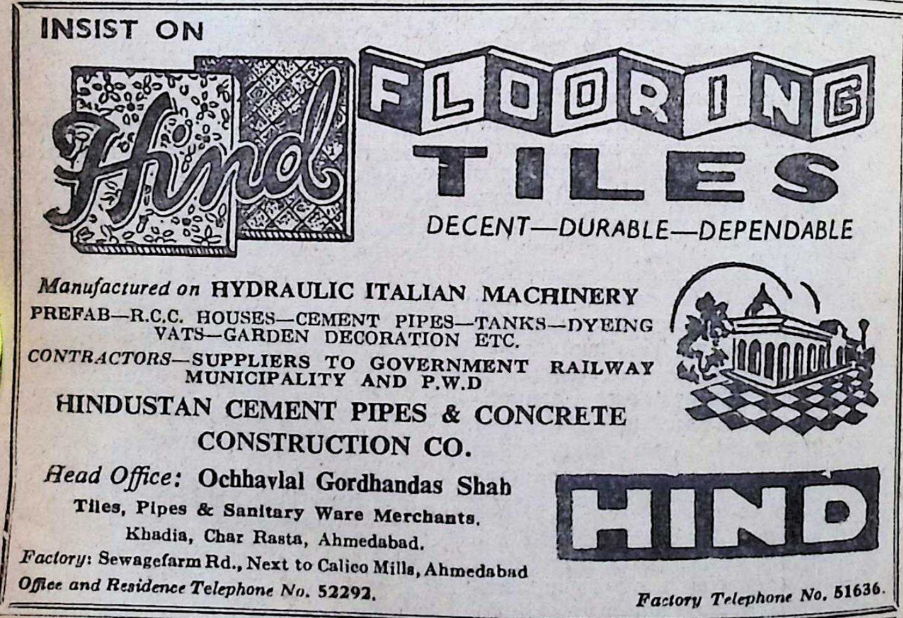

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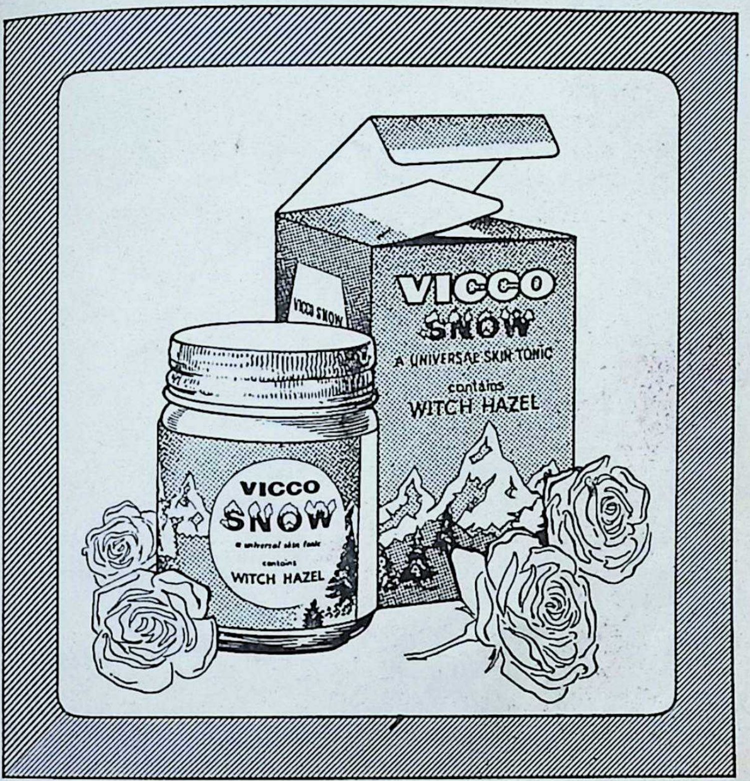
Edited by S. Ramakrishnan and printed and published by him for the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Chowpatty Road, Bombay-7 at Associated Advertisers & Printers, 505, Tardeo Arthur Rd., Bombay-34. Mg. Editor: J. H. Dave; Associate Editor: V. A. K. Ayer.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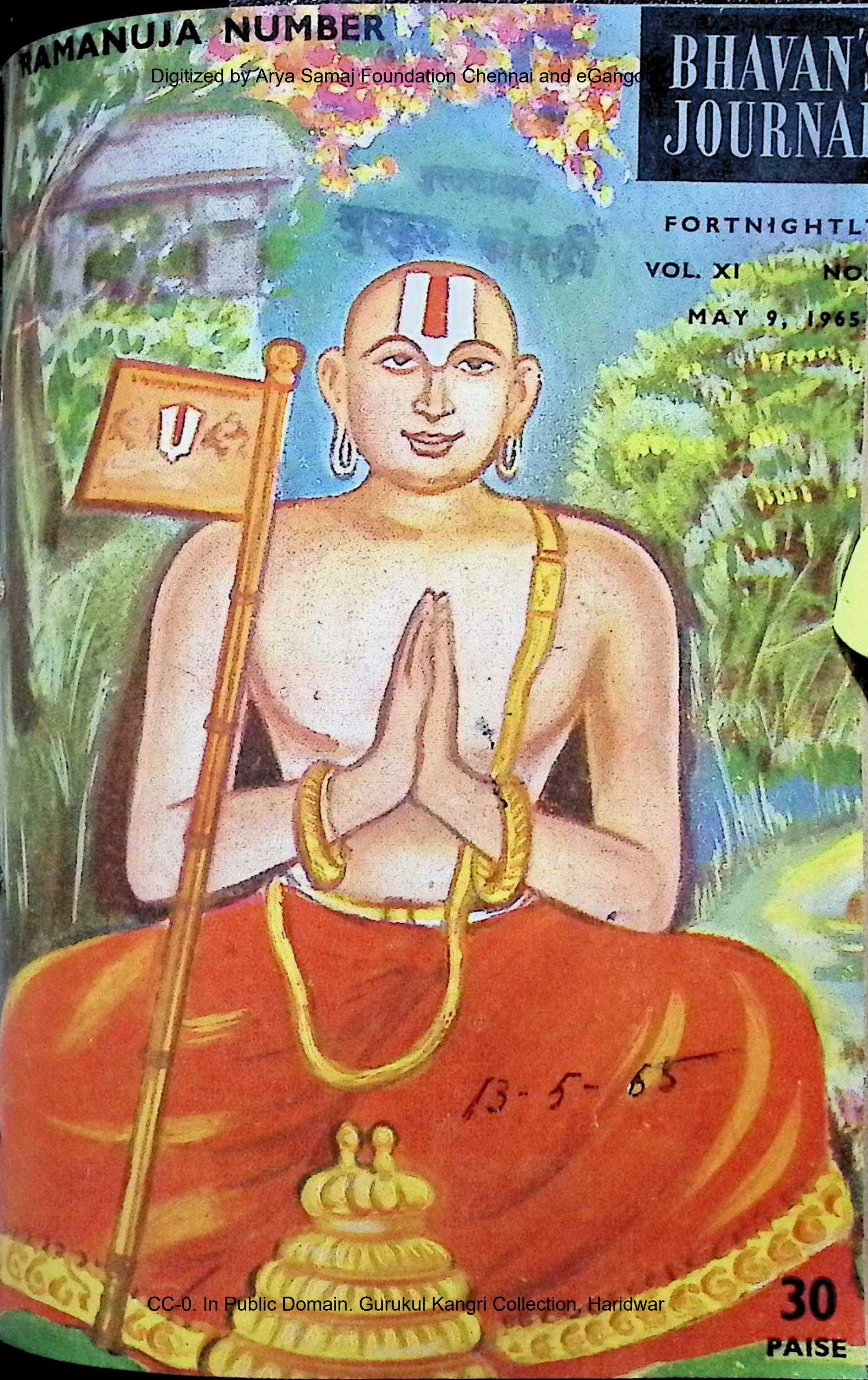
MAY 9, 1965



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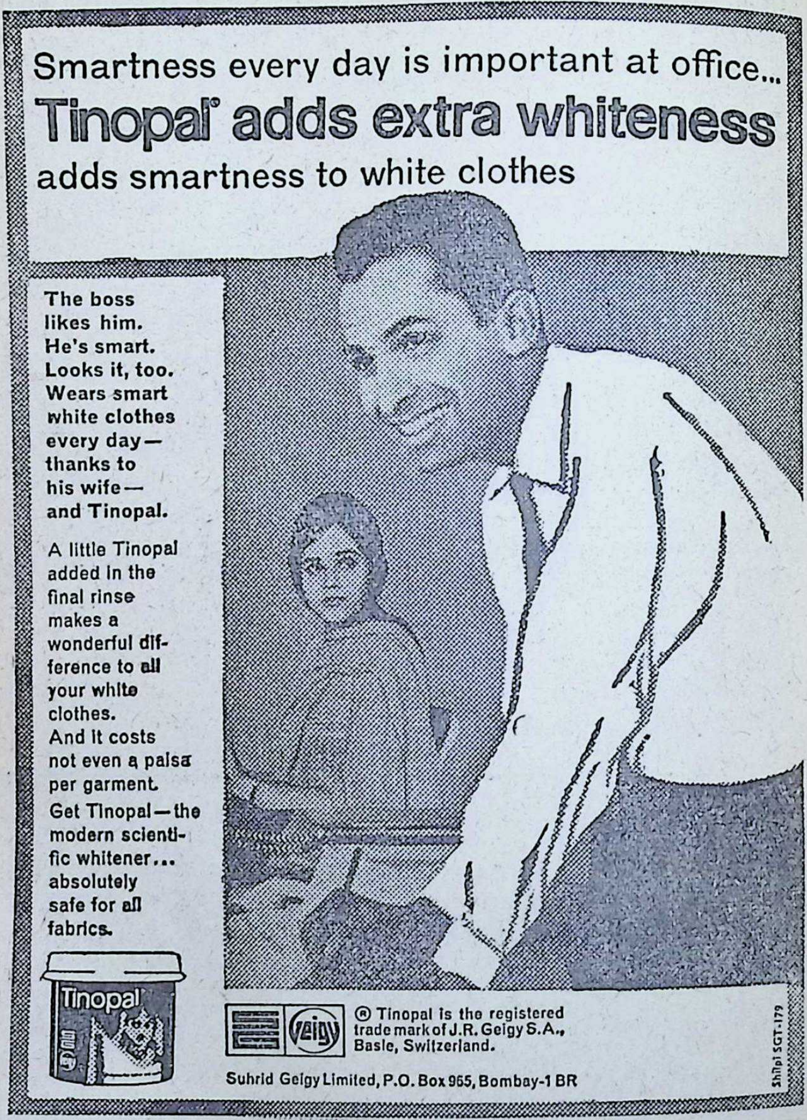

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः ।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—Rigveda, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

DISINTERESTED LOVE OF GOD

ननेहं न प्राणान्नच सुखमशेषाभिलषितं
नचात्मानं नान्यात्किमपि तवशेषत्वविभवात् ।
बहिर्भूतं नाथ क्षणमपि सहे यातु शतधा
विनाशं तत्सत्यं मधुमथन! विज्ञापनमिदम् ॥

Nor body, life, nor all the good the world
Can give, nor soul itself, do I desire,
If they to Thee do not as sole belong.
Not Thine?—I cannot bear for one instant;
Not Thine?—in hundred ways to ruin go.
I make my troth, Lord! what I say is truth.

—*Saint Alavandar*

No. 335

KULAPATI'S LETTER
on Life, Literature & Culture

INDIA AND THE WORLD, AS VICTIMS OF THE SEMANTIC JUGGLERY—WHEN WAR IS NOT A WAR

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.
MAY 9, 1965.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

IN India, we have not yet outgrown our insular outlook. Our inability to see things as they are is pathological. When things are inconvenient, we start a linguistic quarrel among ourselves to forget external dangers.

The world in general and India in particular are passing through one of the most critical phases of their existence; aggression is at our doors. All that we do is to interminably discuss our Five Year Plans and enter into arguments with regard to the allocation of a steel mill or a refinery, or engage ourselves with inter-regional disputes as to State boundaries, as a sedative.

If we see things as they are, World War III is already in process, may be tepid or hot or cold, at different places.

The integration of Europe—on which the balance of power in the world depends—has practically receded into the background; France is in open revolt against it.

The Berlin crisis is still unsolved; it may any day develop into a conflict. The East European empire of Soviet Russia is breaking up.

In the Middle-East, the Arab nations are unrelenting in their hostility to Israel; they would try to overrun it but for the U.N.O. keeping the peace.

The Sino-Soviet split is developing fast. As a result, several African countries are riven by internal conflicts and external pressures.

Sino-Pak alliance has concentrated its power and influence to weaken India through frontier encroachment and international propaganda.

In South-East Asia, U.S.A. is faced with a prolonged and risky campaign to arrest military subversion of South Viet-Nam, or worse, with a disastrous withdrawal. Taiwan's fate is in the balance. Indonesia's confrontation of Malaysia—and even the U.N.O.—continues.

However, there is a positive side to the situation, which we should not forget. The "delicate balance of atomic terror" is for the moment stabilised. The Cuban crisis of 1962 demonstrated that the atomic weapons cannot be used as weapons but at best as deterrents.

Neither U.S.A. nor Soviet Russia is averse to settle their differences to avoid thermo-nuclear conflict. Not even China thinks in terms of a thermo-nuclear conflict.

Most nations have accepted the Test-Ban treaty, with France and China as notable exceptions.

The military establishments of nations are assuming a defensive role to preserve a stable world order as it is.

It is being generally recognised as true what Pope John XXIII said in his famous Encyclical: "It is hardly possible in the atomic era that war could be used as an instrument of justice."

In this situation, the Communist powers have evolved a strategy of military subversion through infiltration and guerilla warfare. It is a war, bitter, uncompromising, total, not only against enemy forces but also against men, women and children. However, semantic jugglery calls it an attempt at "liberation" of the victimized nation.

I am appalled at the way in which people—even very intelligent people—become the victims of such semantic jugglery. Hypnotised by them, they are unable to distinguish between truth and untruth, reality and fiction.

I will give a few illustrations.

Soviet Russia could suppress Hun-

Sri Ramanujacharya was the great exponent of Visistadvaita Philosophy. He stirred the hearts of millions and was one of the great architects of our Bhakti renaissance, which saved the soul of India during its darkest periods when *dharma* was fighting a grim battle against alien influences.

Along with Sri Sankaracharya and Sri Madhvacharya, Sri Ramanujacharya, was one of the triumvirate who imparted an undying vitality to our religion, philosophy and ethics.

In Sri Ramanujacharya were harmonised thought, word and deed, associated with the realisation of the Spirit. He brought about a synthesis of *Jnana, Karma* and *Bhakti* and considered *Kainkarya* (service of God) as the highest goal of human existence. *Moksha,* according to Sri Ramanujacharya was nothing but the privilege to serve God.

Sri Ramanujacharya's commentaries on *Brahmasutra, Bhagavad Gita* and the prose-poems known as *Gadya Traya* are unique for their profundity of thought and for their inspiring message of *Saranagati*—complete surrender to God.

—*K. M. Munshi*

gary by force of arms. China could destroy Tibet. Hanoi can overwhelm South Viet-Nam. These are acts of "liberation"!

Indonesia is freely taking the assistance of Red China to crush Malaysia. No voice is raised against it.

On the other hand, Malaysia, in order to defend its existence, is taking the assistance of the Commonwealth countries, of which it is a member. Some people decry it as "neo-colonialism", and many people take up the cry.

If India seeks the assistance of U.S.A. to defend its existence, she is called "a stooge of imperialism", and we are frightened of being so called.

If India asked for American assistance when its very existence was threatened by China, it was "subservience to imperialism". When Russia threatened to assist Egypt against U.K. and France, it was fighting "imperialism"!

The extent to which we are being hypnotised by this jugglery is illustrated by the storm which blew over the Parliament when Sri Sudhir Ghose stated in substance that the late Prime Minister, Jawaharlal Nehru, had sought the assistance of U.S.A. at the time of the Chinese aggression. Many people who should know better, came out against him, lest the virgin chastity of our non-alignment might be in danger.

What is wrong in our asking for foreign assistance and collaboration to defend our national existence at a critical moment? Did not Russia take America's aid in the Second World War when Germany attacked her?

I go further. When Chinese aggression was at its worst, when Assam was in imminent danger, when our defence preparations, despite the tall claim of the then Defence Minister, proved to be disastrously inadequate to meet it, if the Prime Minister of India had hesitated to ask for assistance of friendly nations, he would have been a traitor to the country.

Let us not think that what has to be safeguarded is non-alignment—even at the cost of national security. How can we be non-aligned when the aggressor is strangulating us?

We have it on the highest authority that it was the prospect of massive aid from U.S.A. which deterred the Chinese against further aggression against India. Addressing the Supreme Soviet on December 12, 1964, Mr. Khrushchev said: "Some say that China has stopped hostilities apparently because India began to receive support from the American and British imperialists. Yes, evidently, the Chinese friends have taken this circumstance into account, and this again points to their wisdom and understanding of the fact that when war breaks out between friendly neighbouring peoples, the "imperialists" always try to benefit from it".

Semantic jugglery apart, it only proves the hard fact that U.S.A. only provides a deterrent to a war imposed by Communist expansionists against weaker nations.

When the word "non-alignment" is used very often, it lands us into a sorry mess.

We roared like a lion when Egypt was invaded by England, France and

Israel in the wake of the Suez Crisis. We dared not whisper a protest when Hungary was overrun by Soviet Russia or when Tibet's freedom was ruthlessly extinguished by China.

We are unconscious victims of this "jugglery" when we tacitly accept that Communist action against a people is "liberation"; similar action of the West is "imperialism".

Why is this so? Why are people so gullible? Why do they fail to see realities for themselves?

The reason is that at critical moments we take comfort in slogans, afraid to face the disfavour of the slogan-mongers, and like the ostrich, prefer to bury our heads in sand.

Not only we, but many nations throughout the world, are content to remain victims of such semantic jugglery.

In Congo, when Tshombe is trying to consolidate the country, he is being condemned for fighting the rebels and for employing European mercenaries. Semantic jugglery induces the belief that the rebels are lily-white patriots, heroically struggling for freedom, though they are financed, armed and trained by China.

Taking the help of China, Egypt and Algeria to disrupt the stability of Congo is laudable! To take the help of Belgium to maintain the stability and independence of Congo is wicked!

What is happening in Viet-Nam? In reality, it is a naked war by Hanoi, aided by Communist powers, to destroy the very existence of South Viet-Nam. And yet, blinded by semantic "jugglery", many people all the world over believe that the Viet-Cong represents the patriots of South Viet-Nam; that their aggression is a patriotic rebellion against the wicked South Viet-Namese.

To appreciate the implications of this semantic jugglery, let me give you a hypothetical instance: Suppose the Left Communists of our country, armed, supported, financed and directed by China, carried on a Telengana-type of subversion against our national government, can we say that the Communist subversion is a patriotic act of liberation, while the national resistance is nothing but an imperialistic attempt?

I cannot understand for the life of me why guerilla war of North Viet-Nam against South Viet-Nam is not a war of aggression.

It is true that this kind of warfare is unfamiliar, but that is no reason why it is less of a war of aggression.

The Hanoi Government have deliberately set out to conquer South Viet-Nam by military subversion. There is ample evidence to show that this warfare is inspired, directed, supported and controlled by Hanoi (North Viet-Nam).

The core of the guerilla forces is trained by Hanoi authorities in North Viet-Nam and sent out to South Viet-Nam to destroy its very existence. The key leadership of military leaders, technicians, political organizers and propagandists of this war comes from Hanoi.

The training of essential military personnel and their infiltration to the South is directed by the military command of Hanoi. Communist China and the other Communist States have been channelling weapons and ammunition through North Viet-Nam, to feed the aggression.

Infiltrators, all trained by Hanoi, are sent by land and sea to South Viet-Nam to enlist students in colleges and schools as fifth-columnists through indoctrination.

The directing force behind the aggression is the Lao Dong Party—the Communist Party of North Viet-Nam, which controls the Hanoi Government. It directs the whole political and military effort of the so-called Viet Cong guerillas.

The Liberation Front of South Viet-Nam is a part of the Central Office of the Lao Dong Party, an agency brought into existence by the Hanoi Government in 1960. Its principal function is to create an impression that the aggression is an indigenous rebellion.

The International Control Commission, after enquiry, held that there was sufficient evidence to show beyond doubt that North Viet-Nam had sent arms and men to subvert the legally established Government in South Viet-Nam.

By semantic jugglery, we are asked to believe that it is not a war and many people believe it. Why is it not a war?

When subversion, backed by alien military might, takes place, by whatever name it is called and whatever means it adopts, it becomes the paramount duty of a national government to fight it back with such weapons and such friends as it can mobilise.

As a mature nation we must realise unaffected by semantic jugglery the consequences of a policy.

Should U.S.A. abandon an independent country to expansionist subversion? Should it forswear its position as a powerful nation helping democratic countries to preserve their freedom? Should U.S.A. abandon its policy of giving adequate help to free peoples to defend their freedom when imperilled?

What would be the consequences if U.S.A. walked out of South Viet-Nam without its future being settled in a satisfactory way?

The *Economist* of March 13, 1965, points out:

> "If the Chinese were to win successes by an atttacking policy, there would be little hope of their accepting the idea of a long-term balance between the communist and the non-communist worlds, and the Russians themselves might draw the conclusion that self-assertion pays better than co-existence. The Berlin blockade, Korea, Cuba—the whole history of western resistance to communist expansion since 1948 would have been in vain..... For the West to admit that it has neither the will nor means to contain Chinese-inspired subversion would be to open the door to defeat after defeat in the future, and not only in Asia".

This danger is not imaginary. If U.S.A. withdraws from South Viet-Nam, Hanoi will annex it in a matter of days. Laos, or whatever of it is independent, will fall; as also Cambodia. The Red Armies will then overrun Thailand.

Democratic Malaysia will collapse before President Sukarno's crush-Malaysia campaign, aided by Red China.

Taiwan will fall, and so will the Philippines. With South-East Asia under its control, China's next targets would be Japan and India. It will take the Communist Empire to the gates of India. Who would stem the progress of the Juggernaut car of Red China?

We, Indians, more than others, easily become victims of another semantic jugglery. Some of us are hypnotized into a belief that if we defend our existence and independence through weapons of war, we would somehow betray our glorious mission. India, say these word-jugglers, should not hesitate to immolate herself to earn the halo of a martyr rather than stand up and fight for its existence.

It is such gullibility that paves the way for the Expansionists to destroy free nations and cultures.

Let us not forget that in the ultimate analysis, a nation's foreign policy has to be guided primarily by its national interest. Diplomacy which forgets this basic dictum is not worth a *naya paisa.*

War is war by whatever name it is called and by whatever means it is fought. We must see the danger in its reality and take steps to avert it.

To bury oneself in wishful thinking; to turn a blind eye to unpleasant realities; to surrender to bullying tactics and appeasement of aggression, will only result in laying up further troubles till the situation gets out of control, leading to a deadly reckoning.

No man needs be so blind as to invite national extinction by becoming a victim of semantic jugglery.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

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EDITOR, *Bhavan's Journal*

TO PAKISTAN

"All they that take the sword
shall perish with the sword."
St. Matthew (26:52)

So, prodded by Peking, you, Pakistan, have discarded prudence and reason; you have taken a plunge into a suicidal war.

You have been misled by the frank discussions and fierce criticisms in our Parliament, free press and open society—a blessing which the people of Pakistan have all along been denied—as indicating our internal dissensions. You have come to the conclusion that, in our pressing preoccupation with the countless problems arising out of our dedicated efforts to build up a strong, democratic and egalitarian social order, we have neglected the vital problems of defence and security. You have deluded yourself into the belief that, in these circumstances, you can easily give an 'unsettling blow' to our Motherland, destroy her freedom and culture and get away with it.

When the Mao-Ayub Pact was announced from Peking, we, Indians, were reminded of the Hitler-Mussolini Pact. Like all dictators, Hitler and Mussolini thought that they were invincible. They arrogantly christened it as the Pact of Steel. They sought to use the Pact to extend their hegemony over the whole of Europe.

Do not forget that China has formed an axis with you solely to bring the whole of Asia, including Pakistan, under the Chinese thraldom and to make Ayub play Mao's Mussolini. Like Hitler, Mao will treat Ayub as a poor-relation and cast him aside when China's selfish interests demand it. History will repeat itself and Mao and Ayub and their cohorts will meet the same ignominious fate as befell Hitler and Mussolini.

As to an individual, so to a nation: a peaceful, prosperous and understanding neighbour is a great blessing. India has therefore all along gone out of her way to cultivate good neighbourly relations with you. But, alas, as in matters of love, here also, the party that loves less behaves as though it can dominate the party which loves more.

Pride, jealousy and greed are the common saboteurs of harmony. So long as you are victims of these vices, there is no escape for you from ultimate degradation and ruin.

Never in India's long history, going back to thousands of years, has she ever taken to a conquistador spirit. We are a God-fearing, peace-loving, patient race. We have never been broken.

We must warn you of the consequences. Do not force us to the point of no return. Beware of the anger of patient men!

In the words of Dharmaputra of *Mahabharata*, whom all Indians through the ages, have hailed as *Ajatashatru*, 'we may be five (Pandavas) against hundred (Kauravas), but against a common enemy, we are hundred and five'.

Make no mistake about it: when our freedom and territorial integrity are in peril, the whole of India from Kashmir to Kerala, from Kohima to Kanjarkot will rise as one man and defend them with all our might. Whatever our vocations and political persuasions—there will then be no Congressites, Swatantrites, Jan Sanghis, Samyukta and Praja Socialists; no Hindus, Muslims, Parsis, Christians, Sikhs or Jains; no employers and employees—but only Indians, brothers, speaking for India and ceaselessly toiling to protect and preserve her freedom and integrity, united in a bond stronger than that of blood, owing common allegiance and reverence to our Motherland, on whose breast we are borne and will die.

We shall fight for *dharma*; and God, the protector of *dharma*, will, therefore fight for us.

यतो धर्मस्ततो जयः। *Where there is Dharma, there is sure Victory.*

SRI
RAMANUJA'S PHILOSOPHY

(In his own words)

अखिल भुवनजन्मस्थेमभङ्गादिलीले
विनतविविधभूतव्रातरक्षैकदीक्षे ।
श्रुतिशिरसि विदीप्ते ब्रह्मणि श्रीनिवासे
भवतु मम परस्मिन्शेमुषी भक्तिरूपा ॥

May my understanding assume the form of loving devotion to that Highest Brahman *who is the Home of Lakshmi, and to whom the creation, preservation, destruction, etc., of all the worlds is (mere) play, whose main resolve consists in the protection of hosts of multiform subordinate beings, and who is specially seen to shine forth in what constitutes the head of the* Vedas.

—*Sri Bhashya*

OF the three ultimate entities known to philosophy, the sentient individual soul is essentially different from non-sentient matter, and God, who forms the supreme soul of the universe is absolutely different from the individual soul by virtue of its being free from all imperfections (*nikhila heya pratyanikataya*) and having the auspicious qualities (*Kalyana ganaikatanataya*) as well as by its pervasion in all things that exist and by its being the support, the ground and substance of all existence (*chid achid vyapakataya dharakataya niyantritaya sesitayaca*).

The essential difference thus existing between matter, soul and God are intrinsic and natural.

God, who is the same as the supreme *Brahman*, is the cause of the Universe; and the Universe, which is made up of matter and soul, is the effect produced by Him.

Matter and soul form the body of God : and this body is capable of existing in a subtle as well as in a gross condition.

God with his subtle body constitutes the universe in its casual condition : and with His gross body.

He forms the created universe itself

The individual soul enters into matter and thereby makes it live : and similarly God enters into matter and souls and gives them their powers and their peculiar characteristics.

The universe without God is exactly analogous to matter without soul, and in the world as we know it, all things are what they are, because God has penetrated into them and rules and guides them all from within, so much so that all things are representative of Him and all words denote Him in the main.

—*Vedanta Dipika*

English Translation by Sri M. Rangacharya.

Hail to Saint Ramanuja, expert in making those fallen into the pit of the heresy, reach out God's hand.

—Sri Vedanta Desika

SRI RAMANUJA

a short life-sketch

—*Dr. T. M. P. Mahadevan*

SRI RAMANUJA was born in Sriperumbudur, a neat little township lying on the road to Kanchi from Madras, in the year 1017 A.D. His parents were Asuri Kesava Somayaji and Kantimati, sister of Srisaila-purna, a grandson of Alavandar also known as Yamunacharya. Srisaila-purna was spending his life, with the consent of his grandfather, on the Tirupati Hill in the service of Lord Venkatesvara. It was he that gave his sister in marriage to Asuri Kesava. And, when a son was born to this pair, it was he that gave to the new arrival the name Lakshmana (or Ramanuja: in Tamil, *Ilaya Perumal*).

> **A succession of Hindu religious reformers rose from the eleventh to the nineteenth century, repeating to the listening millions the lessons of the past, and turning their hearts to the living God, who ministered to the needs of his creatures in their sorrow and in their sufferings. Ramanuja was the first of this glorious band of modern Hindu reformers.**
>
> —R. C. Dutt

Not much is known about Ramanuja's childhood days. He seems to have lost his father quite early. He was put to school along with a cousin of his, Govinda Bhattar. When the two boys attained a certain measure of maturity in their studies, they were sent to Kanchi to learn Vedanta from a reputed scholar, Yadavaprakasa. The progress that Ramanuja made in his education was rapid and sound at once. The news of his prowess reached his great-grandfather, Alavandar, at Srirangam, who desired to have a look at Ramanuja. He travelled all the way to Kanchi *incognito,* and saw the boy in the Varadaraja shrine without announcing himself. He was satisfied with what he saw, and went back with the hope that Ramanuja would succeed him as head of the pontifical seat at Srirangam.

Ramanuja continued with his studies for a while. But the relations between himself and his teacher, Yadavaprakasa, became strained.

In compliance with his mother's wish Ramanuja settled down in Kanchi as a householder. There was a saint, Tirukkachi Nambi, at the time engaged in the service of Lord Varadaraja. Ramanuja came to be profoundly influenced by him, and following his example devoted his time in serving the Lord. In Srirangam Alavandar was nearing his end. His disciples who knew his wish as to who should succeed him deputed the eldest among them, Periyanambi, to go to Kanchi and bring Ramanuja. Periyanambi travelled to Kanchi, and learning that Ramanuja was in the temple then, he went there and stood before the Image of the Lord reciting a hymn. Ramanuja's attention being drawn to the recital, he asked the stranger who the composer of the hymn was. On being told that the composer was Alavandar, he enquired whether he could see him. Periyanambi said that he would gladly take Ramanuja to Srirangam where Alavandar was. Ramanuja finished his morning service at the temple, took leave of the Lord, and accompanied Periyanambi to Srirangam. But it was too late. Alavandar in the meanwhile had passed away, and arrangements were being made for the funeral.

Ramanuja went near the dead body of the great preceptor to have a close look at it, and was surprised to find that three out of the five fingers of the right hand were in a folded condition. It was explained to him by Alavandar's disciples that this phenomenon meant that the great teacher had three unfulfilled desires the chief of which was a lucid and easy-to-read commentary on the *Brahmasutra.* When Ramanuja promised to have these objectives fulfilled, the fingers, it is said, straightened themselves.

After the funeral ceremonies were over, Ramanuja returned to Kanchi and resumed his duties at the Varadaraja temple. One day, going into the temple, he wanted very much to know the will of the Lord in regard to his own future. He requested Tirukkachi Nambi to ascertain the divine will. The answer came in the form of a verse which means:

'I am the supreme auspicious reality; My doctrine is that of difference; self-surrender is the unfailing cause of salvation; individual effort is not necessary; release comes in the end; the best of preceptors here (at present) is Periyanambi (Mahapurna).'

Following the Lord's direction, Ramanuja decided to meet Periyanambi and get initiated into the mysteries of Vaishnavism by him. Accordingly, he set out for Srirangam. When he reached Madurantakam he saw Periyanambi who was on his way to Kanchi to meet him. The two exchanged greetings and discovered that the purpose of their respective journeys was the same. Entreated by Ramanuja, Periyanambi initiated him into the secrets of the Vaishnava doctrine in the Rama temple at Madurantakam. Thereafter both of them went to Kanchi and dwelt there for a while.

The domestic life of Ramanuja was rather an unhappy one. His wife was

Ramanuja was one day begging his alms (as became ascetics of his order) in the thoroughfare of Srirangam. Boys drew some figures on the floor with their toes, and pointing to them, cried to Ramanuja: "Here is your God's image." Forthwith Ramanuja put his bowl down, prostrated and went his way!

not helpful in the path of spirituality he had chosen to tread, and she was even quarrelsome at times. Once she went to the extent of picking up a quarrel with Periyanambi's wife. When Periyanambi heard about this he quietly wound up his establishment in Kanchi and went back to Srirangam. Ramanuja came to know of the cause of his *guru's* departure, and was greatly pained at his wife's misbehaviour. Taking advantage of an invitation from his father-in-law, he sent his wife to her parental home; and a great obstacle being removed from off his way, he took *sannyasa* and thus became a detached person. His sense of renunciation was so great that people began to call him Yatiraja, prince of ascetics.

The disciples of Alavandar at Srirangam were eager to get Ramanuja to live with them, and to make him occupy the pontifical seat of their late master. This time they sent as their emissary to Kanchi Alavandar's own son, Tiruvarangapperumal Araiyar. Ramanuja followed him to Srirangam and started equipping himself for his life-mission. He had already received formal initiation in the form of *pancha-samskara* (five-fold purification) from Periyanambi. He now approached another disciple of Alavandar, Tirukkottiyur Nambi for initiation into the meaning of the *mantra* (the sacred formula). Nambi did not respond for a long time. At last, when he was satisfied about Ramanuja's earnestness and competence, he initiated him after warning him that he should give the *mantra* only to worthy disciples, and not to all and sundry. Then happened the most moving incident in the life of Ramanuja.

Although Ramanuja had promised to his *guru* that he would not publicize the *mantra,* he found the *mantra* to be so efficacious that he could not contain himself; he called together all people and gave the *mantra* to them. Nambi was rather annoyed; he called his disciple and asked for an explanation. Ramanuja invited his *guru* to prescribe the punishment. When told that the punishment was hell, he submitted that he was prepared to go to eternal perdition for the sake of the millions who would be saved by the *mantra.* The preceptor was pleased at this; and he blessed Ramanuja saying that the Vaishnava philosophy he would be teaching, would bear his name, that it would be known as 'Ramanuja-darsana'.

Ramanuja then studied the *Tiruvaymoli* under Tiruvarangapperumal Araiyar and Tirumalaiyandan, and the *Ramayana* under Tirumalai Nambi. Thus five of Alavandar's disciples became Ramanuja's preceptors to groom him for the great task that awaited him.

Ramanuja's fame as a great teacher began to spread. Several disciples joined him; Kuresa (Kurattalvan or Srivatsanka Misra) was the chief among them. He had to meet in debate one Yajnamurti, an Advaita scholar, and defeat him. As it usually happens in such cases, Yajnamurti joined Ramanuja's fold and became his disciple. Ramanuja then started on a pilgrimage of India, from Rameswaram to Badari. He travelled up by the west coast and returned by the east coast. While at Srinagar, in Kashmir, he was able to procure a manuscript copy of the *Bodhayana-vritti*, a commentary on the *Brahma-sutra* by Bodhayana. His faithful disciple, Kuresa, was able to memorize it even at the first reading. Closely following the *Bodhayana-vrtti*, Ramanuja wrote his own commentary which is known as the *Sri-bhashya*.

We are told that the Goddess of learning, Sarasvati herself gave her approval of the *bhasya* and conferred on Ramanuja the title of 'Bhashyakara'. Thus was fulfilled the main desire of Alavandar the writing of an authoritative and illuminating commentary on the *Brahma-sutra*.

By the time Ramanuja returned to Srirangam, the position of the Vaishnavas had become difficult because of persecution by the Chola ruler, Kulottunga I. Ramanuja was advised to flee the country. He travelled along the banks of the Kaveri and took refuge in Hoysala territory where Bitti Deva was carving out a kingdom for himself. A daughter of this king was possessed. Ramanuja was invited to exercise the evil spirit. When he succeeded in this, Bitti Deva who was a Jaina became a convert to Vaishnavism. In several debates Ramanuja had to vanquish the Jainas; and he thus made the land safe for the particular form of faith which it was his mission to propagate. With the help of the newly converted king who was given the name Vishnuvardhanadeva, Ramanuja constructed a temple for Tirunarayanapperumal at Melukote (Yadavadri). It was here that Ramanuja lived for about twelve years.

Meanwhile the old Chola ruler died and his successor was not ill-disposed towards the Vaishnavas. When this news reached Ramanuja, he resolved to return to Srirangam. Going back to Srirangam, he organized the temple ceremonials and trained his disciples for the various tasks they had to accomplish in the service of the Vaishnava faith and philosophy. He founded several temples and Maths. He visited the sacred shrines of Vishnu all over the South and gave them their rightful place in the life of the community. He saw to it that, along with the Vedic chants, the *Prabandhas* were also recited in the temples.

His disciples had three images of Ramanuja made and entreated him to consecrate them which he did to please them. These were installed at Srirangam, Sriperumbudur, and Tirunarayanapuram. Realizing that he was nearing his end, he nominated seventy-four of his disciples for taking charge of his work in the different centres he had established. Having completed his mission, Ramanuja departed from this world in A.D. 1137 in his 120th year.

Gospel of Self-surrender According to Ramanuja

Prof. M. Yamunacharya

RAMANUJA'S gospel of self-surrender (Prapatti) finds ecstatic expression in his prose-poem known as *Saranagati Gadya*.

It is a dialogue of communion with God in which the soul of Ramanuja voices forth its innermost aspirations calling forth from the depths of his consciousness a response from his Lord who assures his devotee of His living presence with him in the consciousness of which and in the perennial joy of whose service he may live content and happy.

It is a dialogue between the soul and the Over-soul, the Jivatman and the Paramatman.

There is a sense of certainty, an atmosphere of utter serenity that prevails in the *Saranagati Gadya,* the hymn of self-surrender which is said to have been poured forth from Ramanuja's heart on seeing a beatific vision of the Lord on the occasion of a temple festival.

The fervour of the human soul throbbing with deep love and surrender to its Master has rarely found elsewhere such beautiful and sublime expression as in this *Saranagati Gadya,* which may be considered as the Swan Song of Ramanuja.

The theme of the *Gadya* expressed the consummation devoutly wished for by every true devotee.

While Sankara's system is Advaita, i.e. absolute Monism, that of Ramanuja has been called Visishta-Advaita, the doctrine of unity with attributes or monism with a difference. Of course, with Ramanuja also, Brahman is the highest reality, omnipotent, omniscient, but this Brahman is at the same time full of compassion or love. This is a new and very important feature in Ramanuja's Brahman, as compared with the icy self-sufficiency ascribed to Brahman by Sankara. Even more important and more humanising is the recognition that souls as individuals possess reality, that Chit and Achit, what perceives and what does not perceive, soul and matter, forming as it were, the body of Brahman, are in fact modes (Prakara) of Brahman.

—Prof. Max-Muller

In analysing the *Saranagati Gadya* the traditional commentators aver that it falls into three divisions, each division representing a *rahasya* or secret and altogether demonstrative of the three *rahasyas* or Rahasyatraya of Srivaishnava theology.

Vedanta Desika, the great exponent of one of the Schools of Sri Vaishnavism known as the Vadagalai, has

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written a very learned treatise known as *Rahasyatrayasara* dealing with the three Rahasyas.

Similarly Pillai Lokacharya, the exponent of what is known as Tengalai or Southern School has also written his own commentary of the Rahasyatraya in a treatise of his, called *Mumukshuppadi* or the steps of the Salvation-seeker.

Both these Sri Vaishnava theologians have derived their original inspiration from Ramanuja.

The three divisions spoken of are that the first portion of the *Saranagati Gadya* is illustrative of what is known as the 'two holy statements', the second of the sacred eight-syllabled *mantra,* holy to every Sri Vaishnava and the third is expressive of the 66th verse of the 18th chapter of the *Gita* looked upon by the pious Sri Vaishnava as the pledged word of God to man that he shall be saved, if he lives in utter resignation to the will of God and becomes a *Prapanna.*

In the first portion, there is also the principle of intercession or mediation introduced in the form of Sri, the spouse of the Lord, who is the very embodiment of Divine Grace and who mediates between the contrite soul on the one side and the Perfect Supreme Being on the other. She pleads with the Lord for justice to be seasoned with mercy. Sri is the Adi Guru, the first of teachers in the line of teachers, *Guruparampara,* from whom all other teachers, prophets and apostles derive their authority for mediation between God and man.

This truth of intercession marks out the Ramanuja School of Vaishnavism from the other forms of Vaishnavism. This is the reason why it is called Srivaishnavism. The entire fabric of Srivaishnava theology is based on these truths as expounded in *Saranagati Gadya.* So from the point of view of Srivaishnava theology, the *Saranagati Gadya* is of great importance.

In the *Saranagati Gadya* Ramanuja pays homage to his God and His glory and prays to Him to accept Him as one who has absolutely surrendered himself to God and His service. He praises God as one who is entirely free from all that is evil, who is the abode of all that is holy, who is uniquely different from things that one sees round him and whose nature is constituted of knowledge and bliss. He has a divine form which is the treasure of qualities like unsurpassed effulgence, beauty, fragrance, softness, grace and youth. He is also characterized by tenderness, friendliness, impartiality, compassion, sweetness, dignity, magnanimity and the like. In short He is a veritable ocean of innumerable excellences. With all these qualities He yet remains inscrutable even to the highest of Yogins. He is Sriman Narayana, who is the resort of the resortless.

The individual soul of Ramanuja now proclaims itself as one who has resorted to his Lord. Ramanuja asks for forgiveness of all the sins committed by him and prays for his being accepted as the humblest of His humblest servants. "I have surrendered myself to thee and have become thy servant". He proclaims and seeks the protection of the Lord and prays for being saved from the lure of sense-life which has obscured to him the vision of the radiant Lord. His only wish, he says, is to remain ever after the Lord's eternal servitor 'and derive the greatest joy and solace of life from it'.

After uttering this prayer which is the innermost aspiration of the Soul of Ramanuja he hears an inner voice in him, the voice of the Lord seated in his heart, assuring him that he has been accepted by the Lord as His eternal servitor in which state he may rest happily as long as he would live in this world and thereafter. When the time draws nigh for him to leave this world, He would shuffle off his mortal coil having his gaze fixed on the Lord's glorious form. The Lord assures his devotee not to waver in his faith but rest assured in the certainty of the presence of the Lord with him through all the vicissitudes of his life.

The *Saranagati Gadya* brings to us a revelation of Ramanuja's impassioned religious consciousness and his vivid sense of the personal presence of God.

Viewed from all standpoints, Ramanuja appears to have been a profound philosopher, a noble ornament of the Aryan race, a philanthropic leader of mankind, a wise reformer of extreme moral excellence.

—M. Rangacharya.

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KRISHNAVATARA

The Righteous War

THE BOOK OF BHEEMA

CHAPTER 19

THE MIRACLE

BHEEMA returned to his mansion a little before dawn, lay down on his bed and closed his eyes, pretending to be asleep. Within a short time, his brothers woke up to go to the Ganga before the break of dawn to take their bath and offer their worship to Surya the Sun God as he rose.

As if he had just risen, Bheema left his bed and joined them. He hoped to have an opportunity to talk to Krishna when he was offering worship, but Uddhava, Saatyaki, Arjuna and several others were with him.

While they were performing their *sandhya* and offering libations to God Surya, standing waist-deep in the waters of the Ganga, people who were taking their bath nearabout, crowded round Krishna to have his *darshan*.

After their bath Bheema accompanied Krishna to the mansion where he was housed. But its courtyard was already full of men, women and children waiting to have his *darshan*.

He patted some children, said a word here and a word there to those who were lucky enough to catch his eye and cast a glance at women, so loving that it was to remain in their memory throughout life. Whenever he smiled, they felt they were blessed.

This precious cousin of his, thought Bheema, thoroughly enjoyed being surrounded by a crowd. Somehow or other, he must find him alone; otherwise how was he to induce him to come to Baliya's *akhada* at midnight? Soon Bheema found the opportunity, asked Gopu to run up to his grandfather, and bring him.

When Someshwar came pushing

his father in the little cart, the people gathered there immediately recognised the old wrestler, once the darling of the people of Hastinapur who loved to attend the wrestling matches staged by the *mulls*. They were also proud of Someshwar who enjoyed the reputation of being the star wrestler of Hastinapur.

Bheema stepped down from the verandah on which he was sitting with Krishna and others, and made way for the push-cart to come near.

Krishna got up, adjusted his scarf and came forward to greet the old man. Baliya leaned out of his cart, touched the feet of Krishna and applied his hands to his eyes which were full of tears of gratitude.

'Bahubali, master of the wrestling lore, why did you take the trouble of coming here yourself?' asked Krishna, bending low to greet the wrestler with an embrace. 'I was going to come to you myself one of these days to pay my respects to the invincible veteran of the wrestling pit.'

At a sign from Bheema, Gopu lifted his grandfather from the cart and brought him near the seat which Krishna had resumed.

'Lord, you are the crown-jewel of the *mulls*,' said Baliya, again touching Krishna's feet, overwhelmed by the respectful way in which he was received by Krishna.

'What are you then?' asked Krishna smilingly.

'I!' exclaimed the wrestler. 'I am only a humble devotee of *mulla vidya*. I can never forget that at sixteen, you vanquished Kamsa and Chaanura, past-masters of the art of wrestling. I had been waiting all these years to have your *darshan*. Having seen you, I feel myself blessed.'

'You are not fair to yourself,' Krishna said, with his cheering smile. 'Bheema has already told me of your exploits. There is no greater master of *mulla vidya* than yourself.'

Bheema intervened: 'Krishna, Baliya is dying to make a humble request to you, but he is not able to summon up courage to do so. He wants you to come to his *akhada* and bless his wrestling pit.'

The old man turned gratefully to Bheema and said: 'Little master, you have expressed my heart's wish.' Addressing Krishna, he added: 'Whenever convenient, Lord, come to the *akhada* and show us the way you floored Kamsa and Chaanura. I could never understand how you could do it.'

'I never could understand it myself,' said Krishna and added: 'Bheema knows all my tricks; there is nothing extraordinary about them. We have been wrestling often and he can show them to you.'

Bheema interrupted: 'Why should old Baliya go to bathe in a tributary when the holy Ganga, the mother of rivers, is at his door-step?'

Casting a meaningful glance at Baliya and Someshwar not to contradict him, Bheema continued in a low voice: 'Today, as it happens, is the sacred day for the *mulls* when, as a religious duty, they worship their guardian goddess, Amba, the Divine Spouse of the Great God in her motherly aspect.'

The old man sensed the object of Bheema, folded his hands and added in a whisper: 'Lord, today night, we, *jeshti mulls,* observe a sacred festival for worshipping Mother Amba. Favour us, Lord, by your presence.' Baliya bent low, joined his hands and placed his head at the feet of Krishna in humble supplication.

Krishna smiled, patted the head of Baliya and also in low tone said: 'In this lore, you are the master, Bahubali. Your wish is a command. Bheema will bring me to the *akhada* at some convenient time. But it must remain Bheema's secret, because I don't want to put all these people to the trouble of coming to the *akhada,* which they are sure to, if they came to know that I was coming there.'

'That is right, Krishna,' said Bheema. 'It is necessary that you should develop the habit of living without worshippers.'

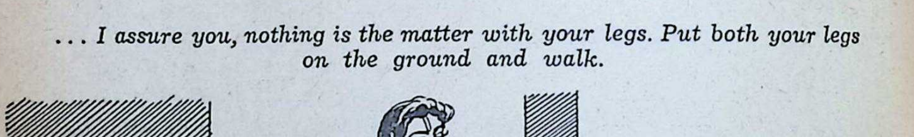
'Living with you is worse. You treat me as a spoiled child,' retorted Krishna.

Krishna patted Baliya on the back, and the crowd which was squatting in front of the verandah, was disappointed not to be able to listen to the low-voiced conversation between them. They were now delighted to see Bheema lifting the old wrestler like a little baby to put him back in his cart, and burst into laughter.

Before Bheema could proceed further, Krishna got up, smiled and stopped him: 'Bheema, did I not tell you that you spoil people? You spoil me by your love; you are now spoiling Baliya. Surely, the master-wrestler of Hastinapur, the crest-jewel of the *mulls,* can walk by himself,' he added.

'I can't, lord,' said Baliya pathetically.

. . . I assure you, nothing is the matter with your legs. Put both your legs on the ground and walk.



'Why can't you?' asked Krishna, and took Baliya from the arms of Bheema.

The crowd watched this transfer of Baliya from one to the other, and sensing something significant, lapsed into silence.

'You can, I assure you, Baliya,' said Krishna with confidence.

'How can I lord?' cried Baliya helplessly, afraid to be dropped to the ground.

'I tell you, you can,' Krishna said, looking steadily into the frightened eyes of the old *mull,* and let go one of the arms which held him.

The weak legs of Baliya dangled helplessly. A shriek issued from his mouth.

'Didn't you tell me that I am the crown-jewel of *mulls?* I assure you, nothing is the matter with your legs. Put both your legs on the ground and walk.'

'I can't.'

'You can,' said Krishna as he took away the other arm which was supporting Baliya. The old man gave vent to another shriek and almost fell to the ground.

'Walk,' Krishna said in a voice of authority.

Baliya looked towards Krishna. Mysterious streams of faith coming from his eyes seemed to envelope him. He felt he could not disobey Krishna, whatever happened. He placed both his feet on the ground, tottered, almost fell to the ground. Krishna pulled him up by the hand.

'Come,' said Krishna, 'walk,' and leading the old wrestler by his hand, he took two steps as if he was teaching an infant how to walk.

The crowd looked on with bated breath. The old wrestler, crippled for some years now, was standing on his legs supported by none. And, wonder of wonders, he took hesitant steps —one, — two, — three, — four, — five steps in all. The crowd gaped.

Baliya realised that he could walk by himself and his shrunken face dissolved into a blissful smile.

'Lord, I can walk.' He fell at Krishna's feet with tears of joy in his eyes.

The crowd sat awe-struck, silent.

The *mull* walked with tottering steps towards the push-cart and, not being sure of his ability to walk further, sat down in it.

Krishna gave him a pat. 'Who said you cannot walk?' and laughed cheerfully.

The tension resolved, the crowd shouted: "Victory unto Krishna."

The cart was pushed along by Someshwar, Bheema accompanying it.

When they came out of the courtyard of the mansion, two *mulls,* without their head-gear, one of whom was bleeding profusely from a wound in his head, came running. 'We are being killed, we are being killed,' they shouted.

A little away, some *mulls* were seen running towards the *akhada.* Some bullocks throwing off their yokes, were wildly careering in all directions in fright.

Hearing the shouts, some of the people sitting in the courtyard, rushed out to know what was happening

[*To be continued*]

Some cling to Karma; Others cling to Jnana. But I would cling to the sandals of the servants of God. —Vedanta Desika.

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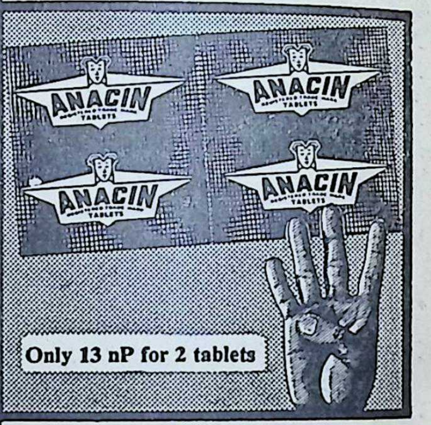
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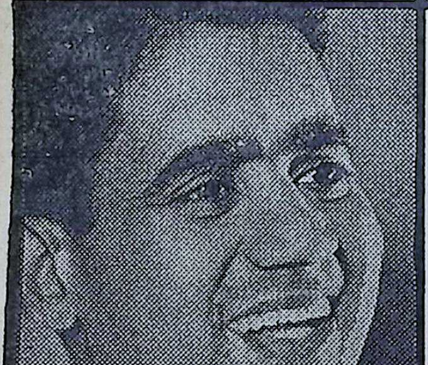

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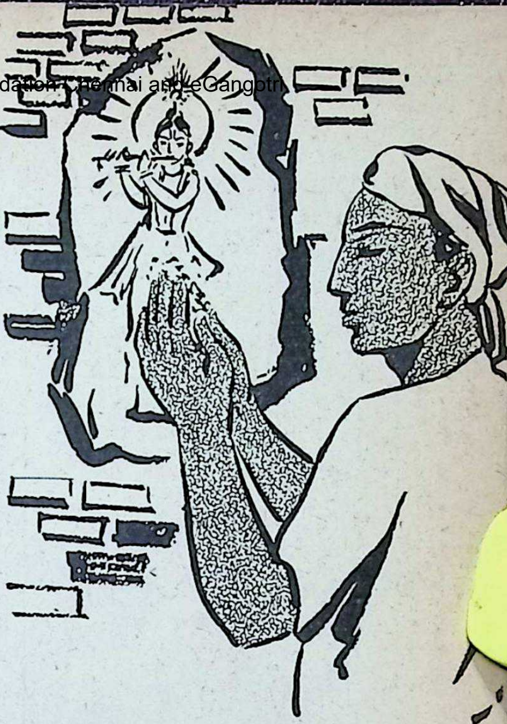
Sri Kanakadāsa

R. R. Diwakar

COMMON with all other regions of India, there have been at different times waves of spiritual and cultural regeneration and progress in Karnatak. The School of Bhakti represented by the Dasakuta in Karnatak was one of such waves dedicated to devotion to Vishnu and following the Dvaita metaphysics enunciated by Sriman Madhwacharya of Udipi in the 12th Century.

There have been even in this Bhakti School two strains: one called the Vyasakuta represented by great Sanskrit scholars and authors, and the other the Dasakuta represented by poets and composers mostly in the language of the people and in songs of exquisite beauty. Kanaka belonged to the Dasakuta, that is the group of devotees who looked upon themselves as the servants of God and who surrendered themselves entirely to the deity of their choice.

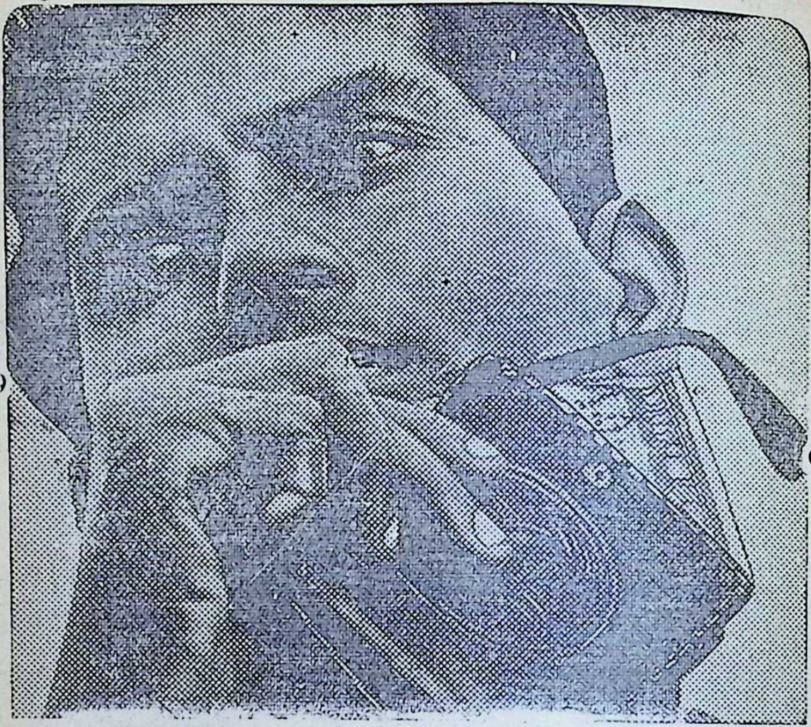
Everyone of these Dasas, it should be noted, had an Ishta Devata or a deity of his choice and each one of them composed with a pseudonym which indicated his deity. In the case of Kanakadasa, his deity is the Adikeshava of the village of Kaginele—a small hamlet in the Dharwar district. Kanaka originally (Timma) belonged to Bada, an insignificant village where his father and mother passed away soon after his birth. Kanaka wandered as an orphan, but stumbled over some treasure which he distributed freely to the needy people. This gave him the designation of Kanaka, i.e., gold—a man of gold or one who distributed gold to the poor.



Kanakadasa at Udipi

After an eventful life as a soldier and as a fighter and one who had some successes to his credit and also some reverses, he ultimately renounced the life of the material world and took to a life of renunciation.

Being born in a caste of the Kuru-



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bas,* he was looked down by the so-called higher caste people. The curse of caste which is almost as pernicious in its effects as the curse of race, has been one of the handicaps for talents and abilities to express themselves freely and to their fullest stature in Indian society. But in the case of Kanakadasa, his deep knowledge of philosophy and metaphysics and on account of his poetic genius by which he proved his merit, he came to be respected as one of the foremost devotees at the Math of Sri Vyasaraya, the then pontiff of the Math of Vijayanagar.

There is another story about his having gone to Udipi and, when rejected entrance by the high-priest, he went on with his devotions behind the temple. To their surprise the priests found that the idol was looking to that side of the wall beyond which Kanaka was carrying on his prayers. Even to this day there is what is called 'Kanaka's window' (Kanakana Khindi), through which all the devotees who visit Udipi look through and have darshan of the Udipi idol.†

I do not think it necessary for any saint or sage or seer to prove his spiritual progress and attainments by any miracles or out of the way feats or experiences. Spiritual experience and progress are independent of any occult or miraculous powers. It might be in the case of certain saints there are miraculous powers to add. But it cannot be said to be an essential ingredient of spiritual excellence. Spiritual excellence and attainments are mainly to be judged by the inner experiences of communion with the universal spirit, the control and triumphant conquest of one's elemental urges, an integrated personality which is in harmony with itself and with those round about and a highly ethical conduct which reflects the spiritual outlook and the devotion of the person concerned.

In the case of Kanaka, however, together with his saintliness, there were also some events like the one I have indicated above which impressed the people with his greatness. Apart from his saintliness, Kanakadasa had the power of expression which was instinct with poetic inspiration and a command of words which was something that was remarkable. He has not only written hundreds of *kirtanas,* i.e. songs which can be sung according to the classical style of music, but also some long poems namely, *Mohana Tarangini* and so on.

I do not think that a brief article like this can go into the details of his authorship or review all that he has written. But the excellence of his composition, the depth of his insight, the height of his attainment and the homeliness of his expressions can be very easily appreciated if we but study three of his *kirtanas*.

I would cite for instance, the *kirtana* which begins with (*Tanu Ninnadu*) "This body is Thine, Thine is this life, Thine is my soul oh Lord", and ends with "Everything is yours oh Adikesava of Kaginele". In this poem Kanakadasa says that every experience that he goes through, whether it is by the way of the senses of knowledge, namely the ear, eyes and

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* According to some, he was a Beda. —Ed.

† Srikrishna.

BACK-TO-SHANKARA SERIES

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so on or whether it is through the senses of action, namely hands, feet, etc., are all yours, O Lord. Here in this poem Kanakadasa transforms all his physical, mental and emotional powers into instruments of experiencing the existence and the presence of the Lord. This is the limit of sublimation to which any devotee can go.

It is very difficult to bring out in English what may be said to be the sweetness, the suitability, the music of the words and expressions which he has used in Kannada. But certainly one can say that his style matches with any first-rate poetic expression.

The second *kirtana* which I would refer to here is (*Nee Mayeyolago*) "Oh Lord, are You in this manifestation or is this whole manifestation embedded in You". The poet here begins with giving a clue to the sense of mystery that enshrouds the whole of creation and man's place in it, the Creator's function and the inter-relationship between all the verities, all of which mystify man's mind without giving any solution.

The poet proceeds to half a dozen different things like the flower and its fragrance, the nose and its power to appreciate the fragrance, and wonders whether all these are in one's own mind or whether the mind itself is in the Lord. After beautifully going through the whole gamut and range of the experiences of the human senses, he ends by saying, "How can I solve this mystery except by saying that everything is in you, Oh Lord".

I may take a third *kirtana* which is a song of utmost spiritual experience which Professor Ranade in his *Pathway to God in Kannada Literature,** has characterised as a "brilliant description of Kanakadasa's cumulative spiritual experience." The poet says, "I was thinking that the city of God was far away. But when I saw it with the insight given by my Master, I find it here in my heart in the form of the Lord of Creation". After this experience, the poet bursts out, "I came out triumphant like a hero after having crushed eight *madas,* and defeated the 'six' enemies; after having trodden under feet the 'five' mischievous vices and having murdered the powerful and troublesome opponent, namely, egoism". The poet describes the refulgent main door of the palace of the city of God, and also says that he saw there in the temple innumerable devotees like Narada and Tumbura.

Kanakadasa here, having reached the acme of experience and having enjoyed the fullest possible vision of God by all his senses, expresses his ecstasy which is naturally the result of communion of the individual soul with the universal Spirit.

While Kanakadasa has the stature of a fully realised soul so far as spiritual attainment is concerned, he was equally alive to the problems of the society in which he lived. Of one problem he was not only aware, but he himself in his person experienced all the numerous handicaps which go with a lower social status on account of the discrimination between caste and caste and the superiority complex of the so-called upper castes. He has condemned these meaningless distinctions, and has challenged the dogma which tries to perpetuate the so-called

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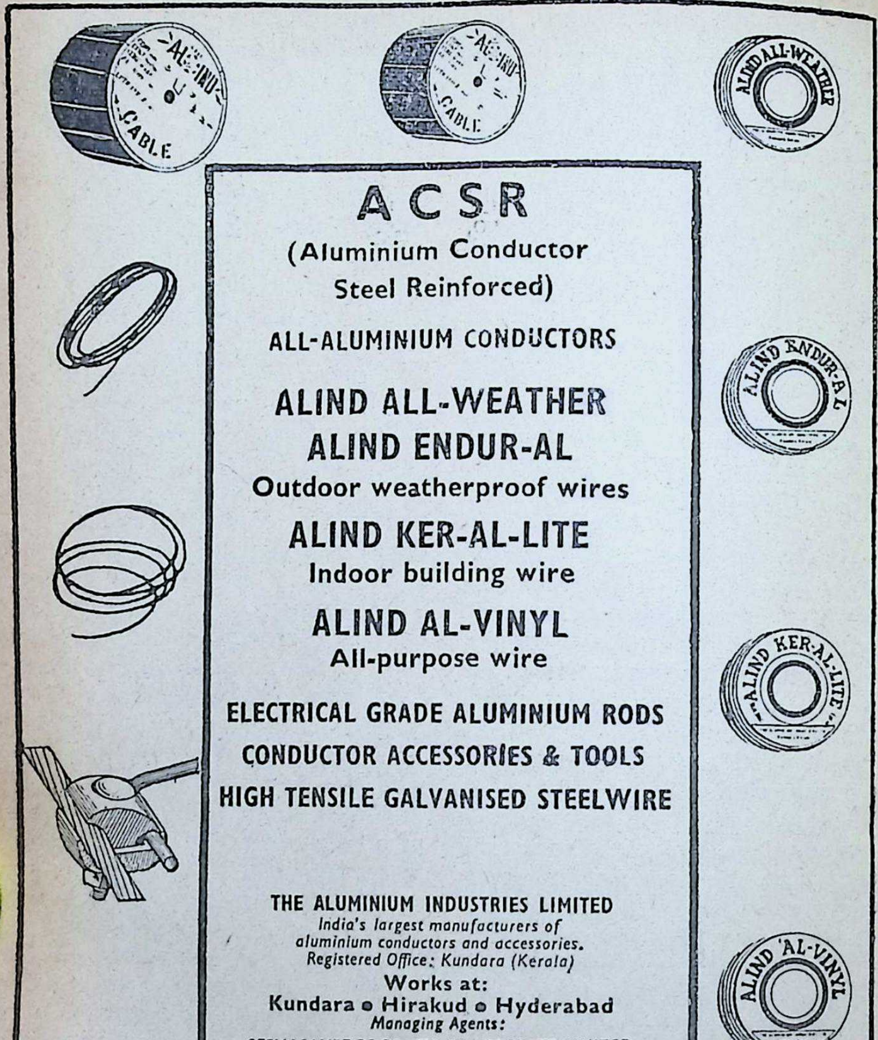
* A Bhavan's publication.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superiority of caste. "He and he alone is near to God and belongs to the higher class of people who is devoted and who treats all human beings as of his own class".

It is but natural that a seeker after spiritual attainment, looks down upon mere material advancement as an end in itself. Though he had gone through the experiences of the poorest and of the wealthiest, experiences of a common citizen as well as those of a great officer of the State, he knew that whatever the economic and social status of a person, his intrinsic merit lies in his behaviour and just conduct with all concerned. If God is everywhere and if everything is the manifestation of God, where comes the high and low and superiority complex which is seen to be so rampant in society? To the feet of God one cannot go except in humility. For before Him everything is like a speck of dust.

While he upheld the Bhakti School and the Madhwa metaphysics, he was fully aware that Bhakti without Jnana was like blind faith without reason. It is therefore that Shri Madhwacharya himself said that Bhakti is that kind of love of God which has as its basis the full knowledge and realisation of the greatness and the omniscience and the all-powerfulness of God. It is only that realisation which can make the Bhakta a full-fledged devotee who can surrender his all to God and derive his very existence as also all his activities from the supreme source from which everything flows.

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PROFILE

DUDLEY SENANAYAKE

IN the recent General Election in Ceylon, the democracy of this tiny island faced a mighty challenge from the forces of totalitarianism; but it emerged victorious from this confrontation.

The man who united the democratic forces and led them to victory is Dudley Don Stephen Senanayake, who now has become Ceylon's Prime Minister for the third time. His father, who founded the United National Party, was Ceylon's first Prime Minister, whom Nehru once described as "The Symbol of Free Asia."

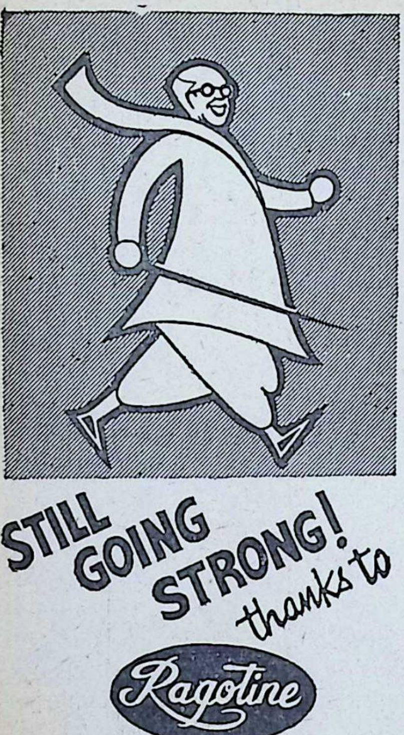
Sri Senanayake was born on June 19, 1911. He was an outstanding student of St. Thomas College, where he achieved distinction both in his studies and as an all-round sportsman. He played cricket, foot-ball and tennis with skill and success and was a keen athlete and a good boxer. He won the gold medal for the best all-round student in 1931.

In the same year, he went to Cambridge where he took a National Science Tripos and obtained his M.A. degree. Later he was called to the Bar in England and on his return in 1935 practised law in Colombo for a short time.

Sri Senanayake, who is a confirmed bachelor, entered politics in 1936 when he won the Dedigama seat in the General Election to the State Council. In 1947, he was elected on the U.N.P. ticket from the same constituency by a majority of over 13000 votes to Ceylon's first parliament under the Soulbury Constitution. Soon after, he was appointed the Minister for Agriculture and Lands in his father's Cabinet.

And though he is a product of Cambridge, Sri Senanayake is essentially a son of the soil and immensely loves the land. He once described himself in a Who's Who as an "agriculturist by training and choice...a keen paddy cultivator...can take a hand behind the plough even today." One of his memorable accomplishments was the launching and the successful completion—18 months ahead of schedule—of the multi-purpose Gal Oya Development Project.

In March 1952, his father died in a riding accident and Sri Senanayake,



who was then 41, succeeded him and became the youngest Prime Minister in the Commonwealth. But observing the correct norms of democracy he went before the people to obtain a fresh mandate to govern them and won the General Election.

But unfortunately his health deteriorated and his conscience compelled him to resign in 1953. Sir John Kotelawala replaced him as the leader of the U.N.P. and Sri Senanayake was content to occupy a back seat in the House of Representatives. Soon after, he announced his resignation from the Party and retirement from politics. In the 1956 General Election, he declined to contest his usual Dedigama seat. But on regaining normal health, he rescinded his decision and returned to active politics in 1957.

Again in the General Election of 1960, Sri Senanayake led the U.N.P. to victory and on March 21 again became Ceylon's Prime Minister. But he had only 50 seats in the House and his Government was defeated on the Throne Speech and fresh elections were held in July, 1960 at which the S.L.F. Party led by Smt. Bandaranaike swept the polls with as many as 75 seats. It was indeed a stunning defeat for the U.N.P. and Sri Senanayake became the leader of the Opposition.

A man of great talent, captivating charm and unchallengeable personal integrity, Sri Senanayake is one of the very few Asian leaders who under any circumstances would refuse to put political expediency above democratic principles. His biggest asset, however, is his remarkable gift of causing confidence to flower in various sections of the Ceylonese people, which in itself will be of inestimable value to him in grappling with the tasks that await him.

Sri Senanayake's biggest task will be to pull out the island's economy which was greatly damaged by the Marxist policies of the former government. He faces mounting unemployment, rising prices and a precarious balance of payments. The Communists may attempt to make things difficult for him through trade unions under their control. He also will have to take swift steps to promote inter-racial goodwill. In this, he will have the co-operation of Sri S.J.V. Chelvanayagam and Sri M. M. Tiruchelvam (now in his Cabinet) leaders of the (Tamil) Federal Party which has extended its full support to the Prime Minister.

Devout Buddhist that he is, Sri Senanayake's first act after he was sworn-in as the Prime Minister was to don the traditional white robes and to pray at the famous temple of the Tooth. Three months ago, he started his election campaign in the same manner.

In his first radio-broadcast to the nation after he became Prime Minister, Sri Senanayake said: "Let us as citizens of this land work together to make this a happier place for a free and democratic people to live in under the rule of law in peace and prosperity." These are noble words and the world knows that they come from a sincere heart.

Sri Senanayake has also declared his full and total support for India in her boundary dispute with China. With Tunku Abdul Rehman of Malaysia he is perhaps the only Asian

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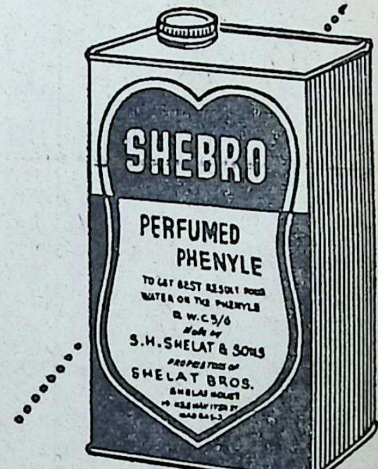

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leader who has openly declared that India is a victim of the Chinese aggression. He is also known to be keen on reviewing the Sino-Ceylonese Naval Pact, which, as rumours indicate, gave China the right to use Trincomalee harbour, which could well become a strategic port for China's future naval designs on India. He has also shown unusual courage by expelling two high officials of the Chinese Embassy in Ceylon for their undesirable activities. He has issued instructions that no minister should use expensive limousines and big fashionable houses.

All this is characteristic of this earnest man who is perhaps the first person to decline the honour of being appointed a Privy Councillor and who is more proud to be an agriculturist than the Prime Minister.

Now that the Marxists are put in their proper place and the days of agony and doubt, of chaos and confusion, are over, nothing causes more relief and delight than to see Sri Senanayake at the helm of affairs in Ceylon.

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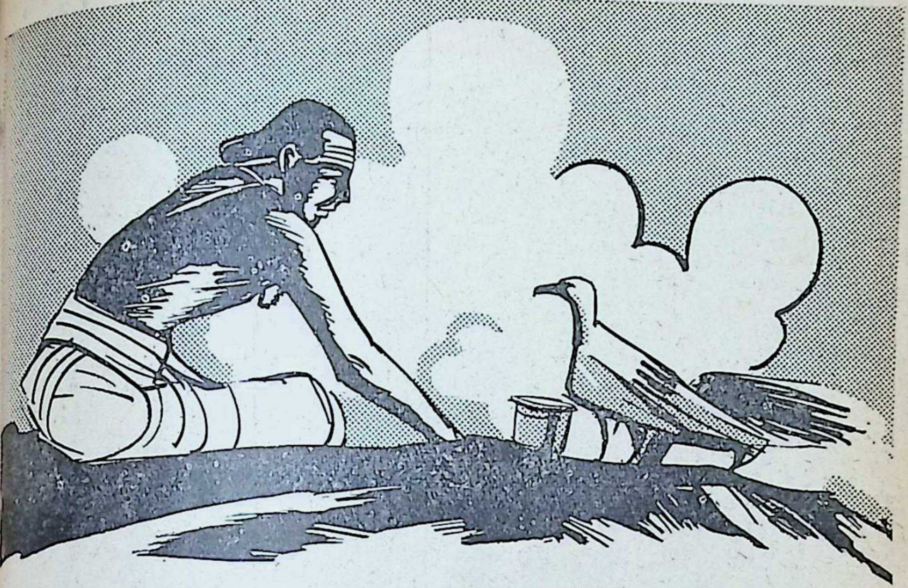
Purasu Balakrishnan



The Tamil Eagle*

IT was a hot summer day, not ideal for a picnic; and certainly there was no Ooty pleasantness to be looked for. My friend R—had with him his German camera which he handled as carefully as though it might burst like a soap-bubble. We discussed the duration of the life of an eagle, whether the eagle or the elephant had the longer life.

"Nobody has yet seen the death of an elephant in its natural surroundings", said a friend of mine, a zoologist. "A strange instinct makes it aware of death, when death comes near; and it takes itself quietly to a hidden spot and gives up its life."

"Mute inglorious Bhishmas!'' I thought.

But my friend, the zoologist, had nothing positive to tell us about the life of an eagle. We were naturally interested in this question as we were visiting the Hill of the Sacred Eagles where day after day, from time immemorial, like the punctual sun himself, at about noon, two eagles alight on the summit of the Hill and partake of the divine offerings from the hands of the waiting priest. My friend R—remembered his having seen the sight thirty-five years ago. I myself recollected my grandmother mentioning to me her pilgrimage as a girl to the Hill to have 'darshan' of the Eagle-Saints. An assistant librarian in our midst, who seemed to be on intimate terms with old books, informed us that there was proof of the feed-

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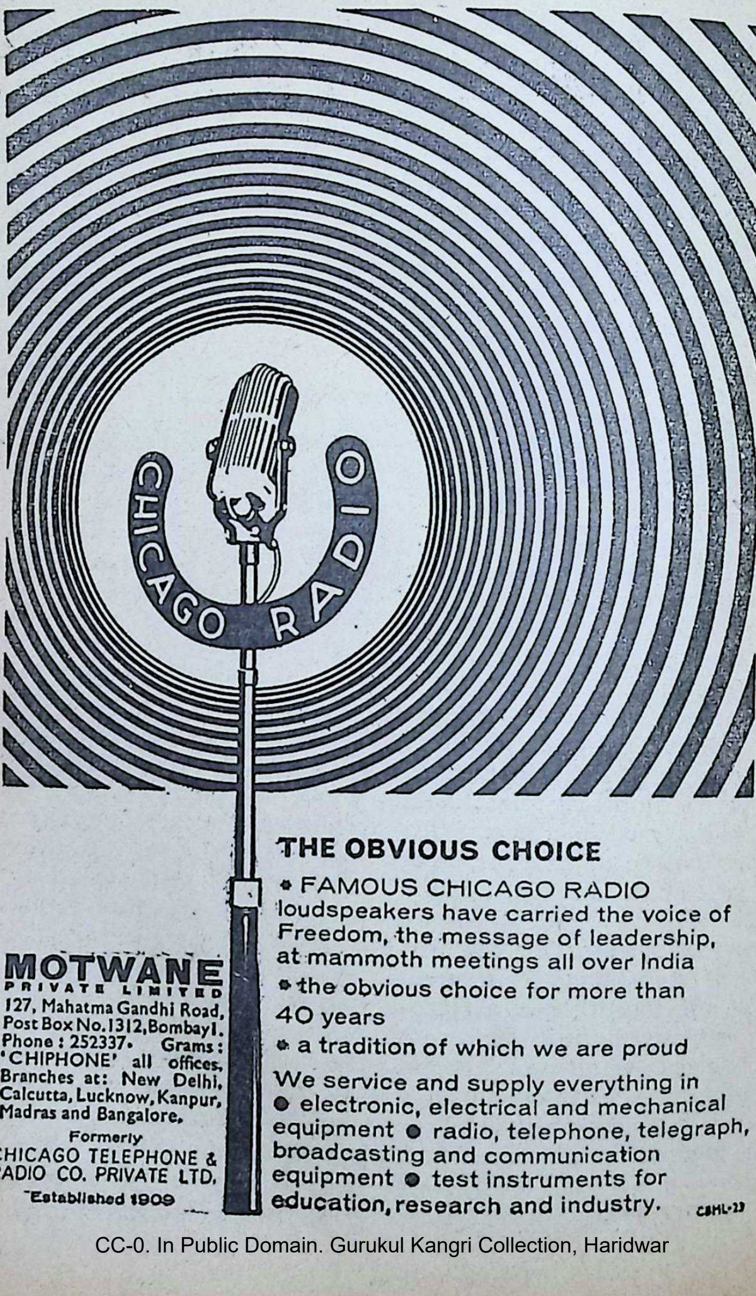
* This article is part of a longer essay.



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ing of the eagles by a certain Dutchman who visited the Hill on January the 3rd, 1681.

Listening to their talk, I fell to musing by myself. I called back to my memory the Saivite saints of long ago who had sung of the Hill and its Lord Sambandar who lived in the eighth century A.D. sings of "The Hill of the holy Eagles," and calls it "Home of the self-exiled Lord," "beloved of the Lord who dallies with his woman-half," but he does not refer to the feeding of the eagles. He calls it the Hill of the Sacred Eagles; so does saint Sundarar who lived in the same age. However, this term may not refer to the feeding-ritual and to the bright legend connected with it, but to a different one that in every *yuga* a pair of eagle-saints, have been attaining salvation here—Chanda and Prachanda, Sampathi and Jatayu, Sampukunda and Magutha, Pusha and Vrittha for the four *yugas*.

The ancient imaginative spirit of the Tamil Land figured these two eagles as a pair of shaggy hermits whose restless souls quivered in their preternatural wings, sustaining them in their daily pilgrimage from the Ganges-laved Benares in the north to the sea-washed Rameshwaram in the south, following their preferences for these two shrines for their bath, for Conjeevaram and Madura for their worship, for the Sacred Hill of Tirukazhukundrum for their spare meal, and for Chidambaram for their nightly repose. To certain science-dried spirits this old myth may appear childish, primitive and inane. But for youth and all ductile and congenial minds, mythology is still dynamic—the hill is still sacred, the eagles are still God-sent guests. Every day they bring on their flapping wings the message of the rishis of the *Rig Veda*;

समानो मंत्रः समितिः समानी
समानं मनः सह चित्तम् एषाम् ।
समानं मंत्रं अभिमंत्रये वः
समानेन वो हविषा जुहोमि ॥
समानी व आकूतिः समाना हृदयानि वः।
समानम् अस्तु वो मनो यथा वः
सुसहासति ॥

Common be your prayer;
Common be your goal;
Common be your mind and thoughts;
Common be your heart and desires;
United be your aspirations.

They are living symbols of the spirit of Valmiki whose compassion flowed to the wounded *Krouncha* bird, the poet who described the whole stretch of the Indian scene from Lanka to Ayodhya, as it unrolled itself before Rama and Sita in the celestial car. They breathe the spirit of Kalidasa who described the same panorama of sea and land at equal length in a poem of far shorter compass, the poet who described also the stretch of India from Ramagiri to the Himalayas in another poem. In these birds of mythology Tagore would have found a kindred spirit; so too would have Bankim Chandra whose song of salutation to India reverberated through the length and breadth of the land. "Hail to you, mighty birds! You are of my race!" thus Bharati would have greeted them rejoicingly—if we had seen him on the Hill—Bharati whose vision of India, among the visions of all our poets, was the most complete and prophetic, Bharati to whose measures the young

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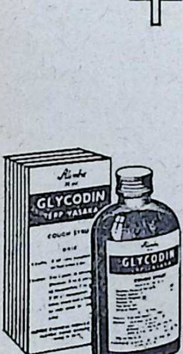
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of Tamil Nad bound, as lambs to a tabor's sound. It occurs to me, to fly to other things with different associations, that this story of the eagles would have appealed greatly to Coleridge who sang the lay of the albatross; to Stevenson who loved Pan, and wrote, "There is one story of the wars of Rome which I have always very much envied for England." He relates how when Germanicus was going down at the head of the legions into a dangerous river—on the opposite bank the woods being full of Germans—there flew out seven great eagles and without pausing or wavering disappeared into the forest where the enemy lay concealed. "Forward!" cried Germanicus, "and follow the Roman birds!" To appropriate the eagles as fellow countrymen, remarks Stevenson, was to make imaginary allies of the forces of nature—an illusion easy to produce, but one which we may not decry.

When from these thoughts I became more alive to my surroundings I found that the thoughts of my friends had taken a similar direction. They were discussing the significance of the eagles.

"They are supposed to come from Benares," one laughed. "There must be plenty of eagles in the hills over there."

"Then why should only two come for the feeding? Why not a lot of them, or a varying number of them on different days?" put in another.

"The priests would have trained only two eagles," the rationalist answered.

"But why not any of the others come in the wake of these?" the other persisted.

"On some days only one comes, and on some days they don't come at all," a third observed. "And then the priest says that there is some sinner in the crowd."

This remark brought to my mind a patient of mine, of may be thirty-five, a very prosperous businessman from Gujarat, who told me that he had once shot at the bird. I had asked him in alarm, "You shot at the bird?" "Not the bird," he corrected himself. "My friend simply fired a shot into the air. And the birds never came that day."

"Anyway it is a wonderful phenomenon that has been present for so many years," my friend R—remarked. "And they come every day to partake of the vegetarian, non-violent food—and of that too, just a little."

"It's a health-giving place," his wife put in. "People visit the Hill or stay there to get cured of diseases."

This put an end somehow to the discussion for a time.

"Look," my friend R—whispered suddenly into my ears. "That's a Bengali there. I shall talk to him in Bengali. You'll see how much he will be pleased...they are ever so much pleased if you talk to them in their language."

He started a conversation with the Bengali. I listened with great interest to the language of Tagore, although I did not understand anything of it. By the side of the Bengali sat a very comely woman, probably his wife. Quickly I scanned her features with the thought, "She is a woman from

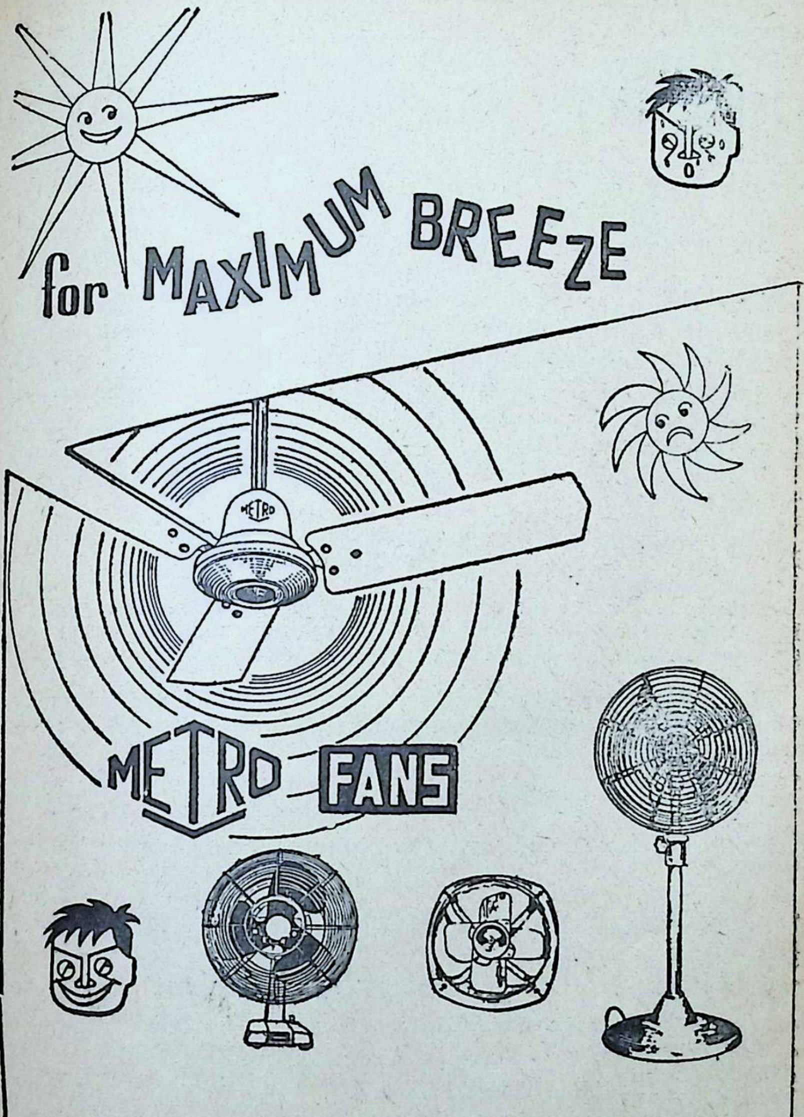
Tagore's land." A similar thought had occurred to me when I saw her husband, although I had been in Calcutta many years ago; but the interest with which the thought invested the woman was much more than it did the man—I do not know why, except if it be that I had not the chance to see cultured Bengali women as I had to see Bengali men.

These thoughts took me back to the sacred Hill again. Laugh and mock if you will at the myth and the offering to the eagles; we were going to a hill which had been hallowed by immemorial associations, the hill which had been touched by the feet of the great Saivite saints—where twelve centuries ago illumination had dawned on Vaadavurar, "the poet of jewelled speech." Sceptic and unbeliever one may be; but when one thinks that one treads the very earth which men whose faith was like the Himalayas had trod with their god-like gait, one imbibes a sense of reverence and humility even in one's disbelief.

Like a pendulum my mind swung back again from my thoughts to the talk of the others. For some time I enjoyed listening to the Bengali which I did not understand; but then, being cheated of the conversation by my ignorance of the language, I turned towards the window and looked out upon the long-familiar sights and scenes receding and giving place to fresh views and new pastures. English speech drew my attention back to the life inside the bus—the great, noble, precious, myriad-voiced English tongue which I love at least as much as I do Tamil. They were talking of the Tamil language. The topic had arisen naturally from the name of the Hill to which we were bound. The Bengali had remarked that it was difficult to pronounce especially the letter "zh" in it.

"That's a compliment to us," I said. "It shows we are more developed in the finer powers of mankind. That's why we are able to pronounce Sanskrit words with their pristine purity of accent, better than most people."

As I record this, I recollect that Chartres Molony, in his immature and puerile book, remarks on the unpronounceability of "the last letter of the word 'Tamil,' " which letter, he says, "has (more or less) the sound of Zh, with a suggestion of R, and a slight inclination to L." I was glad when I read it because to me it was an index of the greater culture of our vocal muscles. I recollect again, as I write these words, that Steevens in his book goes the usual way of most foreigners in doing injustice to the virile Tamil tongue—a language whereof, he says, Sundaraperumalkoil is a fairly representative mouthful. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing; and when to this is added conceit and arrogance, it is unforgivable; the equivalent of "Sundaraperumalkoil", in English is, "Beautiful Great Lord's Temple," and this is as big a mouthful. However—there is some truth in Steeven's observation; only he had chosen a wrong example... and one need have no scruples in admitting that Tamil has its weaknesses as well as its strength, just like any other language.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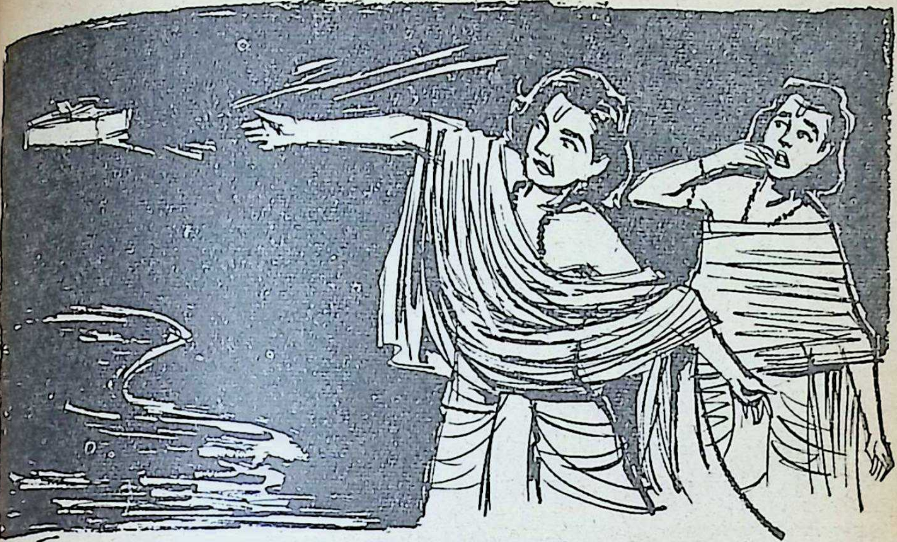

NIMAI

—Dhumketu

INDIA of those days was ringing with the unrivalled fame of the University of Navdwip.

To enter into a debate with a scholar from Navdwip was like attempting the impossible: no matter what the subject was, for Navdwip was unique in every field—be it logic, grammar or poetics.

Pandit Raghunath and Nimai were studying together at the university. Nimai was to become famous as Chaitanyadev through the whole of Bengal in later days, but at that moment, he was only Nimai.

Raghunath often gave lectures on logic to the students, and his old teacher, happy at the thought that Raghunath would surpass him in knowledge, nodded with complete satisfaction, saying, 'It's wonderful!' Even as a student, he won acclaim as a mature logician among the scholars of Navdwip.

But Raghunath wanted to reach the highest peak of fame. So he began writing a book on logic. Nobody knew about it. His fellow-students believed that he was average, merely one of them. But Raghunath decided to devote his life fully to the pursuit of knowledge.

He was preparing the book secretly. When there was darkness everywhere, a lonely lamp burned dimly in the hut of Raghunath. When he read his manuscript, he could not help secretly admiring it; and the scholars were also moved with admiration when he presented the substance of it before

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them on the next day in his lecture. His old teacher was rapturous, saying, 'My dear child, you will spread the fame of Navdwip all over the world!'

Raghunath was irrefutable in debate and he could defeat his opponent in no time. But this awakened in him a new ambition and he tried to show off his power even in ordinary talk. With the result, ordinary students always kept away from him.

Nimai was his closest friend.

Raghunath, however, was aware of one strange thing about Nimai; in his presence, he did not feel like arguing at all.

Once he had been to see Nimai in his hut. Nimai was writing in a book. So he entered noiselessly and sat beside him. 'Nimai, what are you doing?' asked he.

'I am writing a book on logic,' replied Nimai.

'On logic? Let me see it. There must be something original in it.'

There was a ring of pride even in those polite words.

He read a few pages from that book, but even that was enough to thrill him. What a wonderful book! What he himself had been writing was nothing beside it!

Raghunath could not help admiring it, but his heart was completely broken.

Nimai had always been silent, but he was a real mine of knowledge. Raghunath could see his own fame turning into ashes. His pride of erudition left him. His ambition seemed so futile! He suddenly realised that all his erstwhile reputation had been merely the result of Nimai's keeping silence! He became ashen pale.

'Raghunath, I am writing this book, but still it seems so imperfect!' said Nimai.

'Still imperfect?'

'You don't follow what I mean. All this intellectual stuff appears so artificial! It leaves out the truth, it misses something very important!'

'Nimai, when will you finish your book?'

'Perhaps never.'

'Why? Don't you want to complete it? It is really a masterpiece!'

'No, because if I do, it will saddle me with fame.'

'There is nothing wrong in it. Nimai, why do you shy at fame?'

'What shall I do with it? It will be an unnecessary burden.'

Raghunath felt himself losing into the whirlpool of Nimai's familiar style of saying things. His heart was almost broken. He knew that Nimai would publish his book and....

He suddenly got up and went away. Nimai looked at him for a long time as he went—his steps uncertain and slow.

● ● ●

The banks of the river Ganga seemed beautiful like a celestial garden in the moonlight; and the lamps burning in the long line of boats that stretched far away into the river looked like the runaway stars which had come down on earth and were now bathing in the river like mischievous schoolboys. It was a moonlight that would recall God to His devotee and poetry to the poet; it would inspire the soul of a musician; and fill the his home.

Trees cast their shadows on the moonlit water and they seemed like exquisite patterns embroidered on the hem of its garment.

On such an enchanting night a

young man was strolling on the bank of the Ganga. He often stopped and looked into the distance.

'I think what Raghunath said is true. Is it possible that Raghunath could be absent on such a beautiful night? It must have broken his heart. I didn't know and...'

There was a sound of footsteps.

'Raghunath!'

'Nimai'! exclaimed Raghunath. 'And what is this?' he asked as he saw a book under Nimai's arm.

'It's my book.'

'Have you brought it here also?'

'Yes, in case some new idea comes to my mind, I can immediately take it down.'

Raghunath kept silent. He changed the subject of his talk. They began to walk slowly towards the river.

'Raghunath, when are you going to publish that book of yours?'

'My book? Now, only in my next birth.'

'Next birth?'

'Nimai, let us talk of the river.'

The words seemed so strange in the mouth of a man for whom logic contained all the beauty in the world!'

Nimai staggered for a moment, and then said in a quiet voice, 'I also wanted to tell you the same thing. Mother Ganga appeared to me in a dream.'

'Really?'

'Then what! She said...'

'What?'

'She said: "When are you going to offer me..."'

'What have you to offer?'

'My first book.'

'Your first book to the Ganga! Which is that?'

'This,' said Nimai as he threw the book into the distant water of the river with all his strength. There was a slight splash in the water and then it flowed on as before.

'Nimai, what have you done?'

'Raghunath, these days I cannot help thinking very often that for a person who values love as a supreme quality, even this is too much of a burden. The shackle of fame is the most difficult to break—more difficult than that of learning or wealth. If this book is going to fetter me with that shackle, what have I to do with it?'

'Nimai, let us still search it out from the river. I have so often dived in it.'

'But what shall I do with it? It belongs to Mother Ganga!'

'But the fame of Navdwip...'

'It will be spread into distant corners of the world by Pandit Raghunath. When he brings out his book, everyone will know what a great logician Navdwip has.'

'Nimai, what have you done? You have lost a great fame, and Navdwip the gem of a book.'

'You are the person to give such a book to Navdwip. When I find it difficult to carry even this load of learning, what shall I do with the additional burden of fame? Raghunath alone should do it, for he has the ability to do it. Now let us recite a hymn to the holy Ganga.'

Raghunath cast a long look at the river as he realised that he was standing in the mighty presence of a man to whom fame meant nothing and suddenly his heart was overwhelmed with a deep feeling of faith, devotion and humility.

[Translated from Gujarati by
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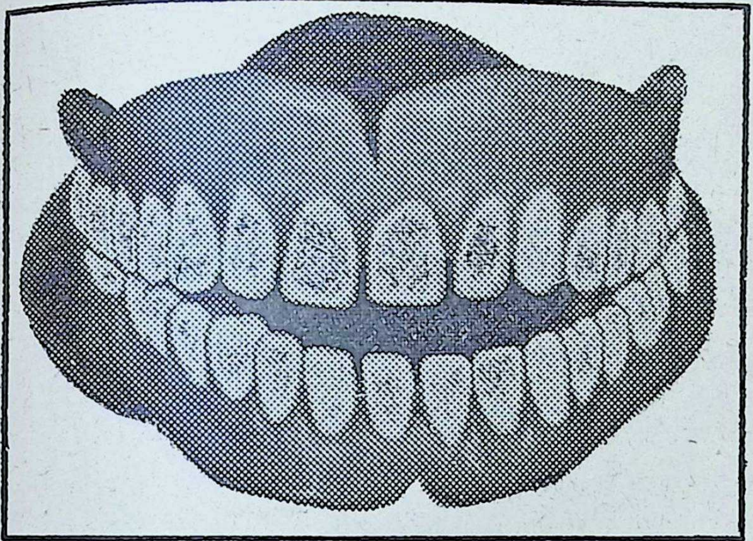

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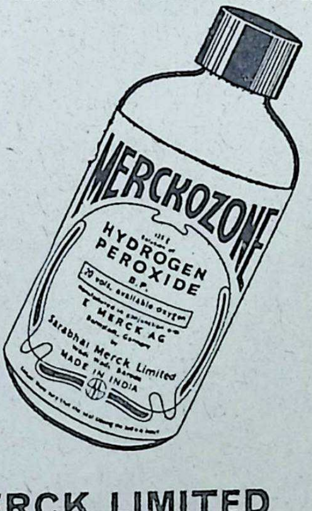
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Prithvi-Vallabh

THE BELOVED OF THE EARTH

Translated from Gujarati by H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

THE STORY SO FAR: Munj, the great Paramara conqueror of Malva who had routed Tailap, the king of Telengana, eighteen times, was finally vanquished by Bhillam, Tailap's Commander-in-Chief. He was taken prisoner and brought to Manyakhet, the capital of Telengana, and imprisoned in the palace-cellar. Mrinalvati, the widowed sister of Tailap, went to the prison to sense how he reacted to the humiliation. Mrinalvati's asceticism crumbled before Munj's manliness. She discovered her love of him. Vilas too is strangely attracted to Dhananjay the poet. Mrinal visits Munj in the prison often.

CHAPTER 26

LAXMIDEVI GIVES HER PERMISSION

THE following day Rasnidhi sought out Laxmidevi. That disgruntled woman was intent on furthering Rasnidhi's plot on the one hand, and on the other making her husband, the Mahasamant, more and more dissatisfied with his lot.

Laxmidevi was surprised to see Rasnidhi and asked him why he had not already gone.

"We leave tonight," whispered Rasnidhi, as he looked all around to see that no one else was listening.

"Was yesterday an inauspicious day?" she asked in a contemptuous tone.

"He said 'No.' "

"Who? Prithvi!"

"Yes."

"Why?" she asked, astonished.

Rasnidhi smiled a little as he replied, "He has fallen in love."

"Really?"

"Keep this a secret," said Rasnidhi. "Your Mrinalvati has fallen madly in love with Prithvi Vallabh."

Like a person coming out from the dark into light, Laxmidevi blinked her eyes several times. As she realised the full import of what Rasnidhi had told her, she burst into uncontrollable laughter and for quite a while could not stop laughing.

"Are you joking or serious? Are you speaking the truth?" she inquired at length, wiping off the tears her laughter had produced.

"It is quite true. She will also accompany us today."

"That is very good. And will you be taking Vilas with you too?" she asked with a roguish smile.

Rasnidhi was startled. "So you know?"

"Yes. Did you really think that you could keep it a secret from me?"

"Do you give me permission?"

"Why not? What is wrong with her being with you instead of leading a life of living death in this place?"

"Only this that she will not be able to sit on the throne of Telengana."

"You rascal! Are you trying to deceive me? If not Telengana, she can share the throne of Avanti."

"Laxmidevi, forgive me," replied Rasnidhi, or to give him his real name, Bhoj. "I do not know when it will be my turn to ascend the throne of Avanti. My uncle is still hale and hearty. But I assure you she will be the queen of my heart."

"That is all I want. My son, you have my blessings."

"Please do not tell Vilas anything now; she might tell her father."

CHAPTER 27

MRINAL FINDS A WAY

MRINALVATI was restless and for a long time was not able to make up her mind. Munj had forced her to say 'yes' to his suggestion. She had promised to run away with him to Avanti. But the moment she had left Munj's presence and was free from his hypnotic influence, she be-

gan to regret her promise. It meant the break-up of everything she had held dear all her life—her self-respect, her dignity, her ambitions, all her great efforts to acquire a supreme power in Telengana.

She had a mature woman's mind. She could see that Munj was clever enough to make a fool of her. There was not the slightest doubt that if she went with him, she would be friendless in a strange land. The very idea of such helplessness made her shiver. How could she, a self-reliant woman, one in whose hands had rested all power in Telengana, acquiesce in surrendering everything to someone else?

Yet Munj's hold on her was tremendous. She could not conceive of a life without him. She knew full well that without him the new life of passionate delight that had come to her would be lost to her for ever. She was made for Munj, destiny had saved her for him after roaming in the arid desert of a dull and aimless life. How could she now let him slip out of her hands? How could she with her own hands set fire to her new life?

She realised that Munj was firm in his resolve to escape. If she did not go with him, he would still go and leave her behind. She would be left all alone forever. What would be the point of living then? What would be the good of power? What would it matter whether her ambitions were fulfilled or not? Such a fate would be even worse than the helplessness she feared would be her lot in Avanti.

Why should she not give up all power and all ambition? There was neither happiness nor peace in them. Would not a life of helplessness in love be preferable to a life of loneliness? She felt that she would be less unhappy if she went to Avanti. Her indecision was coming to an end and she was about to make up her mind.

Suddenly a thought struck her and her heart was gripped in a vice. Munj was still youthful, handsome and romantic. He was a past master in the art of winning the affections of women. It was clear from his talk that he had gladdened many hearts and broken many others. He lived for beauty. She was old and ugly—, colourless, unversed in love, so far an arch-enemy of things of beauty. How long would the emotional tie between her and Munj last? The very thought was frightening, torturing, heartbreaking.

What was the thread that bound them? Not the attraction of beauty, not co-operation in passionate embraces, not the fullness of love. The thread binding them was weak and slender. She had fallen in love with Munj's glory and beauty, with his powerful and impressive personality. How long would such a relationship last? How long would he continue to love her and she him? If she went to Avanti, that would be an end to her power and influence. Even now in Manyakhet she had been losing to Prithvi Vallabh. What would be her fate in Avanti?

The spark of suspicion was fanned into the fire of reality. Munj had won her only for a moment's pleasure. He must have had his way with many other women. When he regained his freedom, would he not find any number of young and pretty women for amorous dalliance? What would become of her?

If Manyakhet were lost, if Avanti were lost, if Prithvi Vallabh were lost, where would she be? Her imagination floundered at the very idea.

For quite a time this chain of thought took possession of her mind. The only conclusion she could come to was that the best course was to keep Munj in Manyakhet. Then it would be she who had the power; Munj would remain within her grasp, and it would be easy to enjoy her clandestine love. The more she thought the more it appeared to her that this was the right course. Had not that idea first appealed to her? It was only because Munj had laughed it out that she had given it up. But how to keep Munj in Manyakhet? Should she go and see him again? She thought for a long time and then came to a decision.

She clapped her hands for a servant and when he came, commanded him to call Prince Satyashreya at once.

As soon as the Prince arrived, she told him, "My son, I wish to entrust to you a task worthy of your valour."

"I am at your command."

"I have learnt of a conspiracy."

"A conspiracy? What about?"

"There is a plot to rescue Munj and help him escape tonight."

"What!" exclaimed the Prince, startled. "How did you know?"

"There is nothing that is not known to me in Manyakhet, for, is it not my responsibility to protect you and your father? Munj will be helped to escape at midnight."

"How?"

"Through a tunnel. You must break this conspiracy and prevent Munj from escaping."

"As you command."

"Do you know why I have sent for you?"

"No."

"I could have told your father, but he only thinks of revenge. He wants to kill Munj. Tradition decrees that the person of a king should always be inviolate except in battle. I know that you will not go against that tradition. That is why I am asking you to shoulder this responsibility."

"Just as you please."

"See to it that not a hair of Munj's head is hurt; otherwise your pure name will be tarnished. Go, do your work with care."

"Do not worry," said the Prince. He left, in full command of his emotions.

[*To be continued*]

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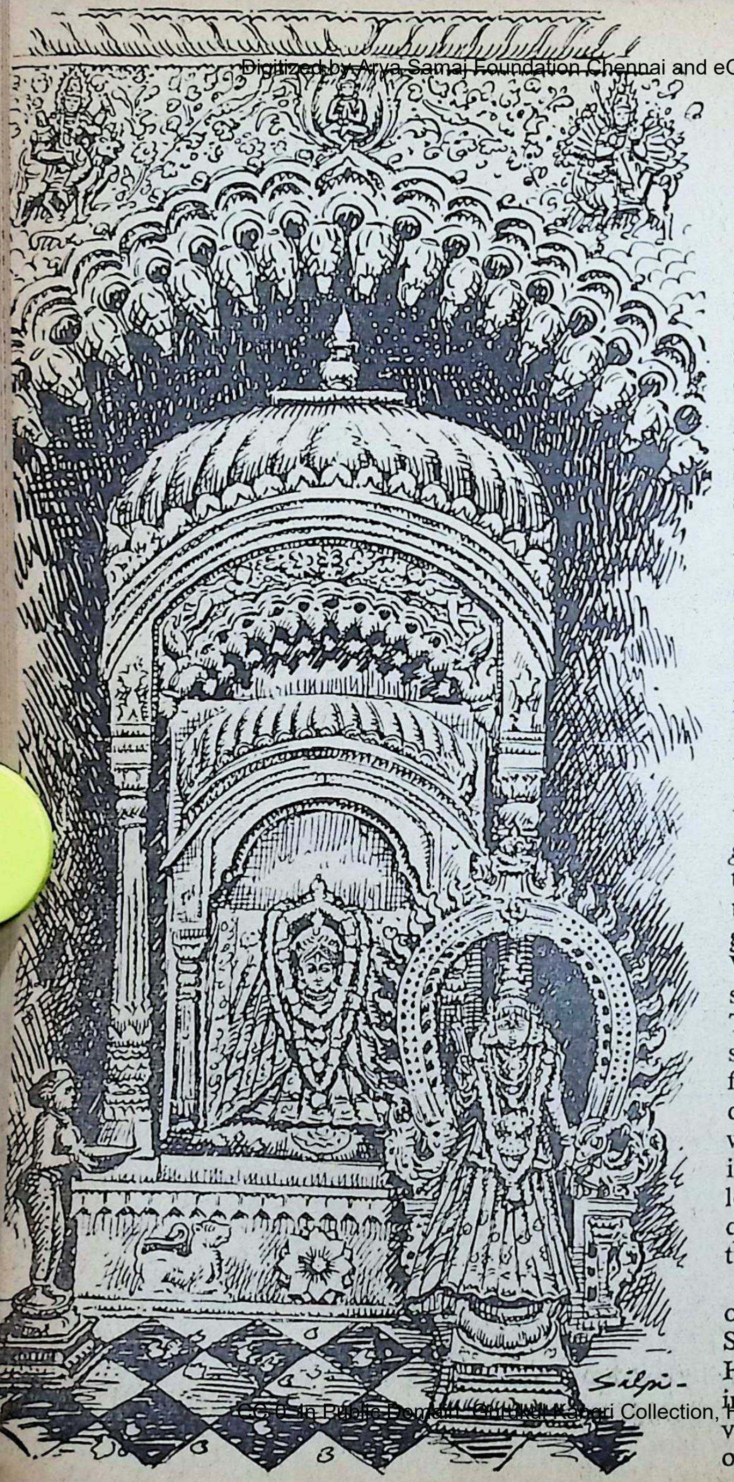
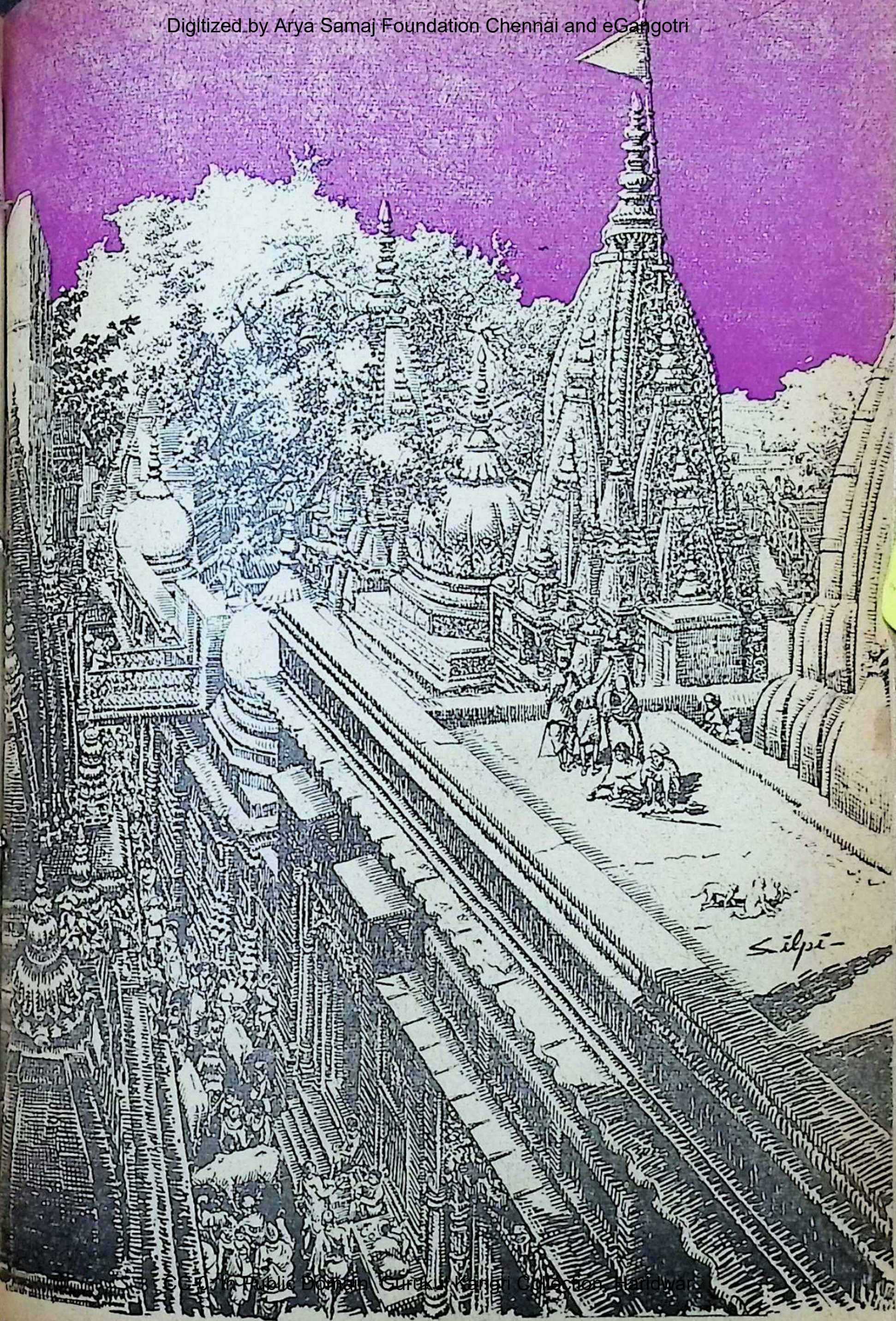


KASI—8

ON the left of this page is the shrine of Sri Visalakshi situated near Mir Ghat at Kasi. The smaller idol by the side is the Utsava murti of Mother Visalakshi. Mother Parvati shines here under the name of Sri Visalakshi. It is said that Kanchi, Madurai and Kasi are the three eyes of Lord Siva and the presiding deities of those places are Kamakshi, Meenakshi and Visalakshi respectively.

The illustration on the opposite page gives a panoramic view of the Vimana and other *gopuras* of Visvanatha temple. The main *vimana* is plated with gold. In Hindu Agamas Vimanas occupy a sacred place of worship. They have an esoteric significance too. The first thing that one observes from afar, when one enters a town is the *vimana* of the local temple. Consequently they are constructed loftily.

The last illustration is of the famous shrine of Sankata - Vimochana Hanuman. As the name implies, the deity prevents all the difficulties of its devotees.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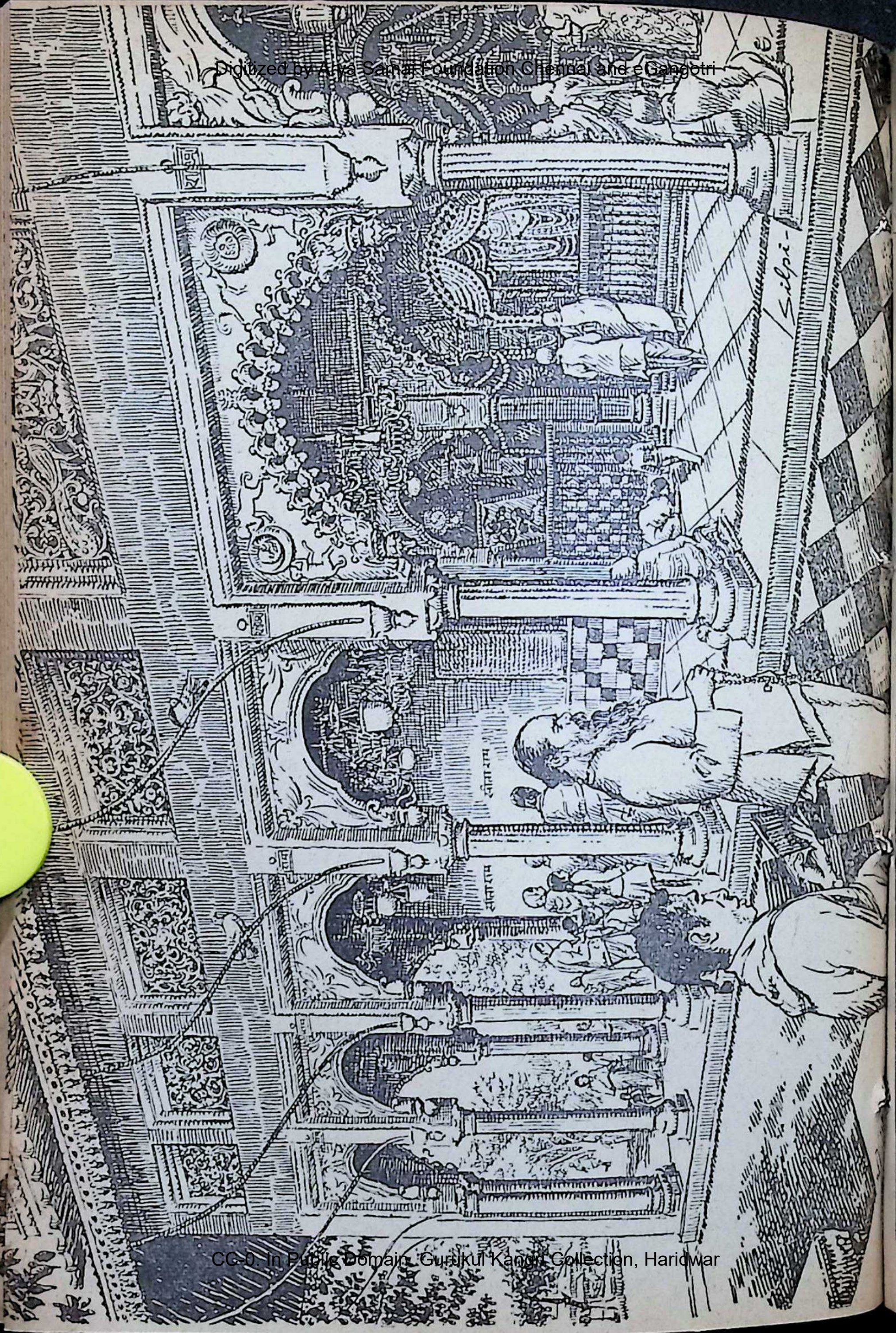

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Sri K. Balasubramania Aiyar felicitating Sri S. Narayanaswamy (to his right) on his Shashtiabdapoorthi.

NOTES & NEWS

MADRAS KENDRA:

A MEETING to observe the first death anniversary of Sri Anantaramakrishnan was held at the Bhavan's Madras Kendra on April 18. Sri K. Rajah Aiyar, President of the Madras Bar Association, presided and Sri K. Balasubramania Aiyar, Sri T. Chengalvaroyan, Sri S. Narayanaswamy and Sri K. Nagarajan spoke on the occasion. Sri Rajnikant Mehta proposed a vote of thanks.

In a message to the meeting, Kulapati Munshi said: "Mummy and myself join you all in paying our humble tribute to the memory of a great soul and Bhavan's great friend Anantaramakrishnan".

ON April 13, Sri A. G. Venkatachari, News Editor of the *Dinamani*, by lighting the *Kuthivilakku* (oil lamp) declared open the Bhavan's Free Reading Room at the Bhavan's premises. Sri Rajaji graced the occasion with his august presence. The Free Reading Room is kept open for the public from 8-30 A.M. to 9-30 A.M. and 5 P.M. to 7.30 P.M.

RAMA NAVAMI was celebrated on April 9, when Sri S. Ramamurthi Sastrigal delivered a learned lecture on "Sri Rama Prabhavam".

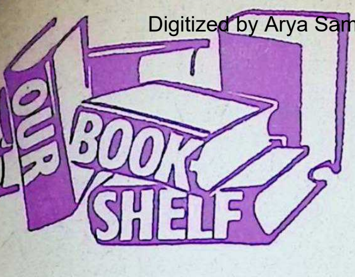
THE new session of Sanskrit classes at the Madras Kendra was started on April 7. Students are being trained in these classes for *Prarambha, Pravesa, Parichaya* and *Kovid* examinations conducted by the Bhavan.

ON March 13, a function was organized by the Madras Kendra to felicitate Sri S. Narayanaswamy, Partner of M/s. Chitra & Co., on his "Shastiabdapoorthi." Sri Rajaji was present. Sri K. Balasubramania Aiyar, who presided, and others paid tributes to Sri Narayanaswami's good work in the fields of politics, economics and social services. Sri Rajnikant Mehta proposed a vote of thanks.

KOTI MAHAYAGNA:

A KOTI Mahayagna in which 500 priests will participate is to be performed for propitiating Mother Bhu-

(*Continued on p. 72*)



FAITH AND THE PHILOSOPHERS. Ed. John Hick. (Macmillan). pp. 256. Price: Rs. 28.

THIS book contains the papers written for a conference held at Princeton, USA, between some 50 philosophers, some of whom are Christians, and some agnostics.

Outstanding papers include W. Alston's searching critique of Freud's Attack on religion. As is well known, Freud dismissed belief in God as "The Great Illusion" on the grounds that the psychological explanation of it can be found in the Oedipus complex. Alston, while admitting the value of Freud's work, shows that the psychological causes of a belief do not necessarily determine its truth or falsehood.

B. Blanshard delivers a lively and telling criticism of the 'irrational' theology of Karl Barth, which certainly found an echo in your reviewer's mind. However, two replies to this may cause second thoughts about dismissing Barth altogether.

Summing up, J. Hick discusses why sense perception impresses itself on all, whether we like it or not, while perception of God does not; and he makes the following illuminating suggestion. "Only if man exists as a relatively independent and autonomous moral agent can he enter into a genuinely personal relationship with his Maker. Therefore, God has made his human creatures organic to a world, with its own structure and laws, which he has set forth in relative independence of himself. He has made room for man as an autonomous personal being by creating him at a 'distance' from his Creator," so that "man's first object of awareness is not God but the world, and the consciousness of God is not forced upon man but awaits his own uncompelled response to non-coercive modes of revelation".

It would be interesting to know how Hindu thinkers would meet the sceptic's challenge.

—*Rev. F. L. Wain*

THE DISCARDED IMAGE. By C. S. Lewis. (Cambridge University Press, 1964). Price: Rs. 21.

THE late Prof. Lewis was among the great scholar-critics of his time, and in the volume under notice he hews an easy pathway for the benefit of the beginner engaged in a study of mediaeval and renaissance literature. One is attracted to, say, Dante's *Divina Commedia;* but for an understanding of the poem a knowledge of St. Thomas Aquinas' *Summa* should be a great help. And a knowledge of the mediaeval synthesis itself—the complex of mediaeval theology, science and history—the mediaeval Model of the Universe or World-Picture—should be an even greater help. By judiciously quarrying in divers opulent ranges—Lucan and Claudian and Apuleius, Chalcidius, Macrobius and Boethius—Prof. Lewis collects numerous bits of granite to make a composite image of the mediaeval Model. Nature in the strict sense comprised the four elements—earth, water, air, fire. The earth itself was surrounded by a series of concentric hollow transparent spheres—those of the seven planets first, then the sphere of the stars (*stellatum*), then the Primum Mobile, and, beyond it, the very Heaven transcending three-dimensional space:

> "The 'space' of modern astronomy may arouse terror, or bewilderment or vague reverie; the spheres of old present us with an object in which the mind can rest, overwhelming in its greatness but satisfying in its harmony".

As for the actual functioning of the Model, all power, movement and efficacy came from God. Each sphere had its own conscious intellectual being, bound to God by ties of love. Division of functions, linked leadership, ultimate divine direction, all were there.

In short, "the human imagination has seldom had before it an object so sublimely ordered as the mediaeval cosmos". As regards gravitation, the mediaevals had some shrewd notion about it; it was an inclination bodies, even as according to Einstein bodies moved in a particular way on account of the curvature of space. The structuring of the mediaeval Model certainly called for a powerfully realising imagination. Since God was at the source of all, the Model had its own essential significance; all actions had but one end—as it were, to serve the Divine. Thus humility became "the overall characteristic of mediaeval art". It may be argued that, whatever its merits in terms of symmetry and significance, the mediaeval Model had the serious defect of being "not true". But modern scientific Models are also no more than pretty desperate approximations to the elusive Truth. The Newtonian Model was partially superseded by the Einstein-Planck Model; now comes the Hoyle-Narlikar challenge that calls for a realignment or readjustment. This must teach us to learn a new way of looking at all Models:

"No Model is a catalogue of ultimate realities, and none is a mere fantasy. Each is a serious attempt to get in all the phenomena known at a given period, and each succeeds in getting in a great many. But also, no less surely, each reflects the prevalent psychology of an age almost as much as it reflects the state of that age's knowledge".

—*Dr. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar.*

REASON AND AUTHORITY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By Gerald R. Cragg; Published by the Cambridge University Press, 1964, Pp. 349 + ix, Price: 42 Sh.

REASON and authority were some of the main occupations of eighteenth century thought. The author has, therefore, used these two as focal points around which to arrange the materials for a study. Though he has excluded exhaustive history of all the intellectual movements of the age, he has, indeed, provided more than an intensive examination of these two concepts, namely, Reason and Authority. He has conclusively proved that the challenge to the supremacy of reason seemed to presage the end of the era while reason, though shaken, continued to be one of the controlling concepts of the eighteenth-century thought and theories. He has intentionally limited himself to British thought. Intellectual history ought not to have been confined within national frontiers but the author seeks a justification in the fact that Mr. Paul Hazard's works provide a detailed study of European thought. It would have been all the more fitting had the author seen his way to include a chapter or two on ethics. The author's mastery of the subject, his analytical powers, impartial and sound judgment and forceful exposition of his viewpoint are in evidence on almost every page. The Bibliography, Notes and Index at the end extremely add to the usefulness of the book. The book is in-

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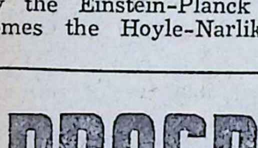

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dispensable to students of philosophy, especially to those who want to specialize in the history of the eighteenth-century thought.

—*Dr. A. S. Gopani*

ESSAYS ON INDIAN FEDERALISM: Presented to Prof. M. Venkatarangaiya. Edited by Dr. S. P. Aiyar and Dr. Usha Mehta, with a Foreword by Dr. A. J. Dastur. Published by Allied Publishers, Bombay-1. 1965. Price: Rs. 25.

THIS festschrift is a triumphant vindication of the Upanishadic exhortation *Acharyadevo Bhava* and of Sidgurick's prophecy of fresh fields and pastures new for federalism. The editors have performed their duty critically and conscientiously and set a model of excellence, which will surely prove infections elsewhere in India at a time when Political Science is to be passionately pursued for mobilising and galvanising into activity all the available talents. After providing adequate bio-data about Prof. Venkatarangaiya, the various aspects of federalism are thoroughly explored: the evolution of the federal idea in India, unitary trends in a federal system, aspects of federalism, Union-State relations, competitive and co-operative trends, federation and social administration, working of E.S.I. scheme, the governor in the Indian federation, the impact of emergency provisions on federalism and democracy in India, the growth of linguistic states, federalism and local government, and the Centre-State financial relations. Appendix 'A' discusses the value of federalism; 'B' contains selections from the Constituent Assembly debates; 'C' deals with the Constitutional role of the Governor. The Index is brief. The present volume whets our appetite for its companion—*Studies in Indian Democracy* edited by Dr. S. P. Aiyar and Mr. R. Srinivasan.

—*Prof. R. Sathianathaier*

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SANSKRIT

VIKRANTABHARATAM. A historical drama in Sanskrit. By Dr. B. R. Sastry, Osmania University. Copies: Author, Viveknagar, Hyderabad (A.P.) Price: Rs. 4.50.

DR. SASTRI deals in this Sanskrit play of sixteen scenes with the colourful events touching the final overthrow of the Greek penetration into India in the 4th century B.C. by the combined efforts of Chanakya and Chandragupta and their determined allies. The scenes are of uneven length. The author makes a clever and effective use of ancient historical and literary materials to good purpose, *viz.* of reawakening the spirit of national self-respect in the breasts of the youth of the country at a time it is most imperative. The price is rather too stiff for the fare provided.

—*Dr. B. N. K. Sharma*

TELUGU

PRAK PASCHIMA TATTWA SHASTRA CHARITRA—Volumes I and II —(History of Philosophy—East and West—Telugu translation) translated by Sri Saripella Viswanadha Sastri. Published by Andhra Saraswata Parishad, Tilak Road, Hyderabad (Andhra)—Price Rs. 10/ each.

IN 1948 late Moulana Abul Kalam Azad, the then Education Minister, appointed a committee (with Dr. S. Radhakrishnan as Chairman) to write a History of Philosophy which would describe the growth of human thought in different civilizations of the world, with particular reference to the great contribution of India to such growth and also the developments which took place in this respect in Greece and Modern Europe. The committee functioned as the Editorial board and produced two volumes of History of Philosophy—East and West. These two volumes include more than sixty articles by scholars who wrote on subjects of their special study. The books under review are Telugu translations of the original English version. The first volume confines itself mostly to the history of development of different schools of Indian thought commencing from the pre-vedic age and includes topics like Scientific thought in Ancient India, Indian Aesthetics, and Growth of Islamic thought in India etc. The second volume deals with the development of western thought including that of Persia.

Translation from one language to another is a complex task, more so when the work translated is an abstract one like the work under review. It is not merely a transference of one set of sentences into another set of equivalent sentences in another language, but it is also transference of spirit of those sentences from one language to another. In such an attempt one has to take some amount of freedom while at the same time being faithful to the original text in spirit. There is no doubt that the translator of this work has done this difficult job very well, but we feel that he should have taken a little more freedom in places where an abstract idea or a complex passage had to be translated, to make the translation more meaningful. Of course, one has to serve two Muses—the author of the original work and the reader of his translation—but it has to be done, if the translation should serve any purpose.

The Telugu readers should be grateful to the translator and the publishers as well for bringing out these two books which are first of their kind in Telugu. They afford a good opportunity for a comparative study of philosophical thought of the different civilizations of the world and thus pave way for international understanding.

—*Prof. A. C. Kamakshi Rao*

TAMIL

KRISHNA KUMARI: A Tamil play by Purasu Balakrishnan. (Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7. Price: Rs. 2.75.)

DR. PURASU BALAKRISHNAN achieved quick recognition as a Tamil short story writer two decades ago. The exacting demands of the profession of medicine have since kept him busy, but it is gratifying that he should have found time at last to return to his first love for a while and give us this play on Krishna the deathless Princess of Mewar.

Lacrimae rerum mortalia tangunt, said Virgil. The tears in things, the heartache at the heart's core, the dying that is deathless: it is in such paradoxical terms that the agonised mind tries to grapple with the tragedy of Krishna Kumari. Royalty and tragedy have often kept house together, and nowhere has this been more true than in the royal houses of Rajaputana. Tod's *Annals and Antiquities of Rajasthan* glows with high heroism and also bleeds with tragedy. In its pages we have, among other things, a panoramic view of the story of Mewar, from the great days of Bappa Rawal to the climactic holocaust of Krishna Kumari. But a few sentences, yet in them Krishna lives for ever. Krishna's martyrdom took place about 160 years ago, and she has since become the theme of ballad, romance and tragedy. Edward Thompson wrote a moving tragedy entitled, *Krishna Kumari*. But the theme has infinite dramatic possibilities.

Krishna was the daughter of Raja Bhim Singh of Mewar, and was betrothed to Raja Jagat Singh of Amber. Her beauty was a fateful magnet, and the Raja of Marwar, the Mahratta Scindia, and Nawab Amirkhan also aspired for her hand, and were ready to resort to arms to make good their claims. It was an impossible situation. And Mewar's fortunes were at their lowest ebb. There seemed to be only one way out of the tangle of adverse circumstances—death by poison. Krishna accepted her fate and died willingly, regally. As Jawan Das her uncle says, Krishna is verily an angel; it is as though, by dying, she had said: "Death, do thou die".

With a sure sense of contemporaneous urgency, Sri Balakrishnan has insinuated India's present plight in the wake of Chinese aggression in the picture of Mewar in its hapless days. If Subramania Bharati subtly equated Draupadi (in *Panchali Sapatam*) with Mother India in shackles, Dr. Balakrishnan no less subtly and suggestively equates Krishna Kumari ringed round by enemies with contemporary India standing at bay and trying to stem the tide of the yellow peril. Even simply as a tragic drama, Krishna is drawn with subdued passion, and Bhim Singh with sympathy. The other characters do not quite come to life with the same force, and Suja's rhetoric fails to click. It is not easy to fit middle-class Tamil to the demands of poetic tragedy, but Dr. Balakrishnan has achieved something of a *tour de force*. The play has unity and bite, and the poetry often flashes through the prose: for example, Krishna to Samyukta in Act II, Scene ii; Krishna to Kaushalya in Act IV, Scene ii; and Bhim Singh to Suha in Act IV, Scene iii. The principal merit of the play is that it makes Krishna live again—a tocsin to our age of sloth and a call to purposive action.

—*Dr. Prema Nandakumar*

KANNADA

BRAHMASUTRAS (in Kannada Anuvada) together with abridged versions of their interpretations according to Samkara, Ramanuja and Madhva. By Svami Adidevananda. Published by Sri Ramakrishna Ashrama, Mysore. pp. 842. Price: Rs. 16.

SVAMI ADIDEVANANDA of the Sri Ramakrishna Ashram, Mysore, has done a signal service to Kannada literature and has placed the Kannada public under a very deep obligation to him and to the institution to which he belongs, through this invaluable edition of the *Brahmasutras* of Badarayana together with the light shed upon them by the classical interpretations of the three great Acharyas of the Vedanta: Sri Samkara, Ramanuja and Madhva, whose Vedanta systems still hold the field in Indian philosophy and constitute the widest and the most distinctive points of departure of all Vedantic thought.

The Sutras themselves are first separately interpreted. This by itself is a ticklish job. The author though treading warily has let himself be guided largely by the line of interpretation adopted by Samkara, to be on the safe side. Only the substance of the interpretations of the three Acharyas is set forth, without entering into the thick of dialectics and arguments of the different positions. As the earliest extant Bhasya on the Sutras, which has had its impact on the succeeding ones, the Purvapaksa and Siddhanta positions are indicated much more fully in respect of the Samkara-Bhasya, than in the case of the other two. The interpretations of Ramanuja are presented fairly adequately where they diverge seriously from Samkara's standpoint or doctrines. The interpretations of Madhva are given in the barest outlines. The author has taken care to pinpoint the terseness, originality and richness of ideas that Madhva's interpretations embody. To make up for the inherent terseness of Madhva's comments on the Sutras, the author has done well to incorporate additional materials from his *Anuvyakhyana* (on the *Brahmasutras*), both in the body of the work and in the footnotes.

This is perhaps the best arrangement that could be thought of to make the *Brahmasutras* more widely read with the aid of the commentaries of the three great Acharyas. Study of the *Brahmasutras* by the followers of the different Acharyas has mostly remained one-sided among the generality of readers interested in the subject, for lack of co-ordinated expositions of this type. The present work maintains a high degree of textual fidelity, a clear and firm grasp of the subject-matter and a scholarly and detached way of presentation.

Apart from the question of interpretation, the Bhashyas of the three great Acharyas disclose certain important divergences in regard to the readings of some Sutras, the alignment of *adhikaranas* and the 'gist' of Padas (Padopadhis). These have been pointed out by the author in relevant places. The statement on p. 752 (f.n. 2) about the "*utkranti*" of Devas (in connection with Madhva's Bhashya) on B.S. iv, 3, 1, is unfortunately mistaken (see Jayatirtha *ibid*). The two important divergences in reading of B.S. iii, 3, 33 and iv, 2, 7, in Madhva's text, have not been mentioned. The title of the *adhikarana* in respect of iv, 2, 7 (according to Madhva) has been incorrectly referred to on p. 759 (f.n.). The translation of the sentence from Madhva's Bhashya on p. 49 (f.n. 4.) is misleading

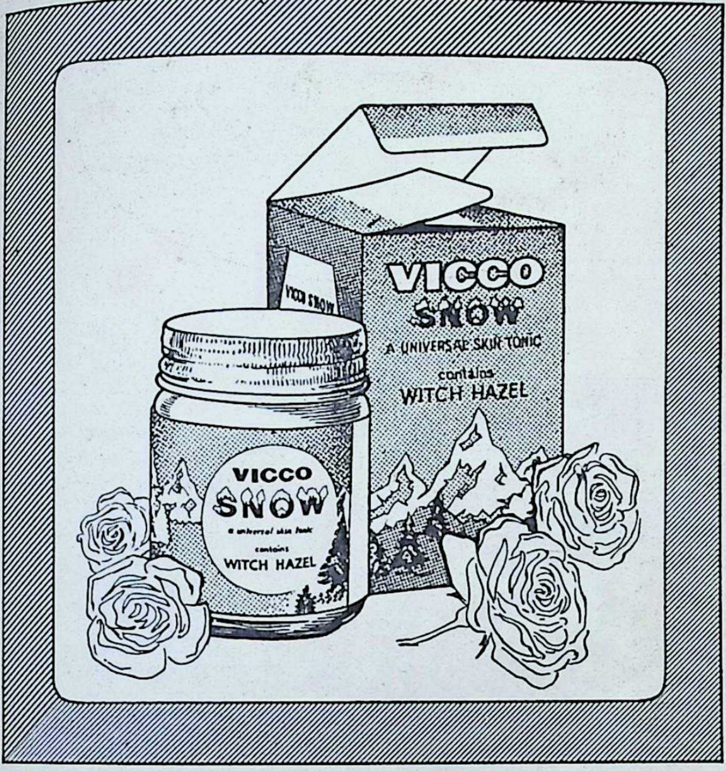
For a patient and constructive study of the *Brahmasutras* in the light of the interpretations of all the three great Acharyas, the present work will stand unexcelled for a long time to come in Kannada as well as in other regional languages. We welcome this erudite work as an important contribution to the popularization of the study of the *Brahmasutras* and their Bhashyas.

—*Dr. B. N. K. Sharma*

NOTES & NEWS—*Contd.*

vaneswari at Pudukotta in the immediate presence of Sri Santhananda Swamigal of the Avadhuta Order. This Yagna is for the purpose of overcoming the evils that confront us in the country—enemy within in the shape of scarcity and rising prices and enemies at our borders. Towards the end of May this year six plenets conjoin in Vrishabha-rasi which betokens trouble for the nation. This Mahayagna will last for four days from 5th to 8th June 1965. Devotees may participate in this great task by contributing their mite towards the expenses. A Silver Raksha (talisman) with Bhuvaneswari Chakra embossed, duly sanctified by tens of millions of mantra-japa, is being issued individually at a nominal cost of Rs. 11/- only. Full details can be had from the Secretary, Adhishtanam, Bhuvaneswari Nagar, Pudukottai. (S. India).

Edited by S. Ramakrishnan and printed and published by him for the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, at Associated Advs. & Ptrs., Bombay-34. Mg. Ed.: J. H. Dave; Associate Ed.: V. A. K. Ayer.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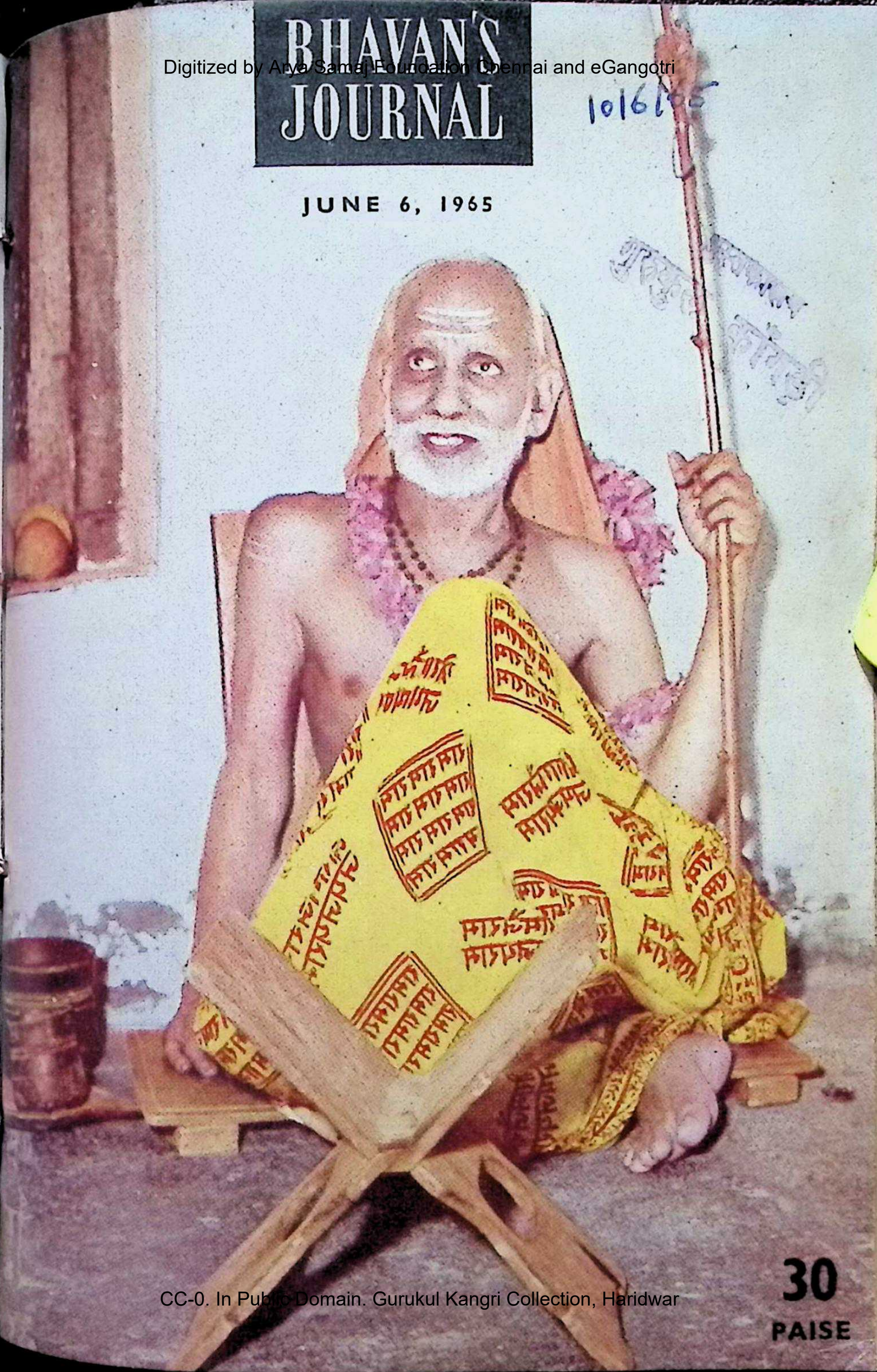

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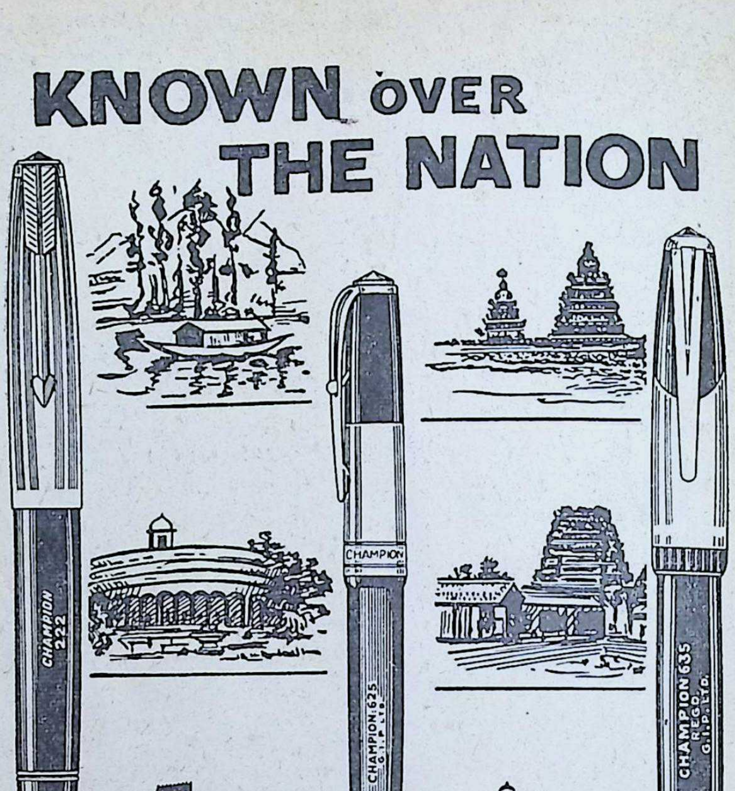
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Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—Rigveda, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

PRAYER FOR HAPPY LIFE

इन्द्र श्रेष्ठानि द्रविणानि धेहि
 चित्तिं दक्षस्य सुभगत्वं अस्मे ।
पोषं रयीणां अरिष्टिं तनूनां
 स्वाद्मानं वाचः सुदिनत्वं अह्नाम् ।

O God! bestow on us the best treasures:
The efficient mind, and good fortune;
The increase of wealth, the health of bodies,
The sweetness of speech and the fairness of days.

—*Rigveda,* 2-21-6.

Vol. XI, No. 23

No. 337

KULAPATI'S LETTER

on Life, Literature & Culture

THE SECRET OF TAPAS

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.
JUNE 6, 1965.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

16TH MAY was the Jayanti of His Holiness Jagadguru Sri Chandrasekharendra Saraswathi, the present Sankaracharya of Kanchi Kamakoti Peetham.

I consider it a privilege to have associated myself with the celebrations of the 72nd birthday of His Holiness.

I have had the good fortune of having *darshan* of His Holiness three or four times and paying my respects to him.

He is one of the most remarkable men I have seen ; a *tapasvin* who reminds us of the great ascetics referred to in our ancient literature, giving validity to the concept of our ancient ideal of *tapas,* rising superior to the demands of the flesh. A profoundly learned man, he combines within himself *sastraic* scholarship with a discerning understanding of modern life and its problems. He is not a cloistered monk, but has been doing *padayatra*—walking tours—attracting thousands and evoking in them faith and devotion.

I have followed with great admiration His Holiness' efforts to revitalise the *Vedas,* to spread the teachings of Advaita, to make people conscious of their *dharma,* and in recent years, revive and preserve the knowledge of our traditional sciences and arts, particularly those relating to Temples and Temple-worship. His knowledge of history and South Indian inscriptions is amazing. Perhaps his greatest contribution to our times is his effort to bring about unity among Hindus and understanding between Hinduism and other religions.

In the context of modern times, not only our country, but the world too, has need of such great example of a completely dedicated life. I join his innumerable devotees and admirers in their prayers that he may continue to guide us for a long time to come.

When I am speaking of this great *tapasvin,* I would like to add that if there is one fundamental value inscribed in our ancient culture, it is *tapas.*

The affirmation of this ancient value is not merely a matter of words. It is a purifying process of the body and the mind which is compressed in a significant word conveying the basic value of Indian culture: *Tapas.* "*Kaayendriya shuddhi tapasaha*", says Patanjali. *Tapas* is the process of purifying the body and the mind. A man ecomes a true Brahman only when e has undergone this process—*apasaa Brahmano jataha*".

The process is elaborated by Sri rishna:

> "Worship of the gods, of the learned and the pure, of the teachers and the wise; cleanliness; conformity with the rules of nature; sex-control and non-violence—that is the *tapas* of the body.
>
> Speech which hurts no one and yet is truthful and beneficial, together with sacred recital—that is the *tapas* of the speech.
>
> Cheerfulness, sweetness of temper, silence, self-control and the purification of attitudes and emotions—that is the *tapas* of the mind."

Of them all, purification of the atti- des and emotions—which enters in- all the other qualities—is the secret *tapas*. No life of nobility can be ved without an active sense of this *pas;* for, it purifies both the indi- idual and the society.

Tapas is not dwelling in a cave. Nor it giving up food or the affairs of e world, nor torturing the body. It *Bhaavasamshuddhi,* the training hich enables us to conquer greed, ate and fear, to sublimate our pas- ons, purify our attitudes and emo- ons, and to re-cast our personal re- tions in the framework of under- anding and love.

It is *tapas* alone that brings us to e discipline of the intellect, the motions and the animal instincts in , as well as to the altruisation of cial instincts. It is by it that we will e able to balance the claims of hange against the need to lead our wn way of life.

Tapas is not only for the saint; it something which has to do very much with worldly life. It is one of the central values of the Bharatiya Vidya. Everyone in his own life, in every experience, small and big, can invest his attitude with beauty.

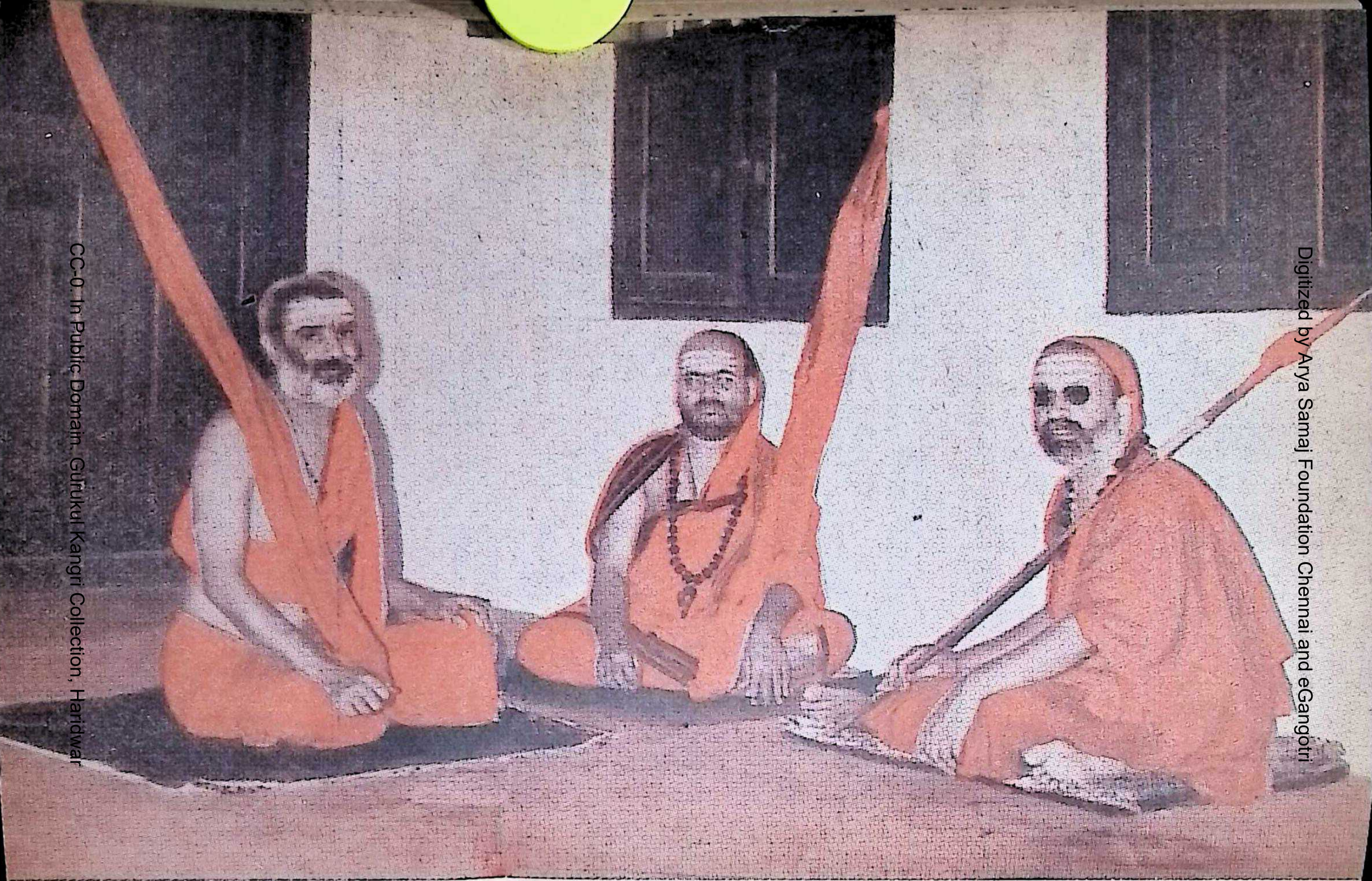
We should have a clear idea of the alchemy which *Tapas, Bhaavasamshuddhi,* can perform in ordinary life. How can it be performed?

One can look upon the father as a tyrant, or like Shravan of the *Ramayana* look upon him as a divinity; upon a wife as a biological counterpart, or as a worshipworthy *grihini,* presiding deity of the home; upon a husband as a wicked slave-owner, or as a deity; upon a child as a tiresome brat, or as a *Balagopal,* to be loved and worshipped.

A student can treat his teacher as an enemy to be baited, to be jeered at, to stage strikes against, and thus destroy his own self; or he can look upon him as *Acharyadeva,* treat him with reverence, sit at his feet and absorb whatever learning he can.

In the same way, the teacher can look upon the student as an irrepressible nuisance which he is paid to lecture to, evincing as much interest in him as in a co-traveller at a railway waiting-room, or treat him as a 'spiritual son', look to his needs, bring to him sympathetic understanding and inspire him to greater effort.

One can look upon a political office as an instrument of personal aggrandisement and enrichment, or as Sri Ramachandra did, as a sacred trust with which one is charged. One can revel in riches, evade taxes, roll in luxuries, deal in black-market, build palaces, run motor cars, or treat himself as *daneswara* Karna, as a trustee



Their Holiness Jagadguru Sankaracharyas of (R-L) Sringeri, Dwarka and Puri met together last month for the first time at Kalady, birth-place of Sri Adi Sankaracharya at the Jayanti Celebrations of the Bhagavatpada.

or the welfare of others.

Tapas can affect the social strucure much more effectively than the ocial and economic devices of the Velfare State. You can treat marriage s a biological accident or as the nity of souls associated with asishtha and Arundhati.

You can treat the family as an ecoomic burden to be grudgingly borne r like the Pandavas cheerfully accept t as a training school for self-sacrice, mutual understanding and love.

You can treat your caste as an exlusive tribe to be assisted at the cost f others, or as a larger family to hom you extend your sympathy and lp from your own resources.

In the same way, *tapas* can enable s to look upon India as an undeveoped country with an explosive poputation, or as Bharat Mata, the Mothernd of the Spirit, whose children we re, whose rivers and mountains we orship, whose Constitution we herish, and for whose independence e are prepared to die.

We can look upon the world as a uldron of restless men and women, r rise higher and attain the sublime ision of seeing God in all and all in God.

If I may add a personal note, we an treat the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan s a mere educational institution, or ook upon it as a family, every member of which is bound together in ursuit of the value of Bharatiya idya.

This form of *tapas—Bhaavasamhuddhi*—does not make us blind to ealities.

We are free to take the first path —look upon realities as ugly things and reach the goal of frustration, cynicism, heart-breaks and despair, and create a hell for ourselves.

We can also take the path of *tapas*. Knowing full well the realities for what they are, we can rise above ourselves, convert realities into things of beauty and find fulfilment in our lives —in short, make a heaven of this earth.

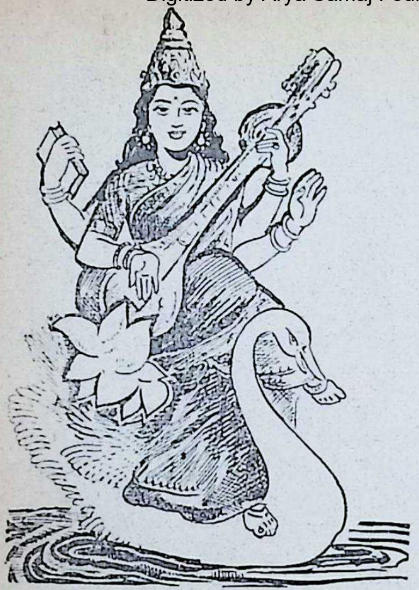
The path of true *tapas* is the core of the Bharatiya Vidya. It is the secret of the masters who have built up its immortal structure.

Let me re-define *tapas* as I understand it—*tapas* for which the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan stands: It is essentially the process which progressively enables us to eliminate fear, greed, lust and hate in all that we feel and do, and infuse elements of perfection in them, thereby transmuting them into things of beauty.

This *tapas,* this *Bhaavasamshuddhi,* is not self-delusion nor a subjective attitude. It has the miraculous power, if we have the necessary faith, of bringing into existence the beauty that we cherish.

If our *tapas* is concentrated, as was the *tapas* of our *rishis,* what we believe to be beautiful will in the end become beautiful in fact.

Yours sincerely,



Mother Saraswati

The following prayer to Mother Saraswati appears in *Garga Samhita.* By means of this prayer, Sage Narada got his knowledge of Music (proficiency in Sastras) of which he is the greatest known exponent.

In the same work, Lord Krishna commends this prayer to Radhaji, saying: "This *stotra* is the great remover of ignorance (जाड्यापहा); it is divine. He who recites it early every morning, will become very learned indeed!"

नवार्कबिम्बद्युतिमुद्गलज्ज्वल-
ताटङ्ककेयूरकिरीटकङ्कणाम् ।
स्फुरत्कणन्नूपुररावरञ्जितां
नमामि कोटीन्दुमुखीं सरस्वतीम् ।।

Prostrations unto Saraswati whose ear-ornaments shine resplendent like rising suns; who wears the ornaments Keyura, the crown, and the bracelets; whose shining anklets give rise to delightful jingling sounds and whose face shines like a crore of moons.

वन्दे सदाऽहं कलहंसउद्गते
चलत्पदे चञ्चलचञ्चुसम्पुटे ।
निर्धौतमुक्ताफलहारसञ्चयं
संधारयन्तीं सुभगां सरस्वतीम् ।।

I always adore Saraswati the beautiful who is seated on the Swan which moves its legs as well as its beaks and who wears heaps of garlands of white pearls.

वराऽभयं पुस्तकवल्लकीयुतं
परं दधानां विमले करद्वये ।
नमाम्यहं त्वां शुभदां सरस्वतीं
जगन्मयीं ब्रह्ममयीं मनोहराम् ।।

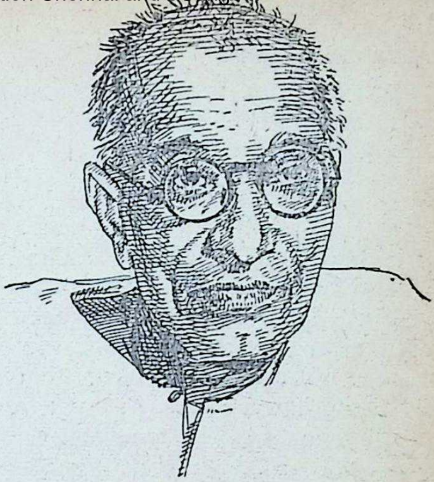
I bow unto You, Saraswati, the beautiful and the bestower of all good; you who hold in a pair of your beautiful hands the Vara and Abhaya *mudras* and in the other, the book and the incomparable lute; you who are of the form of this universe and Brahman Itself.

तरङ्गितक्षौमसिताम्बरे परे
देहि स्वरज्ञानमतीव मङ्गले ।
येनाद्वितीयो हि भवेयमक्षरे
सर्वोपरि स्यां परगमण्डले ।

O most auspicious one! Clad as you are in divine, silken robes that move in the air, grant me such knowledge of *swaras* (letters), O indestructible, as would make me the greatest exponent of music (*sastras*).

Hrishikesa

C. Rajagopalachari



THERE are two 'persons' in each one of us. One is the Self that makes this corporeal body and its physical capacities into a human being. The other 'person' is the Universal Person who is in every human or other being and in all things animate and inanimate. Two *Isa Upanishad* verses, one coming immediately after the other, deal with these two "persons" in each one of us very succinctly and pointedly bringing out the distinction.

Anejat ekam manaso javiyo, etc.

It is about what we have come to refer to as the 'soul'. It is subtler than the mind. The senses cannot perceive it. It moves off from one body to another and according to the works done, finds a womb to be clothed in a new body.

> *tad ejati tannaejati tad doore tad antike tad antarasya sarvasya,* etc.

This is the Universal Person immanent in every being, and yet is *sarvasya asya baahyatah,* outside of every thing: The efficient, the material, the instrumental cause, all in one, of everything and of all that exists, the cause that has transformed itself into effect perceived as the universe, and remains unperceived, unseen *adrsyah* but also *vyaktarupascha* visible. It is undiminished, and undeprived of its all-ness or whole-ness by the transformation:

> *purnasya purnamaadaaya purnam eva avasishyate.*

The two Upanishad mantras *anejat ekam* and *tadejati tannaejati* do not, as often misunderstood, refer to the same 'self', but to the two Persons, one the individual person, and the other the Universal Purusha.

Yet we must remember that the Universal Person is *Hrishika isa,* and plays his *leela* by pulling the marionette strings of the individual beings: *Iswarassarva bhootanaam Hriddese* etc. (*Gita*). When we are tempted by our inherited *Gunas* to go wrong, we should appeal to this *Universal Purusha* who is within each one of us and He will with His grace give us harmony and peace. So assures Sri Krishna.

RAMANANDA CHATTERJEE

A CENTENARY TRIBUTE

JITEN SEN

RAMANANDA CHATTERJEE did not become a journalist by accident. And, when he abandoned a safe teaching job for the (even now) perilous path of journalism, he did not regard it as a career. As one writer so aptly put it when the great journalist was alive: "If Ramananda Chatterjee is a social crusader in the fervour and strength of his belief in monotheism, social reform, national emancipation for India, justice for women and democratic institutions, he is a true journalist for this reason that he has chosen the Press as the primary medium of his activities."

Born on May 31, 1865, he paid his way through college with the help of scholarships and took his B.A. in English from Calcutta University, having stood first in the first class. He also stood first in order of merit in the whole university. While studying for his M.A. (in which, too, he showed brilliant results), he taught in City College, at the authorities' request, without taking any salary. He also refused a State scholarship for further study abroad as he did not wish to enter Government service.

While teaching at City College he joined Dasashram, a home for the indigent, started by some Brahmos. (He had been attracted to the Brahmo Samaj in his school-days and joined it as soon as he became a major). Sick people were picked up from the streets and cared for. He later became its president and editor of its official organ *Dasi*. On occasions he had to fill the journal from page to page, contributing short stories, poems, articles and other things. *Dasi* soon became a first class journal and was avidly read by even people not interested in the institution it served.

About this time Ramananda invented a system of Braille in Bengali for the use of the blind.

In 1895 he went to Allahabad as Principal of the Kayastha Pathsala, a college patronised by Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya and others. In the thirteen years he spent in that city he did much to modernise the institution. He was a Fellow of Allahabad University. In 1896 he started *Pradip*, a Bengali monthly journal. It had Rabindranath among its contributors. He came into contact with the poet during this time. The friendship that developed between the two lasted until the poet's death. But it was not an uncritical friendship. Ramananda was too independent minded for that. On at least two occasions he differed strongly with the poet on political matters.

While at Allahabad, Ramananda was a delegate to several sessions of the Indian National Congress, a member of the U.P. Secondary Education Committee, president of the Temperance Council for the NWP and Oudh, secretary of the Allahabad Orphanage and a lay minister of the Allahabad Brahmo Samaj. He had been at various times president of the Sadharan Brahmo Samaj, All-India Theistic Conference, Punjab Jat Pat Torak Mandal (Anti-Caste League), All-India States People's Conference and the Anti-Communal Conference.

Since 1895, ten years before the Swadeshi Movement in Bengal and 26 years before the non-cooperation movement, he stopped using things not produced in India. Though he did not approve of the khadi enthusiasts' antagonism towards Indian cotton mill products, his friendship with Mahatma Gandhi induced him to become a habitual khadi wearer.

In 1901 he brought out the Bengali monthly journal *Prabasi* which was regarded until his death as the last word in Bengali journalism. Six years later he started *The Modern Review*. This journal soon attained international fame and had as its contributors eminent men from all over the world. Among his many friends and admirers was Ramsay Macdonald, who later became Britain's Prime Minister. Gandhiji asked him to write for *Young India*. In 1907 he also left the Kayastha Pathsala.

The Notes he wrote in *The Modern Review* covered almost every subject on earth. Those on political subjects were a class apart. Cold as steel and sharp as a scimitar, their lack of emotionalism and able marshalling of facts were far more effective than political tub-thumping. These naturally incurred official wrath and he was ordered to close down his journals or leave the United Provinces (now Uttar Pradesh). He preferred the latter course. Rabindranath greeted *Prabasi's* arrival in Calcutta with a special poem, which was later enlarged and turned into a song.

In 1919 when Motilal Nehru started his newspaper *Independent*, he invited Ramananda to become its editor, and name his salary. He also offered to pay the expenses for bringing *Prabasi* and *The Modern Review* back to Allahabad. Ramananda declined the offer.

On another occasion Ramananda incurred official wrath, when he published J.T. Sunderland's *India in Bondage: Her Right to Freedom*. In 1926 he was invited by the League of Nations to go to Geneva and study its work. He spent a long time there and would not let the League pay his expenses as it might curb his freedom to criticise if necessary.

Ramananda's long life was an unending tale of ceaseless work. As a Brahmo he was in the forefront of all progressive movements. Though never a platform orator, he never shirked his duty when it became necessary for him to appear in public. At seventy-five, while presiding over a rowdy public meeting, he sat through the entire turbulent period, though stones were flying in all directions, because as president he could not abandon the meeting. Such was his courage. May his example be a beacon-light unto us.

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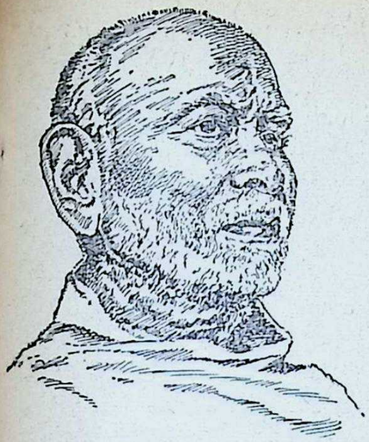

When he was three years old, he went into Samadhi, and was in that state for two days. His parents felt he was dead....

Swami Shree Yagnapurushdasji

H. T. DAVE

THE divine hierarchs in one form or the other manifest themselves on the earth to sustain the world by their *tapas* and devotion. The seekers all round the world are in search of a radical inner evolution of the soul—the ultimacy of which is its release from Avidya or Maya. How to do it is the problem. Therefore *Srimad Bhagavat* prescribes:

तस्माद्गुरुं प्रपद्येत जिज्ञासुः श्रेयमुत्तमम् ।

The true seeker should search for a Guru who is well-versed in Vedas (i.e. knowledge of God) and who always remains in constant Brahmic consciousness.

Religion is not a dogma of certain deologies which may have been formed of the varied evolutionary experiences of sages or seers. The ultimate Truth is Akshara Brahman, by knowing which one is released as *Gita* says:

ज्ञेयं यत्तत् प्रवक्ष्यामि यज्ज्ञात्वा अमृतमश्नुते ।

Swami Shree Yagnapurushdasji was an exponent of this Akshara philosophy, the origin of all philosophies, and ably propounded by Lord Swaminarayan.

Akshara has been mentioned and described as यदक्षरं वेदविदो वदन्ति । तदाहुरक्षरं ब्रह्म सर्वकारणकारणम् । & विष्णोर्धाम परं साक्षात् पुरुषस्य महात्मनः । यस्मिन् लोका निहिता लोकिनश्च तदाहुरक्षरं ब्रह्म । etc. etc., in the Upanishads. Lord Swaminarayan has specifically described Akshara as the final Abode of Para-Brahman. It has two forms: one infinite with which it sustains millions of universes, the Lord and the released souls; and the other finite i.e. in divine shape always in service of the Lord. When this divine form of Akshara assumes human form, it becomes the perceptible ideal for all devotees or seekers, who can cast off the physical consciousness by the meditational worship of this Akshara Brahman—the true Guru. After attaining Akshara Bhav, which is pure Brahmic consciousness, one can worship Narayan, as Lord Swaminarayan says in His *Shikshapatri*:

निजात्मानं ब्रह्मरूपं देहत्रय विलक्षणं ।
विभाव्य तेन कर्तव्या भक्तिः कृष्णस्य सर्वदा ।

The process of attaining the soul's consciousness is two-fold—one is the process of evolution and the other is the process of involution. The process of evolution is the gradual realisation of the latent knowledge by a continuous introvertial meditation. This process is long and difficult. The other process of involution is easy inasmuch as it is a dedication—a self-consecration—at the feet of a Guru who is either Akshara-Brahman or one who has realised Akshara-Brahman.

Swami Shree Yagnapurushdasji learned this cardinal truth even in his teen age. Born in Gujarat at Mehlav, near Vadtal, he exhibited divine qualities from his childhood. When he was three years old, he went into Samadhi and was in that state for two days. His parents felt he was dead, but when a brilliant light emanated from his body and filled the whole room, they were amazed. He talked of having seen God, but nobody could understand him.

As he advanced in age, he began his studies, but was often found in a pensive mood. He liked the company of Sadhus. From this age he used to attend congregations of Bhaktas at Vadtal and tried to search for a true Sadhu from amongst these congregations. He strove hard in search for a true Guru, left home at an early age, roamed in the precincts of all temples, amongst Sadhus, but could not satisfy himself. The temples had become traditional places of ritual worship only and the Sadhus, a mass of heterogeneous units engaged only to satisfy their own ends. But his determined efforts brought him in front of Shree Pragji Bhakta, a foremost disciple of Shree Gunatitanand Swami—incarnation of Akshara-Brahman.

All the grace and pleasure of Shree Gunatitanand Swami were bestowed on him and he had realised him as Brahman and had become one with him.

Shree Pragji Bhakta saw the beaming lustre of celibacy and devotion in the person of this young Sadhu Yagnapurushdasji, and soon made him the foremost amongst his many disciples. Yagnapurushdasji lost his physical identity in the Brahmic consciousness of Shree Pragji Bhakta. Thus Shree Pragji Bhakta prepared the instrument through whom Lord Swaminarayan was to manifest after him. The eternal law that the immutable self of Akshara never vanishes but reveals through different physical entities, came to be gradually realised in the working of Shree Pragji Bhakta and after him Swami Shree Yagnapurushdasji.

Swami Shree Yagnapurushdasji believed that mere preaching tenets or performing religious rituals is not religion. Human conduct should synchronise with the scrupulous performance of one's duties together with inculcation of religious tenets in life. For that he moved incessantly in the villages of Gujarat and sometimes in torrential rains, shivering cold or scorching heat. His life, conduct, character, action, and every moment spoke volumes about a true religionist or a philosopher. He used always to say before the congregations of Sadhus that Janak, Jayadeo, Jadebharat and Shukdeoji are our ancestors and if our actions are not in conformity with our robes, these ancestors' name will be tarnished, the heritage be deteriorated. The intense love and compassion which surged out from his eyes converted many people. Bandits and dacoits took rosaries in their hands and became true devouts. Mahikantha, the land of the lawless, where stealing, drinking, adultery were rampant where police dared not enter, changed into a soothing place of devotion—a Vrindavan or a Gokul. His Sadhus moved in villages of Saurashtra and Gujarat forbearing insults and injuries and ultimately winning the hearts of people. He shunned publicity inasmuch as he believed that Sadhus are the messengers of God sent to serve humanity and teach them to tread on the divine path of God, and should therefore avoid being eulogised which would boost up their ego.

Akshara Purushottam philosophy and cult on the basis of Lord Swaminarayan's preachings were firmly established by him. He created five temples of great architectural beauty and installed in them the idols of Brahman and Para-Brahman or Swaminarayan.

He raised behind him a powerful spiritual progeny of Sadhus headed by Brahm Swarup Swami Shree Jnanjivandasji, to continue and develop the process of realising Brahman on the basis of the preachings and practice established by Lord Swaminarayan.

He cast away his physical body at Sarangpur (Saurashtra) at the age of 87.

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THE SELFLESS WORKER

Rishabhchand

WHO is a selfless worker?

Influenced by the principles of Western ethics, we often use the phrase in connection with anybody who has dedicated his life to some work of social or humanitarian nature. A scientist or a theologian, a philosopher or a religious reformer who pursues a certain line of action for the good of a community or a country or of all humanity with a faith and devotion which defies the opposition of circumstances, is called a selfless worker. His apparent self-sacrifice confirms the epithet and commands universal homage.

But the spiritual tradition of Indian culture has set higher standards of judgment in which ethical ideals are not mixed up with the supreme values of the Spirit, *paramartha*. It is essential to disengage the spiritual content of our culture, so that it may not be confounded with lesser elements and suffer, in consequence, an eventual eclipse. Already, even in the minds of our advanced thinkers and men of light and learning, one can discern a fading away of important distinctions and a blurring of spiritual values.

Spirituality and morality are so much confused together that the lower is made to pass for the higher. This confounding of values degrades the superior norms of life and leads to much looseness and delusion in those who aspire to put them into practice. Plateaus and uplands are mistaken for the peaks, and a half-way house is often considered the final destination.

I need not bring in the evidence of the Vedas and the Upanishads here. That of the *Gita* is categoric and cogent enough for a clear understanding of what constitutes true selflessness. Let us take only one verse (No. 41 of the fourth chapter).

> "He who has destroyed all doubt by knowledge and has by Yoga given up all works and is in possession of the Self is not bound by his works, O Dhananjay."*

The sense of the verse is that the selfless worker, the worker whom work cannot bind, must be *atmavantah*, in possession of the Self. Not a mental perception of the infinite and immortal Self, but an authentic spiritual experience by union with the Eternal, and, as a result of the experience, a super-mental knowledge which has destroyed all doubt, are the two cardinal elements of the state of selflessness of the doer of all action.

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* English translation by Sri Aurobindo.

A mere *sattvic* renunciation of the gross forms of the ego and its petty personal interests is not intended here. For, the *Gita* says that there are myriad forms of the ego and its desires. They are the constant enemies of even the men of knowledge. To give up crude *pranic* desires is not to be liberated from all desires. There are subtler forms of them, more mental than vital or *pranic*, which arise draped in the shining garb of ethical principles and moral imperatives.

The service of one's society, of one's country, or even of all humanity, may very well spring from the *sattvic* ego. Even the rigid holding on to certain beliefs or creeds in the practice of religious life may have a strong formation of the ego at its core. Martyrdom, courted in the service of others, or in what is mentally conceived as the service of God, may be a self-imposed martyrdom of the exalted and enlightened ego, which takes a secret delight in self-sacrifice for the vindication of its beliefs and principles. The *sattvic* ego binds by happiness and knowledge, as says the *Gita*. Tapasya or austerity is no hall-mark of selflessness. The Asuras have been known to beat even the gods in *tapasya*. The ego, the separative sense of I-ness and my-ness, is a perpetual bondage; and the *sattvic* ego is the strongest of all bonds, for, being difficult to distinguish from the egoless "I" (what Sri Ramakrishna called the ripe "I") of the liberated soul, it is justified in its own eyes and justified and glorified in the eyes of the world.

But the first great teaching of the *Gita* is that the person who aspires to realise his Self or the Divine and live in the infinite freedom of the Eternal must rise beyond the three *gunas*, must become *nistraigunyah*. This superiority to the tangled action of the three *gunas, sattva, rajas* and *tamas*, is the first condition and test of liberation. It is only when one lives in the radiant vastness of the Self, serenely poised above the turmoil of the *gunas* (the qualitative modes of the lower Nature) that one can be called selfless; for his natural, separative self, which is another name for his egoistic personality, has been sloughed off and transcended for ever. There is no longer any "I" in him, identified with a particular physical form, an individualised whirl of *pranic* energies, and the feelings and emotions of the heart, or with any distinctive forms of thoughts and ideas. All the constructions of the ego have crumbled down, and in their place there is the constant realisation of a limitless self-existence, at once ineffably individual and universal. The Yogi has gone beyond the dualities of life, *dvandateetah*, and is freed from the meshes of good and evil. His unconditioned self-existence is full of self-delight, causeless and ceaseless. He lives and has his being in the Timeless, and is moved by the Will of the Brahman, working through his nature.

This, then, is the criterion which should guide us in our estimate of the great actors on the stage of life. Of course, as we have already seen, the criterion is subjective rather than objective, and every man who thinks that he is working as a selfless agent or instrument, must be sincere enough in his scrutiny of the inner state of his consciousness and its reactions, so that he may not fall a prey to a very subtle form of self-deception, which is sure to offer the greatest obstacle to his spiritual emancipation.

Union with the Eternal, a settled poise in the Eternal, and a clear superiority to the perpetual tumult of the three *gunas,* are the sole condition of being *nirahankara,* selfless and egoless.

A selfless worker is *sthitaprajnah,* stable in intelligence, Brahmabhutah, becomes the Brahman, and, though constantly acting, experiences the unrippled silence and passivity of the non-doer. He sees inaction in action and action in inaction. He knows that it is Nature that is acting, and not he, the detached, witness Purushah. He sees himself in all and all in himself, and is, therefore, equal-souled to all. His equality is not a moral equability, but the very texture of his universalised consciousness.

It should be noted here that the state described above is not the highest state of spiritual perfection, but the first, crucial, liberating step, indispensable to the final divine fulfilment.

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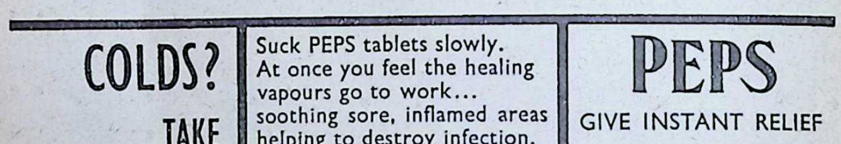

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Francois Jost

The Influence of Language on the National Conscience

ON the whole earth the political frontiers of the nations very often identify themselves with their frontiers of language. This is the case especially in Europe where each people has its language, and this language is also one of the most important support of its national conscience. This corresponds to large countries like Russia, Poland, Spain or Italy; it is almost the case in France, where, apart from the overseas departments the linguistic territory does hardly expand into foreign countries except Belgium and Switzerland. The same observation can be made of small countries like Portugal, Denmark, the Balkan states. In all these countries and in some others too, a certain linguistic unity has existed when the foundations of their political unities were laid. Linguistic unity was a sort of sensible sign for political unity to follow.

This is definitely not the situation in Switzerland. In this country there are three "official" languages: German, French, and Italian; and four "national" languages, that is to say the three we have just mentioned and Rheto-Romantsch which is spoken in several valleys of the Grisons. Does this mean that Switzerland, during the long centuries of her existence, has not yet succeeded in unifying a multiplicity which, at first sight, appears to be a hindrance or even a danger for the state? To imagine this would be to misunderstand the political and cultural structure of this country, to ignore her history, evolution, and mission. Switzerland does not only tolerate the plurality of languages, she even favours and defends it with all the means at her disposal, because she sees in it—and this is the great difference from other countries—(she sees in it) not only a certain intellectual unity but one of the fundamental presuppositions of her existence.

It may seem at first sight that linguistic diversity necessarily hurts the national conscience of a country. In Switzerland the contrary is true. The same civic, moral, political, and economical ideals which find their expression in several languages, strengthen the feelings of patriotism and the spirit of community to a higher extent than in a single tongue. Here we observe a phenomenon of ethnical psychology for which one can hardly find parallels. Diversity, paradoxical as this may seem to be, reinforces unity. "The Swiss have understood", said Valery, "that diversity is wealth." But first of all, they have understood that the respect for all the diversities on which their cantons are founded, grants and justifies their national existence. It was under this condition that the Helvetic states that won their autonomy from the Holy Roman-Germanic Empire, consented to have their destinies bound together. Switzerland is a democracy by birth; she is according to Renan's words "the most legitimately established nation of Europe". Count Gobineau prophesied more than a hundred years ago: "The cantonal spirit in Switzerland is immortal". Thus the linguistic diversity stimulates and nourishes the national conscience instead of weakening it.

Some details are necessary. In Switzerland there exists a strong linguistic majority, the majority of the German language. But it should be noted that the current language of the Alemannic regions is not the same as that of the country beyond the Rhine. It is a dialect which, however related to the languages of Berlin and Vienna, differs from these about as much as Flemish or Dutch. And there is not only one dialect; there are several, almost as many as there are German-speaking cantons. It is easily understood that by these dialects the patriotic spirit is strengthened: in his language the German-speaking Helvetian feels himself linked to the origins of his country. This patriotism—one can see that very easily—is mainly of a cantonal and local character. But through this patriotism the Swiss become aware of their national conscience. The citizen of Berne, Basle, or Zurich is not only a Swiss citizen, he is first of all a citizen of his canton and of his parish. This means that he feels the small linguistic community to be his first and real home. Is he therefore condemned to isolation? The inhabitants of St-Gall, of Uri, of the Valais or of Appenzell are different in a thousand shades, but they all live in places distant enough from the High German language to build up a solid barrier against the Germanic world. At the time of the Nazis they belonged to the protectors of Switzerland.

The essential fact is, that in spite of the great majority of the Alemannic element one has never thought of adopting a uniform national language in Switzerland. In this country political or linguistic irredentism is ignored. This is another great difference from many other countries. On this fact Switzerland's uniqueness and her wisdom are founded. To the problem of the languages she has given a solution worthy of her past, of her nature and her spirit. Thus each of the three linguistic regions takes part directly and intensively in the great movements of West-European civilisation; the culture of a small state is able to expand into the European field.

The principal regions of Switzerland form a sort of vast cultural circle which appears different to each of them. Each inhabitant talks to his neighbour in an idiom which may differ from the latter's own language and reflect another civilisation. Thus in every confederate this syncretism of different civilisations becomes visible. civilisations which are each of them shared with foreign countries. By this fact Switzerland's mission of mediation receives its greatness. In this country the Germanic ideas are Latinized before they pass over into France and Italy; on the other hand the ideas of these two countries are

Germanized before they penetrate into Germany and Austria.

Ernest Renan divided the nations into two categories: nations of instinct—in which race, blood, religion, and language have furthered national unity—and nations of reason. To this distinction he added: "I know but one nation of reason: Switzerland". As far as the cantons are concerned, most of them belong to the first of these groups.

Every confederate has two countries of which he considers himself a native: his canton and Switzerland as a whole. But Switzerland already represents Europe. There is perhaps no people in the world so strongly convinced that the idea of civilisation is greater than the idea of race. Moreover one does not speak of the Swiss nation but of the Swiss people. All the same this cosmopolitanism has a patriotic foundation: Intellectual and emotional attachment to the neighbouring countries, synthesis of the spiritual values inside the bounds of mountains and rivers: this is the attitude which has determined the plurality of languages.

Thus the Swiss Confederacy is more than a simple symbol of the new Europe because she herself represents, as a French-speaking Swiss writer termed it, a "little Europe reconciliated with herself". On every side of the Helvetic house there are points of contact with the adjacent countries. In the European community it shall be one of the most modest abodes, but certainly not one of the least venerable: we hope so.

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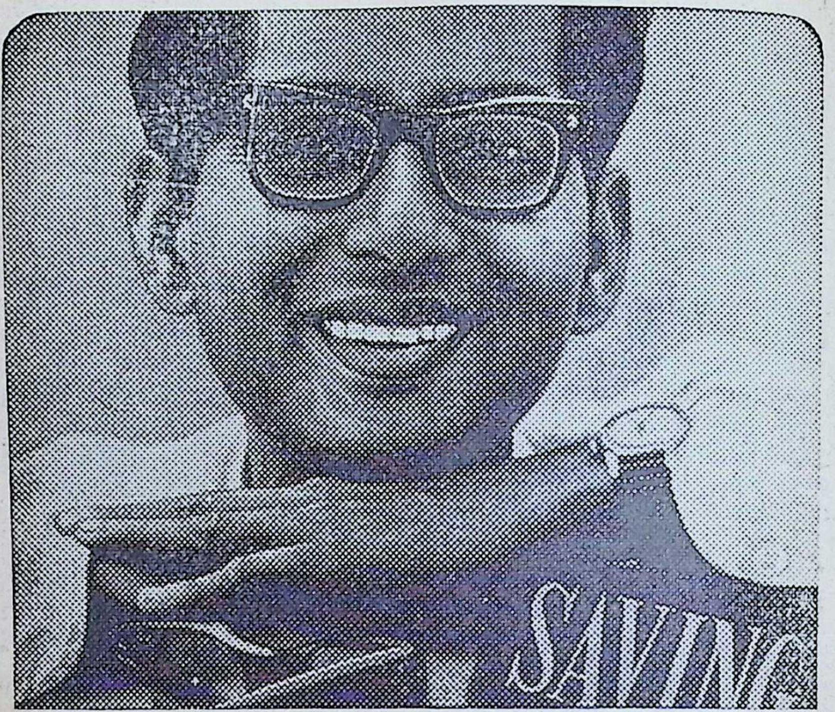

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KRISHNAVATARA

The Righteous War

THE BOOK OF BHEEMA

CHAPTER 21

KRISHNA GIVES A PROMISE

WHEN night came, and the torches in the palace grounds were extinguished, Bheema, with Krishna, Uddhava and Saatyaki, proceeded to Baliya's *akhada*. Gopu led them with a torch in his hands, two eagle-faced *garuds,* body-attendants of Krishna, bringing up the rear.

When they came to the *akhada,* the *jeshti mulls*—men, women and children—had gathered near the wrestling pit, the centre of their colony. The place was illumined by the lighted torches which several of them held in their hands, feeding them with oil from time to time whenever the light grew dim.

Supported by one of his sons, Baliya was standing, though weakly, at the head of the community and received them by falling at Krishna's feet. Someshvar led the guests to the wrestling pit, on one side of which was installed a *lingam* of the Great God. A clay image of His Spouse in her loving aspect as Amb*aa,* the Mother of the creation, had been installed. Wooden clubs were artistically arranged on all its sides ; on the other side there were two circular posts with a smooth surface for climbing exercises.

Most of the ceremonies had been performed. Only the final *aarti* ritual had been left over. After Krishna and his companions offered worship to the Divine Pair, the sacred flame was lit in a copper vessel. Baliya requested Krishna to offer the worship, which he did by waving the flame before the deities in a ceremonious way, all the people present chanting *mantras* to the accompaniment of clapping of their hands in praise of the Divine Mother.

After the *aarti* was finished, Gopu took charge of the vessel and offered the flame to all present. Each one to whom it was offered, moved his palms over it and applied them to his eyes, in deep reverential worship.

'Lord, I have a favour to beg of you,' said Baliya.

Krishna smiled. 'I know what you want, Baliya', said Krishna, patting his back. 'All right, I will go and change. Who will wrestle with me?'

Someshvar came forward and said: 'Lord, give me the honour of wrestling with you.'

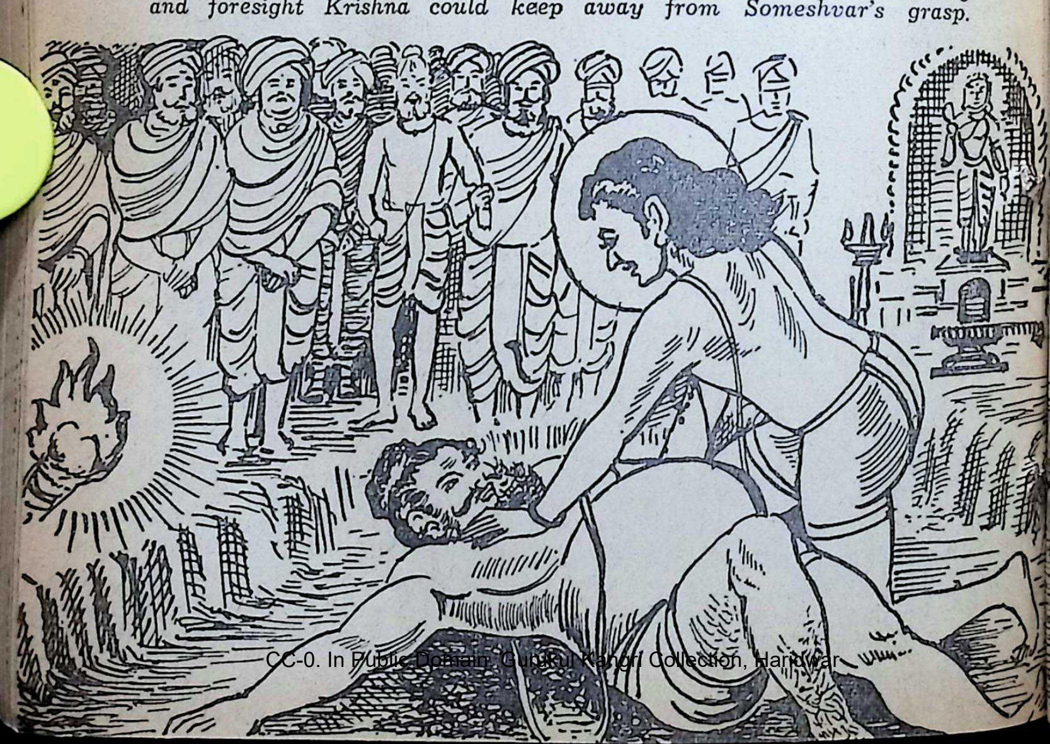
Gopu led Krishna to Baliya's house where he changed his dress for the wrestling outfit, which was nothing but a tight-fitting suspender. Krishna came out—a neat, trim, graceful figure, his hair gathered in a top-knot. His body appeared to be as smooth and soft as that of a well-preserved young woman. None could suspect the vigour and tenacity of his unseen muscles.

For a moment, the *mulls,* accustomed to identify strength with bulging muscles and ponderous stomach, could not, for the life of them, believe that Krishna was a wrestler.

Krishna came to Someshvar and asked the wrestler as if in a jest: 'What would you like—to floor me or get floored yourself?'

'Lord, forgive me. If I am floored at your hands, I shall consider my-

The mulls were amazed at the way in which by superhuman agility and foresight Krishna could keep away from Someshvar's grasp.



self blessed. If I floor you, lord, it would be the most glorious moment of my life. But I don't like to wrestle with a pre-arranged result. I have taught my pupils never to do so.'

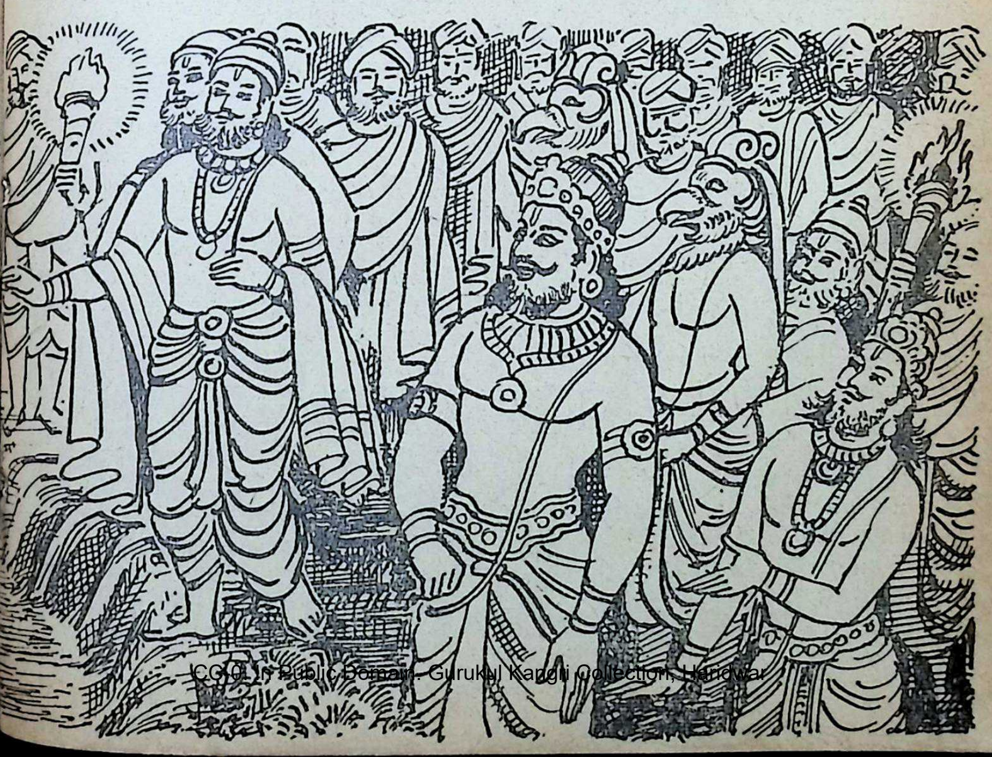
'You are right. Wrestling with a pre-arranged result is a joke, not a legitimate bout. We must be true to our traditions. You do your best and I will do mine. Come on, then', said Krishna and jumped into the pit.

Someshvar and Krishna, both went to the deities and prayed for a moment. Then they took in their hands the fine dust treated with the essence of flowers, which covered the floor of the wrestling pit, and rubbed their hands with it, to remove the dampness, if any, to make their grip firmer.

The combatants started the bout, trying to come to grips with each other. Someshvar was soon disillusioned. He understood how Krishna, at sixteen, was able, not only to floor but kill two well-reputed *mulls* like Kamsa and Chanur. Every movement of his was anticipated, every trick was guarded against in advance.

However clever his attempts to close on Krishna, they were all frustrated. The *mulls,* trained up as they were, were amazed at the way in which by superhuman agility and foresight, Krishna could keep away from Someshvar's grasp.

Time and again, it appeared as if the combatants would come to grips; every time, however, Krishna eluded Someshvar. His body was lithe; every movement of his was swift and sure. On the other hand, Someshvar's body was very heavy and bulky. It was with great difficulty that he could



keep pace with the lightning rapidity of Krishna's movement. He was getting out of breath. His eyes were getting filmy. Krishna was as fresh as ever.

The spectators were amazed at their chief, Someshvar, showing signs of exhaustion.

Someshvar decided to make strenuous and skilful attempts to throw his arms around his antagonist. Every time he failed.

He exerted all his strength and skill to make a final effort to come to grips. Krishna, with unexpected agility and swiftness, eluded Someshvar; the wrestler stumbled; the next moment by a well-timed and swift use of his hands and shoulders, he bore his antagonist to the ground, chest uppermost, by an uncanny trick.

The *mulls* could not but express their admiration of Krishna's feat by joyful shouts of *"sadhu, sadhu"*. He jumped out of the pit, and Saatyaki tried to remove the dust which had stuck to his body.

Someshvar came out of the pit and prostrated himself before Krishna.

'Lord, I could now see how you were able to defeat Kamsa and Chanur so easily. And, lord, I have to beg of you to teach your *mulla vidya* to me.'

'I can teach you nothing. You are master of the *vidya*', replied Krishna. 'But one day we will talk over it, if you so want.'[1]

Bheema pushed aside the other *mulls* and took Krishna to Baliya's hut and began to rub off the sand still sticking to his body.

As Krishna put on his ordinary dress, Bheema said with a wink: 'Krishna, I want you to go into the next room. Some lady wants to talk to you by herself.'

Krishna looked at him with a mock-serious air and laughed: 'I now see why you brought me here tonight. I have suspected that there was some trick you wanted to play on me.'

'I won't swear on your life that that was not my motive. I want you to live long. Just now you made the *mulls* happy. Now go in and make the lady waiting there also happy.'

Krishna, as he went into the room, said with an understanding smile: 'I hope it is not Jalandhar*aa* again.'

'See for yourself', said Bheema, pushing Krishna into the room.

The two ladies sitting there stood up and prostrated themselves before Krishna, who extended his right hand in blessing.

'What do you want me for?' asked Krishna.

Rekhaa went and closed the door.

Krishna laughed: 'Is it the Princess of Kaashi?' he asked the younger woman.

'See for yourself', said Jalandhar*aa* laughing, as she removed the end of the saree which she held over the lower part of her face, in accordance with the customary style adopted by maid-servants while speaking to elders and higher class males. There was no mistaking the beauteous face and shapely head, the lips like the bud of a *kunda* flower.

Krishna, who recognised Jalandhar*aa*, said: 'I guessed it must be you. But do you realise the folly you have committed? Coming to the

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[1] *Mulla Purana* (a less known *purana*) contains these teachings.

akhada in the middle of the night and meeting me secretly is a dangerous game which, if known to the world, will ruin your life.'

'I had to take the risk, lord. It is a matter of life and death', said Jalandhar*aa,* also assuming a serious air.

'What is it? Is your sister Bhanumati in trouble?' asked Krishna.

'I have got a message from your sister Bhanumati.'

Krishna's voice was full of affectionate concern. 'What is the message? If she wanted to meet me, she had only to send me word and I would have come to her.'

'She is dying to do so, but Duryodhana has forbidden her from meeting you or even to send a message to you.'

'Is it so? Poor Bhanumati!' sympathetically exclaimed Krishna.

'Do you know that she is likely to be a mother soon?'

'I do. What is her message?'

'I will give you her message in the very words that were used by her. She said to me to meet you when you were by yourself and tell you: "Your little sister is thinking of you every moment of her life. She would have come to pay respects herself, but her lord has forbidden it." She further said to me: "Beg of Govind to forgive Aryaputra for not allowing me to meet him!"

'She further told me to convey to you this message', continued Jalandhar*aa*: "Govind, you have conferred favour after favour on your unfortunate sister. She hesitates to ask one more favour from you; this will be the last she will ask of you: Let Aryaputra rule in Hastinapur and my son, when his time comes, sit on the throne of the Kurus."'

'And you, regardless of the risk to your reputation, agreed to convey this message out of love for your sister?' commented Krishna. 'Very nice of you, but very thoughtless.' Then he continued in a voice of affectionate concern: 'Do you know that the message you conveyed to me is against your own interest?'

'How?'

'If Duryodhana rules in Hastinapur, Bheema will be no more than a dependent, and even if Yudhishthira is ceremoniously installed as the Emperor, Bheema might have to migrate to some other country.'

Jalandhar*aa* understood the significance of Krishna's underlying assumption that her interests were the same as those of Bheema.

'Oh, Great God!' she exclaimed as she felt the force of what Krishna said. 'I have become the instrument of King Vrikodara's downfall.'

Krishna said: 'You are right, Kaashy*aa*. He had hoped to be a Yuvaraja in his own right and win you. Is it not?'

Jalandhar*aa*'s face fell. 'Oh, I have done a grievous wrong to King Vrikodara.' She cried in despair. Then she paused for a moment. 'But I had to do it. My sister was most anxious to help her husband and see her son as the Emperor of Hastinapur. She was so miserable at not being allowed to meet you and wanted to send the message. I could not let her down.'

Krishna smiled. 'So you let yourself down.'

Her eyes were full of unshed tears.

'Oh, Great God, what a miserable wretch am I!'

'Don't cry, Jalandhar*aa*'. Krishna's voice was now full of understanding. 'I see your difficulty. But I can assure you this: wherever he is, whatever he is, Bheema will be the noblest and the bravest man alive. Life with him will always be a happy dream. I am sure of it.'

Jalandhar*aa* suppressed a sob and said: 'Lord, my sister said that once you saved her from death and adopted her as your sister. Be my brother too.'

'Will you be prepared to marry Bheema, whatever he is and wherever he is?'

'Yes, I swear. I will have no other man as my husband in this life or the next.'

'That is good. You will be to me a sister as Bhanumati has been, and I shall stand by you in whatever risks you may run in your life with Bheema.' Then he added: 'Now, you still want me to give the promise which Bhanumati has asked for?'

She hesitated for a moment and looked into Krishna's eyes. He clearly sensed the conflict which was raging in her breast.

'I would leave it to you to decide what I should do, now that you have been so kind to me. But my sister with every breath awaits your promise. If you don't give her the promise, she will die of a shock.' She sighed and added: 'I cannot let my self-interest come in the way of my sister's future.'

'It is well said', replied Krishna. 'Then you can convey to Bhanumati that Duryodhana shall rule in Hastinapur.'

Jalandhar*aa* heaved a sigh of relief. 'Lord, how shall I thank you?'

'Then, don't. I shall now call Bheema.'

He stepped towards the door, opened it and called Bheema. 'Bheema, come in. Do you know this young maiden?'

Bheema smiled heartily. 'Know this shameless maiden! She left me no alternative. She purposely got herself drowned near Utkochaka, pretended to have fainted so that I would have to carry her.'

'Bheema,' said Krishna smiling. 'you know she has accepted me as her brother?'

Bheema threw up his hands in despair: 'Oh, Great God, save me from this man who gets every woman who comes across him to be his sister. And they all prefer to be his sister than anybody else's wife.'

'And you? You cannot do better than take her as your wife, though I know you are not fit to be her husband.' Then he turned to Jalandhar*aa*. 'If you ever want me when something is at stake, don't feel shy. Come to me even if Bheema takes a promise from you that you should not meet me.'

'Yes, lord. I will never forget the favour you have done to me by seeing me here.'

'You don't thank me for playing any number of tricks on Krishna to bring him here,' said Bheema in injured innocence and added with a deep sigh: 'And when I bring him here, he just steals you from me.'

The three of them laughed.

[*To be continued*]

Sir S. Varadachariar

[Retd. udge, Supreme Court of India].

Personalities I Have Met

Sir V. Bhashyam Ayyangar

Sir V. Bhashyam Ayyangar.

I HAD the privilege of being closely associated with Sir V. Bhashyam Ayyangar for four years (July 1901 to June 1905). Two years and five months of this period, when he was Judge of the Madras High Court, I spent as a kind of amanuensis to him, writing judgments to his dictation. The remaining fifteen months represent the term of my apprenticeship to him, after he had resumed practice at the Bar on retirement from the Bench. During these four years, I was living with him as a member of his family. These circumstances and his unconventional nature not only gave opportunities for studying him at close quarters but encouraged me to take liberties which could not have been thought of, if our relations had been merely those of master and pupil.

An anecdote may help to give some idea of the distance which even leaders of that generation took it for granted, existed between Sir V. Bhashyam Ayyangar and lesser mortals. Sri V. Krishnaswami Ayyar happened to come to his house one evening. As an insignificant young man I was not merely serving as an apprentice but was living in his house ; I was permitted to take or perhaps unwittingly took, liberties which wiser and more elderly people might have hesitated to take. Sir Bhashyam was reading some paper, and at his instance I was looking into it, standing behind the easy-chair on which he sat. This struck Sri Krishnaswami Ayyar as grossly lacking in respect, and he sent word through a friend the next day, that it was impertinent on my part to have behaved so towards Sir Bhashyam Ayyangar.

Born in affluent circumstances, possessed of a mighty intellect, strong determination and extraordinary industry, Sir Bhashyam Ayyangar was enabled to shape his life in his own way. He belonged to the group of family known as Venbakkam, which was derived from the village of the same name in the vicinity of Madras. That group contributed many eminent men to the service of the public in the Madras Presidency, chief among them having been Messrs. V. Sadagopachariar, who practised before the High Court in the early days; Rama Aiyengar, a dewan of Travancore; Rangacharlu, a dewan of Mysore; Bhashyam Ayyangar himself; his own brother Veeraraghavachariar; and V. V. Srinivasa Aiyengar, who was a prominent advocate and later a Judge of the Madras High Court.

After taking his B.A. degree, he served for some years in the Registration Department but all his available leisure during these years was devoted to an intensive study of Law, preparatory to his appearing for the Law examination and his entry into the Bar. This not only enabled him to pass his Law examination with very high distinction but also helped him to make a strong impression upon his master, Mr. O'Sullivan. At the end of his apprenticeship period, Mr. O'Sullivan, who was Advocate-General of Madras, gave him a testimonial which was prophetic in foresight, and concluded by saying that Sir Bhashyam Ayyangar would attain to the 'highest position to which it was open to a native of India to attain.' The reference here to 'native of India' is significant; even after the lapse of thirty years and notwithstanding his undoubted eminence at the Bar and his command of the confidence of the Local Government, Sir Bhashyam did not succeed in getting *permanent* appointment as Advocate-General, in 1898 and 1905, though he could get only short-terms as Acting Advocate-General.

With all his attainments and the favourable circumstances mentioned above, it was no wonder that he soon attained success in the profession. The decade 1885 to 1895 was a significant period in the history of the Indian Bar at Madras. It was during this period that eminent persons like Sir V. Bhashyam Ayyangar and Sir S. Subramanya Aiyar, Messrs. A. Ramachandra Aiyar and C. R. Pattabhirama Aiyar on the Appellate Side and stalwarts like Messrs. Sundaram Sastri, Anantacharlu and P. V. Krishnaswami Chetti on the Original Side, established that the Vakil Bar could hold its own against European Barristers who were till then considered as a superior class. Since then the Vakil section of the Bar has more than held its own against the foreign element. With the support of Sir Arthur Collins, the then Chief Justice, Vakils succeeded in getting rid of certain disabilities which they previously suffered from, like denial of the right to appear on the Original Side of the High Court and in the proceedings under the Presidency Towns' Insolvency law, wearing gowns in Courts, etc.

About the mid-nineties when a successor to Justice Muthuswami Aiyar had to be found, Sir V. Bhashyam Ayyangar did not seem to have cared for a judgeship of the High Court. But by 1901 he seems to have changed his mind probably out of a desire to make pronouncements on several topics of law in permanent judgments. In doing so, he seems to have been encouraged (presumably) by Lord Ampthill (then Governor of Madras) in the expectation that, though he was 58 years old at that time, his judicial career would not end on his attainment of sixty years of age, and it would be quite possible to obtain a reasonable extension of his term of office. When the time came for decision of the question, the Secretary of State seems to have been opposed to giving any extension as a matter of principle, and after some discussion the extension was restricted to a period of nine months. As it was felt by Sir V. Bhashyam that he might not find it financially convenient to live in retirement, he had recourse to Mr. Mayne and Mr. Asquith for advice regarding the propriety of resumption of practice, and he did so after receiving their favourable opinion. It is this incident that led to the later practice of obtaining agreements from members of the Bar when appointed as Judges of the High Court, that they would not resume practice before the Court of which they had been Judges.

To his work as a Judge, it is not necessary here to refer at any length, because it was well-known and also appreciated throughout the country. He availed himself of every opportunity to make pronouncements upon difficult or unsettled points of law and frequently made lengthy observations which were sometimes later regarded as *obiter dicta.* His judgments were largely based on fundamental principles, though he did not neglect reference to precedents as well. Both as an advocate and as a Judge he had the rare knack of explaining away every precedent which *prima facie* seemed to be opposed to the view advanced by him. He was not particular about the literary merit or attractiveness of form of his judgments but insisted on their being clear and accurate. He was of the opinion that a judgment should be so worded as to be incapable of being misread or misunderstood even by persons deliberately trying to do so. Though seemingly slow, he insisted on making sure of every step in the argument advanced before him and never allowed himself to be hustled through.

When at the Bar, he held a unique position. The respect that he evoked from his colleagues and the public (including the rich clientele) was so unusual that none would think of taking any liberty with him. Sir S. Subramanya Aiyar who had practically the same standing as Sir V. Bhashyam Ayyangar, used to refer to him only as 'Ayyangarval' (the suffix 'VAL' being an abbreviated form of the term of respect 'Avergal'). The story goes that one day, just before the lunch hour, Sir S. Subramanya Aiyar was sitting in the Vakils' Association room chatting with those present in an atmosphere of vociferous cheerfulness. The appearance of Sir V. Bhashyam Ayyangar's attender round the corner indicated that Sir Bhashyam was following at a short distance, and on this signal, Sir S. Subramanya Aiyar is said to have not merely ceased talking, but appealed to his audience to keep silent, as Sir Bhashyam was coming.

His arguments in court were to all appearance so slow and halting as not to impress an onlooker, but they were calculated to drive the Judge to whom they were addressed almost inexorably to the conclusion that he was pressing for. His apparent slowness was the result of his attempt to study the mind of the Judge as he went along, so as to make sure that his arguments had gone home. He had cultivated a very capacious memory by the practice of never taking notes. Depending on his memory alone, he argued heavy cases for several days, without a scrap of note in his hand and without ever losing the thread of his narration or forgetting any material fact. He had cultivated the habit of thinking amidst distractions and was an adept in finding out what the Judge had in mind, when putting a question and foreseeing how it will affect the success of his argument. The Bar in Madras is indebted to him for his great example and for setting a high standard of preparation both of facts and of the points of law material to a case. He was fearless and independent even though some people were foolish enough to imagine that he desired to be in the good books of those in authority.

Two acts of his, as Advocate-General, created a strong impression in his favour in the public mind as proof of his independence and impartiality. One was the grant of sanction by him to an appeal under Letters Patent in *N. A. Subramanya Aiyar's case* against the decision of Justice Boddam in a Sessions case. At the hearing of the appeal, the Full Bench (except for one dissenting Judge) disapproved of the view on which Sir V. Bhashyam Ayyangar had granted the certificate, but on appeal to the Privy Council by special leave, the Privy Council approved of Sir Bhashyam's view and set aside the decision of the Full Bench. The other incident was an opinion given by him that certain speeches of Bepin Chandra Pal in Madras were not seditious. Those were days when Bepin Chandra Pal enjoyed intense popularity, and hence the popular interest in the matter.

Politics in his times were different from what they have since become. With Governors like Lord Connemara and Lord Wenlock, Chief Secretaries like Sir Henry Stokes and high-placed Indians like Srinivasaraghava Aiyengar and Chentsal Rao, he could get things easily set right if any mistakes had been committed by those in authority, subject of course, to its being within the sphere of the local Government. The democratic ways of obtaining redress, developed later, were practically unknown during his lifetime. He served for many years as a member of the then Madras Legislature and helped in the proper enactment of laws by that council. He is said to have been responsible for the drafting of the Madras General Clauses Act, 1891, which has been regarded as a model of legislative draftsmanship and served as a model for the Indian General Clauses Act of 1897.

It may be interesting to know how Sir V. Bhashyam Ayyangar also was capable of a sense of humour. In 1899 he launched a criminal prosecution against a daily called *The Madras Standard* and its editor Sri G. Parameswaran Pillai for defamation. The paper had indulged in libellous remarks against Sir V. Bhashyam

Ayyangar as a person not fit to be included in a committee appointed by the Madras University for selecting a person for the post of the Registrar. His public spirit was attacked in two successive articles. When before the Chief Presidency Magistrate he was asked to depose, he not only stood well the cross-examination of the counsel on the opposite side but even struck the court and people watching the proceedings by his effective replies. To a question from the cross-examining counsel: "Is it not a fact that in a majority of cases, you have voted with the Government?" the reply was: "Yes, in the Legislative Council in a large majority of cases, members of the Government voted with me."

Though he was conservative in his general outlook, he realised the need for the readjustment of the Hindu Law to the changing conditions of Indian society. With this end in view he took great pains to get the Hindu Gains of Learning Bill passed by the Madras Legislature, after a great deal of public controversy, though it was unfortunately vetoed by the Governor, Sir Arthur Havelock, in response to public agitation against it. About twenty years later, a Bill on similar lines was passed by the Central Legislature without any serious opposition. Drastic changes in the Hindu Law have since been made by Central and Provincial legislation with little effective opposition to them.

On subjects like elementary education and higher education, the importance of the search by Indians for other avenues of employment besides Government service, and the need for the readjustment of the Hindu Law to changing conditions of Indian society, he held and expressed views which remain valuable even at the present day. In his professional work, he set an example of a high standard of duty and thoroughness of preparation which will remain valuable for all time.

It has to be said that Sir V. Bhashyam Ayyangar had little interest outside law. Once when he was convalescing after a brief illness, he called from his bed for a copy of the Civil Court Manual. His wife gently reminded him that the doctor had advised him to take complete rest. He retorted: "How am I to spend my time in bed?" Law was thus not only his professional interest but also his pastime.

In social relations he was to some extent misunderstood because of a cold exterior and a disciplined control over anything like manifestation of sympathy or goodwill. There is however no denying the fact that like many others of his class and of his generation he had his own code of social relations, of which the democratic or humanitarian spirit of the present age can scarcely be expected to approve. A busy life—busy literally to his last conscious moment—hardly left him time or inclination to think of or cultivate the social graces.

He died a hero's death. While actually arguing a point of law in Court on November 16, 1908, he tottered to his seat. Within a few minutes losing his consciousness he never recovered, though continued to live nearly thirty hours more till late in the evening of the 17th November.

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>
> —A.N. Whitehead

Is There Reason in History?

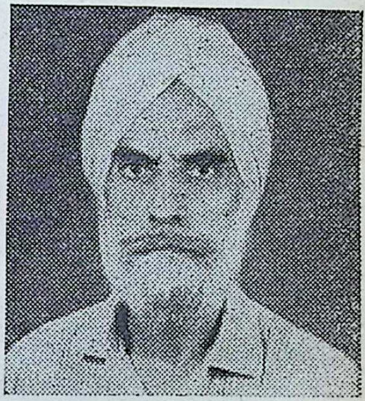
Prof. R. S. Gill

THE answer to the question: "Is there reason in history?" can be given only if we elucidate first the meaning of 'history' and 'reason.'

History comes into being with the emergence of the subject in the world of objects. The subject is not merely the knower. He is the knower and the valuer in one. The consciousness of objects by the subject is not limited merely to an awareness of them. It is an awareness of them as containing values or disvalues.

When we witness an act of mercy, not only we cognize it, but approve or value it also: it is good. This approval or valuing arouses our interest in the pursuit of such objects. In other words, the consciousness of objects as containing values or disvalues arouses in the subject an interest in their pursuit which is more than the struggle for life. In fact, valuing and disvaluing are the life-blood of history. When strongly felt and widely diffused they constitute the driving force of history. They also guide the composition of the historical narrative.

The subject is different from the animal by virtue of his consciousness through which he comes in touch with the world of values. He senses their existence. In him alone ideals or values can be transformed into a real tendency. And he possesses spontaneous self-activity, the capacity to direct events and thus to create history.



The Author

Next we must recognize the individuality of history. The historic process involves primarily not laws, categories, principles, institutions but individuals practically unlimited in numbers and in their experiences. Man is not a single continuous being but the vast multitude of individuals with their countless modifications of experience. In each of these modifications there are elements which compel attention.

The historian may not neglect the multifariousness of the world—"the fairies dance, and Christ is nailed to the Cross." Not only the interpreta-

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tion of history but the historic experience itself depends upon its original source, the mind of man. But mind in history is not one but many minds, though the intellectual view tends to the conception of the unity of mind. This unity is adequately found as yet only in the individual.

The reason of history does not consist only in the total pressure of the past upon man. The individual is not determined exclusively by his past. A nation does not act thus because formerly it acted thus. History is not for ever repetitive. Something is added which is not derived from the past. The second distinguishing characteristic of the subject as compared with all other creatures of nature is the freedom inherent in him to transcend his own nature as a member of the organic order. This freedom, this creative ability only the individual enjoys, not the Hegelian categories or the Marxian classes.

No metaphysics which finds reality in the whole and conceives all individuals as "finite centres" or particulars of that "concrete universal" which is all, can concede to history an important place in the system of things. It is no wonder, therefore, that Bosanquet, the neo-Hegelian, calls history "a hybrid form of experience, incapable of any considerable degree of being or trueness."

Further we must also recognize the presence of the contingent in the historical process. History is not the enactment of necessity. H.A.L. Fisher could see "only one safe rule for the historian, that he should recognize in the development of human destinies the play of the contingent and the unforeseen." "Admitting that great forces are generated by economic causes," says Russell, "it often depends upon quite trivial and fortuitous events which of the great forces gets the victory. If the Prussians had happened to have a good General at the battle of Valmy, they might have wiped out the French Revolution. It may be maintained quite plausibly that if Henry VIII had not fallen in love with Anne Boleyn, the United States would not now exist. For it was owing to this event that England broke with Papacy and therefore, did not acknowledge the Pope's gift of the Americas to Spain and Portugal. If England had remained Catholic, it is probable that what is now the United States would have been part of Spanish America." Absolute Idealism and Dialectical Materialism are incompatible with the full sense of the historical. It is impossible to eliminate the contingent from history.

So much for History. Let us now turn to reason. Whitehead defines reason as "the self-discipline of the originative element in life". Apart from the operation of reason, this originative element is anarchic. Reason gives life a measure of internal consistency so necessary for progress. Though not completely free from cross-purposes, there is, in the balance, a direction in life. Hence life is not merely an urge to live, but also to live well and live better. This direction or tendency of the life-urge is the consequence of the operation of reason.

Why has the trend of evolution been upwards? The fact that organic species have been produced from inor-

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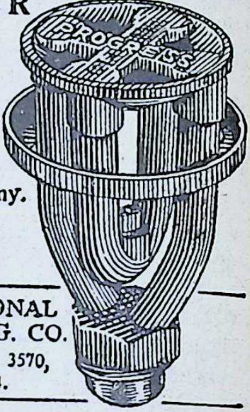

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ganic distributions of matter and the fact that with the lapse of time organic species of higher and higher types have evolved are not in the least explained by the doctrine of the survival of the fittest. This only tells us that in the struggle for existence the fittest survive. But the question is: What produces the fittest? And what makes it grow fitter and fitter through the ages? The answer is: It is reason or the self-discipline of the originative impulse which gives life a trend upwards—the trend towards living well and living better.

By reducing internal inconsistency reason raises into prominence some functionings inherent in life. Those activities of individuals which, when disciplined, yield progressive societies are mental functionings—the functionings of valuing. When these functionings are badly at cross-purposes,

> "...as on a darkling plain
> Swept with confused alarm of struggle and flight,
> Where ignorant armies clash by night,"

we witness the failure of reason because it spells anarchy.

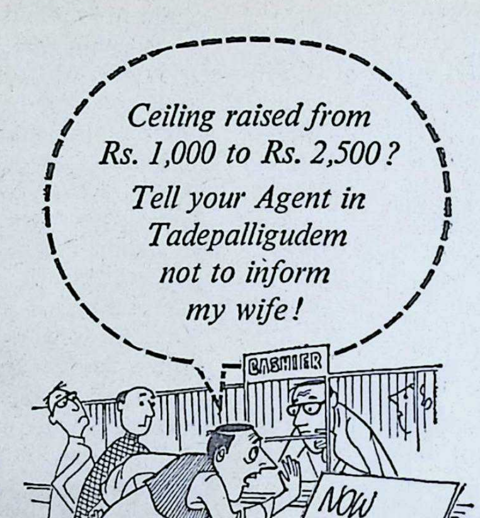
Let us now turn to our theme: Is there reason in history? We have seen that history comes into being with awareness of objects as containing values arousing in the subject an interest in their pursuit. The pursuit of value is the outcome of the co-ordination or discipline of purposes. This is reason in action. Naturally this leads to better living. (Our purposes are the originative elements or creative forces in us.)

When we pass under review the whole of human history, do we find mankind moving in the direction of living well and living better? Yes, we do—on the whole. Reason is operative in history, but it is reason in the process of emergence, not reason fully fledged. In fact reason is in the process of emergence throughout the course of evolution. In man it attains a degree of definition which gives him the character of a subject. Nevertheless, it is not fully fledged even in him. It betrays the incompleteness of its growth by repeated failure to dominate the course of history. In the historic process we see reason at work but waveringly, haltingly and even experiencing set-backs.

If history becomes possible through consciousness of values in objects arousing interest in their pursuit, the values manifest in civilization might be expected to go on increasing. Failure in this advance would signify a failure of reason, threatening the decay of civilization.

The case of ancient Greece is one of the greatest tragedies of history. The deeper cause of failure was the unlimited individualism which was the defect of Athenian quality of genius, the greatness of personality. Hence the fierce rivalry of leading men within the city-State and of cities with each other.

The possibility of successful resistance to the power of Rome was undermined by incapacity for co-operation among the cities of the mainland, islands and Asia Minor. No city would give up its sovereignty and liberty. Controlled in some degree by the development of mind, individual self-assertion is transcended in individuals and for brief periods in na-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tions of genius, but resurgence recurs and leads to failure. The chief sources of the repeated triumphs of unreason in history are to be traced to this ground.

The civilization of Rome was built on the principle of stability, order, law. Hence it showed greater stability than Greece. Roman genius for organization and the upholding of law was undermined by the growth of bureaucratic tyranny which was strangling the life of the *municipia* whose freedom and self-government in domestic affairs and whose culture and prosperity had been the glory of the empire.

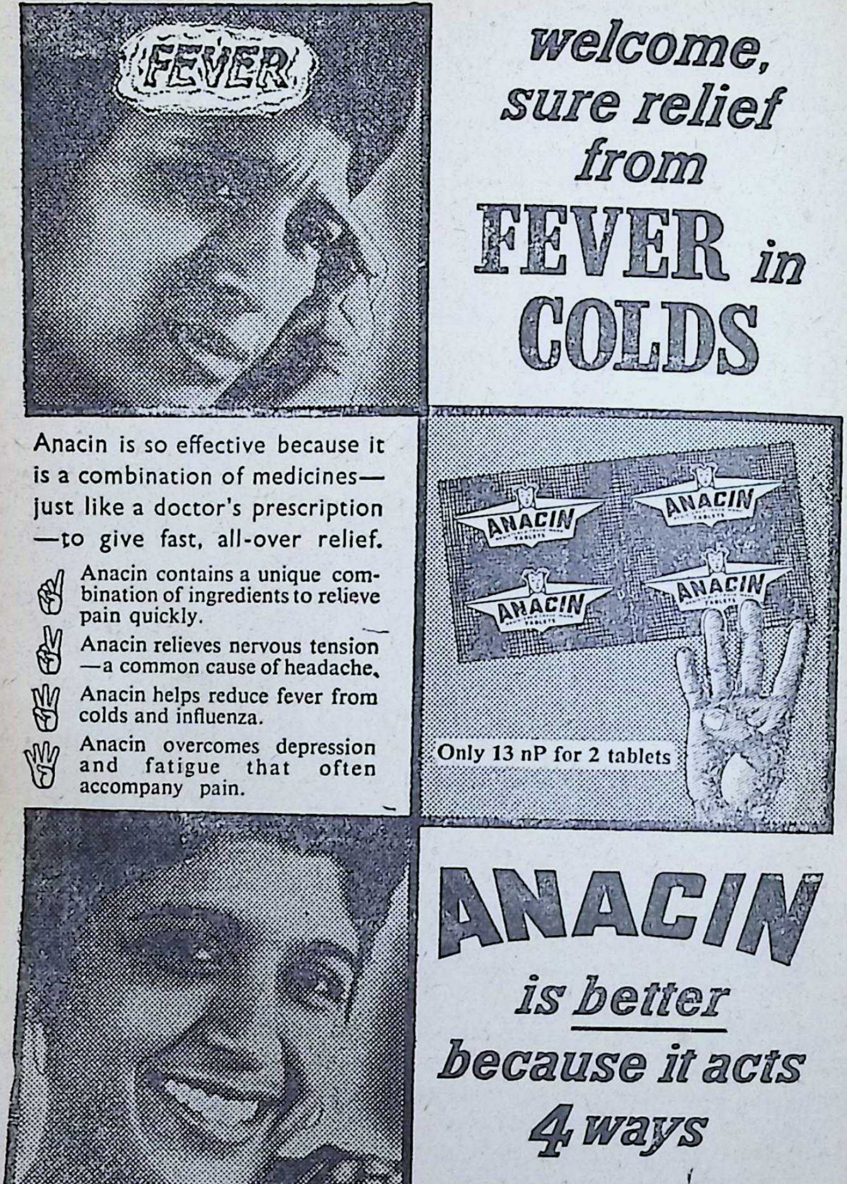
It seems clear that the values to be traced in the course of history do not endure and increase in civilizations which manifest them. The communities of mankind appear incapable of creating and experiencing these values so that they endure in permanence. Hence there is repeated failure of reason.

But if past history shows the mind of man failing to impose endurability on nature (and primarily his own nature) an order of values which does not inherently belong to it, it also shows the same mind assiduously returning again and again to the same task after defeats and set-backs. Is this not a trend upwards, reason at work?

There is another consideration bearing strongly on the justification of history. It is because we are taking comparatively brief periods of historical experience that the pervasion of reason is not revealed. A more comprehensive or inclusive view discloses facts which are inexplicable if reason is not operative at the base of history. Instead of taking civilizations singly, each by itself, when we take into consideration the history of mankind as a whole the perspective changes. The rise and fall of nations take the form of fluctuations or local waves on the top of wide flat tide which keeps rising. The laws of statistics are valid in history just as in atomic physics, in Stellar astronomy, in genetics etc.—in all cases where one has to deal with large numbers. This may be taken as an interpretation of the meaning of Fisher when he says: "The fact of progress is written plain and large on the pages of history." But, he continues, "progress is not a law of nature. The ground gained by one generation may be lost by the next." Here he appears to have applied an obsolete notion of the essence of the laws of nature, namely that they are rigorously causal and deterministic and permit no exception. We know to-day that most of the laws of nature are of a statistical kind and permit exceptions or deviations. Physicists call these deviations as "fluctuations".

Ordinary history deals with small groups and comparatively short periods; the *statistical* uniformity of progress does not strike the eye and the fluctuations appear chaotic and senseless. The process of the pursuit of values seen as an endeavour of the whole human race over long periods of time must follow the statistical law. On the other hand, if a nation or only a restricted group of people, in a restricted period, is taken, nothing of regular progress may be visible. Rather we might witness loss of achievement or retrogression.

This point can be illustrated by comparing the march of civilization to a



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great tide which moves steadily forward as a wide flat wave. On the top of the wave huge swells, due to storm far out at the sea, cause the water to rise and fall so much that the tide itself is not noticed until some time has elapsed. These swells correspond to the rise and fall of nations. Smaller waves due to local winds may be so rough that away from the shore they cause the observer to overlook the long round swell as well as the tide. Such waves correspond to specific historic events, such as wars, the achievements of great personalities, and financial crises. Upon these in turn are superposed small ripples which are analogous to minor events such as Lok Sabha debates, a commercial treaty, a new machine or a soul-stirring book.

We borrow this analogy from Huntington. He concedes a degree of importance to specific historical events. A famine, a battle, the production of a new machine— each of these alters the march of civilization to at least a slight degree. Each is only a minor incident in man's entire cultural development, but it does its part in advancing or retarding civilization. There can be no question as to the reality of this effect.

Huntington goes on to argue that what we are concerned with, however, is the ultimate effect of thousands of such events. If certain historical events had never occurred, would others have taken place in such a way that to-day civilization would be essentially the same as it actually is? The emphatic 'no' with which we first answer the question is modified when we consider long periods of time and remember that other, perhaps, similar events would have occurred if the actual events had never taken place.

If Darwin had not developed the theory of evolution, Wallace or others would doubtless have done so because of the general progress of science. If Richard the Lion-hearted had never lived, the king who replaced him might not have taxed his people for a ransom, but would the world wars of our century have been different?

Or suppose there had been no Lincoln. America would certainly be different to-day. Some unwise selfish leader might have arisen; the South might have won the war; there might be two nations instead of a single United States of America. But in spite of all this, would slavery still persist in America? The chances are strongly against it. Economic pressure and the general progress of moral judgement would probably have ended it. Would there be two nations instead of one? Perhaps, but we may feel reasonably confident that strong forces would be tending towards unity. Thus reason would have devised other means for attaining the prevalent level of civilization.

Considerating the examples of the Russian Revolution of 1917 and World War I, Huntington gives curve after curve to show that historical accidents (fluctuations) often cancel one another. One curve goes up when another comes down. Historical accidents occur by the thousand. Some alter civilization in one direction, some in another. The net result is always a little evolutionary or conducive to better living.

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There is a stability about the operations of reason which cannot be easily overcome. The general march of history is directed by the operation of reason which is only dimly understood. Less powerful forces may alter the general march temporarily. They may produce long periods of stagnation, such as the Dark Ages or violent crises like the two modern wars. Nevertheless, these effects are of secondary importance compared with the basic evolutionary urge which is the supreme fact of history.

Hence it is on taking an overall view that we find that civilization as a whole has been persistently forging ahead along certain definite lines, though the rate of march varies, both from time to time and place to place.

Man appears to be so constituted that whenever the political environment permits, he will in due time evolve such ideas as the raising of cereals, the taming of animals, irrigation, the construction of houses of mud, wood, stone, the making of artificially smoothed paths, the smelting of metals, and the use of letters.

A similar spontaneous development occurs along more abstract lines. As soon as families start living in groups, a form of government is sure to arise. Its successive stages are similar all over the world. Practically everywhere, too, the mysteries of nature lead to a belief in unseen spirits, both good and bad, and in a life of some sort after death. Prayers and ceremonies to propitiate the spirits are universal. At certain cultural stages they tend to be associated with dances and sacrifices. In hundreds of other ways the general trend of progress seems to be similar in all continents and among all races. Quincy Wright expresses this well when he says that the biologist does not assume that resemblances in either the form or behaviour of living things always indicate a common origin. The wing of the bird and the bat, the fin of the whale and the fish, the trapping behaviour of the ant-lion and worm lion are believed by zoologists to be independent developments. Such resemblances indicate a tendency for structures or traits of different origin to be similar because they are adapted to similar situations.

To-day more than ever, civilization tends towards control over nature, freedom of movement, and large social, economic and political units. Large cities all over the world are becoming more and more alike and so are the lives of more intelligent people. Thus we are witnessing the convergence of the civilization of the world towards a single standard type. This type contains elements derived from different sources, but now it is taking most of its new characteristics from the West. A thousand years hence civilization will presumably be much closer than now to a single standard type.

This supreme fact of history, this persistent forward march along certain lines, attaining a particular brand of values, can be ascribed only to the operation of reason. Civilization keeps forging ahead, just as higher types of animals kept evolving progressively during the geological ages, although there were repeated setbacks, defeats and even extinction of the then highest species. All this has been achieved through the discipline, or co-ordination of the originative element in the urge for life. And this is the function of reason.

Question Box

Answers by K. M. MUNSHI

The Nuclear Menace

Q1: *Do you think that the recent exploding of a nuclear bomb by China ought to make a change in our Government's declared policy that India will not make or use nuclear bombs or any other nuclear weapons?*

A: If there is no change in our policy, we will sink into the position of a "poor relation" in the family of effective nations and will not carry weight among the Afro-Asian countries.

Q2: *If your answer is that no change in our policy is called for, would you tell us what, in your view, India must do, by means other than dependence on nuclear weapons, to safeguard her security and integrity?*

A: Without being a powerful military nation, we cannot maintain the morale of our army and people, nor withstand the hostile intention of China.

Q3: *If, on the other hand, your answer is that a change in our policy has become imperative, how do you visualize the future of our defence in the present-day world?*

A: We may work for dis-armament and world peace, but if I read the international situation aright, there is no likelihood of total disarmament or world peace coming in a generation or two.

No amount of conciliatory assurances is going to hinder China from proceeding with her programme. We are in the vortex of upheavals and we can only survive if we acquire strength.

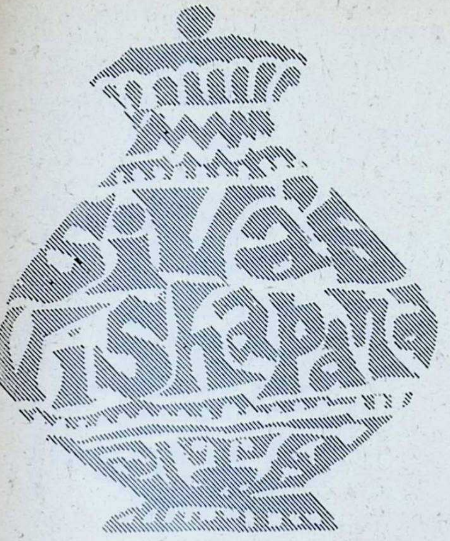
I am of the view that defence in all its aspects ought to receive priority, and that even the development projects should primarily be defence-oriented, that is, they should contribute to our military strength in the first instance. If we are strong in our defence, we can catch up with planning afterwards; if we are weak in our defence, planning for economic advance will have no meaning.

I, therefore, consider it an absolute essential of the defence strategy that we should make use of our resources to produce A-Bombs.

Q4: *And finally, would you sketch for us, in the light of your answers to the above questions, your own immediate programme to take India and other countries towards total disarmament and world-peace?*

A: Even in the unlikely event of our coming to an understanding with U.S.A., U.K. and U.S.S.R., with regard to defence against China, they would remain the judges of the time and manner of using their nuclear arms, and an international commitment might, in a conceivable case, make it impossible for them to come to our rescue for fear of inviting a world conflict. Much as I value foreign aid, equality of defence preparations is the only way to arrest the expansionism of China.

V. S. Agrawala



THE myth of the churning of the ocean and drinking of poison by Siva is found in several Puranas. In the version given in the Linga Purana, it is said that during the course of *Samudra-manthana* various jewels were produced and one of them was poison with its death-dealing fumes. The gods became frightened and they requested Siva to drink the same. Siva did so and earned the title of 'Mrityunjaya Mahadeva,' death-conquering God of gods. He immediately disappeared from the scene and retired to a cave in the Himalayas. The gods wanted to felicitate Him on His great deed, but Siva replied: "I have done nothing. Drinking of this material poison is a small thing. There is so much poison in the affairs of the world and men, and he who can tolerate it and maintain his peace, is the real Hero." This explanation put in the mouth of Siva himself is very touching. Indeed both poison and nectar reside in the hearts of men and are matters of daily experience. He who remains untouched by the flaming poison is the real man.

There is another more ancient explanation to this myth, according to which each individual is an ocean (*Purusho vai samudrah*). Mind is the flood of water in this ocean, from which tidal waves ceaselessly flow. The mind is affected by both good and evil thoughts. The former is nectar and the latter is poison. He who can conquer the evil thoughts and maintain his auspicious nature is Siva.

According to a third explanation rooted in Vedic symbolism, the whole world and the individual are constituted of the two principles of Fire and Water (*Agnishomatmakaṁ Jagat*). The lord of water is Varuna who is the master of the Asuras, and of fire is Rudra. The waters symbolise Night, Darkness and Cold whereas Fire symbolises Light, Day and Heat. It is several times explained in the *Rigveda* and the Brahmanas. There Agni is the same as Rudra, and Agni signifies the metabolic fire known as Prana, which exists both in the individual centre and the cosmos. We see in our own body that the poisonous matter flowing through the dark-coloured veins is drawn back to the pumping heart where fresh air or oxygen reconverts it into fresh scarlet blood. This process is going on

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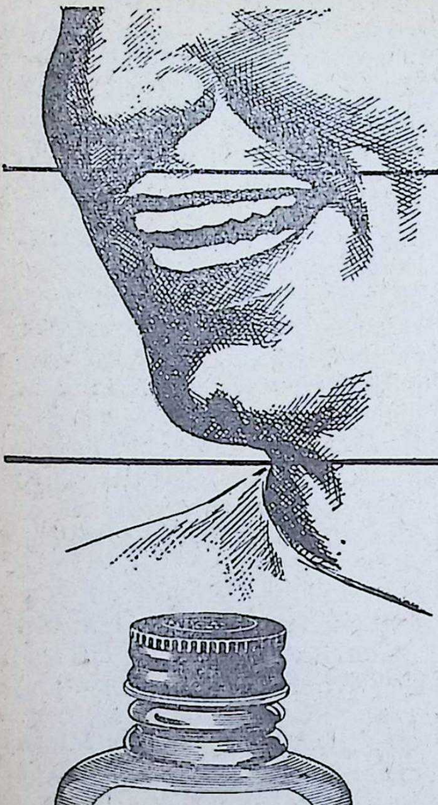
ceaselessly and is essential for human life. This is the drama of the two opposite forces of poison and nectar which is present in every cell and organ of the body. Here Agni or the individual life-principle known as Vaisvanara is the same as Siva who alone purifies the poison.

This great myth of Siva drinking poison is not a historic event which took place in some by-gone age but is an ever-recurrent phenomenon, to which we are subject on the plane of Mind, Life and Matter. According to the divine scheme of creation, the principle of poison verily belongs to matter or the five gross material elements. As soon as the pure mind existing on the divine plane comes into contact with matter or descends to the level of the body, it becomes soiled with gross. This ought to be constantly cleansed and that is done by the power of the higher mind presided over by Siva who is the deity of the thousand-petalled lotus of the mind (*Sahasra-dala Kamala*).

Of the five gross elements (*Pancha-bhuta*), Akasa is the most subtle and pervasive. However one may try, one can never affect space with dirt, filth or poison. That is why Siva fixed the poison in his throat which is the seat of Sabda, a quality of Akasa. In this way Siva assimilated poison and also maintained the truth of its nature. If the poison had gone deep into the system and touched anyone of the other material elements, it would have proved fatal.

The snake is the visible symbol of poison, i.e. death, and Siva is the death-conquering illumination of the mind (*Manah-Samadhi*). This is the reason why the snakes are coiled round the body of Siva but do not harm him. Both death and immortality are in the nature of Siva and He is, therefore, known as Mahakala, because it is the principle of Kala or Time that has the two aspects of life and death. Each moment of time is bestowing life and is also leading creatures towards their end. In Sanskrit terminology *Visha* means both poison and water, and *Apah* or water is the biggest symbol of *Amritam*, or life-giving ambrosia. Mind is the Manasarovara lake or Brahma, from which he creates all the worlds and living creatures.

In creation, both *Mrityu* and *Amritam* are side by side. In fact it is stated in the *Rigveda* that the gods were immortal and Aditi, the Divine Mother, asked them to create, but they failed to do so, because there was no element of death in their nature. Then she approached Martanda or the Sun where both light and darkness exist together symbolising the basal duality of creation, also expressed as birth and death. This creates a rhythm which is the secret of the rotating wheel of time and of creation. This points to basic principle that creation is produced by the two opposite principles of the Devas and the Asuras, or of Light and Darkness, or death and immortality, or of poison and nectar, or of *Prana* and *Bhuta*, or of life and matter. The two form a concomitant pair and that is why both poison and nectar were produced from the churning of the ocean.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K. M. MUNSHI

Prithvi-Vallabh

THE BELOVED OF THE EARTH

Translated from Gujarati by H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

THE STORY SO FAR: Munj, the great Paramara conqueror of Malva who had routed Tailap, the king of Telengana, eighteen times, was finally vanquished by Bhillam, Tailap's Commander-in-Chief. He was taken prisoner and brought to Manyakhet, the capital of Telengana, and imprisoned in the palace-cellar. Mrinalvati, the widowed sister of Tailap, went to the prison to sense how he reacted to the humiliation. Mrinalvati's asceticism crumbled before Munj's manliness. She discovered her love of him. Vilas too is strangely attracted to Rasnidhi the poet. Mrinal visits Munj in the prison often.

CHAPTER 29

THE PURSUIT

PRINCE SATYASHRAY was determined that the conspirators should not escape. The very idea that they might succeed enraged him. He rushed headlong into the tunnel, his mind made up. He would seize the conspirators and mete out to them the punishment they deserved.

He did not have to go very far. The approach to the mouth of the tunnel was heralded by a cool, fresh breeze; the flame of the torch leaped high and grew brighter. He emerged into the orchard of Mahasamant. There was complete silence there. The flickering light of the torch made it difficult for him to see properly in the surrounding darkness, so he ordered his torch-bearer to put out the light. By this time, the soldiers who had been following him and had caught up with him were sent by him in different directions. He himself walked towards Mahasamant's palace. Laxmidevi was standing at the entrance. He asked her if she had seen anyone passing by.

"No. Who could it be, Prince?" replied Laxmidevi with ill-concealed disdain. "What brings you here at this time?"

"Have you seen anyone running away? Some people must have gone by here."

"Surely you are not referring to the people whom I saw you talking with a little while ago?" inquired Laxmidevi innocently.

"No, no. There were others."

"Your Highness, there goes someone," suddenly called out one of the soldiers accompanying him. Satyashray rushed forward in the direction of the temple of Mahadev. It looked as if the running figure was carrying a load on his shoulder. The prince had not gone far in pursuit before he tripped over someone, who screamed in agony.

Satyashray bent down to see who it was; the voice sounded familiar.

"Not Narsinha?" he asked.

"Yes, my Prince. There goes the man who struck me down. He has gone inside the temple, carrying Princess Vilasba."

The prince did not wait to hear more from the dying soldier. What he had said had made everything clear to him. It must be Rasnidhi who was carrying away Vilas, and it must be he who had also planned Munj's escape.

The prince knew that there was a secret underground path from the temple which led to a spot right outside the walls of the town. Rasnidhi must have planned to escape that way. Satyashray moved with the agility of a tiger. Within a few moments he reached the temple. He looked around, but could see no way through which the absconder could have got away. However, with his sharpened senses, he observed that the sacred stone bull in front of Mahadev's image was not in position. He moved it with all his might; he discovered that it had been placed loosely upon its pedestal. When he had moved it sufficiently, he found underneath it the opening of the tunnel he was seeking.

Without further thought or hesitation, he went down the steps leading into the tunnel. He had taken personal dislike for Rasnidhi, and now that the poet had not only committed an act of treachery, but was also carrying away his betrothed, he was determined to kill him. Tailap's innate cruelty, Mrinal's austerity and his own stern upbringing had combined to turn him into an utterly ruthless person. Nothing but destruction of the enemy would suffice.

He rushed forward, unmindful of obstacles. He bruised himself badly as he stumbled in the dark and fell down several times. He felt his way ahead in the dark. Very soon he could hear someone's slow-moving tread. Delighted, he rushed with added zest towards the sound. Suddenly he came up sharply against a wall; the tunnel had narrowed to such an extent that only one person alone could pass through it. Satyashray moved forward with his naked sword held in front of him.

Rasnidhi had found it difficult to make rapid progress along the narrow and low passage. He was handicapped by having to carry Vilas, who had become unconscious, and who could not be carried on his shoulders. He managed to move onward, now carrying her, now dragging her, now pushing her.

After he had gone some distance, he realised that he was being followed. If he continued at the pace he was going, his pursuer would soon catch up with him and kill him. He therefore decided to face his pursuer. He laid the unconscious Vilas close to the wall and turned back, sword in hand, ready to challenge the pursuer. Satyashray, who had by then come close to him, called out, "Halt, you traitor."

"I am waiting for you," rejoined Rasnidhi.

In another second, the two swords were raised, but the tunnel was so narrow that as soon as they raised their swords to strike, they crashed against the wall breaking into pieces. The men threw away the useless weapons and jumped at each other's throats. They were soon locked together in a fight to the finish.

The fight was waged under terrific conditions. At every move the men collided with the jagged stone walls, receiving bruises, at times even severe wounds. But each was determined to kill the other; instinctively, each realised that there was no escape from this fight except victory.

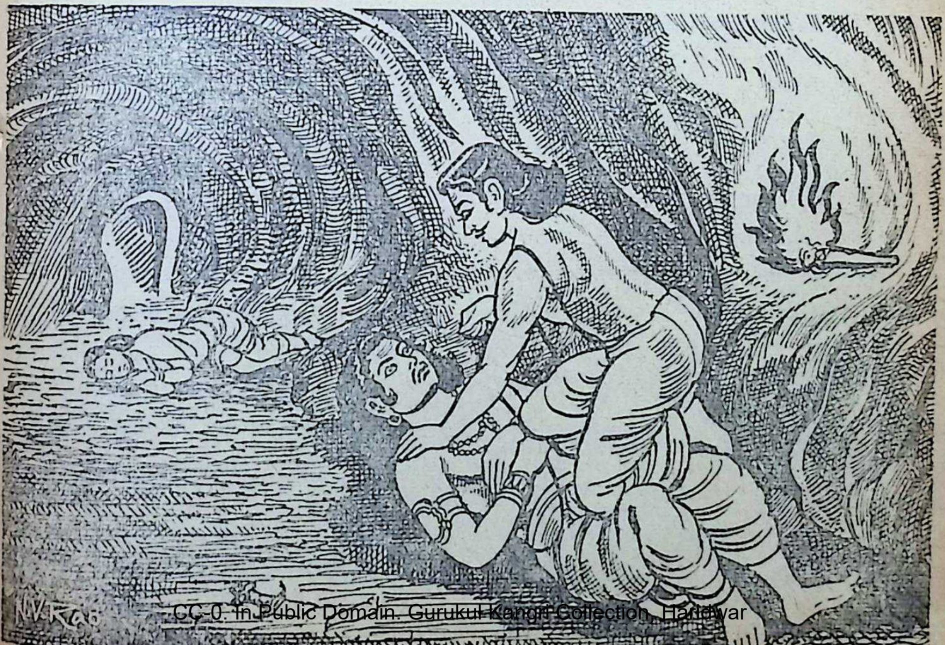
Rasnidhi was of smaller build, while Satyashray was taller and broader in stature. Rasnidhi was, however, more skilful as a wrestler. And although in the beginning he gave way before Prince Satyashray's fierce onslaughts, his greater skill prevailed and as soon as Satyashray began to tire and became short of breath, Rasnidhi pounced upon him, pinned him down to the ground and sat on his chest.

"Now," growled Rasnidhi, "this is the end for you." Satyashray remained silent. More than death he hated the disgrace of defeat.

"I do not care whether I live or die," said he at last.

"Alas! I cannot bring myself to kill you. To do so would be to tarnish my reputation as a warrior. There might be some who would doubt how I killed you."

"Now, this is the end for you," growled Rasnidhi.



"For heaven's sake, do what you want," said Satyashray scornfully. "You can seize my neck and choke me to death. That will be in keeping with your cowardly nature."

"Satyashray, beware! There is no man born who dares to describe a Parmar of Avanti as a coward. If you are the Yuvraj of Manyakhet, I am the Yuvraj of Avanti."

"What? You are Bhoj?"

"Yes. If I kill you, I shall kill you in open battle, not destroy you in this dark tunnel. Go, but on one condition."

"What is that?"

"Go back the way you came without any noise or fuss."

"Why do you want to impose such a simple condition? There is no other way?" snorted Satyashray. "In the other direction your colleagues will make an end of me."

"I shall tell you why I want to impose this condition. What is to prevent you from turning round and chasing me again?"

The prince kept silent for a while. He realised that he was in no condition to resume a fight of the same kind.

"No, I will not attack you again."

"Is that a promise?"

"Yes."

"Very well," said Bhoj as he got up from Satyashray's chest. "Get going."

Satyashray did not need to be told twice, but as he retreated he bent down to pick up something. This made Bhoj remark tauntingly: "Are you taking away the pieces of your sword as a memento of your victory?" The prince did not reply. He pretended to have stumbled after taking a few steps.

Suspicious that he might be up to some trick, Bhoj asked, "Can you get up or shall I come to your help?"

Satyashray did not reply, but immediately stood up and ran. Bhoj then began looking for Vilas. He had not realised that during the fighting he and the prince had gone ahead of the point where he had left Vilas. He had to go back for her. His head was reeling from the strain of the fight. But his hands soon touched Vilas's feet. Without further thought he lifted her up from the waist and started moving forward. "Vilas, my beloved, at last you are free of that monster!" he murmured.

[*To be continued*]

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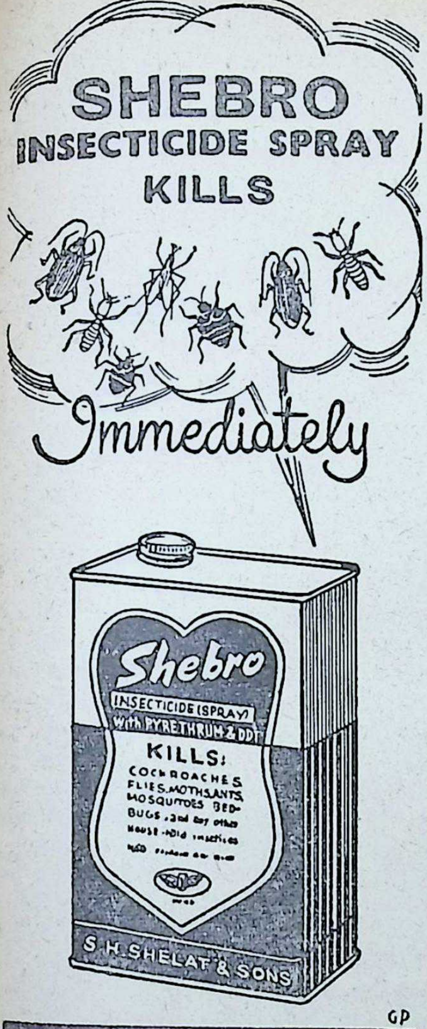
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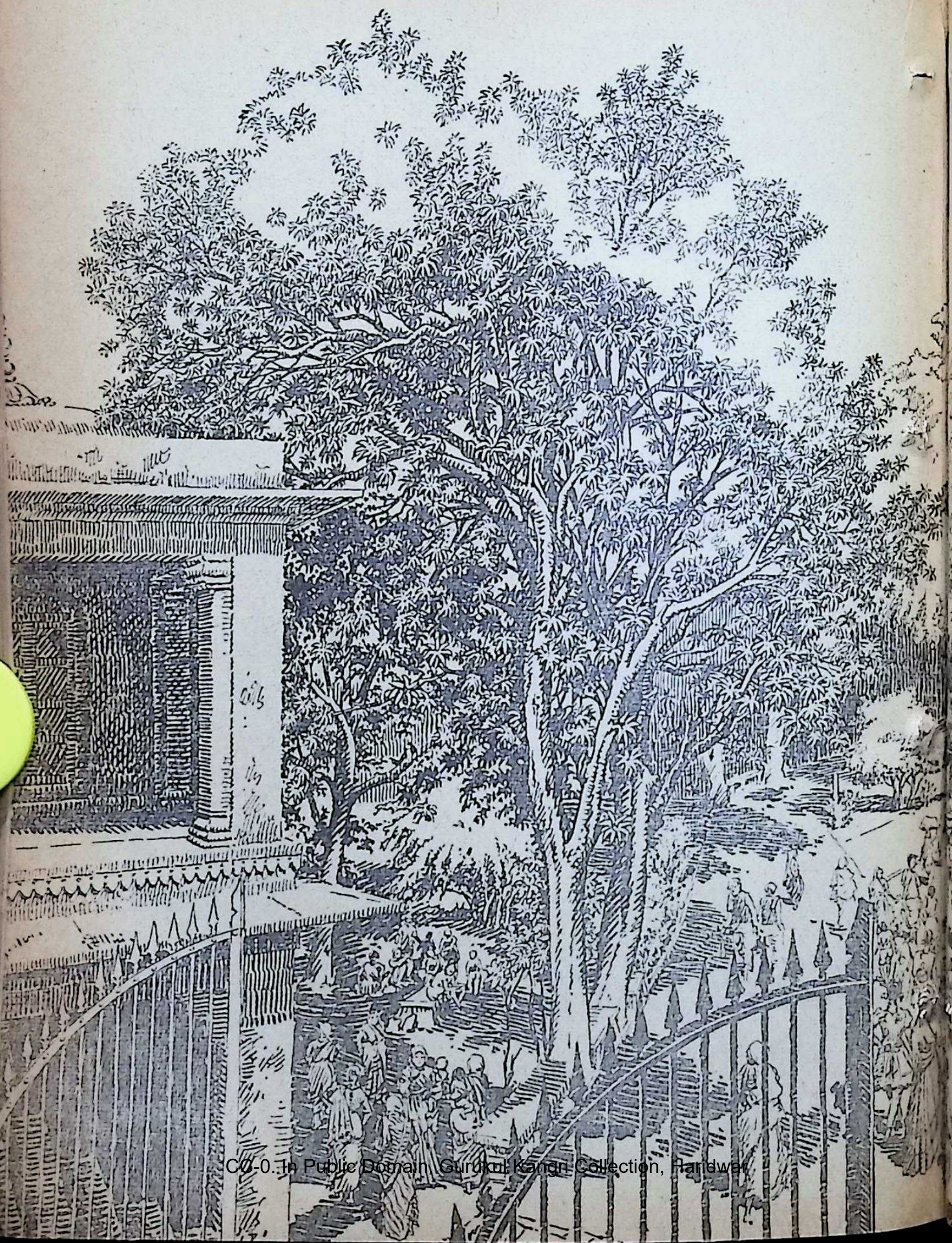
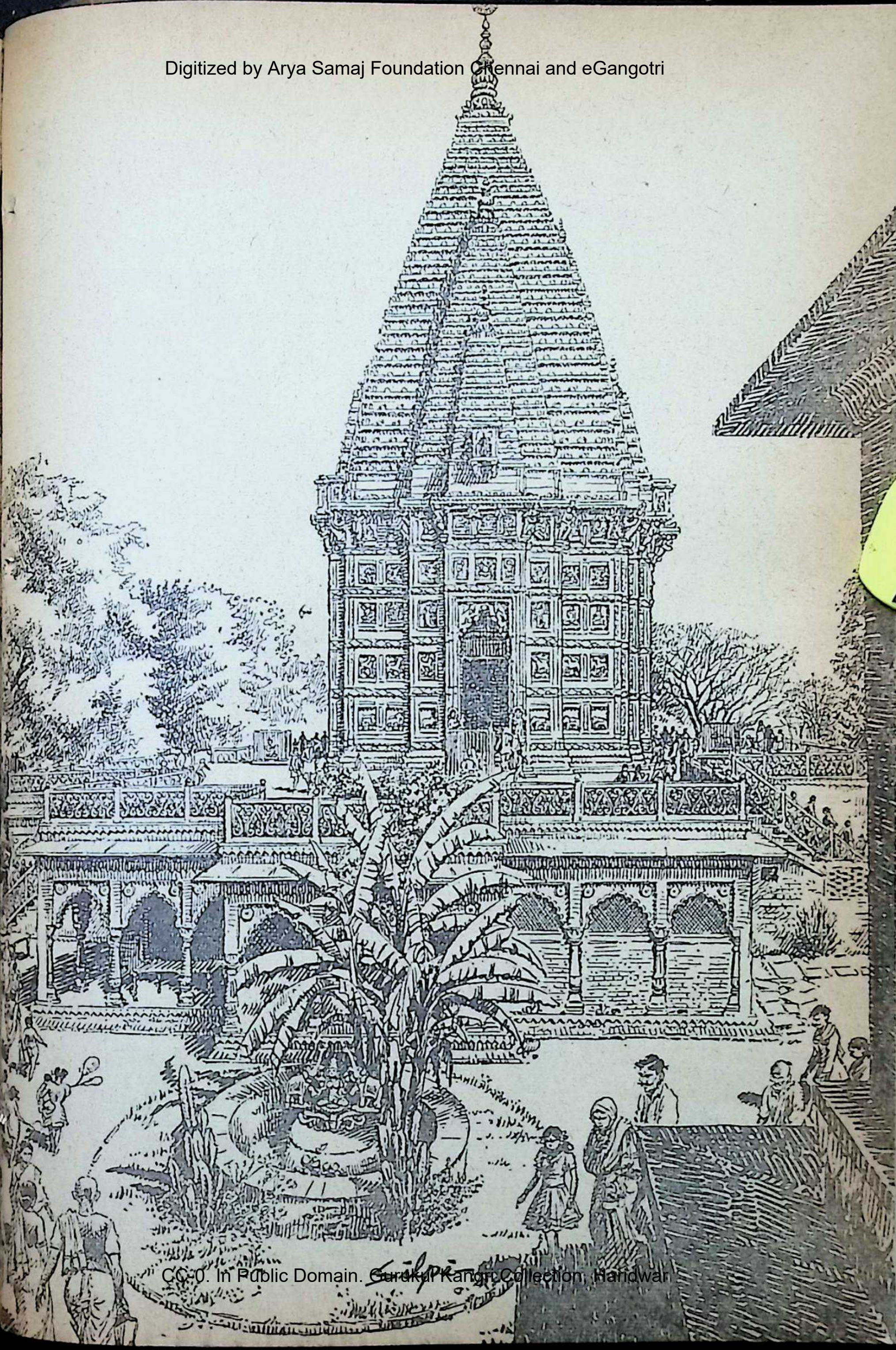
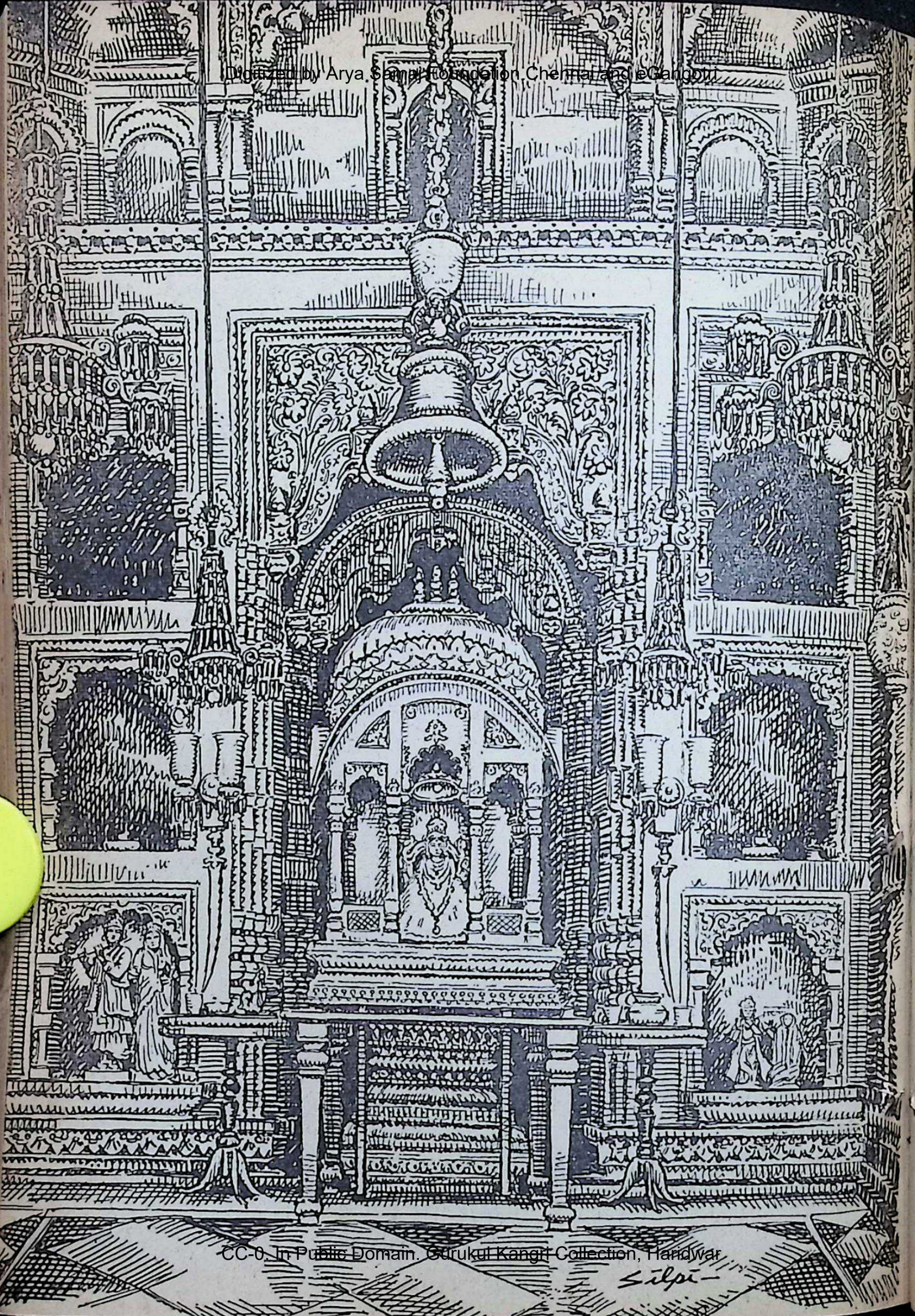
KASI—9

THE temple of Durga at Ramnagar illustrated in this instalment, is a very good example of modern Indian temple architecture in the matter of design and sculptured decoration. Rising majestically on an elevated site, it has an imposing appearance even from a distance. Raja Chet Singh started building this temple in the second half of the 18th century and it was finished in about 1850. Chet Singh also constructed a fine bathing tank at Ramnagar, bathing in which in Magh is said to be meritorious. The story goes that Sage Veda Vyasa designated Ramnagar as a unique place of pilgrimage to be undertaken in Magh. Hence, perhaps, the place got the name Vyasakasi. It is said that those who perform this pilgrimage will escape being born as asses which will inevitably fall to their lot, should they happen to die on this side of the Ganga.

In the first illustration in this issue which is spread out on both the following two pages, we see the Durgamandir at Ramnagar and its environs. As we perambulate we see the idols of Garuda, Nandi, Radha-Krishna, Siva, etc. Many minute and beautiful sculptures like the band of muscians, the ten *avatars* of Hari, Devi's Leelas and Siva's exploits are carved on its walls. The last illustration is the shrine of Mother Durga.



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Notes & News

CONSERVE FOOD

"IT has now become a fashion to serve many varieties of sweets, savouries and other food-stuff in parties where large amount of food is wasted. May I request you to set an example in this matter and stop this wastefulness by becoming frugal yourself? Our country is passing through a great crisis. Our borders have been invaded and the integrity of our country is in danger. Even after seventeen years of independence we have not become self-sufficient and are importing large amount of foreign food. It is very regrettable that in the matter of food, the various States do not think in terms of India being one country. They have developed separatist tendencies. If we do not unite even in the face of common danger, the country will disintegrate very soon. The freedom we have won after so many centuries will be in jeopardy and we all will be left high and dry becoming an easy prey to our enemies. Our enemies are not only outside the country, but they are inside as well," observed Smt. Lilavati Munshi, President of the All-India Women's Central Food Council, in her welcome speech at the 10th annual Conference of the Council held at Jaipur on May 8. 1965. Sri Mohanlal Sukhadia, Chief Minister of Rajasthan, inaugurated the Conference.

BHAVAN'S COLLEGES:

AT BOMBAY

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN'S Hazarimal Somani College of Arts and Science will be opened at Chowpatty by Sri Y. B. Chavan, Defence Minister, on June 21.

The establishment of the college has been made possible by a generous donation to the Bhavan by Sri G. D. Somani in memory of his late father. The college is equipped to admit 2,000 students from the first year to courses leading to the B.A. and B.Sc. degrees.

The Senate of the University of Bombay has decided to grant affiliation to the college from the ensuing academic year.

The college will conduct an evening section in arts for working students. Prof. S. M. Parekh, an outstanding Professor of Chemistry in the State and a Bhavan staff-member for two decades, has been appointed Principal.

AT AHMEDABAD

THE Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan is starting a new College of Arts and Science in Ahmedabad from the next academic year—June, 1965. This will be the Bhavan's second College in the State of Gujarat.

The establishment of this College has been made possible by the generous donation towards its establishment by Sri Navnitlal Ranchhodlal in memory of his father Sri Ranchhodlal Acharatlal. The College will be named after Sri Ranchhodlal Acharatlal.

The College will be ideally located in a central venue on the banks of the Sabarmati and will be easily accessible from the City as well as the suburbs of Ahmedabad.

The new College will impart instruction in courses leading to B.A. and B.Sc. and will be equipped to admit about 1000 students from the 1st year.

A highly qualified and experienced staff has been selected under the Principalship of Prof. K. N. Shah, M.Sc. (Maths.) who has to his credit over fifteen years of meritorious service in the academic life of Gujarat.

Adjacent to the College will be built the Ahmedabad home of the Bhavan. It will have halls for conducting Sanskrit and Gita Classes, *pravachans* and religious discourses besides a fully equipped up-to-date auditorium for dance, drama and music. The estimated cost of the whole scheme is Rs. 17 lakhs, against which Rs. 12 lakhs have already been secured by way of donations and the balance of Rs. 5 lakhs has to be collected.

MADRAS KENDRA

IN connection with the Sankara Jayanti celebrations at our Madras Kendra, Dr. T. N. Ramachandran, Retd. Jt. Director of Archaeology and now Special Officer for Archaeology, Government of Madras, delivered a lecture on "Sankara as I Know" at the Kendra premises at Mylapore on 17th May. Sri K. Balasubramania Aiyar presided.

DELHI KENDRA

SRI SANKARA JAYANTI was celebrated at a meeting organised by the Bhavan's Delhi Kendra on May 7. Justice Sri V. Ramaswamy of the Supreme Court of India, in his presidential remarks, explained the contribution of Sri Sankara to the religious renaissance of India. Smt. Sarojini Mahishi, Sri Guru Dutt Choudhary and Prof. P. Sankaranarayanan also spoke on the occasion. Earlier, Sri Padmanabha Sharma offered Vedic invocation and Smt. Lalita Ramaswami sang devotional songs.

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SAMARTHA DHARMA

SRI KANNIAH PANTULU RAMADASI is a fervent devotee of Sri Rama and Ramadas. He has started the Smartha Ramadas Mandali at Madras for spreading the gospel of Ramadas. Every year he celebrates Dasa Navami in a grand manner with poor-feeding. He is a talented missionary and gives musical discourses in many languages. The Mandali requires a special hall for holding *pravachans*, *bhajans* and study classes and a *mandir* for housing Sri Rama, Ramadas and Shivaji. The country needs them. Lovers of Hindu *dharma* and Saint Ramadas may contribute liberally towards this project. Sri Ramadasi is delivering musical discourses at the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan from the 4th to the 8th of this month.

SRI KESHAVDASJI

DASA RATNA Kirtan Kesari Sri Bhadragiri Keshavdasji of Dasashram, Bangalore, is a learned Kirtankar of our country. He is an author of repute and has written more than 25 books. Sri Keshavdasji is shortly proceeding to foreign countries to spread the gospel of devotion and Dasa literature. On the eve of his departure Sri Keshavdasji will present Bharatiya Sant Charitas

(Stories of Indian Saints) in Harikatha form at the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay from June 4 to June 15, 1965.

KUMBHABHISHEKAM

SRI Balasubramania Swami Devasthana Tiruppani Committee, Madras, which, with the blessings of H.H. Sri Sankaracharya of Kanchi, started the work of renovating the above temple in the year 1960, intends to finish the remaining construction work by September this year, when the Kumbhabhishekam will be performed. The Committee, therefore, appeals to all devotees to contribute their mite to this noble work. All donations may be sent to Smt. Madhuram Gopalakrishna, President, Sri B.S.D.T. Committee, 3, Maharani Chinnamba Road, Alwarpet, Madras-18.

NABHA PARISHAD

THE third meeting of the Sanskrit Parishad, Nabha, Punjab, was held at Nabha on May 16, under the chairmanship of Sri Desh Raj Bhatia. Speaking on the occasion Prof. B. B. Sharma explained the place of Sanskrit language in the world literature and said that research work on it was being carried out in many major universities throughout the world. The objects of the Parishad, among others, are to arrange for free coaching in Sanskrit for adults, to prepare students for the Bhavan's Sanskrit examinations, to hold seminars and conduct lectures on cultural topics for the propagation of Sanskrit.

TO READERS

With effect from the issue dated August 1, 1965, the price of a single copy of the Journal (exclusive of special numbers) will be raised to 35 Paise.

Annual subscription will be raised to Rs. 7.50 (inland) and Rs. 9/- (foreign). This has been necessitated by the increased cost of production. Readers may kindly bear with us.

Editor.

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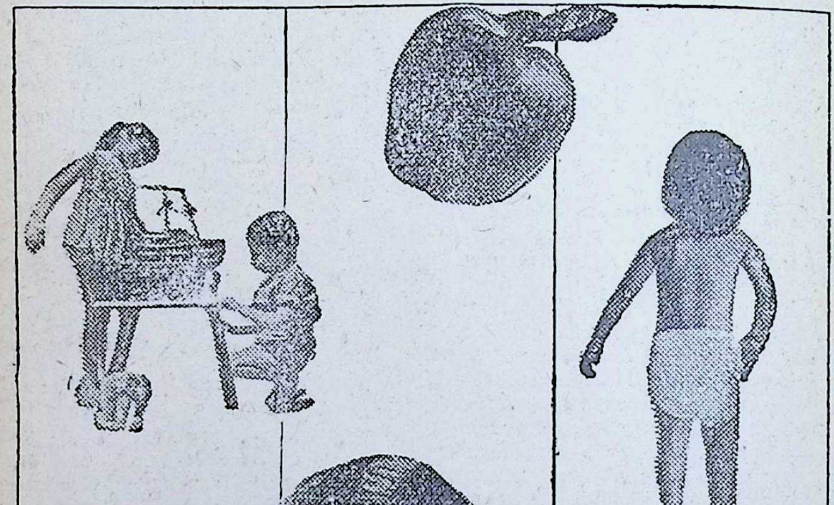
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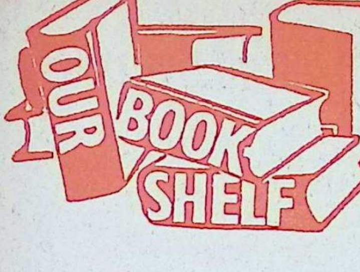


SANSKRIT

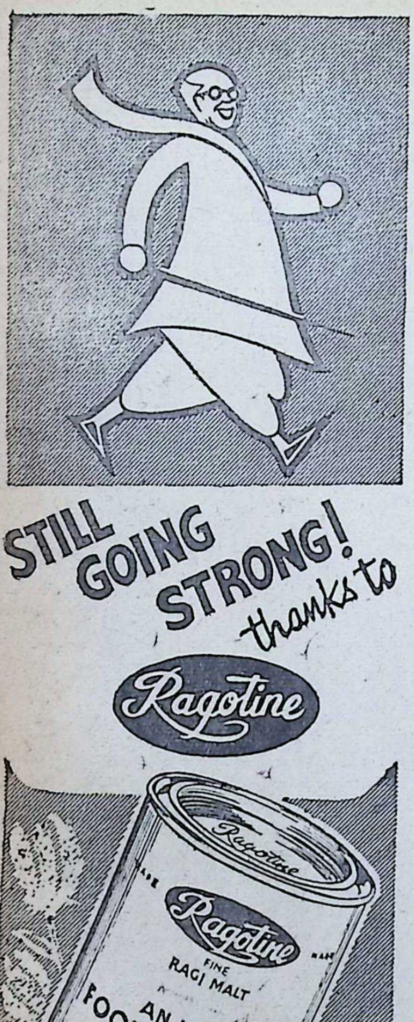
VICHARA SAGARAM: By Sri Vasudeva Brahmendra Saraswathi Swamigal, Library Committee, Mayuram. (Madras State). Copies available at Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, 36, East Mada Street, Mylapore, Madras-4. Pp. 374. Price: Rs. 15/-.

VICHARA SAGARAM is an invaluable treatise dealing with Advaita Philosophy. It was originally composed in poetic form about 120 years ago by Sadhu Sri Nischaladasa Pandita in the Hindi dialect prevailing in the locality near Delhi. Then "Teekas" and "Tippanis" were written in Hindi prose by Pandita Sri Peetambaraji. The excellence of the work soon caught the imagination of the learned, and competent scholars in other languages of India brought out faithful renderings of it in Marathi, Bengali, Tamil, Telugu, etc. This itself is sufficient to bring home to us, if it was necessary, how much were scholarship and learning valued in every part of India without any distinction of locality or language. Sadhu Nischaladasa died in 1864, just hundred years ago.

The present work is a beautiful rendering of the Hindi work into Sanskrit by Sri Vasudeva Brahmendra Saraswathi Swamigal. Brahmendra Swami was a great and accurate Vedantic scholar born in Panchanada Kshetra on the banks of the river Cauveri, seven miles north of Tanjore. He renounced his household, wife and child at the very early age of 24 and approached Krishnananda Saraswathi Swami, a guru of his liking. He was with his guru for about 21 years until the very day of his guru's Siddhi. It was only later that Vasudeva Brahmendra Saraswathi Swami took his abode at Mayura Kshetra and lived there in a Mutt for over 17 years. He collected a great library and expounded the greatness of Vedic religion and philosophy daily and made people interested in Vaideekha Dharma. His library contained many works in manuscript copied by the Swami in his lovely print-like handwriting and the Swami handed over the entire library of more than 1000 printed volumes and 600 manuscripts to a Committee, called the Library Committee.

The Swami has written many books but his Sanskrit *Vichara Sagaram* is easily his major work. The Swamiji has rendered great service to the cause of knowledge and Vedanta not merely by rendering in easy Sanskrit Sadhu Nischaladasa's *Vichara-sagara* written in Hindi, but has also supported the same with precise arguments, relevant quotations, clear and accurate statements. He has employed simple and lucid Sanskrit. It is fashioned on the lines of Guru-Sishya Samvada and presents the truths of the Vedanta vividly and in conversational style. The work is bound to satisfy a great want. His Holiness Sri Sankaracharya of Kanchi has given high praise indeed to this work and has encouraged, by his constant support and advice, the publication by the Library Committee of this great and important work. The Government at the Centre also consented to bear 60% of the cost and the balance has to be met by donations from sympathisers and well-wishers. In the editing of such a great work, the thanks of the Library Committee have been due to two scholars: Brahma Sri Panchapagesa Sastrigal who had written the beautiful preface, did not live to see the completion of this work; he died only in December, 1963, when the first 128 pages had been printed. The Committee was fortunate to obtain the services of Bhashyabhavajna Brahmasri Varahoor Kalyanasundara Sastrigal, (Lecturer in Sanskrit, Vivekananda College) to complete the editing and printing of the rest of the work.

Sri Kulapati K. M. Munshi, the founder of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, was good enough to release the great



and good work on the auspicious occasion of the symposium held at Madras on 31-10-64 on "The Place of Religion in the Rebuilding of India". The Secretary of the Library Committee and the Publishers deserve the thanks of the reading public for the labour and love they have bestowed on the publication of this great work.

—*T. V. Viswanatha Aiyar*

ENGLISH

SRI AUROBINDO: THE FUTURE EVOLUTION OF MAN. Edited with a Summary and Notes by P. B. Saint-Hilaire. Published by Sri Aurobindo Ashram, Pondicherry. Price: Rs. 7.50.

SRI AUROBINDO'S writings are of immense range and astonishing bulk, and his characteristic prose style glows with colour and spirals with insinuating cadence. One admires—one is fascinated—but one is also scared away. M. Saint-Hilaire has now made a purposive selection from three of the Master's major works—*The Life Divine*, *The Synthesis of Yoga* and *The Human Cycle*—so as to present in forceful form the Aurobindonian dialectic pointing to the possibility of the Life Divine even here amidst these terrestrial surroundings. Of all living creatures, only man is a prey to 'divine discontent'; he looks before and after, ever pining for what is not; he but partly is and wholly hopes—or strives—to be. Life evolved out of matter, and mind out of life; and thinking man is now at the crest of the evolutionary wave. What next? Technological advance has been rapid of late, and has outstepped man's inner development. Unless there is a radical transformation in human nature, man must write himself down a failure and go the way of the extinct lizards and mastodons. What is needed is nothing less than a revolutionary change in our consciousness,—growing wings as it were, and raising human effort to new levels of aspiration and achievement. Even as there is a tremendous spurt of change as we pass from mere animality to conscious intellectuality and purposive organisation, a like change—or an even more revolutionary change—must occur when we pass from the present mental consciousness to what may be called supramental (or divine) consciousness. Evidence of such higher, illumined, intuitive or overmental consciousness we have seen —however spasmodically—in the lives of poets, artists, mystics, saints. Looking outward, man seizes the variety and multiplicity of phenomenal life. This is to be balanced by the movement of looking inward, making soundings, and reaching the One behind the many, the ultimate source and home of all. And there is also to be forged the balance, the harmony, the integral unity. Spirituality is religion without dogma, sectarianism, and excrescent ritual; it is the force that unifies, unites, emancipates, purifies; it is the inward approach to the Divine and total submission to its direction. Science, on the other hand, is the outward approach to Nature and mastery of its 'secrets'. Shedding the badges of present ignorance with regard to both the Self and Nature, the new man would grow into the gnostic (supramental) man finding his right place in Supernature; and the conditions would then be created for the full flowering of the Life Divine upon Earth. It is an inspiring, yet close-knit, argument which also comes to us with the accents of prophecy. An infallible antidote to the existential despair that now holds so many of us in thrall.

—*Dr. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar*

GANDHIJI: A PRACTICAL IDEALIST. By U. N. Dhebar. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7. Pp. 50. Price: Re. 1.

THIS is an earnest exposition of the thought and technique of the Ideology practised and preached by Gandhiji for nearly three decades on two continents, by Sri Dhebar, a recognised exponent of this school of social philosophy. In the first of these lectures delivered at the Annamalai University, the author discusses the implications of Gandhiji's conception of non-violence

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Another two research works: (1) Third Edition of "Cure Without Medicine" Rs. 4/- with postage (2) "Geeta in terms of 'latest' in Science" Rs. 4/- with postage.

Since Swamiji has closed his eyes to the human world from 14th Feb. 1965, for the research on decorticalization of images from the cerebral cortex, seekers should first inquire of him for time and ask for appointment stating which part of his research they read in New Way series, they wish to discuss with him. No donations or fees accepted.

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and speculates what would have been his course of action in the face of the military threat posed by the Chinese at present. He points out that Gandhiji was not a *pacifist* but a fighter though with weapons different from the usual physical ones and hazards the view that the apostle of non-violence would have gone his own way—with such of those who believed in the efficacy of the inner force of 'suffering, forgiveness and fearlessness'—leaving the Government and the rest of the country to face the aggression in the manner they chose.

He next proceeds to consider how far non-violence can solve the problems confronting humanity in the present explosive situation and pleads for a fair trial to this new means. For, "we cannot face the problems of the nuclear age with the degree of faith that was adequate for the stone age." (32)

In the third and the last lecture Sri Dhebar sketches out the social and economic aspects of Gandhiji's philosophy with its emphasis on village-reconstruction, decentralised production and organisation of life on the basis of restriction of wants, and takes note how far the economic planning of the day satisfies or falls short of these requirements.

The discussion is persuasive and positive in its contribution.

—*M. P. Pandit*

HINDI

RASHTRA NIRMATA SARDAR PATEL. By Acharya Chandrashekar Shastri. Foreword by Dr. S. Radhakrishnan. Published by the Society for Parliamentary Studies, New Delhi-1. 260 pages. Price: Rs. 6.

SARDAR PATEL has been truly called the Architect of our Nation, for he was not only one of the foremost fighters for our freedom, but was also chiefly instrumental in integrating the 552 princely states with the rest of the country and giving India its political unity. A lot has been written about him, collections of his speeches have been published from time to time, and the name of this hero of Bardoli is a household word throughout the country and round which many tales of valour, sacrifice, strategy and statesmanship have been woven, but no book had been written so far on his complete life; as such, this book serves a very useful purpose. His childhood and education, professional and public life, Bardoli Satyagraha and plunge into the national struggle, forming of Congress Ministries and the great task of re-building the nation after Independence make an interesting reading—in fact, after Bardoli Satyagraha his life is but the history of our national struggle and post-Independence reconstruction of our political and social body. A full story of the integration of the princely states and the problems of Hyderabad is given in this book and his historical deeds have also been described. Chapters on the personality of Sardar, his jokes, about his family members etc. give a more intimate touch to this life-story. Pictures of Sardar at various stages of his life-journey illustrate this book and make it more attractive and desirable. The three appendices giving detailed descriptions of the princely states integrated with the rest of the country and the chronological orders of important events and dates in his life, given at the end of the book, add to its usefulness.

— *O. N. Sharma*

GUJARATI

SHREE FORBES GUJARATI SABHA TRIMONTHLY: (April-June, 1965) Published by Shree Forbes Gujarati Sabha, 365, V. Patel Road, Bombay-4. 273 Pages. Price: Rs. 8.

ALEXANDER K. FORBES was one of those great British civil servants of the 19th century India who took keen interest in Indian art, culture, literature and history and substantially contributed towards their promotion and preservation. Since he was station-ed in Gujarat, he was greatly interested in the Gujarati language and its literature and devoted his spare time and resources for its study and research.

And in the last years of his purposeful life, when he was transferred to Bombay as a Judge of the Bombay High Court, he founded an organization for the research and advancement of the Gujarati language, later known as Shree Forbes Gujarati Sabha. The Sabha, whose present president is Sir H. V. Divatia, Vice-President of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, celebrated its hundredth anniversary on March 15, 1965. To commemorate the occasion, the Sabha has brought out a special anniversary number of its above-mentioned trimonthly.

The number presents a very rich and varied fare on the Gujarati language, its literature and its history. There are learned and engaging articles on Gujarat and its literature by eminent Gujarati writers and scholars of today. The sketch of Sri Forbes by artist Malanker is very attractive. Though a magazine, the number deserves a permanent place on the bookshelf of every lover of the Gujarati language.

—H.N.D.

TELUGU

BHARGAVA RAMAYANAMU (Telugu Kavya) by Sri Anantapantula Ramalinga Swami. Copies can be had of the author at Parvatipuram, Srikakulam Dist. (A.P.). 283 pages. Price: Rs. 5.

A COMPREHENSIVE life story of Bhagawan Parashurama in verse had not been published so far in Telugu. Though the *Mahabharata*, the *Bramhanda Purana* and other works do give some incidents of his life, a full account of the life and work of that mighty personality was not available and the present work satisfies this need. It is to the credit of the author that he has written a full-fledged Kavya in puranic style, basing it on the material available. The Kavya is divided into six *kandas* and beginning with the marriage of Satyavati and Ruchika, the entire life of Parashurama is portrayed in an admirable way. The author who has rare poetic talent, has very effectively depicted the mighty personality of Parashurama. His style is elegant and graceful and is best adapted to the demands of the different *rasas*. The poet deserves our praise for this excellent work.

—Prof. A. C. Kamakshi Rao

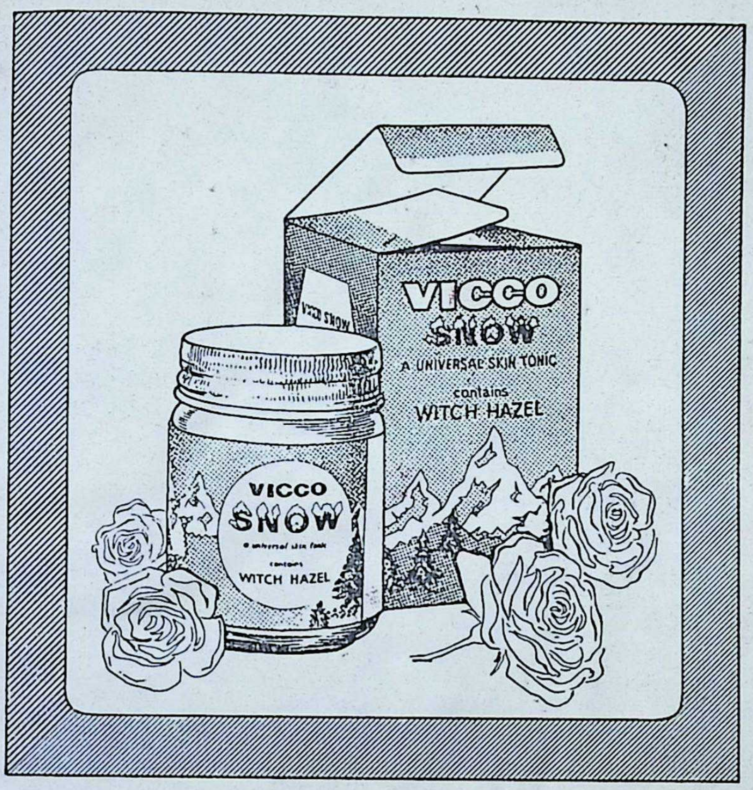
KANNADA

CHIT-SHAKTI-PRABHAVA: By Sri Murti. Published by Khode L. Saha, 9 Seshadri Rd., Bangalore-9. 492 pages. Price not mentioned.

STARTING as a study of the *Science of Psychic Phenomena* by Swami Abhedananda, this work has grown into its present bulk with something of everything thrown into its pages. The central purpose of the book, if we understand aright, is to awaken man to the fact of his multiple existence—not merely in the physical body—and educate him in its processes of birth, continuation and dissolution. Every man has three bodies, physical, mental and causal and the illnesses to which he is subject are also of three kinds corresponding to these beings. Each is to be treated differently and for an adequate knowledge of this science of living it is necessary to grasp the fundamentals of the different branches of human knowledge developed so far e.g. psychology, philosophy, yoga, *ayurveda*, etc. in their several formulations in the East and the West. The author has drawn upon all his vast reading and quoted profusely from ancient and modern works.

—M. P. Pandit

Edited by S. Ramakrishnan and printed and published by him for the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, at Associated Advs. & Ptrs., Bombay-34. Mg. Ed.: J. H. Dave; Associate Ed.: V. A. K. Ayer.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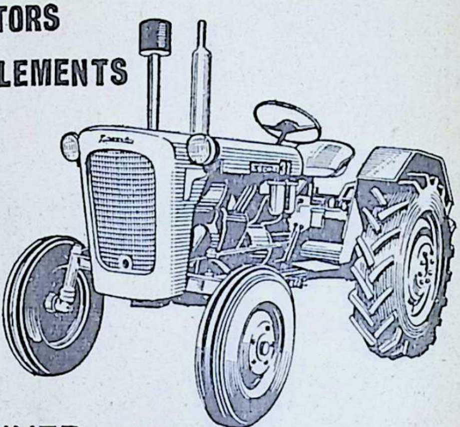

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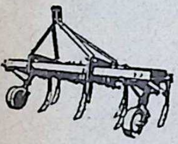

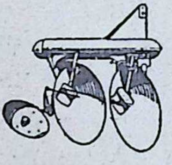

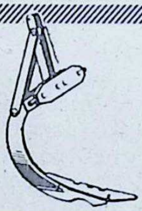

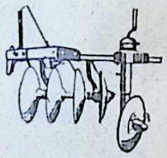

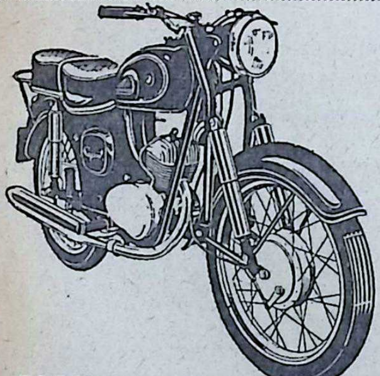

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः ।
Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
—Rigveda, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

PRAYER FOR HEALTH AND INTELLIGENCE

तनुपा ऽ अग्ने ऽ सि तन्वं मे
पाह्यायुर्दा ऽ अग्ने ऽ स्यायुर्मे देहि ।
वर्चोदा ऽ अग्ने ऽ सि वर्चो मे देहि
अग्ने यन्मे तन्वा ऽ ऊनं तन्म ऽ आपृण ॥

Thou God (Agni) are protector of the body: protect my body.

Thou art bestower of long life; bestow on me long life.

Thou art bestower of intellectual brilliance: bestow on me intellectual brilliance.

O God! whatever is wanting in my body, make that up for me.

—*Yajurveda,* III-17

Vol. XI, No. 24

No. 338

KULAPATI'S LETTER

on Life, Literature & Culture

ONE-YEAR-OLD SHASTRI REGIME

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.

JUNE 20, 1965.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

ONE is tempted to look back upon Shastriji's regime, which was one year old on June 11, 1965.

Successors of all famous men have a heavy cross to bear. The glamour and domination of Nehru were so overpowering that any man who succeeded him would have been at a disadvantage.

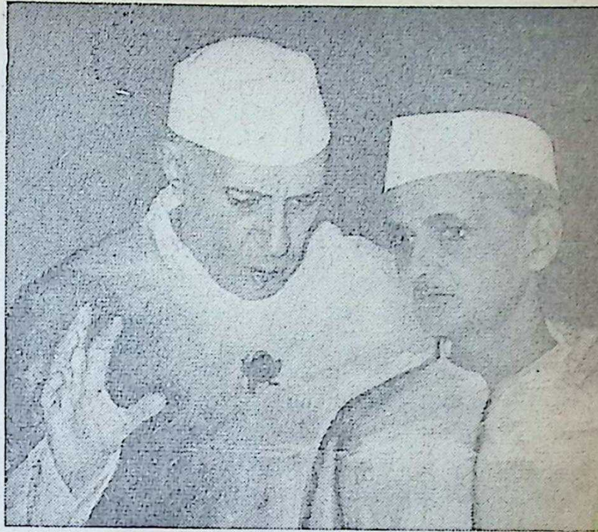
Shastriji had for some time been catapulted into such a psychological position in the country that all along I was sure that he would succeed Nehru.

Though unobtrusive, he had carved out his own place in the Nehruvian hierarchy. He has been shrewd, capable, courteous, clean, and not one of those who disliked him could point an accusing finger at him for misdeeds, real or imaginary.

When Nehru's grip over affairs began to falter, Shastriji, with his tact and strength, had achieved positive results. Nepal became friendly. In Kerala, the Communists got a setback. The Punjabi Suba agitation petered out. The strike of the Government employees was scotched.

Kamaraj's skilful manoeuvre in securing consensus for Shastriji naturally led to the setting up of a duumvirate, two-man rule in the country, constitutionally a very unhealthy practice in creating a conscience-keeper or super-adviser of the Prime Minister outside the constitutional set-up of the Parliament and the Cabinet.

Kamaraj had been pitchforked into the presidentship of the Congress at a critical time when the influence of Nehru was waning. His strength lies in his strong commonsense and in



the solid support extended to him by the Congress leaders of the Southern States. His support is an asset of strength to the new Prime Minister.

However, Shastriji's job as the Prime Minister was not an easy one.

He has had to deal with Ministers who, till yesterday, were his colleagues, some of them his seniors. The senior Ministers who had been "Kamraj-ed", were certainly not happy at his being chosen.

The country had been drifting for some years into a welter of unsolved problems. The NEFA debacle had destroyed the prestige of the country as a possible equal to China.

With the relaxation of Nehru's grip over the country, the Chief Ministers of the States, consciously or unconsciously, had been trying for some years to weaken the authority of the Centre and of the Parliament.

All this naturally weakened Shastriji's hold over the machinery of the Government.

The hypnotic presence of Nehru had created the illusion that India was internally strong and externally irresistible. On his death, the reality sprang into view that the country was faced with internal dangers from the Communists as well as fanatical regionalists and linguistic patriots, while the Congress in every State was dominated by power-driven groups; that externally we had become a "poor relation" in the family of nations.

China, having emerged as a world power, had its finger in the pie in every developing State in the four continents, and created enormous difficulties for us.

The NEFA debacle had destroyed the myth that we were a militarily powerful country, able to defend ourselves.

The Pakistani aggression in Kutch has further showed up our lack of vigilance.

The Naga problem has been handed over to a committee of three, two of whom, I am afraid, are advocates of peace at any price and if more than State-autonomy is conceded to Nagaland, every State in India would like to have it in practice, and the strength of the Union would have gone.

The handling of the language problem and the status sought to be given to all regional languages for the U.P.S.C. Examinations, carry the seed of further disintegration of the country. It is significant that the Communists alone have whole-heart-edly hailed the Congress decision on the language issue. They are jubilant because it paves the way for destroying all-India consciousness and the eventual fragmentation of the country.

India, under Nehru, endeavoured to avoid becoming an unabashed political satellite of Russia or U.S.A. But if the reported recent negotiations for "tying up" our Five-Year plans with Russia's Plans fructify, India would end up by becoming an economic satellite of Russia.

Nandaji's action with regard to some of the erring Ministers restored to some extent the reputation of the Congress for being keen to end corruption in Ministerial ranks. But the bungling about Orissa has proved, if necessary, that where powerful Congress hierarchs are concerned, the Shastri Government is incapable of standing up to high moral standards.

The exploding of atomic bombs by China has brought down India's prestige a little more. The report that we wanted a nuclear umbrella from the three Great Powers, a thing which is not within the range of practical politics, was an exhibition of our weakness.

First things first: At any cost, we must resist the temptation to give advice to other nations. I am afraid we are being laughed at for our moral snobbery towards other nations. What is wanted is a set of clear-cut policies which can be understood by the people and the world, implemented with vigour and determination.

Where are we in international politics?

We want to avoid estranging the U.S.A., keep Russia on our side, and please the Afro-Asian nations, none of whom is willing to take strong attitudes against China and Pakistan.

The Western democracies want from us not merely delicately-balanced verbal friendship but active, unequivocal support. We would not give it. As a result we were not able to influence the decisions of our friends with regard to Pakistan and China. As the B.B.C. said with blunt cynicism, we had no Great Power as our friend.

A nation which wants to be a friend of all, is often left without any when it faces a crisis.

At the Cairo Conference, our demand, however just, was talked out; there was no condemnation of China. At Moscow, where the reddest of red carpets was spread out for Shastriji, Kremlin would not openly support us against China and Pakistan.

We have proved ourselves incapable of conducting a pragmatic diplomacy. We have yet to learn that every nation conducts its foreign affairs to serve *its* national interests, as it conceives it.

In regard to the Chinese aggression, Nehru accepted the Colombo proposals first and they were then spurned by China. Similarly, with regard to Pakistan, we accepted Harold Wilson's suggestions first, leaving it to Pakistan to start bargaining from the points we had conceded.

The country feels that the Shastri Government suffers from an obsession that to take a strong attitude or to take adequate military steps, is sinful. It may be untrue, but all the same, it is that impression which agitates the minds of men. Diplomatic manipulations, however deft, can never inspire a country to disciplined, heroic action.

It is no wonder that Shastriji and his colleagues, in spite of doing their best, have, in the aggregate, failed to rescue the country from frustration. By and large, people feel that internally the leadership is weak; that internationally we have been losing ground.

The Shastri Government has still to learn that there is something like morale and that it cannot be maintained within the country except by firm decisions, implemented with dexterity and forthrightness.

It is necessary to realise that the situation is such that internal peace and external aggression can only be met by imaginative, firm and strong actions which hearten the people.

Can we not make up our mind to be realistic, self-reliant and firm, not in words but in deeds?

Then alone can we hope to get control over circumstances—the *sine qua non* of firm and purposeful policies—instead of, as now, circumstances controlling us at every stage.

Yours sincerely,

RELIGION IMPLIES REVOLUTION

The truth which claims to be universal requires to be continually re-created. It cannot be something already possessed that only needs to be re-transmitted. In every generation, it has to be renewed. Otherwise it tends to become dogma which soothes us and induces complacency but does not encourage the supreme personal adventure. Tradition should be a principle not of conservatism but of growth and regeneration. We cannot keep the rays of the sun while we put out the sun itself. Petrified tradition is a disease from which societies seldom recover. By the free use of reason and experience we appropriate truth and keep tradition in a continuous process of evolution. If it is to have a hold on people's minds, it must reckon with the vast reorientation of thought that has taken place. By reinterpreting the past afresh, each generation stamps it with something of its own problems and preoccupations.

●●●

We live in an age of hectic hurry, of deafening noise where we have no time or inclination for anything beyond the passing hour. True life grows from inside. It is in the inner solitude that a seeker finds his solace; yet our modern life is unwilling to grant us this privilege. Not all of us, however, are defrauded of this right and if there is to be a creative movement some of us at least have to reflect on the hopes and disillusionments of the people. The unrest of the people is due to the thwarted desire for religion. Man is a religious animal. He is prepared to worship anything and many systems compete for his spiritual suffrage, fragmentary faiths, unaesthetic arts, and attractive panaceas. If he cuts himself away from his spiritual dimension it is an act of perfidy, of alienation from his own nature. We do not realise that religion, if real, implies a complete revolution, a total overcoming of our unregenerate nature, the death of the old man and the birth of the new. Man's nature is transformed or reformed to a pattern of excellence, because his being is pervaded by the power of truth.

—Dr. S. Radhakrishnan

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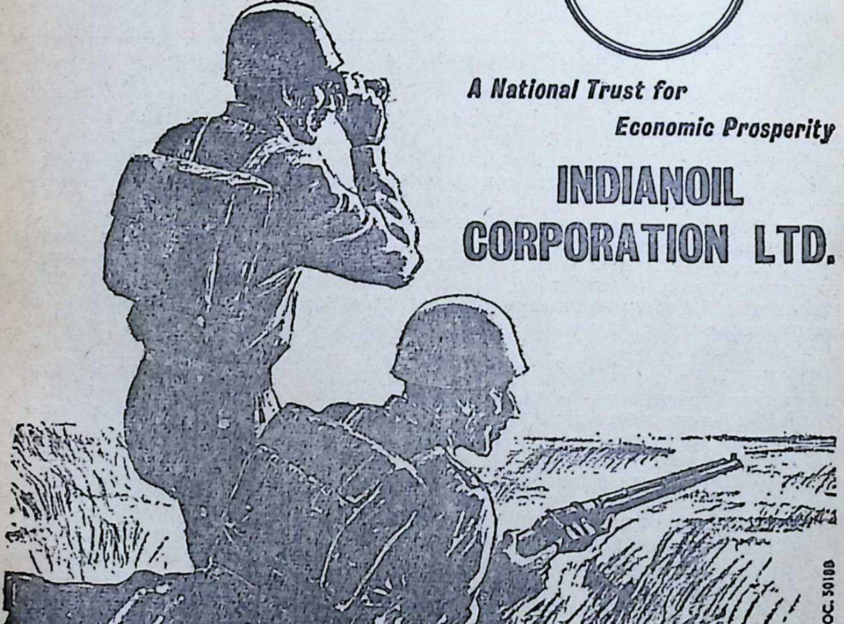


LORD'S NAME

हरेः संकीर्तनं पुण्यं सर्वपातकनाशनम् ।
सर्वकामप्रदं लोके अपवर्गफलप्रदम् ।।

Singing the name of Hari will fetch in this life Virtue, destroy all sins, bestow all one's desires in his life and in after-life, lead to Moksha.

—*Aditya Purana*

सर्वधर्मोज्झिता विष्णोर्नाममात्रैकजल्पकाः ।
सुखेन यां गतिं यान्ति न तां सर्वेऽपि धार्मिकाः ।

People who have no vestige of Dharma in them but only prattle the name of Vishnu (God) attain Bliss easily, which not all the full-fledged Dharmiks are able to attain.

—*Agneya Purana*

सकृदुच्चरितं येन हरिरित्यक्षरद्वयम् ।
बद्धः परिकरस्तेन मोक्षाय गमनं प्रति ।।

He who utters the two letters Ha—ri but once in life, is really bound for the Heaven.

अत्रैकनाम्नो या शक्तिः पातकानां निवर्तने ।
तन्निवर्त्यमघं कर्तुं नालं लोकाश्चतुर्दश ।।

All the 14 *lokas* cannot commit as much sin as what a single name of God can destroy.

—*Brahmanda Purana*

साङ्केत्यं पारिहास्यं वा स्तोभं हेलनमेववा ।
वैकुण्ठनामग्रहणं अशेषाघहरं विदुः ।।

Whether by hint or as a joke, in disrespect or derision, the uttering of the name of the Lord (Vaikunta) will destroy any amount of sin—so say the learned.

—*Srimad Bhagavata*

ध्यायन् कृते भजन्यज्ञै स्त्रेतायां द्वापरे ऽर्चयन् ।
यदाप्नोति तदाप्नोति कलौ संकीर्त्य केशवम् ।।

What in Krita-yuga people attained by meditation, in Treta-yuga by Yagas, in Dwapara-yuga by Puja worship—people attain that in Kali-yuga by singing the name of Kesava.

—*Vishnu Purana*

नाम चिन्तामणिः कृष्णश्चैतन्यरसविग्रहः ।
पूर्णः शुद्धो नित्यमुक्तो ऽभिन्नत्वान्नामनामिनोः ।।

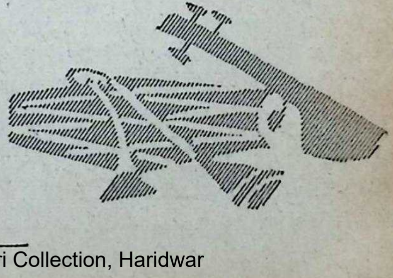
There is no difference between the Name of God and God Himself. The name is the wish-yielding stone; the live and lovely figured Krishna; the Perfect; the Pure and the ever-liberated.

—*Padma Purana*

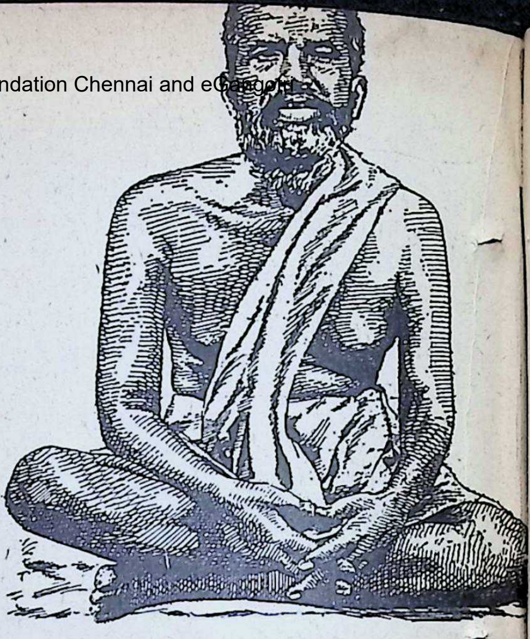
गीत्वा च मम नामानि नर्तयेन्मम सन्निधौ ।
इदं ब्रवीमि ते सत्यं क्रीतोऽहं तेन चार्जुन ।।

Says Krishna: "I tell you upon oath that he who sings my name and dances in my presence (before my idol), verily buys me over!"

—*Adi Purana*



A PARABLE



THE SNAKE AND ITS GURU

Bhagwan Ramakrishna Paramahamsa

WHEN you live in the world and meet all sorts of people, you need to make a show of resistance, in self-defence. But don't resist evil by doing evil in return. Listen to a story:

In a meadow, where some cowherds looked after their cattle, there lived a poisonous snake. Everyone feared it and kept on the watch for it. One day, a holy man was seen, walking along the path through the meadow. The cowherd boys ran to him and said, 'Holy sir, please don't go that way! A poisonous snake lives over there.'

The holy man answered, 'My sons, let it be there if it must—I am not afraid of it, for I know a secret spell which will subdue it.' So saying, the holy man continued on his way; but none of the cowherd boys dared to follow him. And now the snake appeared, moving towards him with its hood spread. But, as it drew near, the holy man uttered his spell and it fell at his feet as helpless as an earthworm.

Then the holy man said to it, 'Why do you go about doing harm to others? I am going to give you a *mantra.* As you repeat God's holy name, you will be set free from all desire to harm others; you will learn devotion to God and you will end by seeing him.'

Having said this, the holy man whispered the holy name to the snake. And the snake, having been thus initiated, bowed down before its guru and asked, 'What disciplines shall I practise, holy sir?'

The guru replied, 'Repeat the holy name and do no harm to anyone.'

Then, as he was about to leave, he said, 'I shall come back here again.'

As the days passed, the cowherd boys discovered that the snake would no longer bite anyone. So they pelted it with stones, but the snake didn't get angry; it behaved like an earthworm.

One day, one of the boys grabbed it by the tail, whirled it around and dashed it against the ground. The snake vomited blood and lay on the ground unconscious. It showed no sign of life and the boys left it, thinking it was dead.

But, in the middle of the night, the snake revived and slowly dragged itself with the greatest difficulty to its hole. Its body was crushed. It could hardly move.

Many days passed. The snake was a mere skeleton. It used to come out once every night, in search of food. During the day, it did not come out, for fear of the boys. Since it had received its initiation and the holy name of God, it had never hurt anyone. It kept alive by eating leaves and fruit that had fallen on the ground.

About a year later, the holy man came along that path again and at once asked about the snake. The cowherd boys told him it was dead. But the holy man could not believe this; for he knew that the snake could not die until the holy word he had given it at its initiation had borne fruit in the vision of God. So he looked for it, calling it by the name he had conferred on it.

Hearing the voice of its guru, the snake came out of its hole and bowed down with deep devotion. 'How are you?' the holy man asked.

'I am well, sir,' the snake answered.

'Then why do you look so thin?' asked the holy man.

And the snake answered, 'Master, you ordered me not to hurt any living creature, so I have been living on leaves and fruit only. Perhaps that's why I look thin.'

For the snake had developed such purity of heart that it could not harbour any malice; and so it had almost forgotten how the cowherd boys had half killed it.

'You couldn't be in such a state just because of your diet,' said the holy man. 'There must be some other reason. Try to remember what it is.'

Then the snake remembered that the cowherd boys had dashed it against the ground; and it said, 'Yes, Master, I remember now. One day, these cowherd boys dashed me against the ground. It was only their ignorance, for how could they know that my heart had been changed? How could they know that I wouldn't bite any more or harm anyone?'

'For shame!' said the holy man. 'Are you such a fool that you don't know how to protect yourself? I told you not to bite. I didn't tell you not to hiss. Why couldn't you have scared them away by hissing?'

[*Courtesy:* Advaita Ashrama]

Even in his fall, a cultured man bounces like a rubber ball; not so an uncultured man. He falls like a ball of wet clay.

—Kshemedra.

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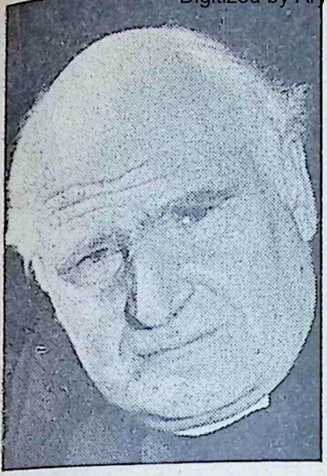


The Meaning of Prayer

THE MOST REV. MICHAEL RAMSEY

[Archbishop of Canterbury]

PRAYER does not mean bombarding God with requests.

If we think of it like that, we are putting God wrongly at a distance from us like a target across the fields, and are starting with our own wills.

Prayer is a kind of intercourse between God and ourselves, ourselves and God, in which we soak our minds and hearts and wills in his, and so, put ourselves at his disposal to become channels of his loving purposes towards the world, towards this or that person or affair.

But how do we soak ourselves in God's heart and mind?

It is like the overwhelming impact of person upon person when two are together, listening, loving, pondering, assimilating.

This can be put in religious language, the language of psalm and hymn and devotion.

Perhaps you find that language unreal to you and are shy of it. Then do not force yourself into it.

Yet there may be ways in which, haltingly, inarticulately, you find God real to you: in the sense of supreme moral obligation which you sometimes feel; in the reverence of lovely qualities in people which seem to be somehow beyond, and to give meaning to human existence; in the sense of guilt; in the sense of wonder at the world and its meaning.

There you find the reality which has the name of God.

But, just because He is supreme and majestic and you are not, it is not you finding Him so much as He finding you.

'Before I sought thee, thou didst find me.'

God made the world, God made man in his own likeness, God is the giver of all good, and because God is the giver He gives no less a gift than Himself to us.

That is the meaning of Christmas, Good Friday, Easter: that is the centre of our gratitude.

And what would be just gratitude if it were between one man and another man, between a creature and a fellow creature, becomes praise, adoration, worship when it is between us who are creatures and sinners and one who is our Creator and our God.

Worship means a kind of self-forgetfulness as we lose ourselves in praise and wonder, ascribing nothing to ourselves and all to Him the good giver.

Our starting place in prayer is not our own will, but God.

We find ourselves with Him, so to speak, or rather realize He is near to us. And in our own words, or other words, or in no words, we praise, thank, wonder, love, confess sorrow for our sins, lift up our hearts to God.

We may specially dwell upon the image of God given to us. So we are drawn inside the heart, the mind, the purpose of God.

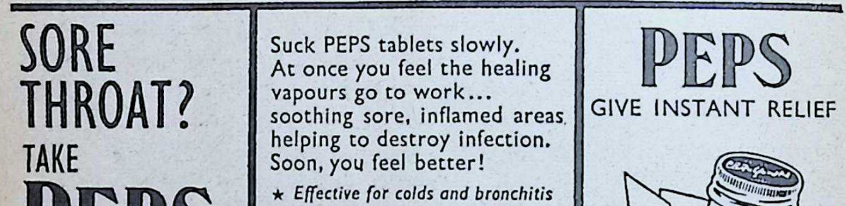
Our wills can begin to be attuned to his.

God's purpose is like a stream of goodness flowing out into the world and all its needs.

But it is our privilege as God's children to help this stream of goodness to reach other people, becoming ourselves like channels.

Our good actions can be channels of God's goodness, and so too can our prayers.

We do not bombard God with our desires; we bring our desires into tune with his, so that He, waiting upon our co-operation and using the channel of our prayers, brings the stream of his good purpose into the parched hearts of human need. □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Is India a creature of historical circumstances or has she any continuing, enduring and effective image of her own? What is her characteristic or national symbol? How has she tackled the tasks of life and history down the ages? Had she been escapist? What is her international profile today? These are some of the important questions the author seeks to answer in this article.

THE IMAGE OF INDIA

r. P. Narasimhayya

INCE at least the ancient epoch of the *Ramayana,* it has been a el-known Indian maxim that the other and the motherland are eater than Heaven itself. *Janani nma-bhoomischa Swargadapi garisi.*

The motherland (or fatherland), national home, signifies in its full nnotation, not merely the land but trinity of the Land, the People d their Culture.

TERRITORY

The Land signifies more than the re extent of territory and comprises o its special and characteristic phyal features like wide ranges of high ls and plains, the rivers, the seas, patterns of the seasons, the vegeion, the animal species, etc.

The Land is furthermore the *dhari-*, the sustaining second Providence. gifts of the soil, of the sacred rth, are the life and sustenance of people, while its hill ranges may rve as their protecting walls; and seas, as their moats. The great and small rivers of the land nurture the trade and the life of the towns and cities on their banks.

As the centuries pass, innumerable associations, historical, poetical, religious and mythological gather around these physical features, and form a vital part of the emotional and intellectual life of the people. Myriads of associations have thus gathered around and become one with the river Ganga. As Sri Nehru writes, "The Ganga is above all, the river of India, which has held India's heart captive and drawn uncounted millions to her banks since the dawn of history. The story of the Ganga from her source to the sea, from old times to new, is the story of India's civilization and culture, of the rise and fall of empires, of great and proud cities, of the adventure of man and the quest of the mind which has so occupied India's thinkers, of the richness and fulfilment of life as well as its denial and renunciation, of ups and downs, of growth and decay, of life and death." (p. 38, *Discovery of India*).

These observations about the Ganga apply also in varying degrees to the other major and minor rivers,—Yamuna, Sindhu, Kaveri, Krishna and others. The Himalayan ranges too with their stupendous peaks, vast ranges of hills and large lakes, are profoundly dear and venerable to the Indian people with a thousand associations of history, epic, religion, mythology and poetry and as the cradle also of four of the vital rivers of India, Sindhu, Yamuna, Ganga and Brahmaputra. The other high hill-ranges too, like the Vindhyas, Nilgiris and others, are cherished for their gifts to the people and their many historical and other associations.

So too, the other features of the country—the plains, the towns and cities, the seas and others—acquire a halo of cherished associations.

Furthermore, the whole land is cherished with a profound religious adoration as the main geographical home or centre, where Providence has set for each people their life and destiny, and their progress and happiness are worked out by their own labours and the march of history. A deep spiritual communion thus arises, besides the other sentiments of love and homage for the motherland. And so, in the daily prayers of the Hindus, the main rivers of India are also invoked to mingle in their pious oblation to God. "May Ganga, Yamuna, Godavari, Saraswati, Narmada, Sindhu, Kaveri mingle in this oblation."

THE PEOPLE

Besides this objective physical image, the motherland signifies also the people,—the throbbing life of the nation with its past history, achievements and failures, its present activities and future hopes and aspirations. Nehru loved to call attention constantly to this human essence,—this living image, of the motherland. "The mountains and the rivers of India and the forests and the broad fields, which gave us food, were all dear to us, but what counted ultimately were the people of India...who were spread out all over this vast land. Bharat Mata, Mother India, was essentially these millions of people." (p. 48, *Discovery*).

This basic reality—the people of India and their general character and condition—is described by Nehru (in 1945-46) from his personal observations during his tours all over the country. He refers to the sensitive faces and sturdy bodies of the men, particularly in some parts of the country; the grace, dignity and poise of the women; and the fine types of men and women that have "endured and continued through ages, in spite of all the horror and misery that India had gone through....There was poverty and the innumerable progeny of poverty everywhere and the mark of this beast was on every forehead. Life had been crushed and distorted and made into a thing of evil, and many vices had flowed from this distortion and continuous lack and ever-present insecurity. All this was not pleasant to see; yet that was the basic reality in India. There was far too much of the spirit of resignation and acceptance of things as they were. But there was also a mellowness and gentleness, the cultural heritage of thousands of years, which no amoun f misfortune had been able to rub ff." (pp. 55-6, *ibid.*).

Complementary to these observa-ons on modern India, are those of i Aurobindo who adds a wide his-rical perspective of the people and eir work. He makes a survey of the aracter and work of the people vealed in the long ages of their his-ry and sets out his findings in vivid rms. "India has not only had the ng race of her great saints, sages, inkers, religious founders, poets, eators, scientists, scholars, legists, e has had her great rulers, admini-rators, soldiers, conquerors, heroes, en with the strong active will, the ind that plans and the seeing force at builds. She has warred and ruled, ded and colonised, and spread her ilisation, built polities and organis- communities and societies, done that makes the outward activity great peoples.........It was not en of straw or lifeless or will-less mmies or thin-blooded dreamers ho thus acted, planned, conquered, ilt great systems of administration, unded kingdoms and empires, ured as great patrons of poetry and t and architecture, or later resisted roically imperial power and fought r the freedom of clan and people." S. K. Mitra, p. 241, *Vision of India*).

Besides these many historical nds, the familiar present pattern life and physiognomy of one's own ople, their speech and song, their ess and manners, their common stivals and other features form an ntimate part of one's nation and home",—of one's people and native nd. These mingle as Sri Auro-indo points out, to form a fuller and more composite physical image of one's motherland. Says Sri Aurobindo, "The feeling of almost physical delight in the touch of the mother-soil, of the winds that blow from the Indian seas, of the rivers that stream from Indian hills, in the hearing of Indian speech, music, poetry, in the familiar sights, sounds, habits, dress, manners of Indian life, this is the physical root" of the complex sentiments of a "motherland".

The people are furthermore bound together indivisibly, in their political fortunes, their economic welfare and industrial progress, their educational and scientific advancement and the impacts of foreign influences. Indivisible too, besides their political, economic and social life, is their age-old common *culture,* which is the very soul of the people.

THE CULTURE

This is the third vital factor of a "motherland", viz., the Culture of the people. It consists particularly of their higher living traditions and cultural ideals. Rabindranath Tagore, the modern national poet and seer, emphasised this cultural factor above the physical image, and wrote: 'I love India not because I cultivate the idolatry of geography, not because I have had the chance to be born in her soil, but because she has saved through tumultuous ages, the living words that have issued from the illuminated consciousness of her great ones". This illumined consciousness is Culture at its best. It represents the highest reaches of the national quest for Truth, Beauty and Goodness—the higher ideals and soul of the people.

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Culture and Civilization have been often used as synonymous terms. More precisely, Culture signifies the moral and humanistic ideals of a people; and Civilization their industrial skills, military and political organisations, etc. So the terms have been roughly distinguished as signifying *what a people are,* in their moral and spiritual being, in contrast to *what they have,* of external goods, organisation and power.

Indian culture is the oldest among the living cultures of the world today. But, there is nothing intrinsically great and worthy in ancient origins or long continuity. Nevertheless, it is also true that this time-honoured civilization and culture rose, in some aspects, to high levels of achievement and enabled the people to meet, with some degree of success, the tremendous challenges of their history. At the same time, besides these highlights, there have been many dark spots in the story of that culture and civilization, many failures and lapses from great ideals and standards. So, the general picture which Indian culture and civilization present through the ages is a very mixed one, of brilliant lustres, but also of ugly, dark and dismal patches; of great dynamism and progress and yet also of listlessness and defeatism; of universalism and receptivity of mind and yet again of isolation and narrow self-complacency. But on the whole, again it would be no exaggeration to say that Indian civilization and culture present a notable and impressive record of *pioneering,* and in some respects, *permanently* valuable achievement in science, art, and philosophy.

particularly in mathematics, medicine and surgery and metallurgy; in the arts of music, dance, painting, sculpture and architecture; in quests of the philosophic Reason, Religion and Dharma; and in social and political organisation.

ASPECTS OF CULTURAL INTEGRATION

One remarkable feature of the culture and civilization has been that it explored and touched values at levels of life deeper and higher than social and racial divisions, economic and political interests and expediencies. The culture effected thereby a fundamental integration of its people,—their unity in their primary human values or ideals; in their thought and feeling and ways of living. It is a unity which runs deeper than economic and political inter-dependence.

Of this deeper sense of unity which Indian culture strove for and developed through the ages, Professor Joad, the British philosopher, observes that the fundamental unity "is far more vivid and persistent than can be accounted for by the circumstance of propinquity in the same geographical area. Europeans live together in a geographical area whose size is not very different from that of India. But as the wars which have disgraced European history in the past and the quarrels and rivalries that enfeeble the League of Nations in the present only too clearly show that the inhabitants of Europe are very far from being imbued with the sense of unity, which distinguishes the inhabitants of India. We cannot in short speak of a 'European' with the same appropriateness as we can speak of an 'Indian', who in spite of differences of colour, caste and creed, looks upon all other Indians as his fellow-countrymen and upon India as his home."

Sri Nehru points out that this is not a mere "intellectual conception" and "this essential unity has been so powerful that no political division, no disaster or catastrophe had been able to overcome it."

The English historian Vincent Smith also writes: "A most fundamental Indian unity rests upon the fact that the diverse peoples of India have developed a peculiar type of culture or civilization utterly different from any other type in the world.... India, beyond all doubt, possesses a deep underlying fundamental unity far more profound than that produced either by geographical isolation or by political suzerainty. That unity transcends the innumerable diversities of colour, language, dress, manners and sects." (*Oxford History of India,* 1923).

The whole country has developed and shared, through the ages of her long history, this culture and civilization—its treasures of art, science and literature, its great ideals of ethics and philosophy, its memorable historical achievements, the inspiration of its great leaders and the many other bonds or fusion wrought by several millennia of history. The classic national phrase "from the Bridge to the Himalayas" (*Asethu Himachala Paryanta*), and other phrases "From the Cape to Assam" (Kanyakumari to Kamarupa), etc., have expressed through the ages this geographical and cultural national unity.

●●●

A vital part was also played by the concept of the "Arya"; by the Sanskrit language; and by an universal philosophy of spiritual or ideal humanism, in this process of integration and unification.

THE IDEAL OF "ARYA"

Though the term "arya" meant at first and literally, a tiller of the land or an agriculturist (and not a nomad sheep-grazer), and had also an early racial significance, it came to be soon used as a synonym for *noble conduct* or culture. Using the term in this sense, the Vedic scripture made its great exhortation to "render the whole universe aryan", *Krinvantu Viswam Aryam*. Later, Panini, the father of Sanskrit grammar, spoke of this process of aryanisation, *Arya Krita* (IV. 1.30). Buddha (in the 6th century B.C.) gave his great teachings as the *Aryan* or noble truths, *Arya Satya*.

In a later age, Kautilya, a founder of the Mauryan empire, (4th Century B.C.) says that all people should be treated with *Aryabhava*, as equal in political status and culture; as having *Aryatva*, the attributes of freedom and culture; or as *Arya Krita*, rendered into Aryans or noble and free persons. Thus the conception of the Aryan was extended to that of ethical conduct and culture, freedom and equality. It is a process of extension of the concept of "Aryan,"—which is the reverse, for instance, of Hitler's narrow, exclusive and racial conception.

PHILOSOPHY OF MAN

This deepened and universalised

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conception of the Aryan was doubtless also strengthened by the Vedic philosophy of man, the spiritual humanism of Vedanta. One remarkable feature of Indian culture, its philosophy, ethic and religion, has been the affirmation of the universal immanence of Divinity or spark of Divine reality in all humanity, and hence the solidarity of man, the spiritual oneness and brotherhood of all humanity. "He sees the truth who sees the Divine immanence or spark in all beings", *Sarvantaratma yah pasyati sa pasyati,* is a cardinal principle of Vedanta and Indian religions.

The *Ramayana,* the earliest extant epic of India (ante 1500 B.C.) shows this Aryan and humanistic and Vedic culture as not merely prevalent in the narrow area of the ancient *aryavarta* between Ganga and Yamuna, but in its process of extending to the whole of India and Ceylon. And the later epic of the *Mahabharata* (Circa 1500 B.C.) definitely emphasises the cultural and national unity of India as a whole, as Bharata Varsha. It is the land of the (legendary) emperor Bharata with a fundamental national unity of culture and also a common political tradition. Sister Nivedita (Margaret E. Noble), the scholarly Irish disciple of Sri Ramakrishna and Swami Vivekananda, observes about these features of the *Mahabharata*: "The foreign reader is at once struck by two features: in the first place its unity in complexity; and, in the second, its constant efforts to impress on its hearers the idea of a single centralized India, with a heroic tradition of her own as formative and uniting impulse"

SANSKRIT

Another integrating agency has been the great linguistic medium, the Sanskrit language, in which this culture was propagated and developed. Though Sanskrit was never the spoken language of the entire people of India at any time, but only of the educated people all over the length and breadth of the country, it was familiar to the common people as the language of the universally popular epics, the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*. Further its words have flooded and enriched all the popular dialects and languages all over the country. So, as Sri Nehru writes: "Sanskrit is not very difficult to follow for those who know well any of the present-day Indo-Aryan languages,—Hindi, Bengali, Marathi, Gujarati, etc. Even present-day Urdu, itself wholly an Indo-Aryan language, probably contains 80 per cent words derived from Sanskrit....Curiously enough, the Dravidian languages of the South, though entirely different in origin, have borrowed and adopted such masses of words from the Sanskrit that nearly half their vocabulary is very nearly allied to Sanskrit." (p. 186, *Discovery*).

In the light of these findings of Sri Nehru and other linguists and literary scholars, we can understand also the further observation of that illustrious Orientalist, Professor Max Muller, regarding the present living role of Sanskrit: "Such is the marvellous continuity between the past and the present in India, that in spite of repeated social convulsions, religious reforms and foreign invasions, Sanskrit may be said to be still the

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only language spoken over the whole extent of that vast country." (*Discovery* p. 135).

On the basis of these and other similar observations, Dr. F.W. Thomas, the eminent British Orientalist and other scholars and thinkers in India and abroad, have suggested a simplified form of Sanskrit as a national, or an all-India link language. However, whatever the future of this great linguistic and unifying heritage of India, there is no doubt that it has served to create and sustain the integration of the people both directly and through the many diverse regional languages.

These three facets,—the geographical, the human and the cultural, constitute the trinity, the three-fold image of a motherland. They signify respectively the *home,* the living *body* and the *soul* of the people, the nation.

THE PROMISE OF THE PAST

It is interesting how during the long ages of her history India presented different images of herself to Indian leaders and reformers and foreign observers. To the ancient, primal Founding Fathers of her culture, the Vedic sages and Bhagavan Sri Vyasa, Sri Valmiki and others, the vital image of India was that of a people living in the Light of the Spirit, and seeking their highest fulfilment in a balanced material and spiritual pattern of life comprised of the four *purusharthas,*—the primal goals of *dharma, artha, kama* and *moksha*. To the sage and law-giver, King Manu, India seemed destined to be a school of *dharma,* for all the world.

To Arrian, the Greek historian of Alexander's campaigns in India, India was a land whose people were happy and prosperous and "no nation was fonder of singing and dancing than the Indian." To Alexander's armies under Seleucus, India presented the image of a strong and victorious military and imperial power under the Mauryas.

To the Chinese visitors, Fa-hien, Yuan Chwang (Hiuen Tsang), I-tsing and others, India was a holy land and a school of Dharma, a spiritual fatherland, the land of Lord Buddha and the great Buddhist emperor, Asoka.

To the early Sultans and ministers of the Muslim empire at Baghdad, like Haroun al Rashid and others, India was a great land of scientific learning,—in medicine and astronomy in particular—and of great literature, worthy of translation into Arabic.

To Sultan Mahmud of Ghazni (11th Century A.D.), India presented a similar picture of culture, of clever artisans and master-builders to be invited to Ghazni, of able generals who could be entrusted with the control of his own army, and yet a people weakened by political dissensions and a prey to his successive raids for loot. To his scholar-contemporary Al Baruni, too, it was a land admirable for irrigation works, science, arts and philosophy, but also of a smug self-complacency, narrowness and pride which prevented the people from appreciating or learning from others.

To the later Italian, Portuguese and Arab visitors of the 15th and 16th centuries, Nicolo Conti, Paes, Abdur-Razak and others, India was still a land of high civilization and culture,

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art and luxury and of a powerful empire like the Vijayanagar, ruled by able and noble emperors.

To the famous Italian visitor of the 13th century, Marco Polo, India was a land of fine textiles and other manufactures and considerable sea-trade with Arabia and Persia.

To the early Jews and later, the Christians of Syria and the Parsees of Persia, India was a land of peace and liberal government, offering to all people security and freedom of worship, work and trade.

To the modern European traders, governors and missionaries, she presented the picture of a people enfeebled by long years of stagnation, misrule, a decadent religious and political spirit, and a listless escapism from the hard challenges of the times.

To many modern Western scholars, thinkers and Indologists, India has been a land of a great classical culture with impressive achievements in science and philosophy and widespread historical influence on other countries. One instance of these observations of many Western scholars, Sir William Jones and Dr. Colebrooke, Goethe and Schopenhauer, Emerson and Whittier, Max Muller and Deussen, Michelet and Romain Rolland and many others, is the warm and brief and broad statement of Professor Will Durant, the distinguished American philosopher and world-historian: "India was the motherland of our race, and Sanskrit the mother of European languages; she was the mother of our philosophy; mother through the Arabs, of much of our mathematics; mother through the Buddha of the ideals embodied in Christianity; mother through the village community, of our self-government and democracy. Mother India is in many ways the mother of us all."

But to the contemporary world generally, India presents a different image,—of a nation, economically and scientifically under-developed, but struggling hard through the processes of democracy and with her old moral and material resources, and foreign good-will and aid, to catch up with the last centuries and secure some modern standards of life for her large and growing population, in a world threatened by Atomic power and incessant international tensions.

THE CULTURE ACCENT

Do these several reactions and phases of her life show her as a creature of historical circumstances or has there been any continuing, enduring and effective image of India? A vision of India as a whole through the ages shows that her main spirit and outlook has been not that of a military invader or an expansionist imperial power, but that of a seeker and witness of an universal humanistic culture, of peaceful co-existence, a Dharma of Tolerance and Ahimsa.

So it is to some extent true that the characteristic symbol of India is the ascetic, the benevolent sage and saint, before whom princes and kings have bowed in reverence and homage,—just as the national symbol of England or America may be said to be the dour John Bull or the benevolent and opulent Uncle Sam. But this primary spiritual background of India does not result in an escapism from reality, or feebleness in dealing with the tasks of life and history. This cultural quest of India has not been a blind preoccupation which sacrificed her material needs,—her military and political strength, or her economic welfare, or her historical survival. On the other hand, it has been a constant source, an abiding fountain, of national rehabilitation and solace in times of failure and defeat and depression. So Indian leaders have constantly turned to this classical wisdom of her culture, the humanistic illumination of her long succession of seers and philosophers. These comprehensive values of her classical culture have served her people by providing an abiding faith and dynamism, the right direction and purpose, the right means and right ends. The escapist and other-worldly interpretations of Indian culture are an error repudiated by much of India's past history and achievements, and by the whole spirit of modern India, the India of Gandhi and Nehru, Vivekananda, Aurobindo, Tagore and other leaders and the people of today.

Swami Vivekananda impressed this message of dynamic Hinduism. So too, Sri Aurobindo, though himself a *yogi* and recluse, taught the dynamism of Hinduism,—of its progressive assimilation and its comprehension of all Truth and all aspects of life. He wrote: India "being herself and following the law of her own nature does not mean, as some narrowly and blindly suppose, the rejection of everything new that comes to us in the stream of Time or happens to have been first developed or powerfully expressed by the West. Such an attitude would be intellectually absurd, physically impossible and above all unspiritual; true spirituality rejects no new light, no added means or materials of our human self-development."

In Mahatma Gandhi, we have the greatest example of this dynamism of the spiritual background, of the irrepressible creative upsurge of the soul of Indian culture. In the midst of all his stupendous political struggles, his spiritual quest sustained and vitalised his mind and spirit. He reveals in a striking statement in his Autobiography, "What I want to achieve, what I have been striving and pining to achieve these thirty years, is to see God face to face, to attain *moksha*. I live and move and have my being in pursuit of this goal."

This was not an exclusive, subjective, other-worldly goal, but one whose light, values and power irradiated all other activities and pursuits, and embraced the whole of mankind. So, Gandhi writes: "I could not be leading a religious life unless I identified myself with the whole of mankind, and that I could not do unless I took part in politics. The whole gamut of man's activities today constitutes an indivisible whole. You cannot divide social, economic and purely religious work into watertight compartments."

INTERNATIONAL PROFILE

In the international field also, the major role set for India has been along the lines of this spiritual accent of her culture. From the days of Manu to our own time, to Gandhi, Auro-

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bindo, Nehru and others, Indian leaders, have made a call to the nation to be true to Dharma, to be sentinels of an universal Humanism. It is this international profile of India, set by the spiritual accent of her culture, which Rabindranath Tagore also emphasised when he said: "I have no doubt in my own mind that in the East, our principal characteristic is not to set too high a price upon success through gaining advantage, but upon self-realization through fulfilling our Dharma, our ideals. Let the awakening of the East impel us consciously to discover the essential and the universal meaning of our own civilization, to remove the debris from its path,—to make it a great channel of communication between all human races."

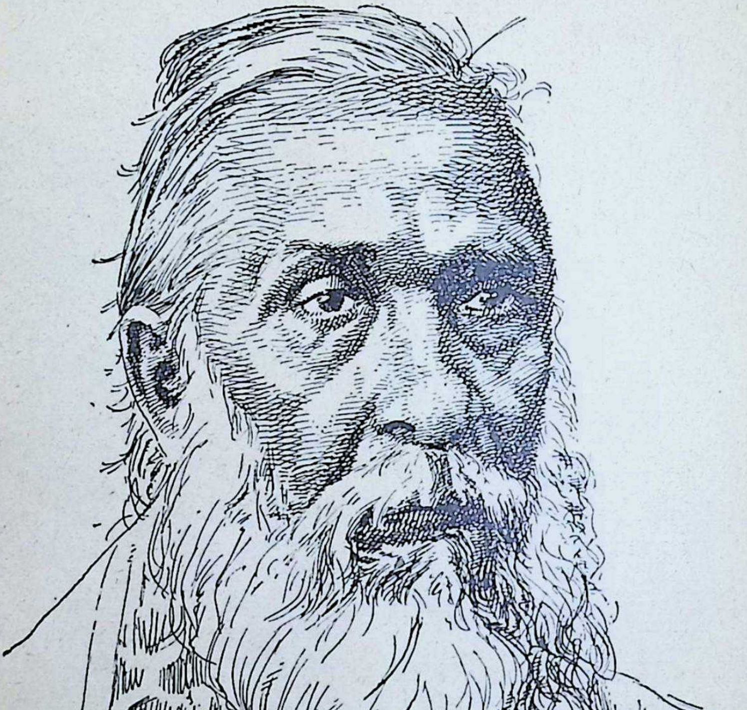
This is not the role of a knight-errant crusading for some special gospel or doctrine, but that of voicing and bearing witness in all possible ways to the redemption of human life by spiritual, moral or human values,—by following the path of Dharma.

And this ideal is no transcendental, utopian ideal of the clouds but merely that of individuals and nations being true to themselves or humanity. It has been said there is nothing greater and nobler than man when man is truly Man. It is from this profound spiritual Humanism, which is the main accent and heart-beat of Indian culture, that Nehru formulated the Pancha-sila as an international political creed and way of life.

This culture, with its dual aspects of spiritual content and practical application, is the very soul of the trinity of the Motherland. The historical medium of this culture, the Sanskrit language too, is hence as important and intrinsic to the integral life of the people, as the land is their physical, geographical home.

Thus, manifold and interwoven and profound are these vital bonds, and the sentiments, evoked by one's land, people and culture and forming a fundamental composite unity of the life of the nation. Growing through untold centuries since before the dawn of history, this primary integral life constitutes the being and strength of the nation, and the promise and measure of its progress, and impact on the future.

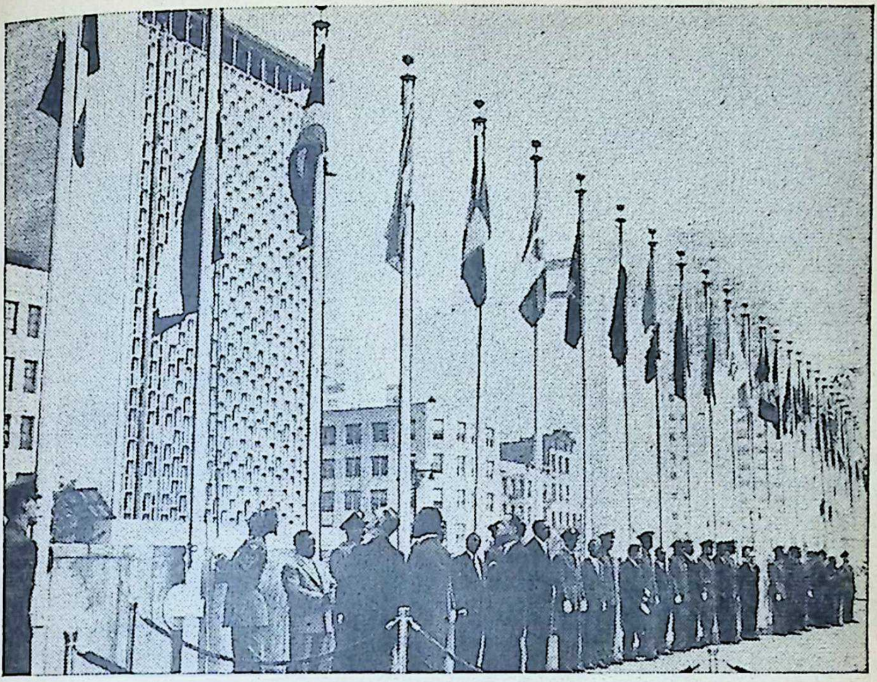
Abhaya, asanga *and* ahimsa *may be regarded as the three cardinal principles of Bharatiya Vidya. It is these things which have sustained us all these centuries.* —Dr. S. Radhakrishnan



RAMANANDA CHATTERJEE
[*b.* May 31, 1865; *d.* September 30, 1943]

Ramananda Chatterjee became the voice of India to the world outside, and he was heard with attention in every country where reason and humanity were honoured by its thinkers.

—Sir Jadunath Sarkar



Flags of the member nations at the U N.

BIRTH OF THE UNITED NATIONS

TWENTY years ago, on June 25, 1945, the representatives of five nations, assembled in San Francisco, wrote a charter for a world organisation that would keep peace among all nations. For two months the delegates had proposed, considered, debated—and finally agreed upon—the shape of a collective force that would maintain international peace and security.

Conference leaders decided to use the Dumbarton Oaks Proposals as the starting point of their work. This was an outline previously drawn up by Great Britain, the Republic of China, the Soviet Union and the United States. The delegates studied the Dumbarton Oaks document and made amendments and new proposals. There were many difficult questions to be settled. To what extent should the Security Council have veto power? How could the Council determine if and when the United Nations should intervene in a growing dispute likely to lead to international friction? What would be the basis for voting rights in the General Assembly? How would the operating costs of the United Nations be met? Every issue was minutely examined and debated until the Charter had been hammered into a workable document.

The climax of this international creative effort took place in the resplendent setting of San Francisco's Civic Centre Opera House. There, on June 25, after the final draft had been changed and amended for the last time, the Charter was formally and unanimously adopted. The minutes of the session record that "at this point, the delegates and the entire audience rose and cheered."

The following day the representatives of all the nations present signed the Charter, which was described by U.S. President Harry S. Truman as "a declaration of great faith by the nations of the earth—faith that war is not inevitable, faith that peace can be maintained." By October 24, 1945, the Charter had been ratified by enough of the participating nations to make it a binding document. A great dream had come true; the United Nations was born.

The United Nations Charter consists of 111 articles in 19 chapters. Its preamble states:

WE THE PEOPLES OF THE UNITED NATIONS DETERMINED

to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war, which twice in our lifetime has brought untold sorrow to mankind, and

to reaffirm faith in fundamental human rights, in the dignity and worth of the human person, in the equal rights of men and women and of nations large and small, and

to establish conditions under which justice and respect for the obligations arising from treaties and other sources of international law can be maintained, and

to promote social progress and better standards of life in larger freedom,

AND FOR THESE ENDS

to practise tolerance and live together in peace with one another as good neighbours, and

to unite our strength to maintain international peace and security, and

to ensure, by the acceptance of principles and the institution of methods, that armed force shall not be used, save in the common interest, and

to employ international machinery for the promotion of the economic and social advancement of all peoples,

HAVE RESOLVED TO COMBINE OUR EFFORTS TO ACCOMPLISH THESE AIMS.

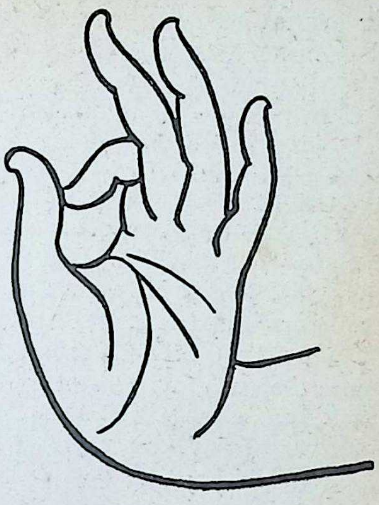
Accordingly, our respective Governments, through representatives assembled in the city of San Francisco, who have exhibited their full powers found to be in good and due form, have agreed to the present Charter of the United Nations and do hereby establish an international organisation to be known as the United Nations.

The membership of the U.N. today stands at 115.

> *If properly used, the U N. can serve a diplomacy of reconciliation better than other instruments. . . . . In spite of temporary setbacks under the influence of acute tension, the tendency in the U.N. is to wear away, or break down differences, thus helping towards solutions which approach the common interest and application of the principles of the Charter.*
>
> —Dag Hammarskjold

THE HUMAN FINGERS

Vedantic Interpretation



Sadhu Sudarsan

THE Vedantins call the little finger as the finger of ego (*Ahankara*): the ring finger as desire (*Kama*); the middle finger as illusion (*maya*); the forefinger as the great (*Para*) and the thumb as life (*Jeeva*).

Here are some interesting facts about them. When we pray to God with folded palms, the outermost fingers will be the 'ego' fingers. We pray thereby that the 'ego' may first be destroyed. Next come the desire fingers. Consequently, we want desires to be annihilated next.

We wear the ring on the second finger—hence its name. The intention of wearing a ring which is normally made of gold and gems on it, is that it should turn out to be an accusing finger, reminding us that we are possessed by desires.

Now, it is the same finger that is used for wearing the *'pavitra'*—a knot made of Kusa grass and worn on religious occasions. The word *'pavitra'* means pure. By wearing it on the particular finger, we symbolically take a pledge to purge ourselves of our desires and become pure.

The middle finger is called 'Maya'. Although it is the tallest, it is of little use—a case of *'maya'*. It is noteworthy, it always moves along with the last two fingers!

The forefinger points to the other person, but symbolically it points to God or Paramatma. It becomes the finger of authority delegated to it by God.

The thumb is scientifically the 'Jeeva' of a person, as indicating the state of his evolution. Apes have no thumbs. Children have closed thumbs while asleep.

Now, in the *Chin-mudra,* which is the symbol of imparting supreme knowledge, Lord Dakshinamurti holds the forefinger touching the mid-thumb at the interior, while the other three fingers stand aloof, signifying the union of Jeevatman and Paramatman after discarding illusion, desire and ego, and leading to *moksha*. It is the silent way (*mouna-vyakhya*) of imparting supreme knowledge referred to by the sages.

The middle finger, or *maya*, it will now become clear, stands between Jeeva-Brahma-union and the baser qualities of desire (*Kama*) and ego (*Ahankara*). Once you get rid of the latter, *maya* automatically vanishes along with them, leading to *moksha* which is the *summum bonum* of life.

In *aachamana*, the forefinger and the thumb get together while the other three keep away.

It is noteworthy, again, that in the telling of beads, the thumb and the forefinger alone are called into play while the other three fingers stand excluded.

A variant version says that the little finger denotes *Sthoola-sareera*, the ring finger stands for *Sookshma-sareera*, the middle finger stands for *Karana-sareera*, the forefinger for the Jeevatma and the thumb for Paramatma. Some, again, call the last three fingers as the three-fold *gunas*, the other two remaining unaltered. The meaning of Chinmudra, or the union of the thumb and the forefinger, however, remains the same.

Some people read merely because they are too lazy to think.

—Lichtenberg

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CHAPTER 22

Bhanumati's Plight

BHANUMATI felt joy bubbling up in her heart. The world was full of sunshine, beauty and gladness. It was so good to be alive.

She had received a promise from Govind—her brother, her saviour, her God—that her husband, Duryodhana, would rule over Hastinapur. No longer would there be any danger to her husband's future. He would be the King of Hastinapur.

She had such faith in Krishna that she never paused to consider how he could possibly fulfil the promise. He was a miracle-worker, and if he gave the promise, he would surely see that it was fulfilled!

She felt a sudden quickening of the child within her. Her whole heart responded to it with glowing warmth. 'No use worrying, my son,' she told the child. 'You will be the Emperor of the Kurus in your time.' Her picture of herself as the Empress of the Kurus also hovered before her mind.

She was so spilling over with gladness that she wanted to share it with someone. Her sister Jalandhar*aa* had been away practically the whole night and was now sleeping soundly. Rekhaa was busy making preparations for Jalandhar*aa*'s bath. They already shared the secret, for she was present when her sister secured the promise from Krishna.

Who else should be the best person to share her joy, she thought, than her husband, who was miserable, frustrated and in despair?

Though her husband, she knew, was a lovable man, hatred had entered his heart because of the unfortunate circumstances which had deprived him of what was due to him. It was directed to the Five Brothers and Govind whom every one believed to have brought them into the land of the living at Draupadi's *swayamvara*.

Since the time her husband was rude to her while she was applying henna paste to her hands and soles, she had picked up bits of information about the danger that faced him. With the prospect of losing his rightful claim to the throne, much should be forgiven him, she felt. Her heart, therefore, longed to relieve him of the strain imposed by it. For some time she hesitated to take the course. Would it be wise to share the news with her husband? Would he be happy to know of Govind's assurance and forgive her for disobeying him? She laughed at these doubts. She felt that her husband would surely feel proud that his wife was so helpful—in fact had become his saviour.

She came out of the *antahpura,* the women's apartment, and was going to step on to the verandah, when she heard Duryodhana talking to her brother, Susharma, in a low voice. She caught a few words of the conversation and stood transfixed.

'If you are willing, Jalandhar*aa*'s *swayamvara* can be held early next year, after the monsoon,' her brother, Susharma, was saying.

'If your father so wishes, I have no objection,' she heard her husband say. Bhanumati grew pale and sought the support of the wall.

She heard Susharma replying: 'Both my sisters would be happy together. You also like Jalandhar*aa*.'

Bhanumati was chilled to the core when these words fell on her ears.

'Yes,' she heard Duryodhana saying. 'She is made of sunbeams, though she has a violent temper.'

She heard her brother giving the assurance that 'once she was married to you, she was sure to improve. Nothing teaches a young woman more than a loving husband.'

Bhanumati was stunned. She had no power left to think. She retraced her steps to the women's apartment, staggering as a blinding darkness enveloped her.

When she found herself in her bedroom, she flung herself on her bed and burst into violent sobs. Neither she nor her son had any future!

So far she had lived in the hope that she would, in the end, win the love of her husband by helping him to become the Emperor of Hastinapur. Now she realised with bitterness that she had failed—failed hopelessly—to gain his love. Nor could she secure for her son the throne of the Kurus, even if Govind kept his promise. She buried her head in the pillows, sobbing as if her heart would break.

Suddenly she felt someone standing in a dark corner. Terror seized her. She knew she must not raise her head to see him, but could not contain herself and looked at him.

In the corner was One with the elongated face and cruel visage, whom she had seen only once in her infancy when she lay almost dying. He carried a noose in his hand and was riding a buffalo, blacker than darkness. One idea seized her: she must run up to Govind to escape this fatal noose.

She wanted to cry out, but could not. At last she managed to moan: 'Govind, save me; please save me.'

She jumped out of the bed; she tried to run, but her legs buckled under her and she fell to the ground.

'Govind, Govind, help me. Yes, Yama, the God of Death, has come to take me away. Help me. Help me, brother.' She cried incoherently.

She saw the God of Death taking a step towards her. She felt numbness pervading all her limbs. A piercing scream issued from her lips as she lost consciousness.

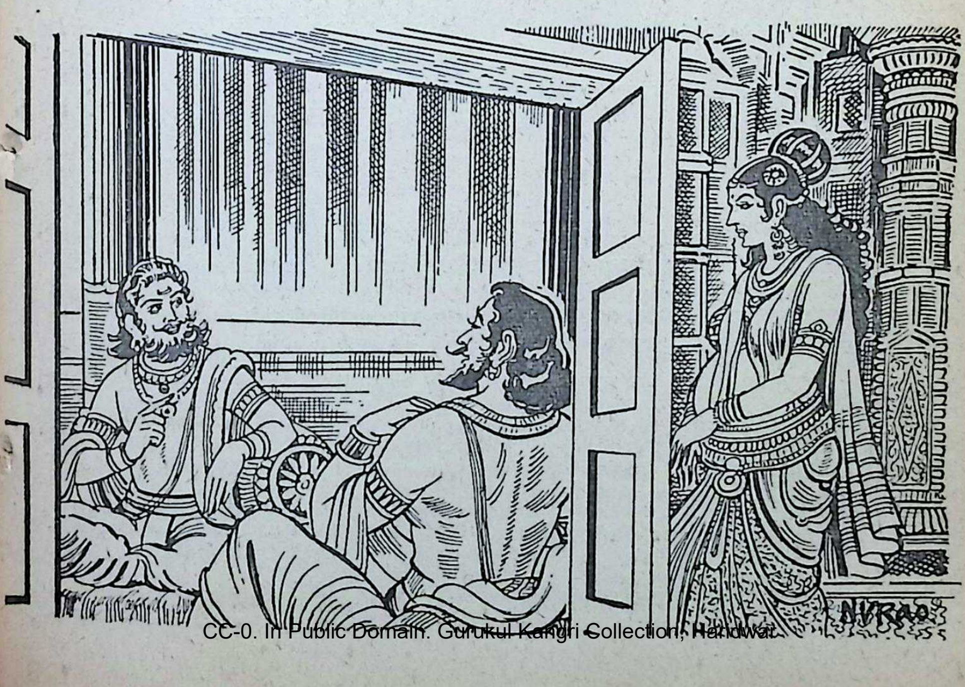
Rekhaa, who was in the next room, came running when she heard the screams of her mistress; now she saw her lying unconscious, moaning in pain and ran out to call the midwife and other maids.

Later Jalandhar*aa,* on return from the river for her bath, heard her sister's fearful screams coming from her room. Seeing that her sister, whom she loved ardently, was in some danger, she ran to her room without completing her toilet.

The door of her sister's room from which the screams came, was closed. The maids ran here and there in panic, some bringing vessels of hot water. She did not realise what was happening. She knocked at the door. An elderly woman, stout and tall, whom she had never met before, opened the door to her.

Jalandhar*aa* had a momentary glimpse into the deep recesses of the room. She saw Bhanumati's skirt and bodice, torn off her body, lying on the floor. She saw her face sweaty

"If you are willing, Jalandharaa's swayamvara *can be held early next year," said Susharma to Duryodana.*



with locks of hair sticking to her face, and from her gaping mouth came scream after scream. In between the screams, she heard her sister crying: 'Govind, don't let me die; save my son.' Jalandhar*aa* paled and covered her face with her hands.

The strange woman told her in a whisper: 'This is not the place for a young lady like you. Go away.' She closed the door almost rudely.

Jalandhar*aa* felt hurt, but this was not the time to harbour any grievance. Bhanumati was in mortal danger and wanted to see Krishna whom she loved ardently. Without caring to change her homely dress or making a knot of her abundant hair, she hurriedly left the *antahpura*.

She found Duryodhana and her brother Susharma in the verandah, the former moving about impatiently as the screams of Bhanumati fell on his ears.

'Jalandhar*aa*, what is the matter? How is she?' he asked.

'I do not know. A strange woman shut me out of the room.'

'Is she dying?'

She gave vent to her feelings, suppressed so long. 'I do not know. But I know this: that if she dies, you would never get so loving a wife like her.' She tossed her head and ran out of the mansion.

As she came out of the courtyard of the mansion, she saw Queen Gaandhari, her eyes blind-folded as they always were, out of devotion to her blind husband, coming to see her ailing daughter-in-law, being led by two maid-servants.

She ran towards the mansion where Krishna was housed; there she learnt that he had gone to meet the King of Virata. Wild with anxiety, she ran to the mansion where the Five Brothers lived, met Draupadi and got her to send a man to fetch Krishna. Mother Kunti, hearing that Bhanumati was ill, left for Duryodhana's mansion, accompanied by Draupadi.

Time passed. The screams abated. Bhanumati had developed high fever; her mind was wandering.

The physician was called.

[*To be continued*]

As certainly as water falls in rain on the tops of mountains and runs down into valleys, plains and pits, so does thought fall first on the best minds, and run down, from class to class, until it reaches the masses, and works revolutions.

—Emerson

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Satyam Shivam Sundaram

R. K. DALAL

THE three layers of the Soul are *Satyam* (truth), *Shivam* (benevolence), and *Sundaram* (the beautiful). These layers, each, when pursued with one-pointed concentration, lead ultimately to self-realisation—the emancipation of the Soul from the thraldom of senses.

Let us consider each facet of this universal beauty of the Soul.

What is Truth? It is something that is eternal, unchanging and true. It is something that no human being, be he an atheist or a theist, can deny. God they may deny, but Truth they cannot. Hence Mahatma Gandhi said it is better to say Truth is God than God is Truth.

"For me," says Mahatma Gandhi, "Truth is the sovereign principle, which includes numerous other principles. This truth is not only truthfulness in word, but truthfulness in thought also, and not only the relative truth of our conception, but the Absolute TRUTH, the Eternal Principle, that is GOD. There are innumerable definitions of GOD, because His manifestations are innumerable. They overwhelm me with wonder and awe and for a moment stun me. But I worship GOD as TRUTH only.

"The seeker after truth should be humbler than the dust. The world crushes the dust under its feet, but the seeker after TRUTH should so humble himself that even the dust could crush him. Only then, and not till then, will he have a glimpse of TRUTH."

Through all crises of life, vicissitudes of circumstances, the changing pattern of life through ages, whatever remains steadfast, constant and inexorable, never changing an iota, is TRUTH.

Civilizations may come and go, empires may rise and fall, dynasties may rule and disappear, yet Truth never dies, never changes. It stands like a column of smoke by day and obelisk of light by night,—that is Truth. Truth is made of sterner stuff, to withstand the onslaughts of centuries of denials. God is Truth—for, Truth is self-proclaimed, self-sustained, and self-propagating. It needs no adjuncts or accessories of religion, ideology or culture to propagate it. It is something that is dictated by the conscience of man.

It is because of the uncompromising and inflexible nature of Truth and Truth often suffers—but in the end always vindicates itself. A poet has sung of Truth, being always on the scaffold, thus:

> "Truth for ever on the scaffold,
> Wrong for ever on the throne;
> Yet that scaffold sways the future
> And behind the dim unknown
> Standeth God within the shadow
> Keeping watch above His own."

The next facet is Benevolence.

A heart to be benevolent must be compassionate and full of love: love, not only for mankind, but for birds and beasts, flowers and trees, nay, even for the crawling insects that creep and crawl on earth. Benevolence such as this can only stem from non-violence in thought, word and deed.

Your love must be so universal that your heart yearns to aspire thus with the poet who sang:

> "If I can stop one heart breaking,
> I shall not live in vain;
> If I can ease one life the aching,
> Or cool one pain,
> Or help one fainting robin
> Unto his nest again,
> I shall not live in vain."

You have no right to hurt, kill or sacrifice that which God has created on earth. It has as much right to live the allotted span of worldly life as you or I. What right has man to kill that which he cannot create or replace. 'Live and let live'—no, 'Live and help others to live as well' must be man's motto.

> "Teach me to feel another's woe,
> To hide the faults I see;
> That pity I to others show,
> That pity show to me."

The message of *Shivam* reads:

> "Have you had a kindness shown?
> Pass it on;
> 'Twas not given for thee alone,
> Pass it on.
> Let it travel down the years,
> Let it wipe another's tears,
> Till in Heaven the deed appears—
> Pass it on."

The last phase is *Sundaram*.

See the light of Beauty in everything that the Lord has created. What wizardry of colours you see in the flowers! What soft feathers embody the lilt of a song-bird! What poem of pity you see in a cow! What fleet-footed velocity in a manly horse! What gorgeous plumage you see in the spread of a peacock's feathers! The earth, the sky, the star-studded heavens, the undulating bosom of the vast oceans, the gurgling brook, the rippling river—all bring to you the vision of *Sundaram* of God. Your eyes get filled with tears of ecstasy at the sight of all this.

A smile on a beloved's face is bewitching, for it expresses the serene ecstasy of the soul. The eyes, when they lower or flutter on the brink of a flood of tears, the face lost in meditation or wreathed in miles and miles of sublimity and sunshine of the soul —all these need the faculty of *Sundaram* in your soul to perceive and behold and be bewitched by their sheer beauty. Have you seen a rose-bud of a baby smile in her sleep? Have you seen a straggling tear precariously perched on a baby's dainty eyelids in sleep? These sights are the divine manifestation of Godhood in man. If we could only remove the veil of gross worldly veneer, we can behold such visions of sheer divine beauty. Keats was, therefore, right in singing:

> "A thing of beauty is a joy for
> ever:

Its loveliness increases; it will
never
Pass into nothingness."

When these three lights descend on you, a sort of inner illumination seems to flood your inner soul. There inside descends a peace that passeth understanding. How can you describe this divine illumination except by singing with Tagore:

"Light, my light, the world filling light, the eye-kissing light, heart sweetening light! Ah, the light dancing, my darling, at the centre of my life; the light strikes, my darling, the chords of my life; the sky opens, the wind runs wild, laughter passes over the earth.

"The butterflies spread their sails on the sea of light. Lilies and jasmines surge up on the crest of the waves of light.

"The light is shattered into gold on every cloud, my darling, and it scatters gems in profusion.

"Mirth spreads from leaf to leaf, my darling, and the gladness without measure. The heaven's river has drowned its banks and the flood of joy is abroad."

And Silence of the Soul floods the inside of you—a Silence in which Ram can only break out in prayers like this:

> "Sada rahu main charanki dhuli
> Naina anju me prabhupad anajani
> Roam roam aba tej jharat hai
> Antar anand pur bahat hai
> 'Tuhi! Tuhi!' mukh pukare."

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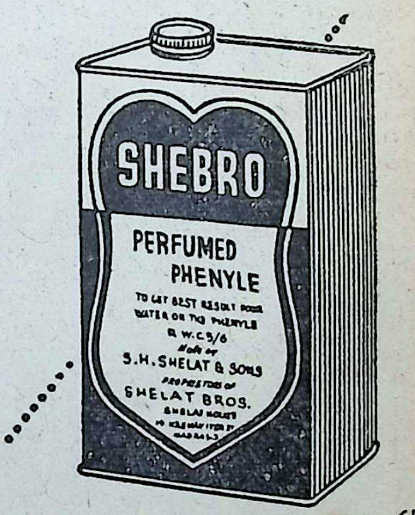

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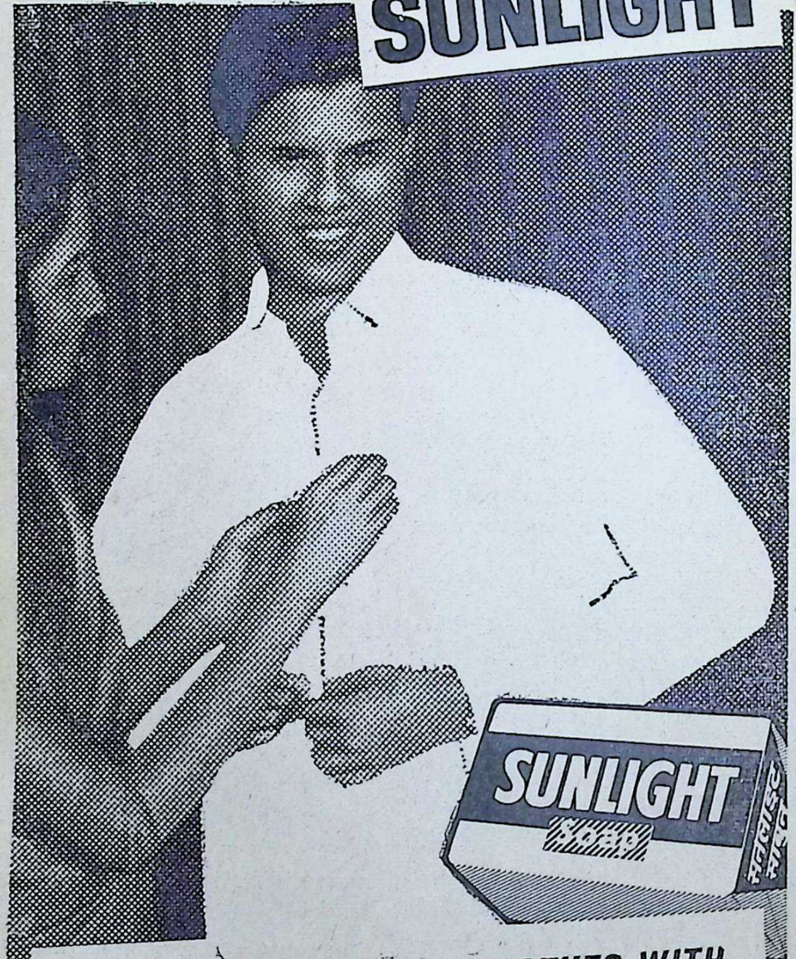

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HIROSHIGE

The Turner of Japan

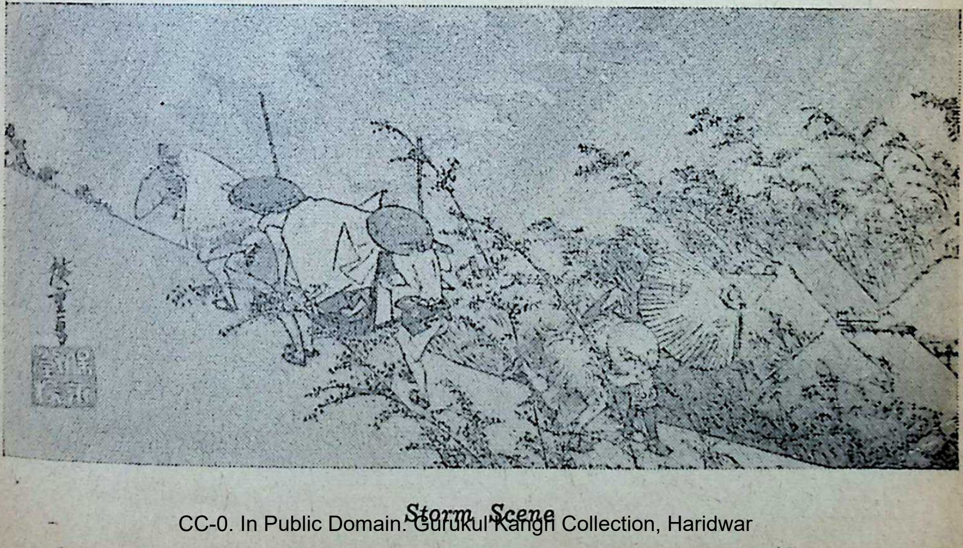
Prof. O. C. Gangoly

> *Hiroshige was one of the principal members of the* Ukiyo-ye *or popular school of painting in Japan, a school which chiefly made colour prints. Two of his pupils took his name as Hiroshige II and Hiroshige III. All three were closely associated with the work signed with the name of the master. The earlier prints made by these artists, whose works can hardly be separated, are of extraordinary merit.*
>
> —Encyclopaedia Britannica

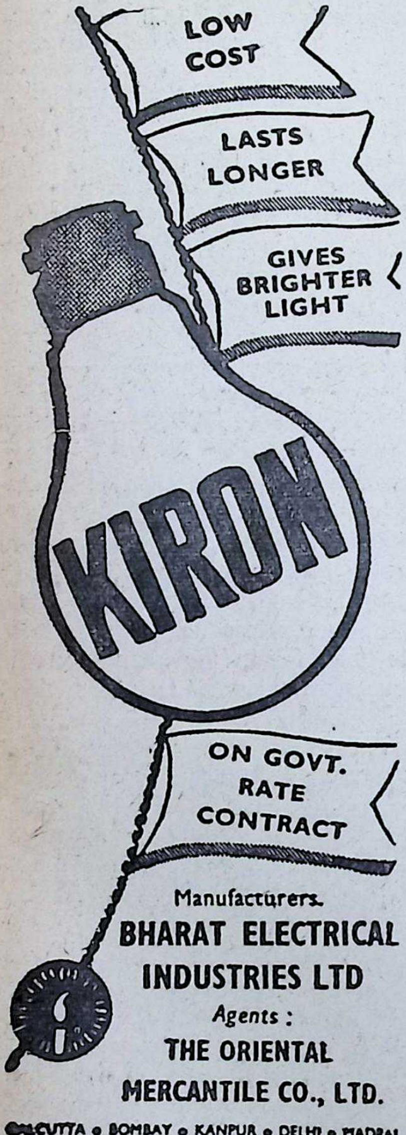
IT is unfortunate that very little interest has been taken in India of the great works of Edo Hiroshige, the world-famous artist of Japan. He occupies the same position as that of J.M.W. Turner in English Painting.

Generally regarded as the foremost landscape painter of Japan, he was born at Yedo and was a pupil of Toyohiro. His earliest work was a series of views of Mount Fusiyama dated 1820. His *Fifty-three Stations of the Tokaido* were published after 1845 in the decline of his life. He died of cholera during the great epidemic of 1858.

Hiroshige's favourite subjects were the scenes of everyday life in and around Yedo and along the picturesque highway connecting Yedo with Kyoto. He had settled down with the determination to conquer the beauties of nature within the vicinity of his native town. This he knew from child-



Storm Scene



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hood, and they appealed to him most strongly. He sometimes concentrated on the same subject, but represented it in all hours of the day, in all seasons of the year, and in all conditions of the atmosphere.

He was an innovator in many respects. He had picked up a few ideas upon the European theories of perspective and constantly made use of them. His vanishing points were not always in the right place, but the whole of his composition greatly gained in reality by these experiments. He also recognized the existence of projecting shadows, and introduced faithful reflections of the moon and lanterns into his pictures, an accomplishment which was strictly tabooed by the older artists. The appearance of rain, mists and wind, the frigidity of snow-laden streets and fields, have rarely been more faithfully represented.

Many of his storm-scenes have been ranked as the best of world-masterpieces. We cite, here, two of his great works. A group of 'Three Figures with Umbrellas'—in a rainy-landscape (*please see cover*). A more daring study is another storm-scene—with a group walking on the road—severely beaten by the falling strokes of rains—while the storm is indicated by the three rows of trees, silhouetted against the sky—and, melting in the distant horizon (p. 45).

We have yet to see a talented Indian Landscapist following on the footsteps of Hiroshige.

Sources of Greek Music

Rajkumari Maheepindar Kaur

MUSIC played a prominent part in Greek life. It also engaged the attention of great philosophers.

The Greek system of music is an oriental melodic system of music, and, not a western system.

There is a profuse lack of any living example of any music system prevalent in pre-historic times. This feature is displayed conspicuously in Ancient Greek Music too. Consequently, it can be asserted that the Greek system of music is one which can be termed as a lost system of music.

Numerous myths depict the origins of Greek music as connected with Egypt. Amongst these myths is that of the earliest lyre, Chelys, the invention of which is attributed to the God Hermes.

Though Greece was geographically a part of Europe, its music was largely Asiatic. The Greeks themselves admitted, indeed emphasized this fact. They credited Egypt, Assyria, Asia Minor, and Phoenicia with the invention of the instruments they used, named two of their main tonalities after the Asiatic countries, Phrygia and Lydia, referred to Egypt as the source of their musicopedagogic ideas, and attributed the creation of Greek Music to Olympos, the son of Marsyas the Phrygian.

Not more than a dozen Greek melodies are preserved, and, several among them are mere fragments. Peter-Crossley-Holland mentions that fewer than twenty fragments of Greek music have come down to us on stone and papyrus, and none is older than the second century B.C. when Greece was already undergoing conquest by the Romans (c. 200-30 B.C.).

The sources of Greek music in the practical sphere are:

1. A stone carving in the Athenian treasury which was discovered during the French excavations in 1893 A.D. at Delphi which depicts two hymns (sacred music) in honour of Apollo, dating from about the middle of the second century B.C. or, the beginning of the Christian era. The second Delphic hymn is the work of one Limenius of Athens (c. 127 B.C. or 128 B.C.). The first may be of the same date or slightly earlier.

2. Skolion or drinking song by the "Sicilian" Seikilos, composed in the first or second century B.C. engraved on a column at Tralles in Asia Minor has also been unearthed. It is a piece of profane and not religious music. It depicts the inconsistency of life. This 'Epitaph of Seikilos' to his wife comes from a tomb at Aidin in Turkey and like all surviving examples consists of a single line of melody, brief but intact.

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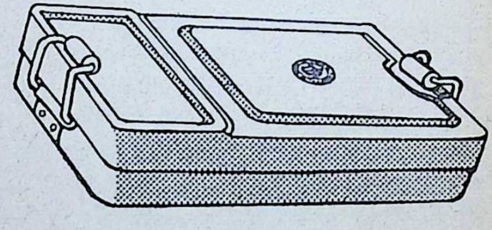

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3. Six Papyri leaves, dating from about the 4th century B.C. to the 3rd century A.D. contain (i) groups of notes for songs in plays (just like songs that were sung in plays during the time of Bharata in ancient India); (ii) incidental music for an unspecified instrument (just as in the Kudimiamalai inscription one finds scores for a stringed musical instrument, in all probability the Veena); (iii) half a line of a lyrical song. It is to be noted that the latter evidence is incomplete. Pieces from Euripide's tragedy *Orestes,* paean on the older Ajax's suicide, hymns to Helios, Memesis, Muse (probably all the three hymns were composed by Mesomedes, a contemporary of Hadrian, A.D. 138), or, the last hymn perhaps by Dionysios, and, Hymn from Oxyrhynchos in Egypt are given in papyrus leaves. Two more papyri containing fragments of Greek Music, one in Oslo and one in Michigan are still (1953) awaiting publication.

It is remarkable that among eleven pieces only one is instrumental and the few measures of which it consists show it to be an etude for the lyre rather than an actual composition.

Ancient text-books reveal only four tunes. These have been deciphered and it has been found that these tunes were examples or demonstrations in connection with teaching. So this is an indirect source with regard to the evidence of Ancient Greek Music in antique records. The number of complete, authentic pieces is only two.

In *Grove's Dictionary* it is mentioned that, "Greek music in its concrete manifestations is almost entirely lost. The surviving corpus of melody consists of the equivalent of less than 600 bars, a total which includes conjectural supplements and is divided between some fifteen pieces or fragments of pieces, often of uncertain date, but covering a range of about seven centuries."

Evidence regarding the theoretical aspect of Ancient Greek Music are as follows:

1. A work attributed to Euclid (c. 300 B.C.) which deals with the details regarding the theory of Pythagoras and later experiments by the tireless scholars of the Pythagorean school.

2. The works of Plato (347-427 B.C.) in which the author has discaused various aspects of music. In the *Republic* of Plato, the place of music in the ideal state has been discussed. In another work, *Timaeus,* technical points, such as Greek melody, ethos, scales, Pythagorean scales, etc., have been discussed.

3. Aristotle (384-322 B.C.) wrote works on physics and politics. He has also discussed the importance of music in the state and in the government.

4. Fragments of the works of the impressive system of Aristoxenus—375 B.C. (approximate birth date) to 4th century B.C. approximately. Pythagoras has been interpreted by Aristoxenus. The latter has been interpreted by other classical writers—Archytas, Ptolemys (he wrote about "Harmonics"), Didymus, Boethius (died 524 A.D.) (the latest of these classical writers), Cassis-Dorus (contemporary of Boethius), etc.

Greek Music was almost forgotten after the Roman conquest and the

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destruction of the Roman Empire and civilization. It has been pointed out by musicologists that the Latin writers (Archytas, etc.) made several blunders while interpreting Greek Music.

More important than these is the value of the works of Arab authors dealing with Greek Music. Al Farabi, also known as Al Farabias (950 A.D.) wrote *The Grand Book of Music* or *Kitab al Mousiqi al Kabir*. Ibn-Sina (about one century later), known to westerners as Avicenna, wrote several works on medicine and music. Music was secondary to him. He is quoted even now by many doctors. He wrote the book called *Kitab Al Shifa*.

The disappearance of the ancient Greek music system occurred in its region of origin about the 10th or 12th century. The Arabs and Turks received directly the inheritance of the Greeks, and through them, the works of great Greek philosophers and mathematicians reached Europe and were propagated in Europe during the middle ages and the period of the renaissance (14th-16th centuries).

Numerous modes of Greek Music are named after various provinces and tribes e.g. Aeolian mode (our Asawari), Dorian mode (our Kafi), Lydian mode (our Yaman), Phrygian mode (our Bhairavi).

The Sumerian civilization which flourished about 3000 B.C. or even earlier had reached a high degree of development. Its impact on Greek Music was tremendous. Consequently, an important transmission of traditional and cultural elements occurred. The Sumerians were a non-semitic people. An extensive propagation of their community took place in the Western world. Evidence of this fact is obtainable from Asoka-pillar inscriptions inscribed in Kharoshti. It is mentioned that the Sumerians came from somewhere in the East. Due to the close association of the orient with antiquity, it can be presumed that the Sumerians came from India. They worshipped various gods and forces of nature with the aid of vocal and instrumental music. The reed-pipe; kettle drum; flutes; tambourines and several kinds of drums were used by them.

The mathematical calculations of Pythagoras bearing on music were known to the Chaldaeans. Numerous cosmic correspondences were demonstrated by the harmonic divisions of a stretched string.

The early ancient Chaldaeans divided the string into harmonic parts. This ancient civilization of the Chaldaeans (7th century B.C.) has left records of four distinct intervals—

No.	*Intervals*	*Ratio*	*Vibrations*	*Co-relation*
1.	Unison	1:1	1/1	Spring
2.	The Octave	1:2	2/1	Summer
3.	Fifth	2:3	3/2	Winter
4.	Fourth	3:4	4/3	Autumn

Pythagoras brought back to Greece the science of harmonics and principles of the musical scale from these Chaldaean sources of Mesopotamia.

According to Herodotus (a well-known classical historian c. 484-425 B.C.) the music practised in Egypt was known to the Greeks and various Gods, ceremonies, litanies and other cults were passed on to the Greeks by the Egyptians. Thus, the Egyptian culture too had a considerable impact upon the Greeks.

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Question Box

Answers by **K. M. MUNSHI**

1169

Sri D. V. Ananda Rao, Bhuvaneshwar.

Q: *What is soul? Does it possess any physical shape? How does it function? After death where does it go?*

A: Soul is the spiritual essence in man. It has no material shape, but works through the physical body. Unless clouded by animal instincts, it radiates love, truth, beauty, peace and joy.

After the body dies, the immortal soul goes into another body to work out *samskar*s of the earlier life.

1170

Sri G.V.L.N. Murthy, Gangalakunu.

Q: *Why are we celebrating God's marriage year after year?*

A: To remind us that marriage is a sacred relationship which has to remain inviolate so that the foundation of conjugal and family life may well be laid. Without this foundation, society will disintegrate.

1171

Smt. Shashi Paturkar, Varanasi.

Q: *Is it true that* Gita *should not be recited by women?*

A: No. It is for all who want to live in God.

1172

Sri Subbarayappa, Kurumaradikere.

Q: *Is it possible to convert Shudras into Brahmins, Vaisyas and Kshatriyas nowadays? What should be done?*

A: The caste was a social institution, which in view of the present conditions of life, cannot flourish. Every man, whatever his heredity, can attain the status which he seeks to attain through self-discipline.

1173

Sri H. B. Mahalingaiah, Bangalore.

Q: *Why do people offer flowers to God? Some offer Kumkumam and others dehusked rice, etc?*

A: An offering is a visible act reflecting the inner desire to surrender to God. The highest and the best offering is to dedicate all your life and every act to God.

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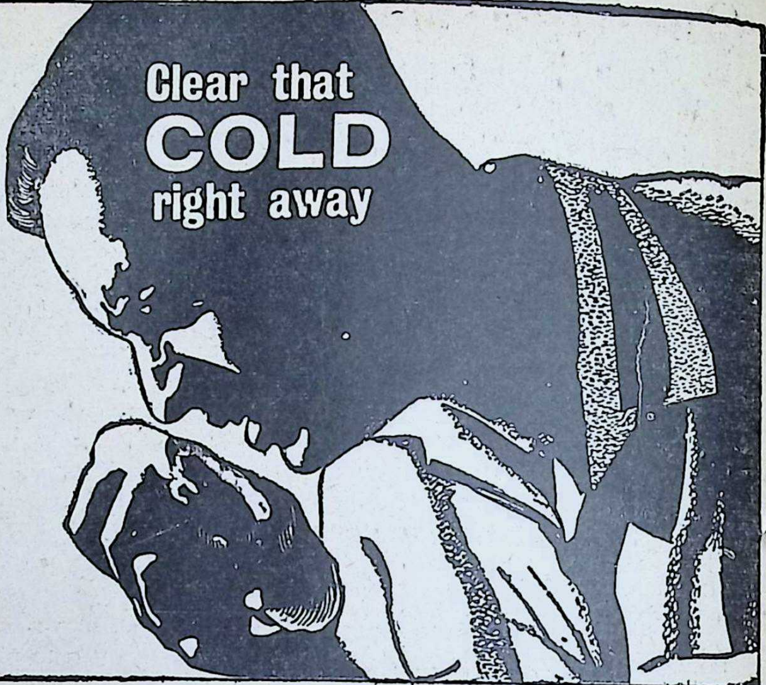
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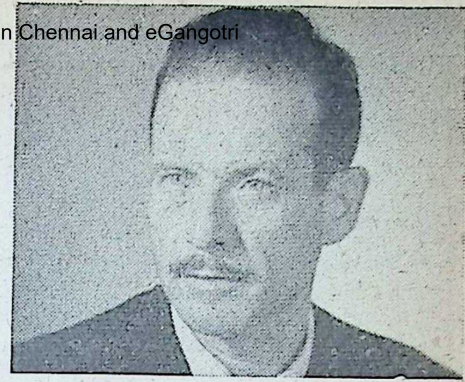


DEVELOPING POWER OF WILL

IT has been said that every man has three major realities he must meet in life—money, love and health.

There is a potency within all of us, however, which we must learn to control, and it is the mastery of this power that is perhaps a key to successfully meeting these problems. This force is known to us as will power.

A man cannot handle his finances with wisdom if he does not practise some measure of self-restraint. Minus power of will, love is meaningless and can be destroyed. Only by practising self-control can one acquire and retain vigorous mental and physical health.

What is this vital influence, will power, and how does one control it?

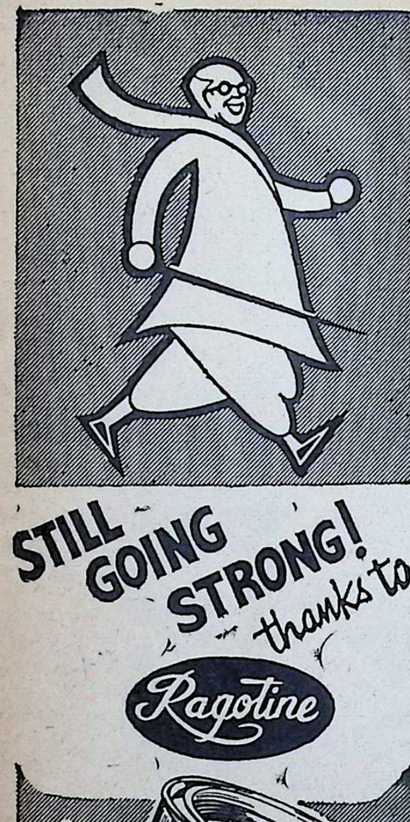
At the outset we should differentiate "stubbornness" from "will power." These are not synonymous terms. "Stubbornness" implies rigidity, changelessness, and weakness of personality.

Will power embodies determination, strength of character, decision, and willingness to adopt or bend to self-realized betterment.

Will power is a force we are constantly testing. In our everyday existence we are either helping build this trait or participating in its constant destruction. The glutton weakens the power each time he overeats. The alcoholic, whenever he succumbs to "another drink." The smoker every time he "lights up." Each time we give rise to greed, lust, anger or hate we help destroy it.

Many people try to build will power by approaching it from a negative or weak area. This is a difficult, if not impossible, approach. The problem must be dealt with *positively*. The key to building superb will power is concentration. The concentration must also be directed and controlled. Through the ability to highly focus the attention one can learn to direct the blood supply, control the muscles, and make the mind master of the body. Needless to say, this can only be acquired through diligent practice.

You may have observed that most of the principles and laws of Nature require that a measure of self-control be applied. Consequently, I feel it is entirely proper to learn the methods the great sages have successfully employed throughout history. It must be emphasized that these formulas are



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not my own discovery or invention. Nor are they untried theories. They have been successfully applied for centuries. If you follow these rules and adopt them sincerely you will triumph.

Should the reader lack confidence or have any doubt as to the efficacy of these methods, let him study the messages of Christ, Moses, Gandhi, and Mohammed.

Will power can be strengthened by adhering to these proven suggestions:

1. Ask God for His help. Never underestimate the potency of *heartfelt* prayer.
2. Practise self-restraint *deliberately*. (Many find fasting a peerless lesson to inculcate this characteristic). Concentrate on the necessity, reasons, and benefits of self-control.
3. Utilize suitable exercises.*
4. Endeavour to keep hold of noble thoughts. Exclude lust, greed, envy, hate, and anger. They are the negative emotions which can destroy self-discipline.

Confession: I want the reader to know I am not a paragon of virtue. Nor do I claim to adhere strictly to all the foregoing precepts. But it is important that man keep in mind ideals for which he should strive, the result of which would make him and society that much improved.

Our religious ideals have not been tried and found wanting. They have only been found difficult and left untried.

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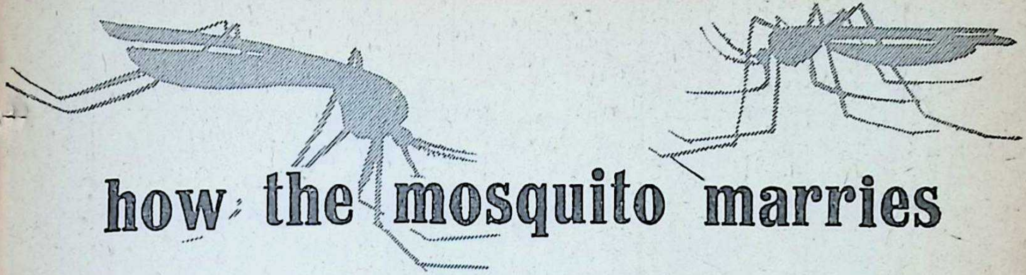
* See Chap. 9 of my book *The Restoration of Health*, Price Rs. 25/- Obtainable from Nature Cure Centre, Uruli Kanchan, Poona District.



how the mosquito marries

Ray Smithers

AT certain times of the year, mosquitoes can be observed to form swarms, or dancing parties, where they whirl around each other by the thousand. It is a strange ritual, however, because only the males take part.

In reality, the swarm is like a marriage mart where the females choose the males.

Occasionally a knowledgeable female approaches the males' dancing party. Even where the female is several yards from the swarm, some of the males discover her and race to her side. The race goes to the swift, because only one male will win her for his bride!

The question that has puzzled scientists for years is how the males pick up the female when she is still several yards away.

If a strange male approaches, the swarm continues uninterrupted. By experiment it was discovered that one mosquito cannot tell the sex of another by sight or by smell, especially at a distance. So the scientists reasoned that sound was the only answer! This assumption was coincident with the discovery that the wing beat of the male was different from that of the female: 500 beats, or cycles, per second for the male, about 300 for the female.

However, many biologists still had their doubts. How, they argued,

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I had decided to have all my teeth extracted but they were such nice teeth and only the gums were at fault. Then I read about Forhan's. I bought a tube at once and like you say, I used to massage my gums gently three times a day. Soon they started hardening and now, I use Forhan's Toothpaste regularly. You should see my sparkling white teeth. R.T., Bombay

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M. 51

could a male, dancing in the middle of a swarm, detect the sound of a lone female so far away? Surely the sound of their own droning wings and the droning of thousands of other males would drown out the sound of a lone female.

The objection was answered by Professor Horst Tischner, head of the theoretical electronic engineering division at the Technological University of Hanover in Germany. He showed the zoologists that the hearing organ of the male mosquito is tuned precisely to the wing beat of the female. It could hear the tiny sound of a lone, distant female with unfailing certainty even while the male was in the midst of the buzzing, "dancing" swarm.

But, argued the still doubtful zoologists, the wing beat of the female is not always the same, because it could be influenced by such things as temperature and air pressure. Once again, Professor Tischner showed that the hearing organ of the male was subject to the same climatic variations as the wing beat of the female; so they would always be in tune.

Was it really the sound of the female that attracted the males in the "dancing parties"? Professor Tischner provided the final proof.

He offered up one of his collaborators to make the final demonstration. Professor Tischner told his assistant to stand beneath a dancing swarm of males and sing slowly down the scale. The moment the assistant reached 300 cycles per second he was humming the note of a flying female. And almost the entire swarm rushed directly into his mouth.

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K. M. MUNSHI

Prithvi-Vallabh

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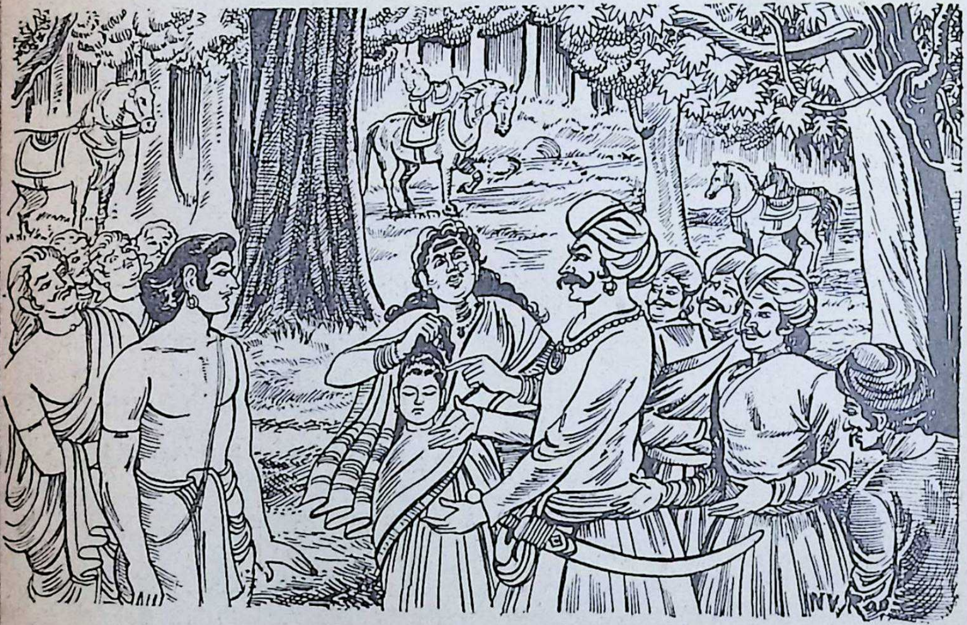
Translated from Gujarati by H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)



"And this is the banner of victory of Syundesh."

THE STORY SO FAR: Munj, the great Paramara conqueror of Malva who had routed Tailap, the king of Telengana, eighteen times, was finally vanquished by Bhillam, Tailap's Commander-in-Chief. He was taken prisoner and brought to Manyakhet, the capital of Telengana, and imprisoned in the palace-cellar. Mrinalvati, the widowed sister of Tailap, went to the prison to sense how he reacted to the humiliation. Mrinalvati's asceticism crumbled before Munj's manliness. She is far too advanced in her love for him. Vilas is carried away by Rasnidhi who reveals himself as Bhojraj to Satyashray in the tunnel.

CHAPTER 30

THE ESCAPE

BHOJ had barely taken a few steps when he began to regain control over himself. The first thing he realised was that Vilas was surprisingly light. What could be the reason? The first thought that came to his mind frightened him. His right hand, he found, was wet with blood. Bhoj stood still. With some difficulty he put Vilas on her feet to see where she was wounded. The next moment he let out a fierce yell. Vilas's head was no longer on her shoulders. What he held in his hand was a headless body.

His heart stood still. Reeling under the blow, he broke down and wailed aloud. Soon he heard steps coming towards him from the other side of the tunnel.

Dhananjay and the other poets who had crossed the tunnel, had come back to discover why Prithvi Vallabh and Bhoj should have taken such a long time to join them.

"Your Majesty!" said Dhananjay, thinking that Prithvi Vallabh was with Bhoj. When he came near, the torch fell from his lifeless hand, seeing Bhoj alone, bespattered with blood, with a headless body in his arms. Dhananjay, though a brave man, shuddered to see the gruesome sight.

Bhoj recognised the poet, and in a tragic voice could only exclaim: "Dhananjay, my brother!"

After a little while, Bhoj asked: "Do you see this, Dhananjay?" As he felt himself on the point of fainting, he handed over the headless body of Vilas to Dhananjay.

Bhoj recovered his self-composure and addressed Dhananjay: "Do you see this, Dhananjay? I gave back his life to Satyashray. He repaid the debt by killing Vilas and carrying her head away," he said between sobs.

After a while, Dhananjay asked: "Where is His Majesty?"

"His Majesty is in prison. I was about to emerge from the tunnel and step into his cell, when Satyashray and his men broke into it and seized him. By a sign, he asked me to go away. There was nothing else I could do. I stepped back into the tunnel pulling the stone-lid behind me and ran." Bhoj narrated the events in a voice choking with tears. He continued: "Immediately on emerging from the tunnel into Mahasamant's garden, I took Vilas with me and found my way into the secret opening of this tunne below the temple. But Satyashray followed me into the tunnel. I though it best to stop and fight him. We fought and I won, but I let him go on his promising to go back the way he had come and undertaking not to attack me from behind." Again he was in such violent sobs as if his hear was breaking. After he had composed himself, he continued: "He did carry out his promise. But as he went seeing Vilas lying semi-conscious on the ground, he cut off her head which

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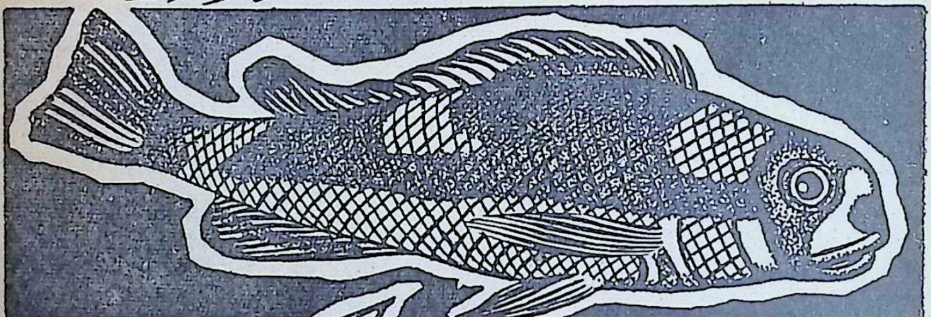

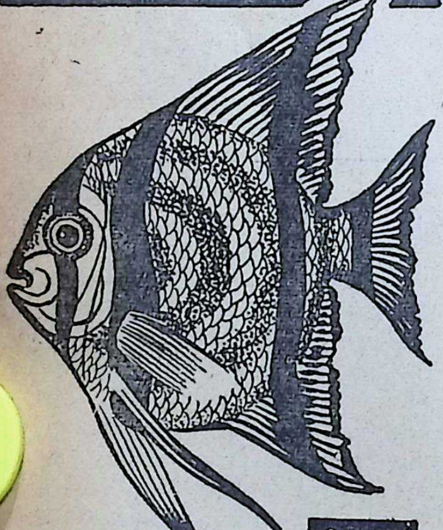

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he has taken away with himself!" Bhoj completely broke down.

Dhananjay and the poets were struck dumb. Bhoj resumed: "Now I understand how that wretch committed his foul deed. When he pretended to stumble, it was an excuse to bend down and cut off Vilas's head. Let us make certain that he did take away the head."

Bhoj picked up the torch and turned back, the others following him. Very soon, they came to the spot where the fight had taken place. They found the handle of Satyashray's sword, and the broken pieces of the two swords. There was only a pool of blood, where Bhoj had laid her on the ground.

Silently and without a word, they turned back, took up Vilas's body and walked on. It did not take them long to come out of the tunnel. They immediately got on the horses waiting for them and rode on until they came to the bank of the river Godavari. There they cremated Vilas's body.

Just as the fire finally enveloped it, Bhoj vowed to himself: "I will see that every drop of blood of Vilas is avenged."

Bhoj's imagination brought Vilas's innocent face before his eyes. He could see her beautiful face glowing as it reflected her appreciation of his poetry. Bhoj could bear it no more. He broke down again and tears flowed from his eyes.

"Prince, what shall we do next?" inquired Dhananjay. Anxious to make his friend and master come out of the depth of despair, he sought to divert his mind to action and responsibility.

RAMA THIRTHA COMPETITION

We thank all the contributors to the above Competition.

The entries are being scrutinised by judges. We shall publish the results as soon as possible.

—Editor

"What next!" exclaimed Bhoj. "The road to Avanti, of course."

"But what about Prithvi Vallabh?"

Sadly Bhoj shook his head. "No, no. Alas! The prophecy of Rudraditya has turned out to be true. Prithvi Vallabh was destined to cross the Godavari only once, not twice. I am afraid he will die in Manyakhet."

"Should we not try and find out what is happening? After two or three days we could come back."

"I have no objection, but I see no point. There is no possibility now of securing Uncle's escape."

They scattered Vilas's ashes in the river. Then they crossed the river and halted in a village on the opposite bank. They had barely rested for a few moments when they saw a company of two to three hundred men on the opposite bank. Bhoj and the poets assumed the worst. These must be men sent by Tailap to seize them.

But Dhananjay recognised the leader of the party—Mahasamant. He hailed him. Mahasamant and Laxmidevi were leading their men, their faces bearing traces of anger. Mahasamant was carrying a naked sword in one hand, and a large dagger in the other. His face bore marks of bloody wounds. Laxmidevi looked as fierce as Goddess Kali herself. She, too, carried a bloody sword in her hand and her body was bespattered with blood. Tied to her saddle was a human head. It was clear that they had been through a bitter and fierce fight.

"Dhananjay, these men are not coming in our pursuit. They are returning straight from battle," observed Bhoj.

He had hardly finished speaking when he saw Mahasamant ride his horse into the river, followed by Laxmidevi and all their soldiers.

Bhoj and his colleagues were in two minds. Ought they to get on to their horses and escape, or wait? They decided to halt. It did not take Mahasamant and his party long to wade across the river. As soon as they saw Bhoj, they recognised him. "Bhojraj," Mahasamant called out.

"Mahasamant, what is the matter?"

"I am going to my Syundesh."

Laxmidevi intervened, her words trembling with excitement: "Bhojraj, he is no longer Mahasamant. He is Bhillamraj, the King of Syundesh."

Laxmidevi's eyes were red. Every limb of hers shook with anger. Bhoj could do no more than stare at this fierce woman, and as he did so, his eyes fell upon the head hanging by her saddle. With a laugh as terrifying as that of a ghoul heard on the burning-ground at midnight, Laxmidevi lifted up the head by its hair. "And this is the banner of victory of Syundesh."

Bhoj recognised the face. It was the head of Vilas.

He fainted.

[*To be continued*]

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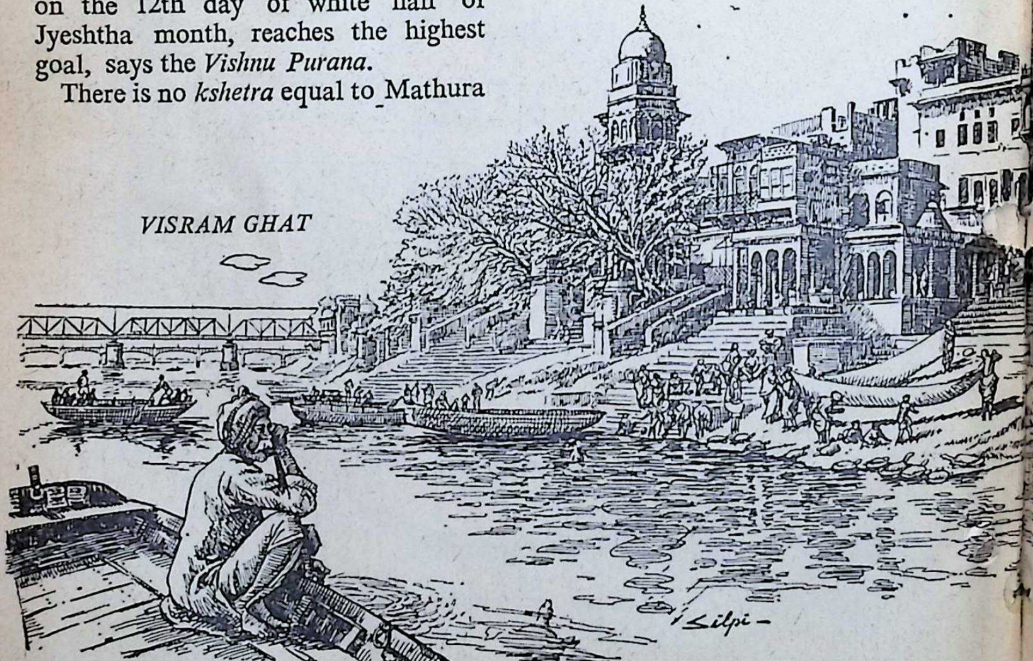
ETYMOLOGICALLY the word Mathura means that which destroys all sins: मथ्यते पापराशिः यया। As mentioned earlier in this series of articles, Mathura is one of the seven Moksha-bestowing Kshetras of India.

Kalidasa in his *Raghuvamsa*, refers to Mathura thus : the waters of Yamuna near Mathura are white like those of Ganga, because the sandal-paste from the breasts of the women of a certain king's harem, got mixed up with the water, as a result of water-sport (VI, 48.)

Worship of Vishnu at this Kshetra is considered highly meritorious. He who takes a bath in the Yamuna here on the 12th day of white half of Jyeshtha month, reaches the highest goal, says the *Vishnu Purana*.

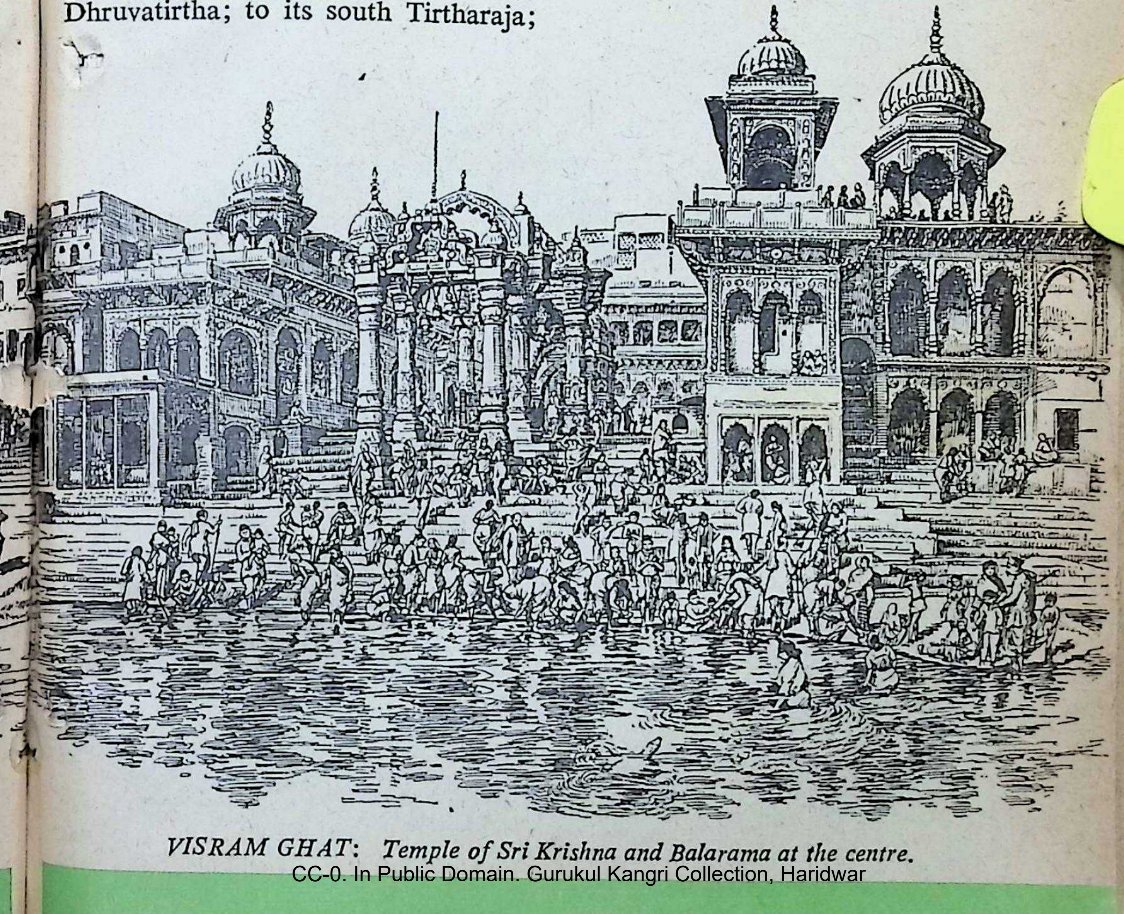
There is no *kshetra* equal to Mathura in all the three worlds, says *Varaha Purana*. Lord Varaha-Murti expresses his preference to Mathura because it is his birth-place. "One who lives in this *kshetra*," the Lord says, "will undoubtedly attain heaven. What one attains by staying a thousand years at Varanasi, one attains in a second at Mathura!" The Lord continues : "He who undertakes pilgrimages to all other places ignoring Mathura, becomes subject to my *maya* and he wobbles woefully on this earth. All the *tirthas*, oceans, lakes, etc. of the world are in Mathura. The *pitrus* attain the greatest satisfaction with *sraddha* performed in this



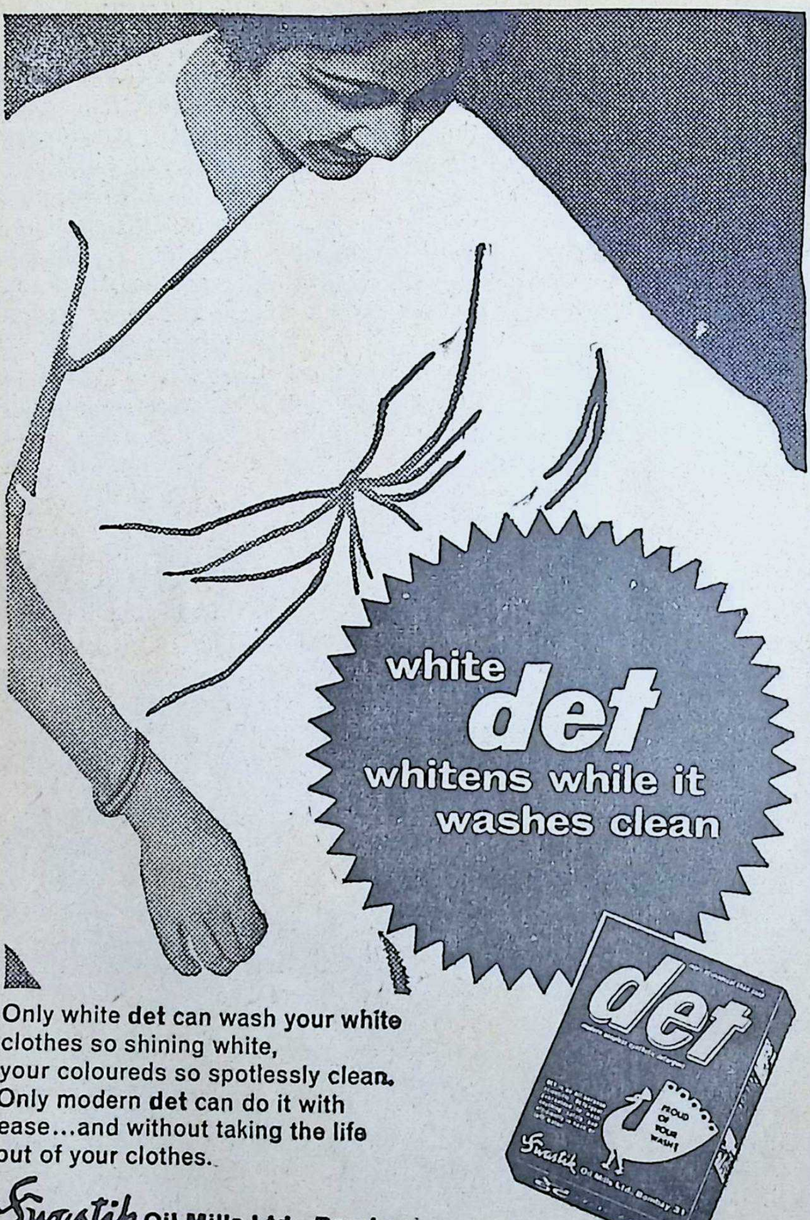
VISRAM GHAT

kshetra. I shall take birth here in many forms and deal death unto villains like Kamsa. At Mathura, Yamuna is a hundredfold holier than Ganga. There are many *tirthas* here, bathing in which leads to liberation. Of them Visranti is best known in all the three worlds. One who takes bath in it and worships Lord Gatasrama, reaches my own *loka.* By no *tapas*, *yajna*, nor *dhyana* anywhere does one obtain this state. The other *tirthas* here are Prayaga, Kanakhala, Tinduka, Suryatirtha (where the Sun-god appeared before Mahabali and gave him a Chintamani from his crown); Dhruvatirtha; to its south Tirtharaja; to its south Rishitirtha; still south Mokshatirtha; Kotitirtha (where *pitrus* are to be propitiated); Vayutirtha," etc. There are 12 such *tirthas.*

Situated on the right bank of Yamuna on the main road between Agra and Delhi, Mathura is one of the greatest centres of Hindu religious life, being the birth-place of Sri Krishna. It was originally known as Madhuvana. Dhruva did *tapas* here and saw Lord Vishnu face to face. Long after, Satrughna, brother of Sri Rama, founded the city. From the Solar race, the kingdom came under the rule



VISRAM GHAT: *Temple of Sri Krishna and Balarama at the centre.*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of the Yadava race to which King Ugrasena belonged. It was his tyrant-son Kamsa who got killed by his nephew Lord Krishna here.

Till the 6th century B.C., the city was a centre of Bhagavata religion. Later on Buddhism and Jainism flourished here and by the 11th century, Hinduism had been re-established here. It came to bad days during the Mughal period. Ghazni sacked it ; Sikandar Lodi destroyed all the shrines. Akbar's tolerance enabled the building of new Hindu temples, only to be stamped out by Shah Jehan. Aurangazeb again destroyed the temples and called it Islamabad. It was again plundered by Ahmad Shah; at last it came into British hands in 1803.

The city now presents a highly picturesque appearance from the railway bridge. From the water's edge rises a continuous line of *ghats*. (See illustration 1).

Varaha Purana mentions various places in Mathura as being connected with incidents in Sri Krishna's life. Visranti Ghat (*tirtha* of the same name) which this instalment presents is said to be the place where Sri Krishna took rest after killing Kamsa. Near the southern gate of Mathura is a place called Kamsa Ka Tila which is identified as the place where Kamsa was actually killed. These *ghats* are thronged in the early mornings by crowds of pilgrim bathers. The numerous temples for which the city is famous are usually quadrangle in shape. Their walls and entrances are adorned with handsome stone carvings and reticulated screens. The present buildings are mostly modern, the old ones having been destroyed.

It may be recalled that by the 15th century Mathura and Vrindavan had become great Vaishnavite centres after Sri Ramanuja, and now Pushtimarga of the Vallabha Sampradaya continues to prevail for the most part.

→

VISRAM GHAT : View from behind the temple.

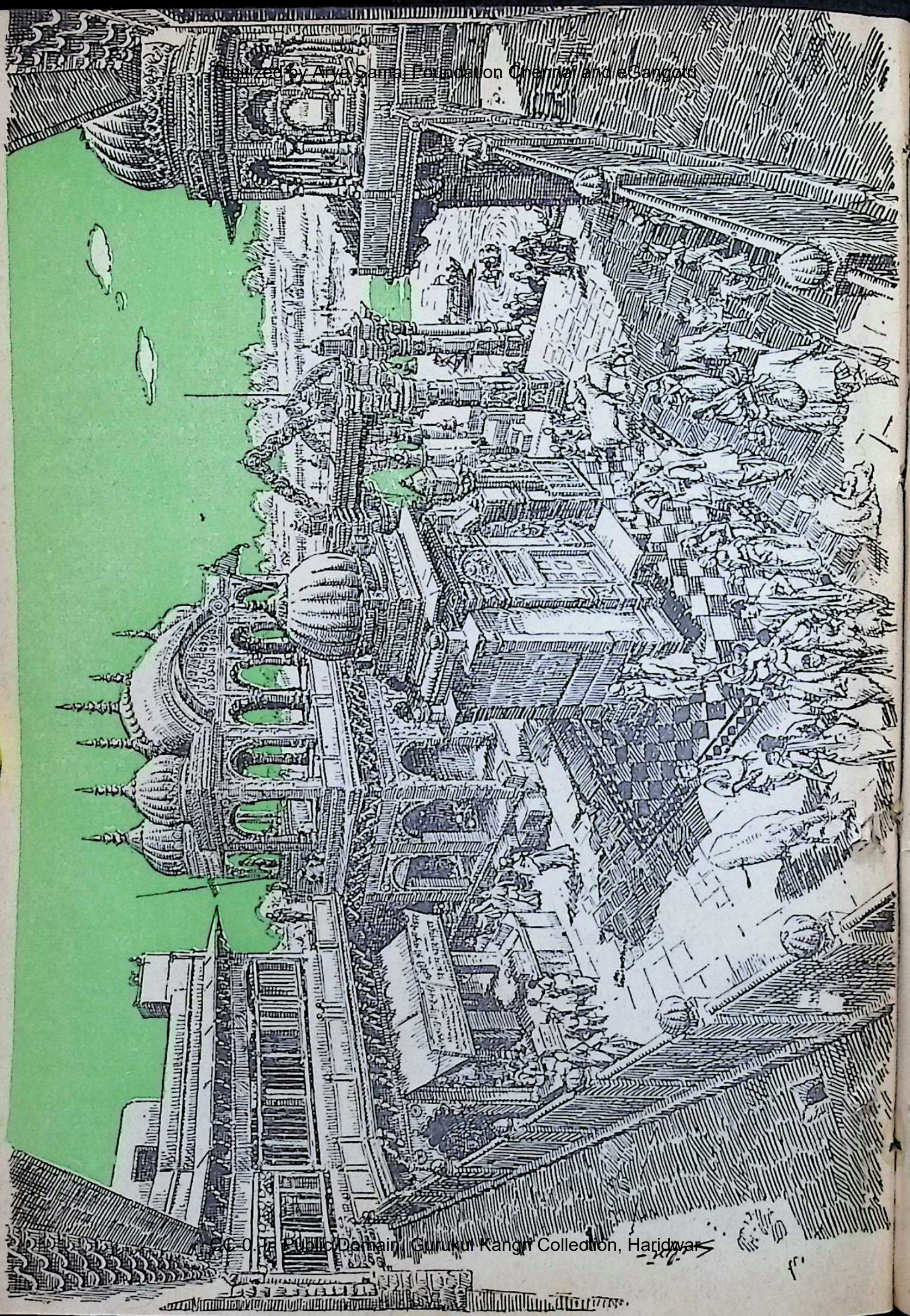
From Visranti Ghat starts the perambulation of five *krosas*. It is considered meritorious to bathe in Yamuna on Yama-dwitiya (2nd day in the bright half of Karttik). Yamuna is Yama's sister; it is said that Yama came on a visit to his sister and he was so delighted with the meals provided by her that he gave Yamuna a boon that whoever bathed in her waters there on that day, may avoid going to his kingdom.

There is a saying too that, whatever sin is perpetrated within the precincts of Mathura, would spend itself out. There is another saying that Ganga purifies one by a bath in her waters while Yamuna does at her drinking.

A circle encompassing the city of Mathura and the townships and villages of Vrindavan, Barsana, Gokul, Govardhan, Mahaban and Nandgaon constitutes the Braj-mandal or the scene of Krishna's early life. Here in a prison-cell was born Krishna of haloed memory. Here, in and around the villages about the place, did the divine Child Krishna play and trod the earth. Here did he slay Pootana, Kaliya, Kamsa and the rest. The air and the water around, seem to bear his imprint. Here, below a Kadamba tree, did he play his favourite flute and here again did he love and laugh with Radha.

[*To be continued*]

A good conscience is a soft pillow. —John Ray



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Notes & News

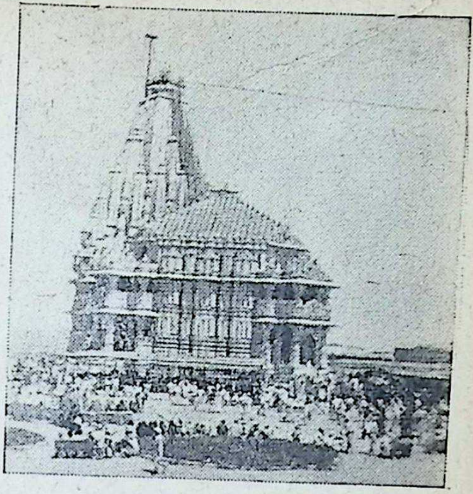
KALASA PRATISHTHA AT SOMNATH

THE raising of the flag to a height of 155 feet on the *shikar* of Sri Somnath Temple at Prabhas Patan on the 13th of last month to the booming of 21 guns, marked the completion of the installation of the Kalasa and Dhwajadanda of the historical Somnath temple, thus affirming the validity of its being the shrine eternal.

The present ceremony started on May 7, 1965 and was performed with Vedic rituals by 51 *ritviks*. It attracted a large number of devotees who thronged the shrine day after day. The ceremony was attended by His Highness the Maharaja Jam Saheb of Navanagar, the Maharani, Sri Ratubhai Adani and the Trustees Sarvasri N. V. Gadgil, Dayashankarbhai Dave and Chittaranjan Raja, who partook in the religious function.

On this memorable occasion, His Highness the Jam Saheb announced a generous donation of Rs. 1,01,101 to the Somnath Trust fund, which was loudly cheered by thousands of persons present on the occasion. The Jam Saheb who is the Chairman of the Somnath Trust since its inception, had been taking unflagging interest in the reconstruction of the temple. Messages of good wishes had been received from Sri Balwantrai Mehta, Chief Minister of Gujarat, Sri Hitendra Desai, Home Minister of Gujarat, His Highness the Maharaja of Bhavnagar and many others.

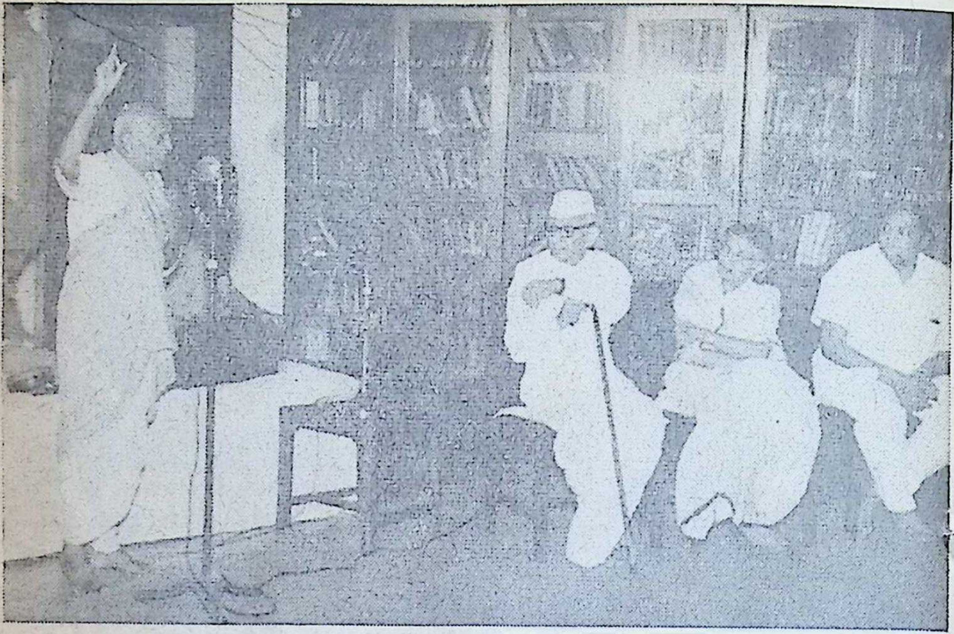
The Somnath temple which had been destroyed times without number by invading hordes in the past has now come to symbolise resurgent India and Hinduism. It was the late Sardar Patel who, soon after Independence, pledged to the nation that he would reconstruct the dilapidated Somnath temple brick by brick, and the work was entrusted to a Board of Trustees presided over by the Jam Saheb. The other members of the Committee are Kulapati Munshiji, who is the brain and inspiration behind the entire scheme, Sarvasri B.M. Birla, N.V. Gadgil, C.R. Raja and Sri Dayashankarbhai Dave.



Somnath Temple: Kalasa Pratishtha

It may be recalled that the late Dr. Rajendra Prasad, the then President of India, performed the *pratishtha* ceremony on 11th May 1951. The new temple has been built by stages at a total expense of Rs. 24,92,000. The temple is now 155 feet high. During the last 300 years, it is said, that no temple of this size had been built in India. The stone used from the first tier upwards, is of the same type as the stone used for construction of the previous Somnath temple. The architecture is also the same. Every year about 5 lakh pilgrims visit the shrine.

A monument called "Gita Mandir" has been constructed at Dehotsarga at a cost of over Rs. 1 lakh at the sacred spot on the bank of river Hiran, where Lord Sri Krishna shuffled off his mortal coils. The big hall in the Gita Mandir is supported by 18 pillars, on which 18 chapters of the *Bhagavad Gita* have been inscribed on marble.



Kulapati Munshiji inaugurated Sri Kanniah Pantulu Ramadasi's musical discourses at the Bhavan.

PRAVACHANS AT THE BHAVAN

SWAMI Sri Kanniah Pantuluji Ramadasi of Madras delivered musical discourses, Bhajans and Nirupan Keertans in many languages at the Bhavan from 4th to the 8th of June. Kulapati Munshiji inaugurated the programme on the 4th. Welcoming the Swamiji Sri J. H. Dave, Hon. Director of the Bhavan, said that Sri Pantuluji was a great Bhakta of Samarth Guru Ramdas and was spreading his guru's message throughout the country. Sri Dave affirmed that it was in the fitness of things to recall the message of nationalism of Samarth Ramdas today. Smt. Lilavati Munshi also welcomed the Swamiji.

Swamiji has started the Samartha Ramdas Mandali at Madras for spreading the gospel of Ramdas. Every year he celebrates Dasa Navami in a grand manner with poor-feeding. The Mandali requires funds for spreading the message. Lovers of Hindu *dharma* and Saint Ramdas may contribute liberally towards this deserving cause. Contributions may be sent to the Swamiji at: C/o Sri Yogam Srinivasan, No. 72, Lamington Road (Backyard), Opp. Dr. Nair's Hospital, Byculla, Bombay-8, or No. 40, Pusala Gengu Reddi Street, Egmore, Madras-8.

Kirtan Kesari Shri Bhadragiri Keshavdasji of Bangalore also gave a programme of Bharatiya Sant Charitam in Harikatha at the Bhavan from 4th to 15th June. Kulapati Munshi inaugurated the programme on June 4. The learned Kirtankar held the listeners spellbound with his brilliant discourses.

DELHI KENDRA

ON May 17, Prof. Humayun Kabir, Union Minister for Petroleum and Chemicals, delivered the seventh lecture in the series 'Aspects of Indian

CHICAGO RADIO

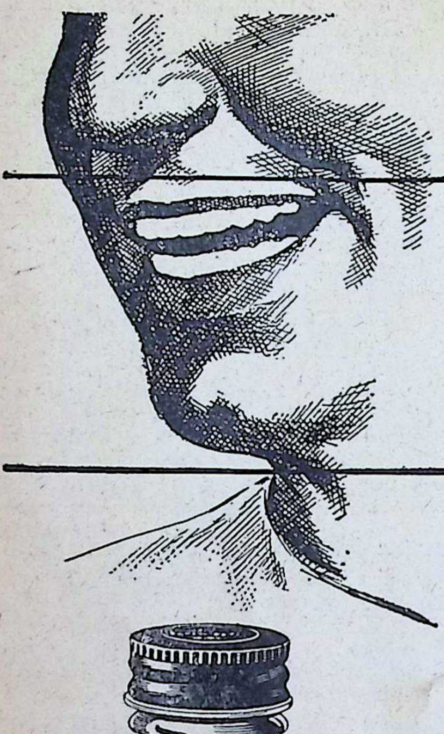
Kulapati Munshiji inaugurating Dasaratna Sri Keshavdasji's pravachanas *at the Bhavan on the lives of Saints.*

Culture,' at the Bhavan's Delhi Kendra. He spoke on "Foreign Influences on Indian Culture." On May 18, Mr. W.H. Montgomery of the Canadian High Commission spoke on "Gandhian Culture—Myth or Reality?" in the series 'Windows to World Culture.' The lecture was followed by a film show: "The Canadians." On May 22, Prof. Mahavir Shastry of the K.M. College, New Delhi, spoke in Hindi on "Adhyatmavidya in the Upanishads." Sri Padmanabha Sharma of the Sanskrit Vibhag presided. On 24th May, Sri K. Balasubrahmanya Aiyar, Secretary of the Bhavan's Madras Kendra, delivered the eighth lecture in the series 'Aspects of Indian Culture.' His subject was "Indian Culture in Sanskrit Literature."

On 25th May, 1965, Dr. T. N. Ramachandran, Retd. Jt. Director of Archaeology, Government of India, and currently Special Officer for Archaeology, Madras State, delivered a lecture on "Music in Sankara." He took up for exposition *slokas* from the devotional hymns of Sri Sankara and showed the elements of Sangita in respect of *raga* and *tala* contained in the Stotras. The lecture was appreciated as a new approach to the enjoyment of Sri Sankara's works.

TIRUPATI STHALAPURANA

LIFCO PUBLISHERS, Madras-17, invite suggestions from readers in the matter of the Sthalapurana of Tirumalai, Triupati, which they are compiling. They want to make it a unique and exhaustive one by incorporating in it all known facts relating to the Kshetra both from the *puranas* and personal experiences; rare *stotras*, rare photographs, etc. Readers may kindly contact the publishers directly.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INDIA AND THE WORLD: By Buddha Prakash. Published by Vishveshvaranand Vedic Research Institute, Hoshiarpur. 1964. Price: Rs. 20.

THE author indicates in the Preface the true character and unique significance of the spread of Indian culture abroad. He ransacks ancient Indian literature and other historical sources in order to unriddle many riddles and fully portray our cultural adventures—eastward, northward and westward. We welcome his solid and readable volume with pleasure and satisfaction. At the outset is demonstrated the vitality of our ancient culture. The Puranas throw much light on South-East Asia and on the part played by the Straits of Malacca. The *Arthasastra* of Kautilya also is helpful in this connection. Purnadvipa is identified with Borneo (p. 96); Parasikadvipa with North Sumatra (p. 104); Rakshasadvipa with Ceylon (p. 124); Karpuradvipa with Srivijaya (p. 132); and Purvavideha with Yunnan (p. 150). The Scythian connection with Cambodia is emphasised (p. 155) and the history of Kambujadesa is pursued. Sakadvipa is equated with the region to the east, north and west of the Caspian Sea up to Southern Russia (p. 216). The *Ramayana* sheds light on Central Asian Geography (Chapter XIII). The last and 15th chapter elucidates Indian culture and western religious sects, the Upanishads in Rome, and India and Scandinavia. "Indian culture did not remain confined to Alexandria and Rome but reached Gaul and Scandinavia" (p. 269). The Index is adequate. We hail the precious volume as an indispensable reference to all students of Indology.

—*Prof. R. Sathianathaier*

HARDY'S LOVE POEMS: Edited by Carl J. Weber. Published by Macmillan & Co. Ltd., London. Pages 254. Price: 30s.

THOMAS HARDY always believed that 'his true vocation lay in poetry' and he said that 'his novels were means to that end'. His claim today seems more than justified. His few novels like *Tess of the D' Urbervilles, Jude the Obscure* or *The Return of the Native* will be long remembered; but it is more likely that his few lyrics will survive even longer and ages hence some pensive reader will muse:

'The path of love are rougher
Than thoroughfare of stones'.

As in novels, in poetry also, Hardy's central theme is love and here also the familiar tragic note can be heard. While most of Hardy's novels are imaginative framework showing the futility of man's efforts against the relentless determination of doom, most of his poems spring from life itself. Life unfolded the varied world of experiences and Hardy shaped them into tender verses.

'All romances end at marriage' remarked Sergeant Troy, hero of Hardy's novel *Far From the Madding Crowd* to his newly-wed wife Bathsheba. It was a sort of dramatic irony that when chapter XLI of the novel containing this appeared in September issue of *Cornhill Magazine*, Hardy himself was putting an end to his long-drawn romance with Miss Emma Gifford by marrying her on 17th September, 1874.

Hardy's married life with Emma was neither all joy nor all sorrow as Carl J. Weber, the editor of the book under review, observes. Mr. Weber introduces Hardy's Cornish romance with interesting details and furthers his contention by documents wherever available. The introduction throws light on Hardy's life and also provides the background under which some of his poems were written. His poems in the final analysis will be judged not by the incidents of his life, but by what emotional heights they achieved.

Carl J. Weber has taken pains to gather details; his documentation is accurate but more commendable are his selection and presentation of the poems.

The volume will go a long way in helping the understanding of this sensitive poet, who according to Boris Ford is 'the most important mediator of continuity between the nineteenth and twentieth centuries'.

—Harindra Dave

HIGHLIGHTS OF PARSI HISTORY: By P.P. Balsara. Published by the author, 3, Sleater Road, Bombay-7. Pages 72. Price: Rs. 3/-.

THE Parsi community perhaps is the smallest minority in our country today. More than 75% of its members are settled in Bombay. No wonder, many Indians in other parts of the country are totally unaware of their existence as a community. It is, therefore, fitting and welcome that the author has written this book in which, he has, without breaking its smooth continuity, covered 8000 years of history in just 72 pages—a stupendous task indeed, by any standard. The last two chapters of the book, however, are scanty and inadequate for the titles they bear.

—H. N. D.

INTRODUCTION TO RADHAKRISHNAN: THE MAN AND HIS THOUGHT. By Dr. S. J. Samartha. Published by Y.M.C.A. Publishing House, New Delhi-1. 110 pages. Price: Rs. 3.

THE volume under review is a critical estimate of Dr. Radhakrishnan's writings and contribution to the world of philosophy and religion. The learned author, a sincere Christian by temper and training, has approached his subject in all humility, with adequate equipment and the necessary study of the collateral material on religion and philosophy for writing his book. He has freely drawn on Dr. Radhakrishnan's writings and the sumptuous volume on *The Philosophy of Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan* edited by Paul A. Schilpp.

Dr. Samartha examines the *two sides* of Radhakrishnan's contribution, his *interpretative genius,* and his *constructive metaphysics.* The book is divided into six small chapters. The first deals with the life of Radhakrishnan but the author fails to mention Radhakrishnan's services to and connection with Calcutta University. The second chapter evaluates Radhakrishnan's interpretation of 'Hinduism'. His defence of Hinduism against the charges of *world-negation, lack of ethical responsibility, interpretation of maya in terms of illusion, regarding the doctrine of Karma as a form of fatalism,* are all thoroughly documented and fully described. Dr. Samartha rightly stresses the recognition of *religious experience* as the authentic *pramana* of religion for the Hindus. The third chapter is philosophical to the core. The concept of God, the concept of the Absolute, their relation to the world, according to Radhakrishnan are examined. The fourth and fifth deal about Man and Society and the Meaning of History. The concluding chapter is very critical; it describes Radhakrishnan, as others see him—an evaluation.

On the whole, this little book on Radhakrishnan is informed and critical.

—Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao

LONG DISCOURSES OF THE BUDDHA: Translated from the Pali with an Introduction by A. A. G. Bennett. Publishers: Chetana Ltd., 34, Rampart Row, Bombay. Pages 237. Price: Rs. 6.50.

DIGHA NIKAYA, commonly known as the Long Discourses of the Buddha, is an ancient collection of the Buddha's dialogues on various philosophical, ethical, psychological and social topics. The state of Indian thought at the time of the Buddha, fruits of the life of a recluse, equipment necessary for body, the life of wisdom, the sacrifices of the wrong kind and gifts that promote goodness, the Five Principles—Panchasila—to be followed by every aspirant, the relation between body and the *jiva,* the slips of the Path, stages of deliverance, are some of the subjects discoursed upon. The book has both a historical and a spiritual value.

The narration is interesting and the

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style colloquial. The translation by Mrs. Bennett is very readable.

—*M. P. Pandit*

DIABOLICAL DICTIONARY. By R. K. Dalal. Rs. 2. *HOW TO CONQUER LIFE'S WORRIES AND PROBLEMS*. By K. Sarup. Rs. 2.50. *THE LAST DAYS OF THE BRITISH RAJ*. By Leonard Mosley. Rs. 3. *SPECIAL TECHNIQUES IN SOCIAL CORRESPONDENCE*. By Lillian Eichler Watson. Rs. 2.50. *LETTERS THAT WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE*. By Lillian Eichler Watson. Rs. 2.50.

All Published by Jaico Publishing House, 125, Mahatma Gandhi Road, Fort, Bombay-1.

SRI DALAL has certainly put us under a great debt of gratitude by writing this unusually bright book which will kill boredom in the twinkling of an eye. There are over 2000 witty, sarcastic and even diabolical definitions of words that we meet with in our everyday life. Who would not smile at: 'Journalism—the art of expressing ignorance in terms of knowledge,' or 'Virtue—often a negative vice'. Each one of us can match our wit, if we can, with the author's.

Who would not like to get rid of worries? Sri Sarup has taken great pains to think over the many-sided nature of the problem he has set before himself and analysing the nature and cause of each facet, he prescribes remedies. Among them he has not forgotten to include prayer too.

Mosley's book constitutes one of the source materials of Indian history pertaining to the transfer of power to India. The author probes into the causes why Britain failed to evolve a friendly policy between the dominions of India and Pakistan. The illustrations are historical.

Lillian Watson's two books on letter-writing are well-conceived; they are complementary. Between them they teach one and all—children, adults, men and women in all strata of society—the proper modes of writing acceptable letters, with examples.

—*Sabita*

SANSKRIT

DEVA BHASHA: By Shri Narayana Krishna Sengupta, M.A. Vedanta Vachaspati. Published by Shri N. C. Das Gupta, Secretary, Akhil Bharatiya Samskrita Rashtra Bhasha Sammelanam, 3, Sambunath Pundit Street, Calcutta-20. Price: Rs. 1.25.

IN these pages, the reader is led through simple rules of grammar, to wit, pronouns, nouns and their numbers (the dual is omitted on purpose) and case-endings, verbs and their moods, numbers, cardinals and ordinals and compound words and their formation, and words which we come across in daily life such as those connected with the relations, household articles, buildings and means of transport. The survey ends with lessons on proverbs, morals and prayers. An English translation, ably done, should give it a wide reading public. The words and rules are well and succinctly told.

—*Acharya T.A.V. Dikshitar*

TELUGU

MAHA DAATA KARNA. By Puranampanda Radhakrishnamoorthi. Published by Adhyatma Pracharaka Sangham, Vikrama Hall, Rajahmundry (A.P.) pp. 260. Price: Popular edition, Rs. 3; Library Edn., Rs. 4.

THE biography under review is a very interesting study of the life and greatness of Karna, the illustrious warrior of *Mahabharata*, whose charitable disposition and indomitable prowess have been universally acknowledged. This book is an adaptation of the Hindi book *Mahabharat ke pran Mahatma Karna* by Sri Prabhudatt Brahmachariji Maharaj. The author has discussed briefly but effectively the different aspects of Karna's personality and has very beautifully portrayed the great qualities of Karna, his successes and shortcomings. The book is written in a lucid and easy style and will be welcomed by the scholar and the layman alike.

—*Prof. A. C. Kamakshi Rao*

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TAMIL

TOZIL VAZHI (Guide to Cottage Industries). By K. G. Raju. Published by Murugan Publishers, 24, Krishnappa Naicken Agraharam, Madras-1. 212 pages. Price: Rs. 5.

THIS book deals with the preparation of 98 household articles of daily use such as tooth powder, soaps, hair oil, ink, sandal powder, snow, vaseline, ointment, perfumes and cosmetics, etc. within the four walls of one's own house. As the author says, it requires only a little effort and small expenditure to prepare these household items which will prove very economical to every householder. Those who have spare time at their disposal can very well learn these easy and simple techniques and earn also and supplement their main income.

—*M. K. R.*

KANNADA

HUKERIKAR RAMARAYARU (Biography of R. S. Hukerikar). By Sri R.G. Mutalik Desai. Published by the Janata Sikshan Samiti, Vidyagiri, Dharwar. 1963. Price: Rs. 6.

THE late R.S. Hukerikar was a distinguished public figure in the history of Karnatak during the last half a century and more. He was a man of tremendous energy and drive. He created oases in a desert. Standing shoulder to shoulder with his inspiring seniors and comrades in arms, like Sri Alur Venkatarao, Sri Diwakar and Sri Mohare Hanumantarao, he fought in the vanguard of the freedom struggle and carved out a niche for himself in the public life of his region and the affections of the people.

The present biography of this distinguished son of Karnatak was written in his lifetime and was presented to him on his 78th birthday. It is difficult to write a biography of a contempora personality in an objective and pu poseful way. No wonder this branch literature has not many outstandi representatives in modern Kanna literature. In venturing into this fie Sri Mutalik Desai has however sho great discernment in selecting materials and distributing the empha on the various facets of his subject a in giving us an inspiring account of t inspiring life of a self-made man w fought his way through undaunted obstacles and imbued his comrad and fellow-workers with the sa spirit of service, sacrifice and pub good.

TO READERS

With effect from the issue dated August 1, 1965, the price of a single copy of the Journal (exclusive of special numbers) will be raised to 35 Paise.

Annual subscription will be raised to Rs. 7.50 (inland) and Rs. 9/- (foreign). This has been necessitated by the increased cost of production. Readers may kindly bear with us.

Editor.

The work most fittingly carries Foreword by Sri R. R. Diwakar, l "Vyasana-Sabrahmacharin". A numb of photographs and a list of works a persons consulted by the author in t writing of the work are other attracti and useful features of the book. O misses the names of Dambal Narayan rao and V. B. Nayak in the list persons consulted. Sri Mutalik Desa work is sure to keep alive the memo of the 'Master' in the minds of the pr sent and the future generations of t people of Karnatak for a long time.

—*Dr. B. N. K. Shar*

Edited by S. Ramakrishnan and printed and published by him for the Bharatiya Vidya Bhav
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